SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

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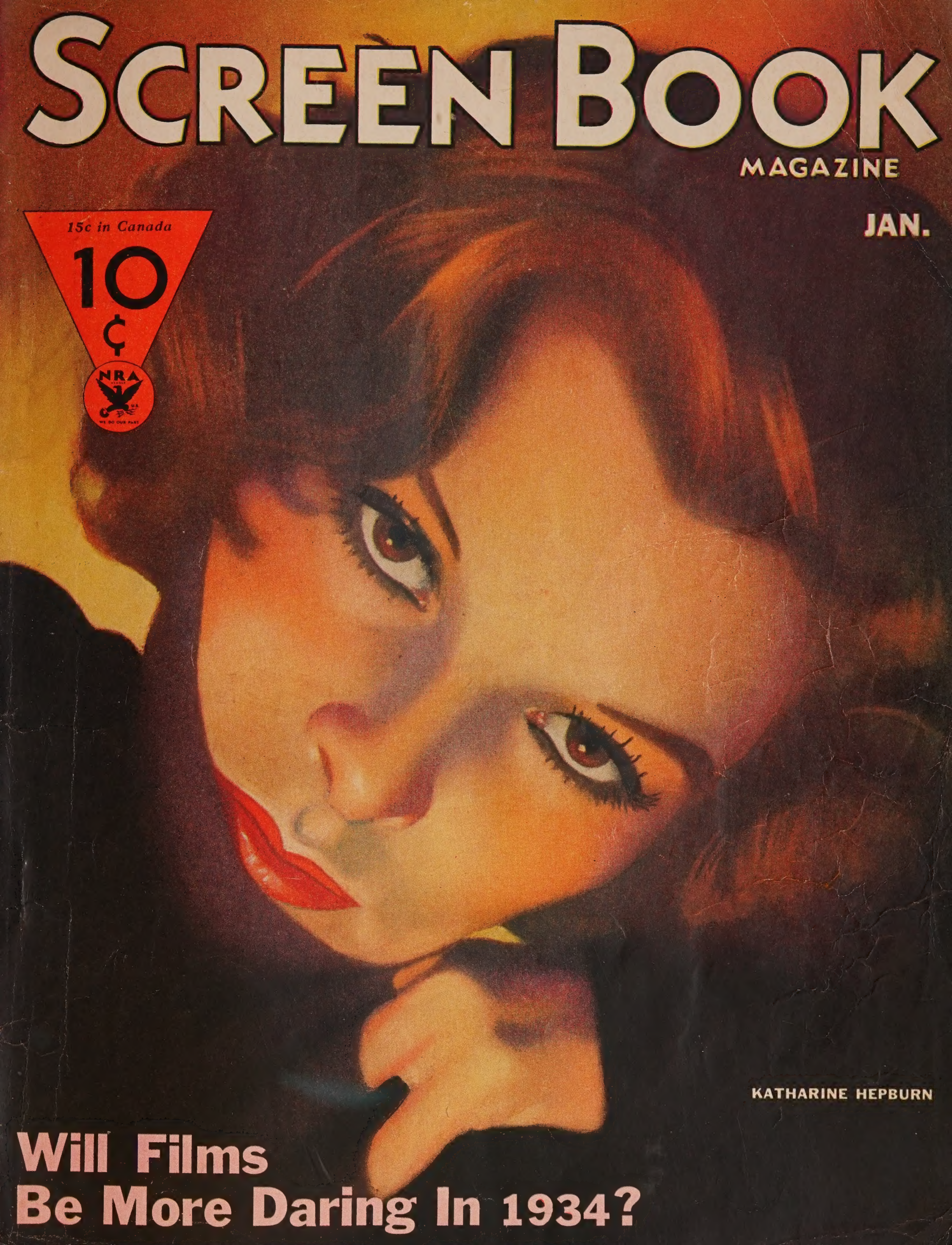
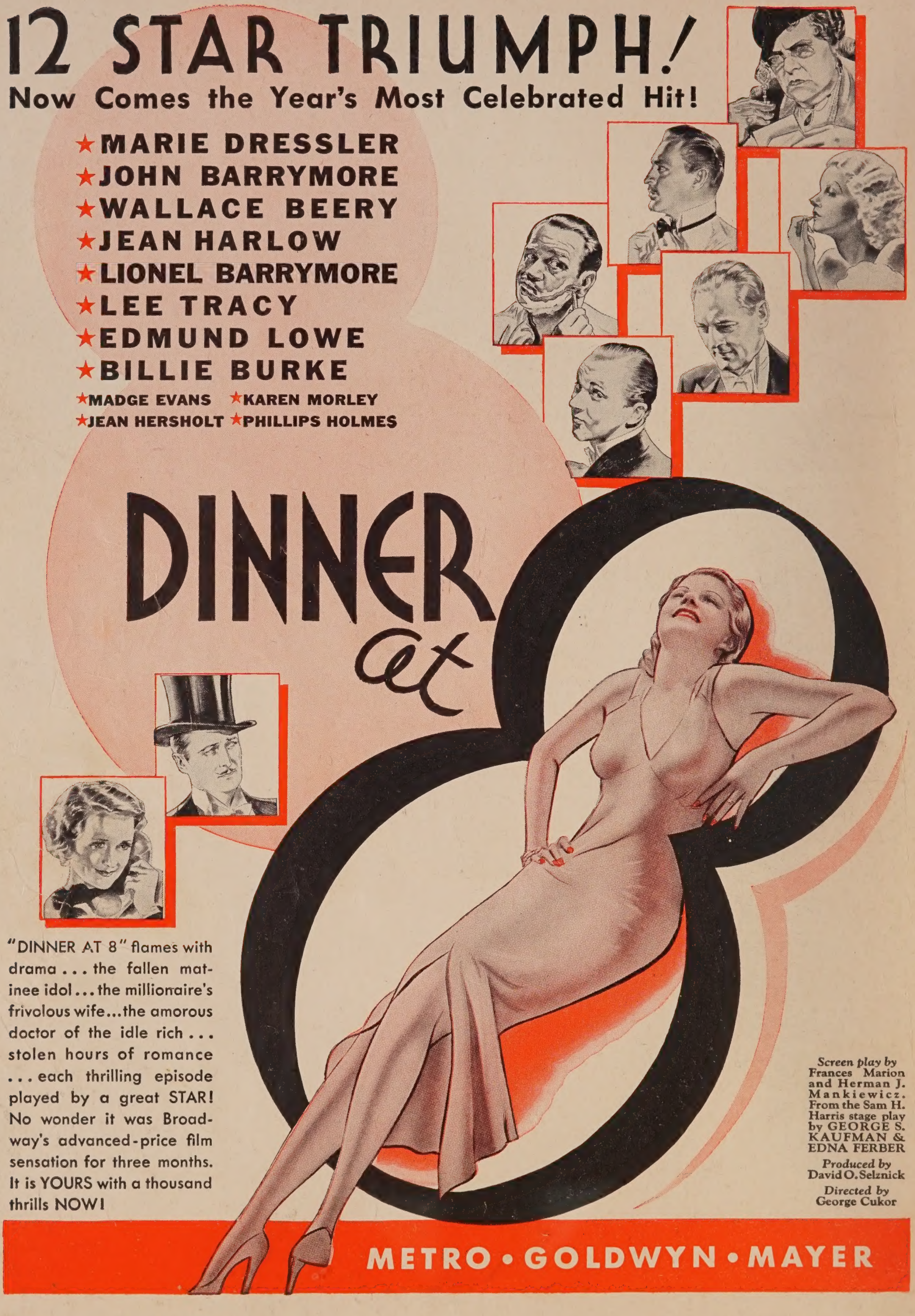


KATHARINE HEPBURN

Will Films Be More Daring In 1934?



12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

- ★**MARIE DRESSLER**
- ★**JOHN BARRYMORE**
- ★**WALLACE BEERY**
- ★**JEAN HARLOW**
- ★**LIONEL BARRYMORE**
- ★**LEE TRACY**
- ★**EDMUND LOWE**
- ★**BILLIE BURKE**
- ★**MADGE EVANS**
- ★**KAREN MORLEY**
- ★**JEAN HERSHOLT**
- ★**PHILLIPS HOLMES**

DINNER at 8

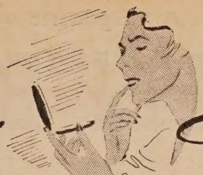
"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

Screen play by
Frances Marion
and Herman J.
Mankiewicz.
From the Sam H.
Harris stage play
by GEORGE S.
KAUFMAN &
EDNA FERBER

Produced by
David O. Selznick

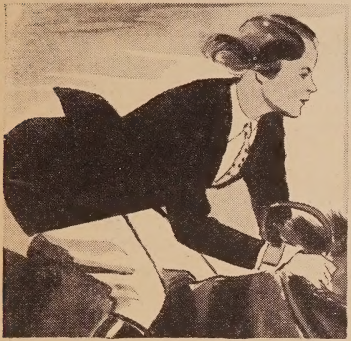
Directed by
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

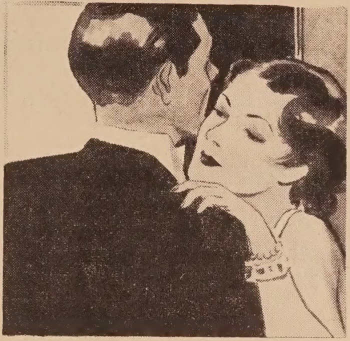


Isn't It A Shame!

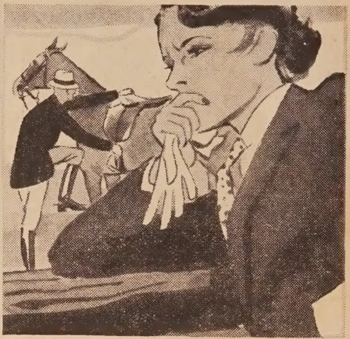
SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



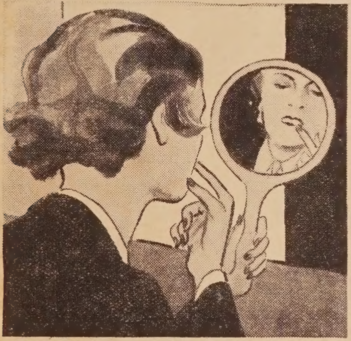
Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



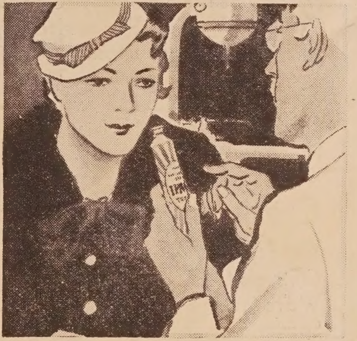
Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



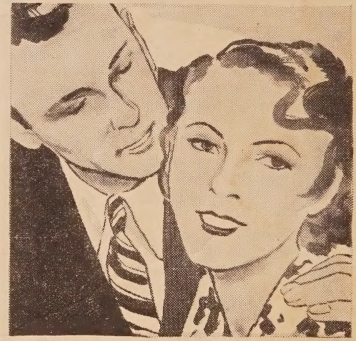
Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"–and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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—*Wide World*

Pola Negri has returned from a vacation in Europe. She may try films in Hollywood, she says. It all depends

- When Jean Harlow lost her appendix in hurried operation, she also lost her Hawaiian honeymoon trip. As soon as she recovers, she will have to start work in *Living in a Big Way.*

- Whether or not she is permitted to use the name of Joan Barnes, Joan Blondell will wear new eyebrows in her next picture. Lost the old ones when she tried to put out a fire in her house.

- Stork hovering so close to Dorothy Jordan that Jean Parker has succeeded her in *Wild Birds.*

- Although *Queen Christina* has been finished, Greta Garbo and Director Rouben Mamoulian still eat together often, frequenting Greta's favorite Swedish restaurant.

- Los Angeles stores have been featuring a Mae West *I'm No Angel* gown, backless, curvy, with Spanish lace. The dress is a hot seller.

- Pola Negri is back from Europe. Isn't going to marry anyone right now, she says.

- Maria Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's daughter, made such a hit playing with her mother as a child in *Scarlet Pageant* that Paramount wants to sign the little girl as a star.

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor
CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

Vol. XI
No. 6

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ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

QUEEN ALICE

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with **CHARLOTTE HENRY**
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND
HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE
MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK
OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY
ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON
SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow" . . .

ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).

ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

ALICE . . . Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

Where SCREEN BOOK readers talk back to the stars

CHEERS FOR BIT PLAYERS

($15 Prize)

IT IS a somewhat puzzling fact that one of our most important groups of players does not receive the attention it deserves. I refer to the character and "bit" players as represented by such people as Ned Sparks, Sam Hardy, Eugene Pallette, Hedda Hopper, Ruth Donnelly and many others.

The perfection with which some of their characterizations have been acted has given the necessary finishing touch to many pictures and in a number of cases, has served to bolster up a weak production for stars and feature players. —Mrs. W. H. Voskuil, 407 West Green, Urbana, Ill.

ORCHIDS FOR MARIE

($10 Prize)

ORCHIDS to Marie Dressler! It is easy for young, expensively gowned stars to thrill us, but it is wonderful that, at her age, she can hold audiences spellbound as she does in *Tug Boat Annie*. She brings out the best that is in us; makes us realize that happiness comes from thinking of others; makes us see that satisfaction in life comes, not from what we have, but from our attitude towards our fellowmen. In expressing my profound admiration for her, I would say that, to me, she is the finest, biggest, best drawing card in the movie industry today.—Mrs. Marie T. Slicer, 620 Aycock St., Raleigh, N. C.

ALL FOR STAGE HITS

($5 Prize)

I WISH to take violent issue with the writer of an article read recently, censuring producers for accepting and producing too many former stage hits on the screen. Three of the most engrossing picture-plays I have seen recently were *Another Language, The Silver Cord* and *Reunion in Vienna*. All of these offerings were former stage plays, two at least, retaining part of the original casts. They were all box-office attractions. Patrons of talking pictures are demanding more than color and music in a film; they want better plots, better characterizations and better acting.—Homer C. Sperry, 425 W. State St., Springfield, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Come one, come all—here's a chance to make some honest-to-goodness cash. Simply write a letter of not more than 100 words, expressing your opinions on stars and pictures. Address your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. The following awards are offered for the best letters each month. First prize: $15.00. Second: $10.00. Third: $5.00. Fourth: Five prizes of $1.00 each.

THAT WOLF AGAIN!

($1 Prize)

AMERICA'S Theme Song today is *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf*. No matter how tiring the feature, a smiling audience leaves the theatre with an unforgettable tune on their lips after seeing *Three Little Pigs*, the best colorful cartoon ever produced! *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* sing speeding motorists on hearing police sirens, and trembling clerks on being called to the boss's office.

With Blue Eagles at every door, there is no longer room for the depressing *Big Bad Wolf* and we should indeed be grateful to Mickey Mouse for presenting Walt Disney's super show.—Janet Joyce, 800 N. Mansfield Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

WE LIKED IT, TOO

($1 Prize)

I HAVE just returned from a theatre where I saw Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in *Mama Loves Papa* and am still chuckling over their comic capers—but they also left in me a pleasant glow inspired by their wholesome picture of domestic life. Somehow, it seemed truer to life than the average film. There's Charlie, the faithful, everyday husband who has to race for his train every morning, likes a good joke, is afraid of the boss—in short, Mr. John Citizen. There's Mary, his spouse, a little loquacious, perhaps, but true blue, to the core. They're great.—Frank Littlejohn, 1374 18th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

A FOUR STAR FILM

($1 Prize)

WHILE enjoying *Lady For a Day* I wondered why there are not more worth while pictures like this shown instead of those that leave a bad taste in the mouth.

There is not one dull moment while watching May Robson play *Apple Annie*. One of her most wonderful moments is when she begs for her letter.

It has a tremendous appeal and well deserves four stars. What young actress could equal Miss Robson in this rôle? It needs one who has known the world for many years to create such a character.—Laura R. Talbot, 9 Central Apts., Lansing, Mich.

WHY SEARCH FOR NEW FACES?

($1 Prize)

WHY the extensive search for new talent? Hollywood has the "cream of the crop" at its fingertips. The theatre-going public does not tire of their favorites, but await with interest their next vehicle. The appearance in Boston of such celebrities on the legitimate stage as Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, George Cohan and others always means a sell-out for the theatre. The same holds true with cinema celebrities.

My suggestion would be better plays or stories for the incomparable array of talent the studios now have.—Irene E. Hogan, 515 Talbot Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

REAL VS. REEL LIFE

($1 Prize)

WHY is it we all like Marie Dressler, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell and Aline MacMahon? Because they act natural and not affected as most stars do. They are like people you know in real life and they act that way in reel life.

All the world abhors artificiality in any form so why make movies where the actors and actresses do not act like human beings. I am sure that much of the depression in Hollywood studios could be traced to this one fault.—artificiality.—Lucille Hanson, 2630 N. 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Ablaze in the cinema heavens!
Two shining stars in two brilliant

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS

EDDIE CANTOR
in

"ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Everybody's Eddie! Now a crashing charioteer! Burning up Rome with laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING
GLORIA STUART
DAVID MANNERS
and the
NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

GLAMOROUS.. FASCINATING...

Anna Sten
in

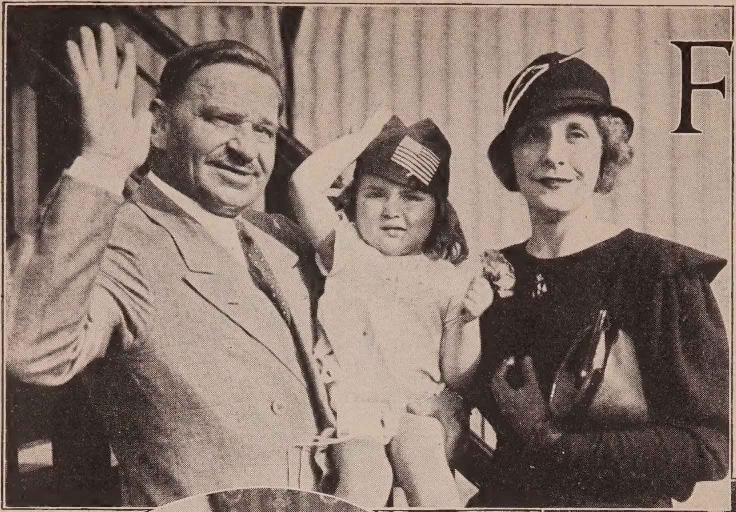
"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of voluptuousness from Zola's magic pages, she has a role magnificently matching her superb artistry. America awaits, with expectant thrill, this, her first American picture.

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Flashes!

—*Photographs by Wide World*



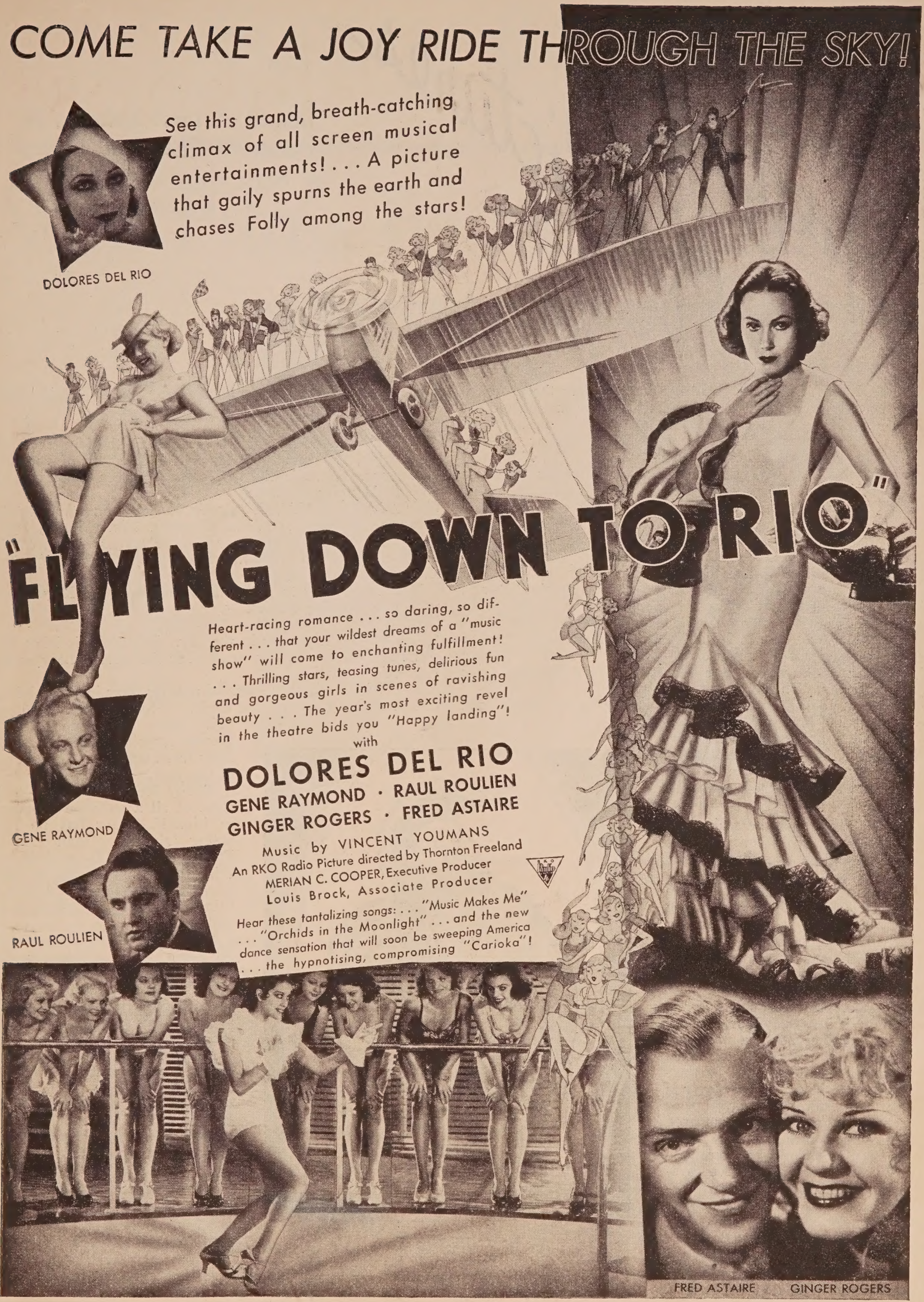
Wallace Beery, his wife and their adopted daughter, Carol Ann, have returned from a short vacation in Europe. Beery came back in time to see his last picture, *The Bowery*, breaking records on Broadway

It took an automobile accident to announce the budding romance of Judith Allen, actress and divorced wife of Gus Sonnenberg, ex-heavyweight wrestling champion, and Lyle Talbot, the young film actor. Talbot was badly hurt in a car smash-up but is recovering. Miss Allen recently was reported to be the subject of Gary Cooper's interest

Two swell actors get together! Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson, who can give gorgeous performances any time they want to on the screen. The two met at a party given by Hal Wallis and his wife, Louise Fazenda, in honor of Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner who are about to be married

←

Mary Pickford entertained recently at Pickfair in honor of Senator Guglielmo Marconi and is wife, Marchesa Maria Christina Marconi. Left to right: Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin, the Marchesa Marconi, Senator Marconi, and Miss Pickford



COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!

See this grand, breath-catching climax of all screen musical entertainments! . . . A picture that gaily spurns the earth and chases Folly among the stars!

DOLORES DEL RIO

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

Heart-racing romance . . . so daring, so different . . . that your wildest dreams of a "music show" will come to enchanting fulfillment! . . . Thrilling stars, teasing tunes, delirious fun and gorgeous girls in scenes of ravishing beauty . . . The year's most exciting revel in the theatre bids you "Happy landing"!

with

DOLORES DEL RIO

GENE RAYMOND · RAUL ROULIEN

GINGER ROGERS · FRED ASTAIRE

Music by VINCENT YOUMANS

An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs: . . . "Music Makes Me" . . . "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America . . . the hypnotising, compromising "Carioka"!

GENE RAYMOND

RAUL ROULIEN

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

Speaking of Pictures

Should Actors' Salaries Be Slashed?—The Best Picture of 1933—Max Baer Scores a Knockout

By Frederick James Smith

HOLLYWOOD has been in a turmoil over the proposed code prepared for the guidance of the motion picture industry by the National Recovery Administration. This code, it was intimated, would regulate stellar salaries.

The code, it was indicated, would provide a fine of $10,000 for any producer who paid a salary "unreasonably in excess of the fair value of personal service which results in unfair and destructive competition." How a salary is to be determined as excessive was not explained.

It was intimated that the President was interested in learning whether "unconscionable" salaries were paid to Hollywood production folk and to film executives.

From Hollywood came threats of strikes, revolutions and walkouts. The newly organized Screen Actor's Guild, speaking through its president, Eddie Cantor, announced:

"If proposed Articles 9 and 10 are included in the motion picture code, not an actor of importance in Hollywood will work in a studio which signs the code. These provisions are un-American. The days of slavery are over."

General Johnson was reported to have said that Hollywood salaries had reached the point where they are "grotesque."

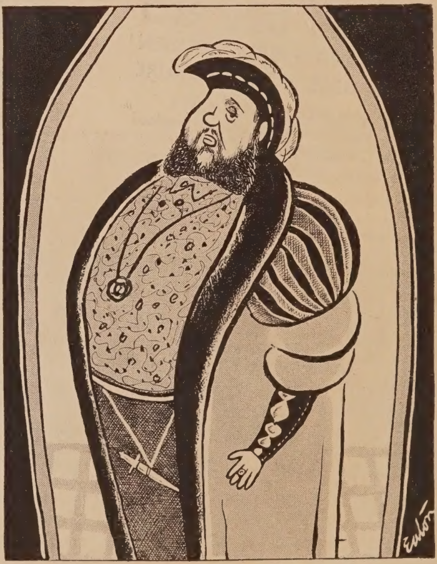
As this issue of SCREEN BOOK goes to press the code is still unsettled and unsigned.

IT IS hoped that the makers of the code will consider the unique question of stellar salaries in movieland.

First, the high salaries paid to Greta Garbo and other stars are justified through the money earned by their films. In other words, the stars deserved a remuneration based upon their earning power.

Second, an actor's career is limited in length. Movie popularity averages about a four-year duration. There are exceptions, as in the case of Richard Barthelmess. But, in general, a player is only at the top in earning power for a very brief period, compared to any other profession.

The gentlemen who formulate the movie code should give careful consideration to these two significant aspects of the acting profession.



KING HENRY VIII

Otherwise Charles Laughton, in his remarkable performance of the only man who ever settled the alimony problem to his own satisfaction

WHEN we stop to think about it, why should Hollywood salaries be regulated arbitrarily, while big business titons go unregulated. Why pick on Hollywood?

THE MOTION PICTURE HERALD, the film trade publication, has just made its annual selection of box-office champions. Here is the list, compiled from reports of the nation's key city theaters:

Gold Diggers of 1933, Calvalcade, Rasputin and the Empress, Strange Interlude, Be Mine Tonight, Tiger Shark, 70,000 Witnesses, 42nd Street, State Fair, Tugboat Annie, Smilin' Through, Bird of Paradise, Grand Hotel, Horse Feathers and *Love Me Tonight.*

It is interesting to note that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer leads with five winning entries.

THERE'S a new star in the sky. His name is Max Baer and he is the No. 1 contender for the world's heavyweight pugilistic championship.

M-G-M conceived the idea of putting Baer in the chief rôle of *The Prizefighter and the Lady.* It looked like a good publicity stunt. Imagine then the present surprise of M-G-M. Max Baer turns out to be the discovery of the year.

Maxey has everything — but most of all a supreme confidence in himself. Baer has no more acting inhibitions than Rex the Wonder Horse. He will do anything, from tap dancing to heavy emotionalism—and the surprising thing is, he does everything easily and well.

Result: *The Prizefighter and the Lady* is a great box office film. You will get a tremendous kick out of the championship ring battle between Baer and Carnera, staged with seeming realism in Madison Square Garden. Carnera, by the way, gives a pretty bad performance of himself. The Italian has none of the busto and confidence of our own inimitable Maxey.

Our hope now is sometime to see Mae West and Max Baer in the same picture. There will be the confidence vs. confidence battle of the century.

ORCHIDS to *Henry VIII*, too, for in it Charles Laughton gives a gorgeous performance of the much married monarch.

SCREEN BOOK

JANUARY, 1934

Will Films Be More Daring in 1934?

Mae West's pictures are positive boxoffice successes. Her influence has been felt to such an extent that every actress has become sex-conscious

Between Nudism and Mae West Censors Are in for a Tough Year

By
Jay Brien Chapman

THE movie moguls and wise gals like Mae West aren't saying much about it, but for four or five vital reasons 1934 *has* to be a hot year on the screen.

We shall have heat and humidity. Heat on the screen, humidity all around the country in those states which voted wet. So get out your thinnest dresses, ladies, or join a nudist colony!

The reason we do not hear much from the motion picture industry about how Sex is going to be given out in 1934 is that they are afraid of racketeers! Believe it or not, *racketeers,* not what we used to call "reformers," or the thing we used to speak of, somewhat vaguely, as "film censorship."

Real reformers—the semi-professional kind who make only part of their living from being shocked at what the rest of us enjoy in the way of film and stage entertainment and reading matter—are now practically out of a job. Overwhelming pressure of public opinion made their racket unpopular, in the first place, and in the second place, big league racketeers have muscled in, looking for movie money, and crowded the others out.

Censorship racketeers or no censorship racketeers, however, 1934 films must sizzle and steam. For reasons I'll give, producers *must* make at least part of their forthcoming pictures hotter than ever, or quit and close up shop. And stars—the ladies particularly—from Mae West all the way to Greta Garbo, are entered into a vamping competition they can't stop. The one who cools of, or fails to raise her rival's latest ante simply loses her place in films.

Let's consider the race between the ladies first of all.

Mae started it. The public was getting tired of pictures, even before the worst of the depression. Along came Mae, and her picture, *She Done Him Wrong,* right at the very bottom of the depression, broke all records for attendance!

That brought a big change in film favorites, almost over night. Other stars had to compete, or their employers had to find stars who would (and could) compete with Mae. Not all of the industry's hitherto reliable sexers could steam it up, but

Film censors have had to adjust themselves during the past year to the Mae West influence. Now nudism and the Russian influence come into being, greatly adding complications. The public looks for greater movie thrills each year. It appears that 1934 will have to supply these hotter, more daring ideas if the producers please their audiences, if theatre owners expect to fill their cinema palaces.

Mae West opened the way to success for such formerly overlooked actresses as Pert Kelton and Ginger Rogers; such versatile actresses as Helen Hayes, Kay Francis and Claudette Colbert have taken the country by storm with their new sexy characteristics

Films Must Become More Shocking to Satisfy the Palate of Audiences

Pert Kelton, totally overlooked until she made a small part in *Bed of Roses* so hot that she stole the picture

how the stock of certain girls who had what it takes zoomed up on the studio market!

There was Ginger Rogers, sort of overlooked until the screen had to find new heat waves. Then she smashed out with *Professional Sweetheart.* Pert Kelton, despite one film appearance in an early talkie, was totally overlooked until she conceived the plan of out-Westing competition, got what was originally a little part in *Bed of Roses,* and made it so hot it took the picture from Constance Bennett. Now Pert is booked solid, far into 1934.

Myrna Loy, the lone siren of the movies in early 1933, was so overworked that she fell ill and had to turn down film rôles. Actresses who proved themselves capable of playing any sort of rôle from Pollyanna to Cleopatra—real artists like Miriam Hopkins and Helen Hayes—skyrocketed. Diana Wynyard, demure matron of *Cavalcade,* became the exceedingly naughty and alluring vamp of *Reunion in Vienna.*

And girls who had always played somewhat goody-goody unreal heroines in the past (Elissa Landi and Claudette Colbert are perfect examples!) leaped right to the top of the class by proving they could turn sinny-ma naughty—and how!

But with all these championesses in the field at the end of 1933, ready to compete for the Sex Star Crown of 1934, who will win, who will be popular and profitable "also-rans," and what ones will lose out altogether, giving their places in movie fame to now unknown newcomers?

And what in the way of sex thrills can these ladies devise for us, more than they've already given?

Whatever it is, rest assured that something breath-taking will be forthcoming. When their very places as stars in the cinema sky are at stake, trust the girls to exert themselves! For beyond all doubt, next year's popularity crown for all classes of screen actresses will go to the girl who can best give what the public has so clearly shown it wants—sex, and plenty of it.

SO MUCH for the girls. Now how about the producers, who blushingly tell us—for the benefit of the reform racketeers—that sex isn't at all what they wish to glorify on the screen.

It is not, as a matter of fact. They want to put on the screen whatever the public wants to see, because that is what brings in the money. And in these days of fierce competition between companies and individuals, the money has to come in or the company goes out!

The public is literally forcing them to put out "hotter" screen stories, plots, situations, songs, dialogue, themes, for 1934 presentation. It is forcing them to star the girls—and men—who can make the screen steam, glow, vibrate and sizzle. They'd rather sell more innocent stuff, that wouldn't put them in danger from the reform racketeers who will demand their split on the profits. But the public will not let them!

Then here are two other important reasons, both financial as far as producers are concerned, why they must give us hotter fare in 1934.

Believe it or not, these two reasons are Nudism in America and the recognition of Soviet Russia by the U. S. Government!

There are hundreds of nudist colonies and organizations in the country, and last year's army of several hundred thousand Americans who disport themselves together, men, women and children, minus a covering, will probably multiply itself many times at the rate our folks are stripping and joining now.

This means two things. First, money in nudist pictures for producers. Nudist pictures shown in 1933 "cleaned up" at the boxoffice. The nudists themselves patronize them, and a few million other Americans who are too timid to join their neighborhood nudist colony, but can enjoy nudism

[*Continued on page 73*]

Ginger Rogers had to struggle for recognition before the films realized the Mae West trend. Then she skyrocketed

Why I Have Not Talked *for* Four Years

John Gilbert Has Been Silent Because He Says the Only Thing to Talk About is Victory

By Jerry Lane

John Gilbert, the actor whom Hollywood dropped, has now been picked up into a whirlwind

Garbo's friendship has given Gilbert his chance to be victor once more

IT IS the most dramatic story ever to come out of Hollywood—whose very substance is drama.

The story of John Gilbert.

One moment a flaming figure coruscating across the screen firmament, idealized and idolized, dream hero to seventy million women. And the next . . .

Forgotten. Left alone in a limbo lined with dead white ashes . . .

Woodrow Wilson knew that limbo. And, in another sense, Jack Dempsey experienced it. It's called the place of the World's Fallen Favorites. To my knowledge, John Gilbert is the only one who has ever been able to rise out of it. And thereby hangs this sensational tale—

"Listen, Jeremia, *I haven't talked for four years because all I could have uttered were squawks. The only thing worth talking about is victory!*" That is his answer—and it's typical of the impulsive, brilliant, lovable erratic fellow who is Gilbert. Two women believed in him. That was his salvation. The woman for whom he once offered to die, Greta Garbo. And the other Virginia Bruce—his wife.

"For faith leads a man out of darkness and into his kingdom once more . . ."

The psalmist knew. And on top of that thought came another—New York . . . slaty sky and plenty of slush underfoot. I had gone to a neighborhood theatre to see *His Glorious Night*, the first Gilbert talkie. In front of me slouched a strangely familiar figure, chin buried in his overcoat collar, shoulders hunched. And up there on the screen the dashing shadow of the man before me was protesting to his leading lady "I love you—I love you—I love you!" The audience didn't palpitate. It snickered. Cruel, ruthlessly impersonal. I could only imagine what it was doing to that silent, stricken figure within reach of my hand.

Screen writers hadn't yet realized that dialogue was not title writing. But the public couldn't be expected to appreciate that. They knew only that the picture was unreal, stilted. That the greatest hero of the hour suddenly seemed to have become a pansy.

"If a man strikes you, you can hit back at him. If he robs you, you can try to have him jailed. But if he *laughs* there isn't anything you can do. When you attempt to retaliate it's like pounding thin air. You feel your self-respect slipping, your nerve going. *I never understood before that laughter can be terrible . . .*" This was John Gilbert nearly five years later. Buoyant once more. All that old reckless charming gaiety flashing at you again, in his voice—in his eyes.

He can talk now about the experience which kept him silent so long. It is past. "An amazing thing," he said, "that I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy."

IT STARTED really when ship reporters boarded the boat, on which he was returning from a European honeymoon with Ina Claire, at quarantine. *They gave him a perfunctory nod . . . they passed him by . . .*

[*Continued on page* 58]

The Only Man Who Knows Garbo

He is William Daniels, Who Has Filmed Every Scene of the Swedish Star's Eighteen Hollywood Pictures

By Jay Brien Chapman

ONLY one man in Hollywood really knows Greta Garbo. Just one man has been face to face with her for so many hours, under so many different circumstances; has heard the mysteriously silent star talk at great length, has watched alertly every fleeting expression on her face.

That man is William Daniels, one of Hollywood's ace cinematographers. He enjoys the unique distinction of having watched, from beside his cameras, every scene Garbo has made in *eighteen* American pictures!

I went to interview Daniels in order to get the story of one of the industry's foremost cameramen, and I came away with what must be considered, essentially, another story on the ever-fascinating subject of mysterious Greta.

And that in itself is a remarkable tribute to Greta. She so dominates the imaginations of her fellow-workers, and of blasé professional Hollywood in general, that no one talking shop about pictures seems able to avoid bringing Queen Greta into the conversation.

"MISS GARBO'S system of making pictures was evolved originally to promote ideal working conditions for a girl whose well-known timidity in the presence of curious crowds might handicap her in portraying her characters before the camera," Daniels explained.

"Oddly enough, it has proved of great benefit to all of us who work with her. Perhaps it benefits many of us even more than Miss Garbo. For instance, you know how noisy most motion picture sets are."

"Like a combination of a boiler factory and a football rooting section," I suggested.

"Yes, except when the camera is actually recording, and that is only a small part of the time. Well, an actor accustomed to this sort of picture-making is instantly struck by the hush that greets him on the whole sound stage used by Miss Garbo. He is impelled to talk in a low voice, as though he were in a public library reading room.

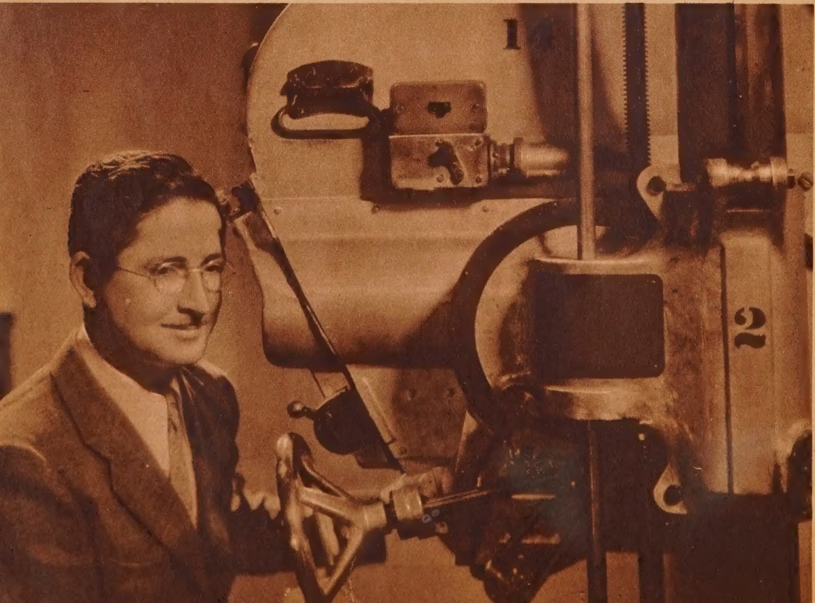
"At first he may not like the sensation, but by the time he has appeared before the camera a few times under these working conditions, he likes it so well that he wishes he might have them everywhere."

"How do you avoid the usual shouting of orders to the men at the lighting apparatus, above the sets, and to other technicians?" I asked.

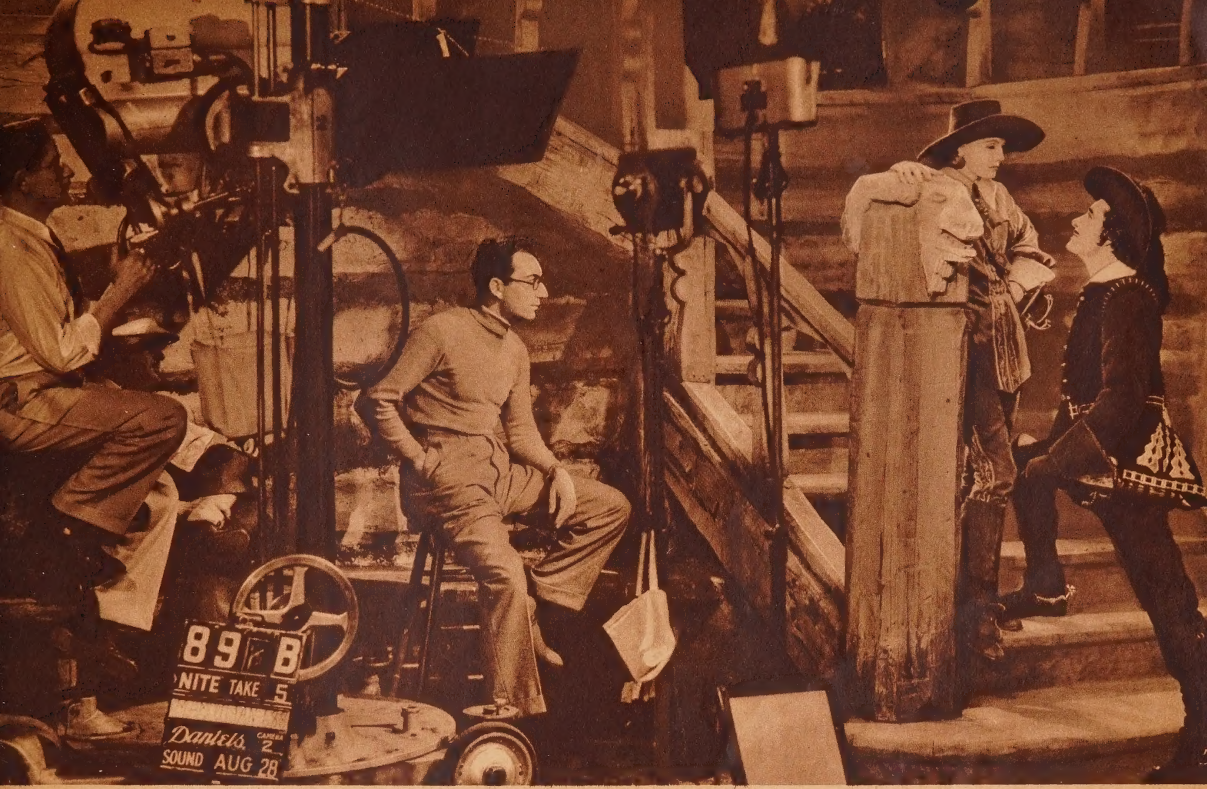
"By signals. Most of Miss Garbo's technical workers are veterans of many of her pictures, like myself. We have worked together so long that we have perfected systems of teamwork, and understand each other without having to pass around many orders.

"But when orders are necessary, a gesture suffices—unless the situation is pretty complicated."

"Some directors have told me that all the seemingly unnecessary horseplay, shouting and pranks tolerated on their sets promote a spirit of cheer, and tend to prevent everyone, players included, from tiring out," I remarked.



Here is the man who, more than any director or producer, is responsible for the success of Greta Garbo. William Daniels is his name. He has been the cameraman on every one of Garbo's eighteen Hollywood films.



John Gilbert is pleading his cause to Greta Garbo in a scene from *Queen Christina*. Rouben Mamoulian is the director, William Daniels the cameraman. It is to Daniels that credit should be given for Garbo's success

"Experience with our quiet sets makes me disagree with that opinion," Daniels replied with a smile. "Actors have told me that they found the quiet working conditions restful, and I am sure that everyone else feels the same."

I wanted to know how Garbo made her love scenes with Jack Gilbert in *Queen Christina,* and whether or not the rumor I had heard is true—that not even the principal actors of her own troupe are allowed to watch the star make scenes in which she faces the camera alone.

"Love scenes are treated no differently, technically, than any other scenes in Miss Garbo's pictures," the cameraman replied. "The invariable rule of our work is that no person not absolutely necessary be allowed to stand at the sidelines of any scenes but those which contain crowds of extras. In important scenes filmed today, Lewis Stone and Miss Garbo did some of the most dramatic acting in the picture. They did them in the utmost seclusion we could secure.

"Mr. Stone, who has worked with Miss Garbo in many pictures, particularly likes this feature of our company, for he is an earnest, studious actor who likes to wring the very utmost dramatic effect—or whatever effect is demanded—from his scenes."

I REMEMBERED talking with Lewis Stone about his work with Miss Garbo. Very much the gentleman as well as the distinguished actor, Lewis had refused to say much about Greta, respecting her desire to remain as mysterious as possible. But he had remarked gallantly: "I think that any actor finds he is able to do his very best work in a scene with Greta Garbo."

Perhaps ideal working conditions as well as Greta's earnestness and the inspiration of her presence have a great deal to do with this increased histrionic effectiveness.

"It helps any player to be in a scene with another who never muffs lines or shows hesitation or doubt," Daniels added when I told him what Stone had said. "Miss Garbo comes to her work knowing her lines perfectly. She does not have to rehearse, and seems to have all the business of the scene so well in mind that it flows with perfect smoothness."

My impression that Bill Daniels probably knows the mysterious Greta Garbo better than any other person was changed to a definite conviction, as I talked with him about the technical details of her work—technical details that, inevitably, bristled with little human sidelights.

Garbo, perhaps more than any other actress, pours a certain inner personality *that is herself* into her screen work. More than anyone else, she lives her scenes. In those passionate loves scenes with Gilbert in silent film days, and, I suppose, similar ones in *Queen Christina,* the famous private-life romance blossoms again in her soul. And, doubtless, in Jack Gilbert's.

The screen's magic does what work-a-day life seldom is able to do—restores momentarily, as players throw themselves with all the fire of their imaginative souls into a scene, the flames of a real life romance that has grown cold. [*Continued on page* 60]

What actually happens on the Garbo sets, told for the first time.

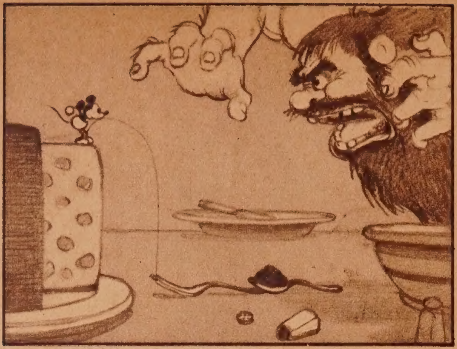
Here is just what goes on behind the famous high, panelled, black screen.

Why Garbo demands silence. Even orders are given to the studio crew by a series of signals.

How Greta frequently changes her script because the changes make the scenes *feel right*.

Why Garbo never never uses diffused photography.

Here is the real, work-a-day Garbo, described in an exclusive story to SCREEN BOOK.



Story Outline

THIS picture opens with Mickey reading out of a big story book to a group of youngsters (little Mickeys) . . . he reads about Jack and the Beanstalk and tells of planting the beans, etc., and when he reaches the part about climbing the stalk, we dissolve into:

Mickey climbing beanstalk in the costume of Jack. His voice dies out and we continue with the action of climbing the stalk.

Mickey arrives at the top of the beanstalk and finds himself in Giantland . . . the plants, insects, grasshoppers, butterflies . . . all of gigantic size in proportion to Mickey.

He reaches the giant's castle and might enter by crawling through the mail box . . . finds everything inside of same large proportion.

Five or six kids (the same as the little Mickeys) are hard at work, possibly chained up like slaves . . . cleaning the giant's rooms, cooking, etc.

They are happy to see Mickey and stop work to play, but become scared when they hear the big giant approaching. Mickey might hide in the cuckoo clock.

Giant enters . . . big loud, mean character . . . long black hair and beard . . . mutters to himself like Edw. G. Robinson. He orders the kids around . . . makes them prepare his supper . . . business of kids struggling with big knives, forks, cups, preparing supper, etc.

The giant is very mean to them, pushes them around, etc. . . . he enjoys annoying the kids and playing rough jokes on them . . . After the meal is over he locks them in a dungeon for the night.

Mickey watches all this from the cuckoo clock . . . business of Mickey peeking out of door of clock and riding out on cuckoo when clock strikes.

Giant gets out magic hen and magic harp for his amusement. The harp plays itself and the hen sings operatic number. The giant soon grows tired of this and falls asleep in his chair.

Mickey climbs down from the clock and takes the giant's key from his belt and releases the kids.

They tie the giant's hair and whiskers to the chair . . . one little kid ties his boot-laces together.

Mickey places the kids on the back of the hen and the harp (which has wings on the carved figure) . . . one little kid, through clumsiness, awakens the giant just as they are escaping . . . the giant makes a big racket struggling to free himself . . . trips . . . breaks furniture, etc., and finally starts out in pursuit of Mickey and the kids who have flown out of the window.

The kids might make use of all the large props in giantland as obstacles to hinder the giant.

The kids beat the giant to the beanstalk and slide down, reaching the earth as the giant starts down after them . . . they then burn or chop down the beanstalk in some way, causing the giant to fall into the ground, making a deep hole . . . kids looking down hole . . . Mickey's voice fades in, saying:

"And he fell down and down right through the earth and he came out in China."

During this dialogue we have dissolved back to the opening shot of Mickey and the kids . . . As Mickey finishes reading from the book he might look up and continue: "—and they chopped him up into sausage meat. What do you think of that?"

One ornery little kid looks at Mickey and says: "Aw, that's a lot of baloney." The kids all laugh and give Mickey the razzberry, as the picture ends.

* * * *

Suggestions would be valuable on props, and their use, in giantland . . . kids and Mickey playing in the giant's house . . . methods of serving giant's supper . . . giant's mean tactics towards children . . . business with the harp and magic hen . . . chase gags during escape . . . business of sliding down the beanstalk with Mickey, the kids and giant.

The ending suggested in this story is just a sample. Could use suggestions for a different ending, not depending on dialogue.

* * * *

CONCLUSION:

Possible use of the various trees, flowers, bugs, etc., trying to delay the giant from capturing Mickey.

The giant reaches the beanstalk and starts down after the children.

His attempt is thwarted:

- Mickey chops down the beanstalk—or
- Mickey cuts a section of the leaves off so that the giant slides down, gathering speed as he nears the bottom, and spraying leaves all around—or
- Mickey burns the beanstalk, so that the flames chase the giant back up to his own land—or
- in burning the beanstalk, the giant falls down to earth and goes way down in the ground.

Exposing Mickey Mouse

By Walt Disney

IT IS baffling. They are so charming and intelligent, these good folk who come from all over to see Hollywood and, in passing, drop into our studio to learn just what makes Mickey Mouse move on the screen. Bless their hearts, we are only too happy to explain the entire process. Even though it takes two hours and our visitors yawn and totter in their tracks, we are only too happy to explain just why Mickey moves.

Then comes the time when our guests must go; that moment of hovering before final flight; those awkward seconds of silence when smiles flit back and forth like bashful doves. "It has been awfully good of you," they say. "There is just one more question and then we really must be on our way."

We brace our legs and prepare to take it standing up. "Yes?"

"Just how do you make Mickey move?"

Oh, well!

But it *is* baffling, because the explanation is so very simple. Did you ever look at a strip of motion picture film? It consists of a series of little photographs, of still pictures taken by the cameraman at the rate of twenty-four per second. As the living actors move across the sound stage, the camera records their movements at the rate of twenty-four inpressions per second. Each little still picture—we call them frames—is merely one minute bit of a movement, of a step, a gesture of the hands, or of a yawn, for instance. When these still photographs are projected on the screen at the rate of twenty-four per second, the illusion of unbroken movement is created. A super-eye which could record impressions on the brain at the rate of twenty-four per second would not see a moving picture; it would see twenty-four still photos.

NOW it's exactly the same with an animated cartoon. Honest it is, folks. Cross my heart! Only, instead of taking photographs of living people, our cameraman takes photographs of drawings. Mickey Mouse moves because photographs of drawings are projected on the screen at the rate of twenty-four per second. Each drawing records one progressive bit or variation of a movement. Why, you can make an animated cartoon yourself! Just sit down and draw ten thousand little pictures, place them end to end, photograph them on motion picture film—and there you are! Where are you? Probably, in a nice padded-cell. However, Mickey is a kind-

The Creator of the Famous Rodent Tells All about the one Hollywood Star who is Never Temperamental and who never Walks off the Set. Here's exactly how Mickey Mouse Comedies are Created

—*C. S. Bull*

Walt Disney himself. Disney is the creator of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—and the author of this feature

hearted little fellow. He does the impossible, but he never expects the impossible from us who work for him. Therefore, every two weeks, he distributes the work of making an animated cartoon picture among the two hundred people on our staff.

A Mickey picture starts with an idea, an idea for a story. Take *Mickey and the Giant* for example. It marks an important phase in Mickey's career, because, for the first time, our little actor invades the realm of folk-tale, fairy story and legend—a vast realm for future exploitation and exploration—fresh situations, rich atmosphere and, best of all, stories that are familiar and loved by us since childhood. When a story must be told in seven minutes on the screen, it is a great advantage to start with a situation familiar and self-explanatory and from this meeting ground of common experience or knowledge lead the audience's imagination subtly and gradually from the familiar to the amazing and impossible. That's how we fool you into believing. If you were to see a man or Mickey jump a fence fifty feet high, you wouldn't believe your eyes. But if he first jumped a fence four feet high, then a six foot fence, then a seven foot fence, then a ten foot fence . . . You understand?

Like all other Mickey stories, *Mickey and the Giant* was little more than a phantom idea several months ago. We let our little plots float around in nebulous form for a long time before we distill them into definite substance. We try them on everybody and thing from our families, the sixteen kittens in Mickey's garage, to the cop who hands us a traffic tag. If reactions are encouraging, the story department prepares a rough, short outline which, when mimeographed, is distributed among the members of the staff. Everybody whom Mickey supports, chief animators to bill collectors, are supposed to think up gags and situations for the story.

The staff is given about two weeks to ponder, toy, meditate, cogitate, reflect, cerebrate over, under and upon the tentative story outline. In fact, I once had a man who also used to cudgel his brain. But his brain couldn't take it. Now he merely mulls.

THIS is the two week period when sparks of inspiration sputter and flash. People come miles to witness the electrical display. Brush fires are ignited on the hills across the street. The electrical disturbance is so great that compasses are rendered useless and we have to rely on bloodhounds and our sense of direction in finding our way about our vast studios on Hyperion Boulevard.

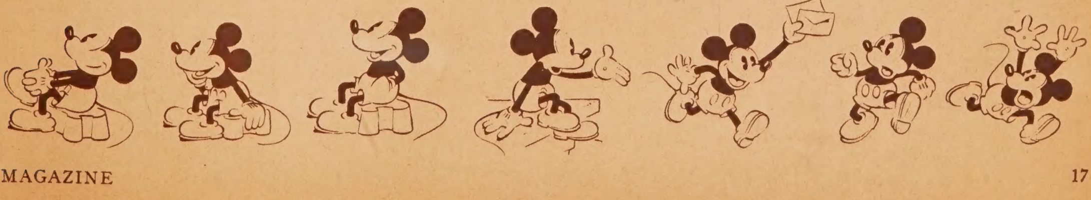
After two weeks, the staff hands the story department a veritable avalanche of illustrated gags and situations. If these sketches were placed end to end the sight would be as amazing as a couple dancing in the same relative position.

The members of the story department dive into this sea of original ideas (yeah?) and look for pearls. The story department stays under for about a week and finally comes to the surface with a few pearls and a lot of sea-weed clinging to their whiskers.

In this handful of pearls of inspiration are usually two or three ideas that have accumulative momentum in them, gags that have legs to carry them along, ideas that generate other ideas, laughs that suggest other laughs. Sometimes, one such gag or situation changes the entire course of the story.

Out of the original story outline and contributed ideas the story department welds the scenario. As ideas for quick laughs, plot development, backgrounds and characters are born, they are put in pictorial form so that we can determine their screen value more or less . . . more or less. Thus, bit by bit, the story is worked out . . . very much like a jig-saw puzzle. And now the story depart-

[*Continued on page* 68]



Too Tough *to be* Champion

As a Wrestler Nat Pendleton Couldn't Get Matches, So this Ex-College Star Drifted into Pictures for Adventure

By Whitney Williams

Nat Pendleton was too strong to be a wrestler. Opponents were afraid of him

IF NAT PENDLETON hadn't been such a powerful foe there is little likelihood he would be on the screen today. He would still be in the wrestling ring . . . scissoring, tackling, headlocking, airplane spinning.

Frank F. O'Neill, sport editor of *The New York Sun*, wrote of him in January 1922: "There seems to be little disposition on the part of heavyweight wrestlers to engage Pendleton on the mat" . . . going on to extol his merits as a disciple of the ancient and manly art.

In other words, champions were afraid to meet in physical encounter this man who captained the American team at Antwerp in the Olympic Games of 1920, who won the coveted title of amateur heavyweight wrestling champion of the world!

Because there remained nothing to look forward to in the wrestling game—champions refused to go in the ring with him and consequently he could not rise to higher pinnacles—he was forced to turn to business and the stage.

Endowed with a physique that would annoy Atlas and Hercules, Pendleton today stands as Hollywood's man of might. Six feet tall, weighing two hundred and seven pounds stripped for action, he presents a formidable figure, well-nigh perfect for the type of rôles he portrays. These include anything of a heavy nature, ranging from straight heavies to comedy, with sympathetic gangsters and racketeers his particular forte.

You've seen him on innumerable occasions . . . but his best characterization to date is in *Penthouse,* in which he plays Tony Gazotti, the hardboiled, lovable gang leader who gives his life for that of the man who befriended him and saved him from the electric chair. If you saw the picture you will remember the colorful and robust qualities of the part.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer liked his portrayal so tremendously it put him under long-term contract.

BUT who is Nat Pendleton, where does he hail from?

Pendleton descends from fine old Yankee stock. . . . General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary War fame, was a great-great-great-uncle; Francis Scott Key, who wrote *The Star Spangled Banner*, was the brother of his great-great-grandfather; George Pendleton, Abraham Lincoln's ambassador to Germany, was his grandfather's brother.

For some time his father was known as the Cotton King of Wall Street. His mother was the sister of Arthur Johnson, early star of the films.

A one hundred per cent American, right off the bat.

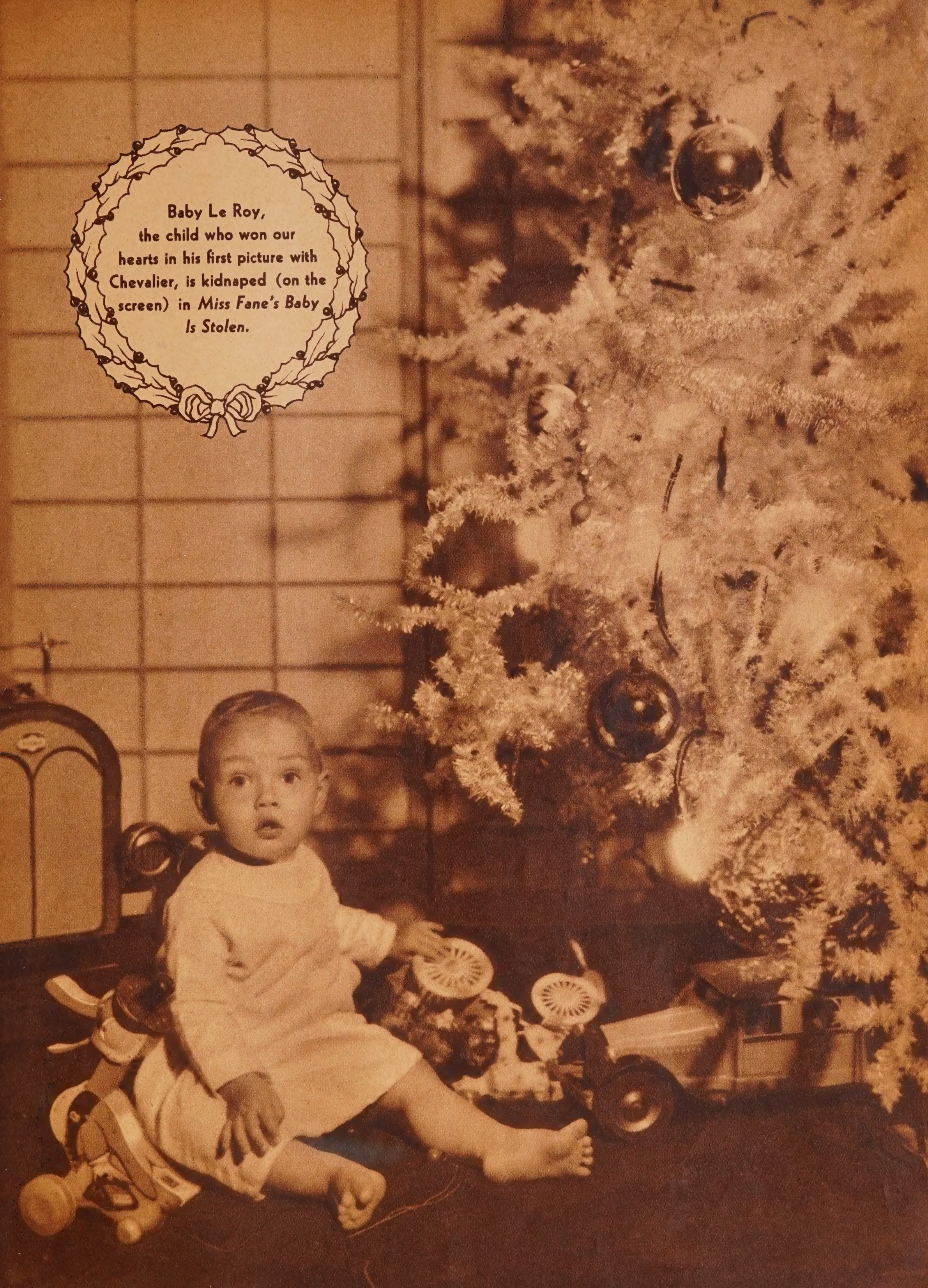
Born in Davenport, Iowa, his parents moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, soon after his advent on this earth. A short time later, they went to New York, where the son and heir grew up in metropolitan surroundings and attended the Polytechnic Preparatory School, continued his education in Englewood, N. J., and finally entered Columbia.

From boyhood he had developed a strong love for wrestling, and spent hours perfecting himself in its more scientific aspects. As a result, he became captain of his college team, enjoyed the title of inter-collegiate champion, the A. A. U. champion and the Metropolitan A. A. U. champion. As noted above, he accompanied the American Olympic team to Belgium and won world renown.

Five years later, he challenged the champion of Europe, and in a sensational battle conquered his opponent in Paris. All Europe acclaimed him as he traveled from country to country, taking on and defeating all comers.

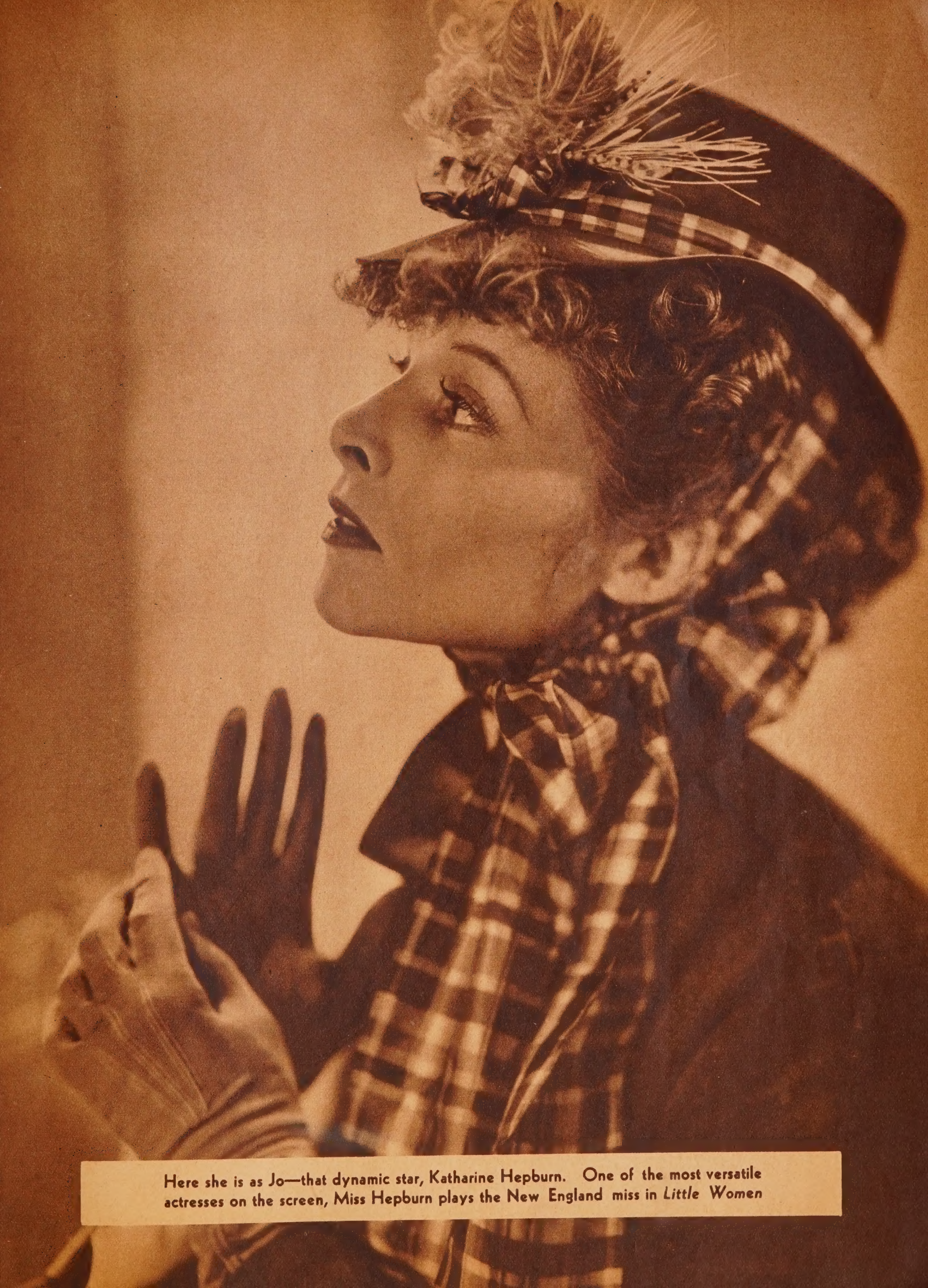
In three hundred and seventy-six [*Continued on page* 74]

His Uncle Was the Famous Pioneer Film Star, Arthur Johnson



Baby Le Roy,
the child who won our
hearts in his first picture with
Chevalier, is kidnaped (on the
screen) in *Miss Fane's Baby
Is Stolen.*

Herbert Marshall, the English actor who has won the hearts of America, was selected by Cecil B. DeMille to star in *Four Frightened People* with Claudette Colbert



Here she is as Jo—that dynamic star, Katharine Hepburn. One of the most versatile actresses on the screen, Miss Hepburn plays the New England miss in *Little Women*

MOVIE Eavesdropping

By Radie Harris

HEIGH-HO, life on the Eastern front is anything but all quiet!

Judging from this month's Hollywood invasion, the sentiment of the entire film colony seems to be, "Oh to be in New York, now that autumn's there!" With the non-stop avalanche of arrivals, Sardi's is beginning to look like the "Return of the Native" and the Algonquin has suddenly gone "Brown Derby."

To list the visitors reads like a Sid Grauman opening. Just cast your lorgnettes on this all-star lineup!—Janet Gaynor, Marie Dressler, Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson, Colleen Moore, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, Patsy Ruth Miller, Diana Wynyard, Nancy Carroll, Jack Pearl and Irene Rich.

What a field day for the celebrity hunters, autograph hounds and your "movieavesdropper!"

Modest Mother

On her recent visit to Gotham, Mrs. Colbert, Claudette's charming mater, and one of the most unobtrusive "movie mamas" I know, dropped into a beauty parlor for a manicure.

As in most beauty parlors, the manicurist immediately began regaling her with the latest gossip of Hollywood.

"Wasn't it too bad about Claudette Colbert's appendix operation?" she lamented. "She's my favorite actress."

"Why do you like her?" Mrs. Colbert asked, casually concealing her maternal pride.

"Because she has such a gorgeous figure and she wears clothes better than any other actress on the screen and her voice is so beautiful and she looks like a lady and . . . do you like her?

"Yes, I like her." By this time, Mrs. Colbert's pride was a little harder to conceal.

"Why do you like her?" the manicurist wanted to know.

"Because she is my daughter," was Mrs. Colbert's simple answer.

P. S. The manicurist is still immersed in smelling salts!

Happy Days Are Here Again!

TO AN old sentimentalist like myself, the re-opening of the Paramount Studios on Long Island is a real signal for dancing in the streets!

Hidden away in the mud-baked wastes of Astoria, this lone studio has been the favorite camping ground of "we easterners"—and what a kaleidoscopic surge of memories it conjures up!

Valentino in the plumage of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. . . . Gloria Swanson's, *Loves of Sunya*. . . . Herbert Brenon battling with Betty Bronson. . . . *The Hole in the Wall* introducing three newcomers to the screen, Claudette Colbert, Edward G. Robin-

Left: Muriel Evans is one of the cuties who will be in *Dancing Lady* with Joan Crawford. And how appropriate the title is to this picture full of beautiful dancers

Right: Wallace Beery has returned from Europe with Mrs. Beery and their daughter, Carol Ann. Beery's next is *Viva Villa*, based on the life of the Mexican rebel

The Hollywood Invasion of New York—Long Island Studio Reopens—Elizabeth Allan's Hard Luck—A Tribute to Marie Dressler—Ruby and Al—Sylvia Sidney

Al Christie produces shorts in old Astoria, L. I. studio. His funsters are, standing, left to right: Charles Judels, Stoopnagle and Budd, Jack White, Tom Patricola, Eddie Craven, Moran and Mack, Al Christie. Seated, left to right: Olive Borden, Ernest Truex and Lillian Roth

son and Louise Closser Hale. . . . Jeanne Eagels taking her last curtain call. . . . Lubitsch's cigars and Chevalier's straw hat. . . . Kay Francis, Walter Huston, Norman Foster, Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Harvey Stephens getting their first picture "breaks."

Closed for two years, it re-opened last summer with a sudden burst of activity that brought forth such diversified product as *Emperor Jones, Moonlight and Pretzels, Take a Chance* and *The Great Adventure* (co-starring Lillian Gish and Roland Young). Now, it is to be the scene of twenty two reel comedies and musical shorts to be produced by Educational Pictures, under the aegis of Al Christie, veteran comedy producer.

At an informal buffet luncheon held on Stage 9, where Fredric March, Ina Claire and Mary Brian tread the boards in *The Royal Family,* Mr. Christie introduced his galaxy of funmakers.

On the bowing end were: Ernest Truex, diminutive comedian, who proves the adage that "all good things come in small packages;" Lillian Roth (who, when she became Mrs. Benjamin Shalleck a few months ago, solemnly vowed that she had permanently forsaken her career and is now exercising a woman's prerogative for changing her mind); Moran and Mack, Stoopnagle and Budd, Tom Patricola, Milton Berle (now that his mother has gone on a diet, he doesn't know what to do for belly laughs!), Bob Hope, Leo Donnelly, Eddie Craven and Olive Borden (how the mighty have fallen).

Jack White, Pauline Starke's "ex" will hold down the directorial reins, and from now on his theme song is "for laughing out loud!"

In The Mail Bag

Dear Radie:

I've been waiting to write to you until I had something interesting to tell you—and here it is!

I am to play opposite John Barrymore in The Long Lost Father *for RKO. You've probably heard about it by now, but in case you haven't, it's a swell story by G. B. Stern in which I sing and dance. I think and hope it is the break I have been waiting for!*

I am afraid I can't regale you with any other Hollywood news as I've not been going out lately—the temptation being too great and I do want to get myself absolutely right for the new picture. Am afraid this [*Continued on page* 62]

Left:
George Arliss being interviewed on his arrival from a London vacation. He is playing the title rôle in the 20th Century picture *The House of Rothschild*

Right:
Marie Dressler was given a testimonial dinner during her New York vacation. Left to right are Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jack Pearl, Miss Dressler and Bessie Beatty

WHY Ruby Keeler *Is Quitting* the Screen

By Al Sherman

SUPPOSE you were the wife of a celebrated stage and screen personality? Suppose you had achieved spotlighted eminence in your own right? And the adulation and favors of the world were yours to get and command? Would you give all that up to join your husband in the comparative obscurity of retirement? I wonder.

Well, Ruby Keeler will do that. For Ruby Keeler thinks anything Al Jolson will do is "okay." And Al Jolson told me he plans to retire from the stage and screen and radio—and that Ruby will go with him.

Al would like to have Ruby continue her screen career—a career which started so auspiciously in *42nd Street* and now is headed for the ultimate height of heights—the lofty pinnacle of stardom. But to understand why Ruby is willing to forsake all this is first to understand the true affection Ruby has for the man who made the mammy song famous.

I'm not going to tell you a lachrymose tale of a love so great that it had all fan writers gaga. I'm not going to pen a story of an undying affection. The divorce courts tell too many tales to the contrary.

But the affection between Ruby and Al is something Hollywood and Broadway can't understand. That's why Al can speak with such confidence when he says Ruby will leave her career for him—and why Ruby can cast aside the baubles of fame for the far more important, if self-effacing, glory of being just Mrs. Al Jolson.

I SAT with Al Jolson in the amazingly-modern offices of the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, where the singer was rehearsing for one of his broadcasts. He was full of eager plans for his forthcoming production of *The Wonder Bar,* which Warner Brothers intend to turn into another of their surprising musical films.

And sitting there with Jolson, I heard the story of a man to whom fame has become meaningless but to whom the pleasures of a simple, quiet existence are of greatest importance. Too, I read between the lines to understand and appreciate why Ruby Keeler thinks Al Jolson is the greatest person in the world.

Theirs is a true romance—a romance of the theatre and yet not of the theatre. True, they met in the tinsel flash of backstage but their mutual admiration and affection is built on a sturdy foundation of kindness and understanding.

Jolson won't talk about it, but Ruby Keeler's mother seldom stops talking about the beautiful home which now houses the Keeler family. Al paid for that just as

Ruby Keeler, who has sky-rocketed to stardom in filmusicals, is leaving the screen because she loves her husband, Al Jolson. She is retiring to be Mrs. Al Jolson

And Why Her Husband, Al Jolson, Is Withdrawing to Private Life at the Same Time. Al Wants to Relax and Play—and Ruby Loves Him Enough to Give Up Stardom

he is paying for the schooling Ruby's young sisters are getting. It's not a sense of duty—it's a desire to prove to Ruby that he is worthy of her love. Is it any wonder Ruby thinks Jolson is the greatest person in the world?

But Jolson wouldn't want me to tell you all this. He may brag about his ability on the stage or radio or screen. His is the naïve boasting of one who feels that he must make good at all times. But he'll never talk about his charities or the many quiet things he does to prove he really is everything Ruby thinks he is.

No, Al Jolson didn't talk of that. He spoke, instead, of his desire to get away, to live as you and I do, to be one of us. And he meant it, too.

"I'm tired and I want to rest," he said to me. "I want to take it easy. I want to spend the rest of my time loafing."

"But what about Ruby?" I queried. "After all, her career is just getting under way."

"Listen," said Jolson. "Ruby told me and keeps telling me that anything I do is okay. She's willing to quit with me—and I know she means it.

"Honest, this may sound like hokum, but we get more of a kick walking down the street and just looking at the stars than in playing around in the spotlight. We like to stand in line to get into the movies, we like to sit together in the theatre and we like to be ourselves. And, believe me, I'm not kidding you, either."

AL WANTS to make *The Wonder Bar* the swan song of his movie career, just as he hopes to make *Porgy* his last gesture to his theatrical fans. He told me he's dickering with The Theatre Guild, which owns the right to this play, to make an operetta of *Porgy*. If they grant him permission, Al will do that and then, next year, call it quits—for good.

He went into radio because everyone said he was afraid of radio. He's proud of his success just as he is proud of the fact that his pioneering film, *The Jazz Singer*, made movie audiences talkie-conscious.

But he is proudest of Ruby Keeler. Proud of the fact that she loves and admires him so and proud of the fact that she thinks enough of him to give up all that most girls would cherish above everything—just to be with him.

I can understand why he's proud of Ruby. Because Ruby is honest, sincere, affectionate and intensely loyal. I can vouch for the loyalty, for I remember, several years back, when crowds thronged the tiny St. Malachy's Church off Broadway to attend the funeral of Rudolph Valentino.

At that time I was covering Broadway for a theatrical weekly and my assignment of the day was the funeral. Sitting in the back with other reporters, I watched the famous, near-famous and would-be-famous as they crowded into the church. I saw Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson; I was escorted to my seat by Richard Dix; I beheld Pola Negri, accompanied by nurse, stretcher-bearer and doctor. I gazed at all that crowd and I marvelled. I wondered who was sincere and who was just there to be seen. And as I gazed about me, I beheld a little girl, kneeling at her pew. She was praying, silently, tearfully.

Al Jolson has worked hard all his life and now wants to retire. And Ruby Keeler will give up the glamour of stardom to be with him

I asked a friend nearby who the little girl was. He told me she was Ruby Keeler. But all Ruby Keeler meant to me was just as a tap dancer in Texas Guinan's cabaret. I couldn't understand why she was there, praying for the repose of the great Valentino's soul. So I asked again.

And I was told that Valentino once had seen Ruby and had given her a small part in one of his pictures.

It isn't much of a story. But as I peered about the crowded church, I thought that here, if nowhere else, I was witnessing a bit of honest emotion, impelled not by thought of newspaper headlines, but by sincere sorrow at the passing of a man who was big enough to help even the least important of his fellow-workers.

Jolson must have sensed that streak of loyalty in Ruby. He must have understood that love and affection would be of paramount importance to this little girl who stepped out of the hurdy-gurdy of a Guinan cabaret into the heart of a man whose vocalized yearnings for a mammy merely hide the wounds of a life spent in struggle against all odds.

THAT'S why, when Jolson told me that Ruby thinks everything he does is right, I could understand.

For Jolson wants to play. He never has had a chance to play. His life has been spent in fighting, fighting, fighting. From the days when he sold papers on the streets of Washington to his present success as a radio star, Jolson's life has been one battle after another. And he wants to play, play as he never did in his youth.

For Jolson still is young, if not in years, then in spirit and enthusiasm. That's why, with enough money to keep them comfortable, Jolson wants to go away with Ruby—far away, there to live and love and laugh without the constant feeling that an audience waits to applaud.

It is radio that influenced Jolson to call it quits. It's a "screwy business," according to Jolson—a tiresome, hard, nerve-wracking business.

"It's a screwy business," Jolson moaned, as we sat in one of the many lavish rehearsal rooms of the advertising agency. "Somebody told me that all I had to do was rehearse in the afternoon, broadcast that same night, and call it a day. Oh, yeah?

"Say, I'm working harder now than I ever worked before. And for what? I don't need the money. I'm not rich, but we have enough so that we can call it quits. And that's what I'm going to do. Call it quits.

"I spend my days, rehearsing, rehearsing and still more rehearsing. All right. But I don't have to and I'm not going to continue. I haven't had much fun out of life and I want it now. Gee, Ruby and I are entitled to a little bit of pleasure, aren't we? Say, she's worked hard all her life and as long as she thinks everything I do is okay, then it's time for us to call it a day and get a little fun out of living."

[*Continued on page 57*]

—*Otto Dyar*

CLARA BOW

Strike up the midway band. Clara plays a side show charmer in *Hoopla*, a young woman with a wiggle calculated to upset the hinterlands. It ought to be a swell role for the IT girl

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

JANUARY, 1934

Frances Dee Marries Joel McCrea

By Radie Harris

—*Wide World*

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee intended marriage in November but Fate stepped in and they eloped in October

WE WERE MARRIED TONIGHT AT RYE BY A CHARMING METHODIST MINISTER LEAVING FOR MOTOR TRIP THROUGH CONNECTICUT

SUCH was the wire that notified the friends of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea that on October 20, in a little white church in Weschester County, they had pledged their eternal love.

The merger of this stunning couple, although anticipated for many months, came as a complete surprise to everyone. But no one was more amazed than Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea!

It was only a few weeks before that Joel had placed a beautiful square cut diamond on Frances' finger, and official announcement of their engagement was made. They planned to have a quiet, family wedding in California just as soon as the honeymoon home which Joel was building on his thousand acre ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood, was completed. Late in November was the approximate date.

And as Jimmie Durante would say, "dat was datta" . . . until Frances was sent to Virginia on location for her next RKO picture. Then Fate kept happening and happening!

Arriving in Virginia, Frances was informed that she wasn't needed in the first scenes, so she immediately flew to New York for a few day's spree of trousseau shopping. Joel, three thousand miles away in Hollywood, and pining with loneliness, had just been told that he wasn't to hero for Katharine Hepburn in *Trigger*. So-o-o-o, faster than you can say Frances Dee, he hopped a plane to New York to join her.

Five minutes later, they decided to reverse the usual Hollywood procedure of eloping to Yuma or Mexico and use New York as their "Gretna Green" instead.

Frances, who is twenty-three and hails from Chicago, was catapulted from the extra ranks when Maurice Chevalier chose her for his leading lady. Sweet, unspoiled, sincere—and one of the most natural beauties in Hollywood, her name has been linked romantically with a score of susceptible males that included Gene Raymond, Joseph Manckewitz, Fred Perry and Charles Boyer. Despite all these rumored hearts, however, Frances remained fancy free until the day Joel came along.

Joel, twenty-seven, and a native son of California is considered one of Hollywood's handsomest leading men. But even though the glamorous Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill and other screen sirens singled him out, Joel still remained an eligible bachelor—and how eligible!

It wasn't until he met Frances on the set of *The Silver Cord* in which they played together for the first time that "his heart stood still." Frances, engrossed in the finest dramatic part she had had since the inception of her career, was too preoccupied to be McCrea conscious. In fact, it wasn't until the completion of the picture that she had her first date with him.

But from that moment on, with a tornado-like suddenness their romance gained such impetus that it led to a co-starring engagement for life.

TWO years ago, I sat with Joel on the sands of Santa Monica, talking until early dusk of many things in general—of love in particular.

"I've never been in love," Joel told me. "By that I don't mean that I've never had a crush or an infatuation for someone. But I've never asked any girl to marry me. You see, I believe in marriage as an institution, not as a habit. When I marry, I expect it to be 'till death us do part.' "

"I haven't any dream girl in mind—you know the line—she must have the eyes of Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding's hair, June Collyer's dimples, Joan Crawford's figure, etc., etc. *ad nauseam* —nor have I any set views on whether or not she is to be a professional."

The night before Joel flew to New York, Frances and I dined together. We, too, talked of many things . . . of love in general—of Joel, in particular.

Without knowing it, she echoed Joel's statements to me two years ago.

"I've had crushes before—plenty of them," she said, "but until Joel came into my life, I had never met any man I wanted to marry. I want to marry Joel more than anything else in the world!"

For Frances this is a complete reversal of her previous attitude toward her future. Before she met Joel there was no room in her life for romance. From the moment that movie critics first took her to their hearts she definitely decided that a career would be her only love. Calmly she faced the barrage of attentions from the world's most famous cinema love-makers and never budged. That Joel should storm the fort and capture her heart surprises Frances as much as it does Hollywood. But then, it's a woman's privilege to change her mind if it is her pleasure to do so.

I am no relation to the late Evangeline Adams and I haven't a sixth sense, but I'd like to predict right now that Frances and Joel will be one film couple, who will prove that marriage in Hollywood can be a thing of permanence and a joy forever!

Will Joan Blondell Change Her Name?

Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, the cameraman. Joan wants to change her name to Joan Barnes, she's that much in love. Right, Joan as a bride

IF JOAN BLONDELL ultimately succeeds in persuading Warner Brothers to change her name to Joan Barnes, she will have cracked historic precedent of the stage and screen wide open. No widely-known actress has ever done so.

And above all, none has wished to do so—for Joan's reasons!

Joan is Mrs. George Barnes in private life. She wants to be Mrs. George Barnes—or rather, Joan Barnes—in public life. Why? Because she loves her husband and doesn't *ever* wish anyone to call him "Mr. Blondell." George is a cameraman. An excellent one. But cameramen get only so far up the ladder of fame, and in quaint Hollywood a star's husband, even though he may be an important producer, director or other figure of weight in the movie industry, is often facetiously dubbed "just *Miss* So-and-So's husband!"

"The reason why I wish to change my name is very simple," Joan herself explains. "I love my husband, and wish to bear his name before the world as well as in private life."

But Warner Brothers cannot see it that way. As one of the studio executives puts it: "We are deeply in sympathy with Miss Blondell's wish, and know the sincere feeling that prompts her to make such an unusual request. Our position, however, is the only one a business organization which must operate on a common-sense mercenary basis, could take.

"We have invested a great deal of money and effort to further the fine screen work of the actress herself in making that name, 'Joan Blondell,' world-famous. As 'Joan Blondell' it represents a property of one value, as 'Joan Barnes' it would represent a property of another.

"Just how long it would take to make the changed name as valuable at the theatre box offices of the nation, and how much risk of failure to do so might be involved, is problematical. There is no guesswork, however, in the assumption that money would be lost while the transition took place, and time which might prove even more important to both Miss Blondell and ourselves, than the money. For an actress to take 'time out' from the screen in any matter is always risky. Her following is her capital, her stock in trade, and her ability on the screen is her capacity to *increase* that following.

"But just as fortunes that were made easily prior to the depression have been lost and it has been much more difficult to regain them, a fortune in popularity—in loyal fans—might be lost for Miss Blondell by such a move. The loss would be far greater to her, in proportion, than to the company, and one admires her pluck and great love for her husband in being willing to risk that loss.

"Individually, I suppose most of this organization would be glad to make such a gamble with her. But as a company, it is pretty certain that such a move could not be made, so I am afraid Miss Blondell will not be allowed to change her name."

THE company, it seems, doesn't doubt that many thousands of Joan's loyal fans would follow her, regardless of the change of name. But it is certain that many other thousands would not even hear of the change until they had missed many of her pictures and lost interest in her, for a time at least.

What does Joan say to that?

"Joan Barnes is my legal name, and I'm proud of it. Incidentally, 'Blondell' infers blonde hair, and mine is naturally brown, so I am going to let my hair go brown, too," she declares. "I'm tired of being a dizzy blonde!

"I also feel that if the public likes you, it will like you as well under one name as another. I can't help feeling that the color of one's hair and the name one uses aren't vital factors in screen success. People like an actress, or dislike her, for reasons deeper than that. Little surface changes do not matter when a screen personality is made up of so many of them, many being emotional and coming from within."

Now Warner Brothers have the floor again, although we'll shorten and make less technical their rebuttal: Actresses may be able to please the public just as well under one name as under another, but this question, they hold, is one of *identification.* "Joan Blondell" identifies this particular Joan instantly, even in hasty glances a theatre patron may cast at a billboard as he speeds past it in his car or on the elevated. Even if he has read, a number of times, that "Joan Barnes" is "Joan Blondell," he has not made it his business to remember it—unless he is one of those comparatively few dyed-in-the-wool fans who know everything about all the stars, even to birth-dates!

In that case, he'll flit by unheeding the fact that one of his favorite actresses is going to be in such and such a picture. Since her presence in the cast might [*Continued on page* 49]

She's Bill Brady's Daughter

Alice Always Runs Away from Success Because Starting a New Battle Upward Is Much More Interesting

By Jerry Lane

Alice Brady, who has inherited the love for gambling from her father, William A. Brady. After each success, she retires to enjoy the thrill of another upward climb

ALICE BRADY is either the most deliciously mad or startlingly sane person who ever arrived in Hollywood.

It depends on your viewpoint.

If you've ever given vent to that wild urge to walk in the rain, face upward, and felt a sheer riotous joy of living as the drops pelted you—if you can find beauty in a feeble sunset, seen through the smoky grime overlaying a city . . . then you're in tune with this amazing woman, Alice Brady.

She isn't one whit interested in success itself. It's *getting* it that fascinates her. The road up, wondering what's at the top, how it will feel to be up there—*that's* what intrigues the Brady fancy.

Once before she ran away from the movies, you know. Eight years ago, it was. Right after she made *The Snow Bride.* In those days you couldn't be natural in front of the camera. You had to move so slowly. Too slowly for Alice. And she left. . . .

It's one of the little whimsicalities of Film Town—to hear them say with great gusto: "There's star material in this Alice Brady. Yes, sir! Showed it right away in *When Ladies Meet.* And have you seen *Stage Mother?* What a performance that woman gives! Yep, one more picture and she's a cinch."

Odd—in face of the fact that *she has been a star for more than fifteen years!* First in Gilbert and Sullivan light operas, then in silent pictures with the old World Film Company, and on the dramatic stage.

The talkies are merely a new medium for her to conquer And is she doing it? Mmmm-mm!! But what else could you expect of the daughter of that famous producer, William A. Brady?

SHE came into her oyster white drawing room looking as un-California-ish as possible. You get so you expect stars to greet you with sun-kissed complexions and rolled down socks and a tennis racket somewhere in sight. Not so Alice. She might have stepped from one of Noel Coward's amusing plays. She had that air. You know—smart elegance and sophistication. And humor. It was good to see a beautiful woman at two in the afternoon dressed in a cinnamon rose lace hostess gown trimmed with sable. It gave you the sense of now being able to bury all your sharp scruples about scientific living. The age of luxury was back again. The NRA was a tremendous success!

Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore in *The Vinegar Tree.* Now that Alice has conquered the talkies, what next?

And then she was saying with a faint shrug and a delicious twinkle of pure diablerie: "It's so surprising to find myself still out here—I came for only six weeks, you know. And somehow interesting parts kept popping up and I stayed on . . . Everybody's so health-conscious in Hollywood. It worries me. A couple of months ago I *did* sit for a half hour in the sun. D'you think that will make me a member of the clan? The only sports I'm good at, you see, are sleeping and shopping. I can sleep anywhere—sometimes I don't get up for days if I'm not working. . . . Nina de Bra-hady, stop that! Jessy, come here! This, Jerry, my dear, is the family—"

They had made a spectacular entrance. Sweeping into the room with typical fox terrier jubilance. Soulful-eyed Sammy, with crumbs still on his whiskers, is head of the household and Jessy is his better half. It was their daughter, Nina, however, who had appro-

[*Continued on page* 51]

All Over the HOLLYWOOD LOT

By Eric L. Ergenbright

John Barrymore, star of *Counsellor-at-Law*, is with his wife, the former Dolores Costello, and two children, Dolores Ethel Mae, and John Blythe, Jr. Between pictures, the actor and his family cruise along the West coast

AS FATHER TIME, in his best directorial voice, bellows "Cut!" and thereby brings to a close the dramatic year, 1933, let's pause long enough to review a few of its most significant cinematic events, trends and developments.

1. *All-Star* pictures have become the current box-office rage. No longer is the public satisfied with one star to a picture—we must have at least six, and we prefer a full dozen, if you please. Almost every outstanding picture of the past year has been as saturated with stellar names as California is with climate.
2. Not only the young men, but seemingly the entire world, has gone West. The well-developed Mae is the greatest screen development since Garbo—much to the disgust of the reducing cream manufacturers.
3. Hollywood passed through the greatest divorce epidemic in its history, no less than twenty-eight of our leading celebrities having "told it to the judge."
4. Filmusicals have returned to popularity and a new gangster cycle is underway.
5. Clark Gable finally killed that deer that he's been hunting for ten years.
6. Garbo spoke three words to a newspaper reporter!

The Notre Dame Shift

A certain famous producer, notified that one of his femme stars had walked off the set as the result of a torrid quarrel with her director, was properly indignant.

"I won't hev an ecktress walk off my stage in a tandem!"

Among those who have been vacationing at Palm Springs, California, are Charles Butterworth, Mrs. Butterworth, Groucho Marx and the Missus. It is to this resort that the stars flee when not working

The Blue Eagle Interferes with Flickertown—Censors Ban Certain Words in Films—Heart Throbs in Movietown—Chevalier Cuts Up

Jean Harlow manages to retain the glory of *the* platinum haired blonde, whether married or single. As soon as work permits, she and Al Rosson will honeymoon

A Code In The Head

OMINOUS rumblings from Washington, D. C., hint that the government is aghast at the stupendous earnings of certain screen stars and Hollywood considers it not at all unlikely that a campaign will be launched to limit star salaries.

As a matter of fact, most stars are paid in direct proportion to their box-office values. Fabulous salaries, it's true—but their careers are short-lived and their necessary expenses are almost unbelievable. The competition for their services is keen, for the producers know that the public is always ready to pour out its quarters to see its idols.

When Susie Glotz, screen star, becomes so popular that her pictures earn millions, how is it possible to place a rubber stamp limit on Susie's earnings?

In a way the government has not fared badly as a result of the Midas-like salaries paid screen luminaries. More than forty stars turn over to the government, in income tax, a full fifty percent of their salaries! The bigger the salary, the bigger the percentage of tax!

'Ware The Censors

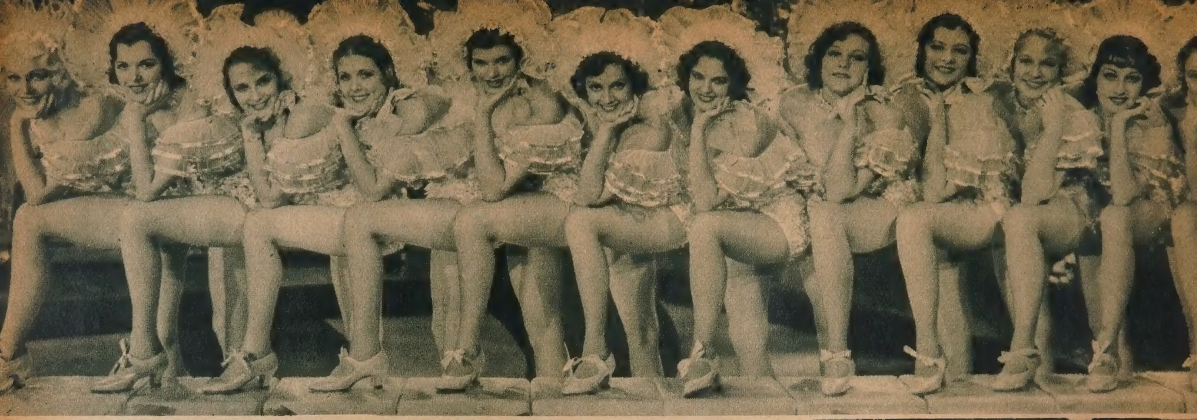
YOUSE guys in Chicago better not let the censors catch you calling a wench a tart—and if you're in England be careful not to refer to a broad as a tramp, a twist or a frail!

With which sound advice I pass on for your instruction a survey made recently by the Hays Office, listing all such terms of endearment and the districts where they are taboo.

In compiling this survey we are listing the banned words or terms in Italic with the states or districts in which the ban is in effect in regular.

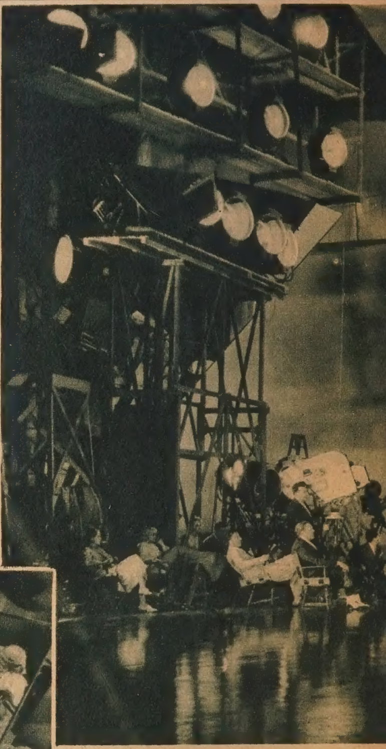
[*Continued on page* 66]

Such a to do as the NRA has caused in the Film Capital. The blue eagle ordered "no fabulous salaries for movie stars." As a consequence, over fifteen hundred players held a mass meeting in protest. Claude King, Ann Harding, Mary Astor, and Miriam Hopkins were among those who said, "Salaries should equal box-office draw."

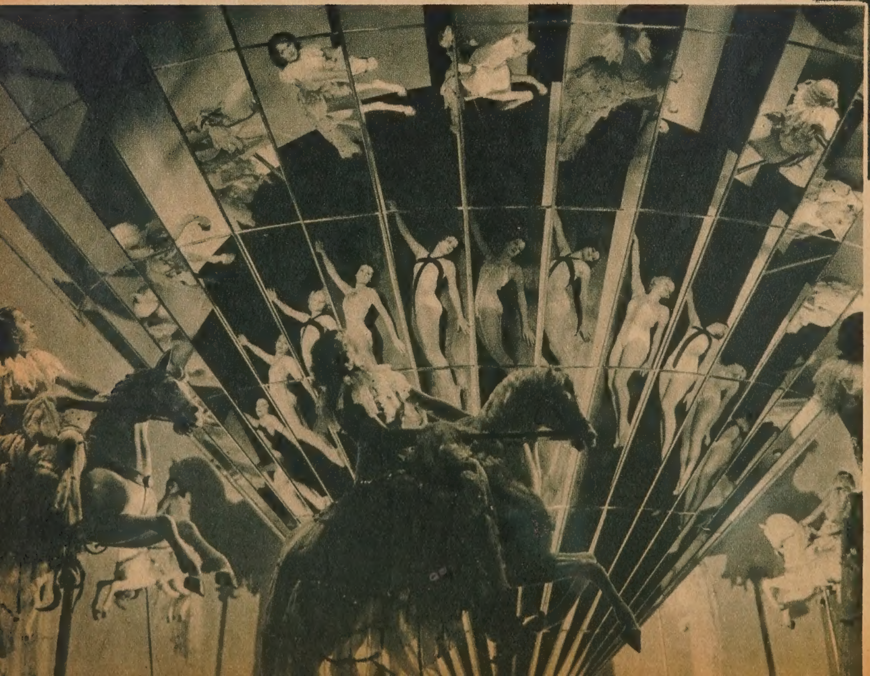


A Hollywood Party

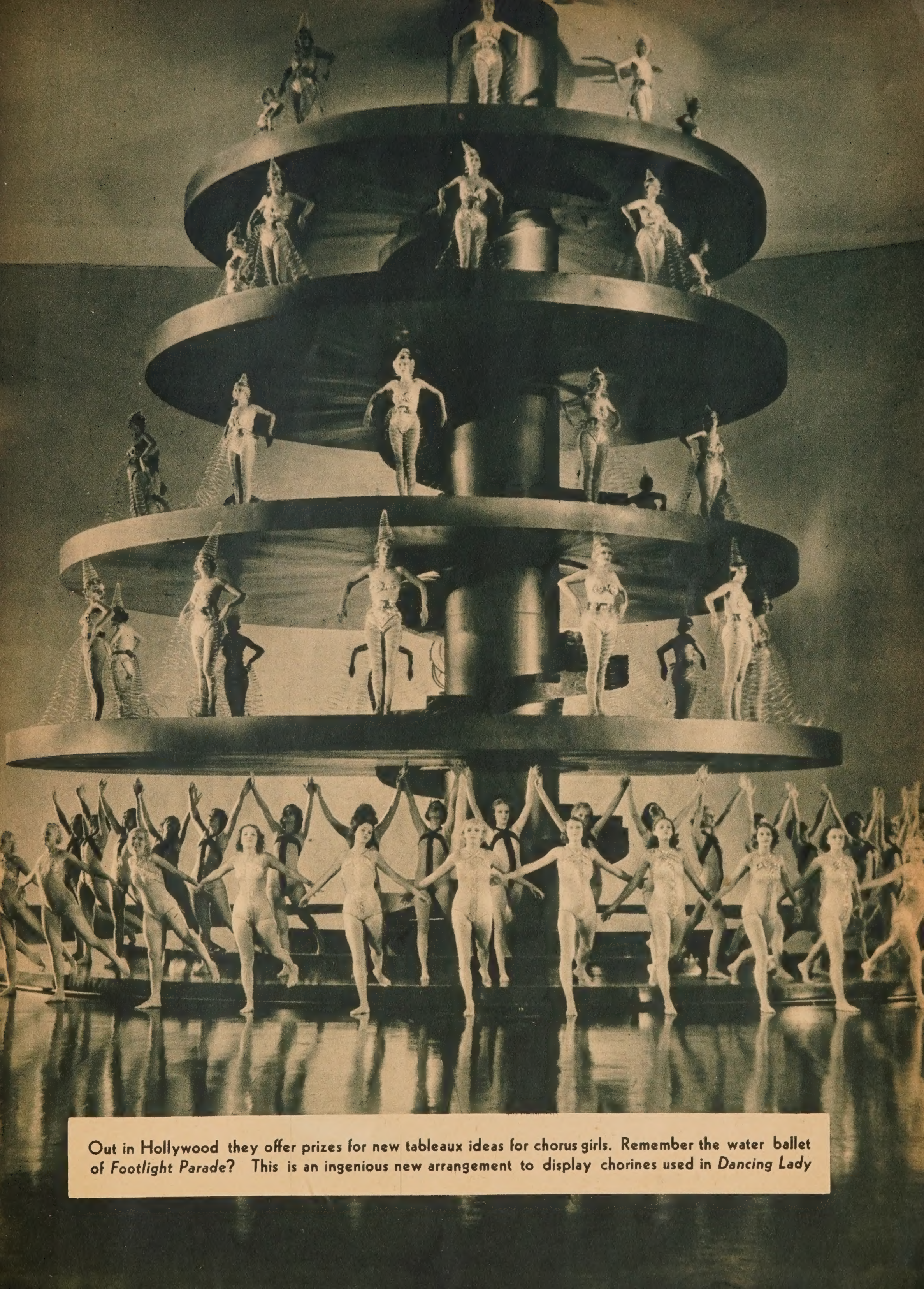
A row of beauty, otherwise the M-G-M Debutantees, in *The Hollywood Party*. An all-star chorus, left to right: Muriel Evans, Margaret McConnell, Florine McKinney, Irene Hervey, Agnes Anderson, Martha Sleeper, Dorothy Short, Claire Myers, Pauline Brooks, Ruth Channing, Marcella Ralston and Linda Parker



Right, Director Robert Z. Leonard and his crew direct the chorus scenes of *Dancing Lady* shown on the page opposite



Left, the spectacular merry-go-round number of *Dancing Lady*. It's a sort of combination human fan and hurdy-gurdy effect and one of the big moments of the film



Out in Hollywood they offer prizes for new tableaux ideas for chorus girls. Remember the water ballet of *Footlight Parade*? This is an ingenious new arrangement to display chorines used in *Dancing Lady*

Texas Guinan's *Last* Interview

Editor's Note—This story is prepared from the last interview with Texas Guinan and was written just a few days before her death

By Lew Garvey

George Raft has risen to the success of the films without losing sight of his old friendships

"I DON'T lay any claims to being a Mrs. Christopher Columbus, nor one of those guys who stay up nights scanning the heavens from the little end of a big telescope," said Texas Guinan in her last interview given a week before her death. "No, they can't accuse me of setting up as a discoverer of stars. But I have discovered the talent in many a kid, and then that kid later became a bright and shining star, mighty fit to ornament the stage and screen firmament. George Raft, for instance. Maybe Aunt Tex's advice and scoldings and praise and whatever else one person is able to give another had something to do with the success of such kids.

"Anyhow, I want to think so. It's one of the sweetest things in life to me, to feel I did help a good many of them, part of the way along their paths.

"Some of them are kind enough to tell me so. Georgie is one of these. They don't make them kinder nor more loyal than that boy!"

Tex, whose earlier fame as cowgirl star of many a thrilling Hollywood "Western" has been overshadowed by the greater fame of her New York night clubs, died in Vancouver on November 5. On her last visit she found Hollywood so changed that she couldn't even locate the site of the studio where she had made most of her pictures. She was appearing at a Los Angeles theatre, and in the film, *Broadway Thru a Keyhole*, when I talked to her. She had been chatting with Raft about his success in *The Bowery*.

"EVERYTHING about Hollywood has changed except some of the people," she told me, "and that's what I like about such people, wherever you find 'em. They don't change. They don't forget old friends. They don't go 'high hat,' if they're on top, nor slink and hide, if they're temporarily under. A kid like George Raft, for instance—see what I mean?

"An old brown-stone dwelling may come down, and a ritzy, gilded modernistic thing like some of these Hollywood apartment houses shoot up in its place. But the right sort of human nature is more durable. There are people right here in this town who haven't changed, despite getting up on top of the world.

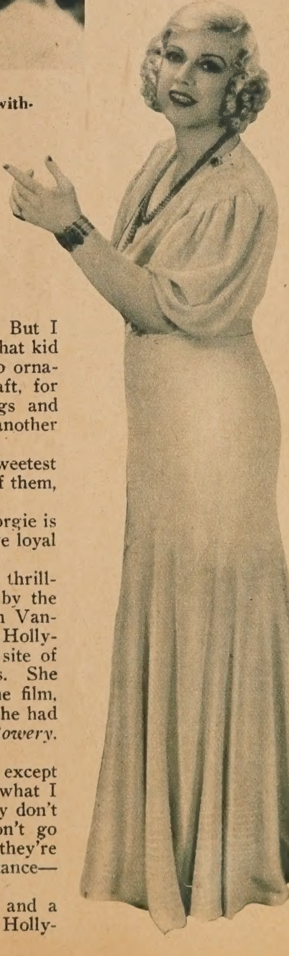
"And Georgie Raft—well, let me tell you about him."

Tex's words, intensely human, were spoken with her famous personality behind them. Heard from her lips, they were alive; they conjured up pictures in my mind. What she told me about Georgie Raft, the hard egg, the sleek and slinky cinema bad man, the "never-took-a-dare" Steve Brody of *The Bowery*, became warmly human, perfectly-etched pictures of scenes she described. Instead of quoting her, perhaps I can find a way to describe these mental pictures that her words, gestures and emphasis—a combination you can't put into cold type—gave me.

It's around 1927. The place, Tex's famous 300 Club. There's chatter and noise and smoke and music—typical night club. In a corner, sitting by himself, is a dark, slick-haired, dapper young fellow. The hoofer, George Raft.

As he looks about the room, he's spinning a coin. Spinning it almost as he did in *Scarface*. It flips into the air again and again, turning rapidly, and although he seldom watches it, he catches it every time, accurately, mechanically.

[*Continued on page* 70]



"Your Aunt Tex is proud that Georgie Raft was once in her school. That makes me his Alma Mammy!" says Tex

An Angel *Comes to* Hollywood

By Jerry Lane

She Bears the Scotch Name of Heather

The Hit Girl of Berkeley Square

IF YOU'VE been thinking of angels as anaemic, halo-ed creatures with nary a twinkle in their eye, just banish the thought!

You see, I've met one and—

If you ask me she is making Heaven out of Hollywood for a lot of people!

Oh, I knew she'd have that irresistible spirituelle look that reminds you of white edelweiss growing on lofty mountains . . . of sunlight streaming through the stainglass windows of a cathedral . . . But nobody warned me she'd have the courage of that jolly Scotch heather that dares to bloom on impossible crags and otherwise barren moors . . .

In fact, she's an altogether surprising person, this little Heather Angel who happened upon Hollywood as quietly as if she'd really come on wings—and who subsequently created a stir in *Berkeley Square* that would have done justice to a true Celestial Visitor.

Here's the way you get to be this kind of angel . . . You select the dantiest, cutest, most intrepid sort of Scot-Irish mother you can find. Add a tall, brilliant father of Italian and French descent but with a wholly British background—and get born under the gentle, age-old spires of Oxford.

Andrea Angel was a professor of chemistry in one of the colleges there. He had a neat formula for his youngest daughter: "One part paprika, two parts lavender, three parts charm!" It was funny to see this elf-child of his astride her Shetland pony and going like mad down the road. Once he caught her riding a plunging bay and digging her small heels into his sides. Adventure. That's what she was after. Sometimes she found it in the woods which she peopled generously with brownies and banshees. Later, she was to find it in a far more literal way . . .

THE smooth current of life for the little family was abruptly shattered with the first drums of war. Dr. Angel was placed at the head of a large munitions factory in a dismal section of London. Nothing was ever the same after that. There were no more picnics under ancient elms. No more readings in front of peat fires during long winter twilights. Heather and her elder sister, Marian, were put in school while Mrs. Angel took a room to be near her husband.

Then came that terrible March day when the head-mistress summoned the two children to her office. A gritty wind brawled among the trees. The sky was leaden. Heather felt in her heart what was coming. Their father was dead—killed in an explosion that had blown his body to bits.

"Carry on!" The by-word to which nations kept pace. Don't turn back. Don't stop. Put those sacred memories in your heart and lock them there. Then smile . . .

"What do you think about going on a walking tour?" asked Mrs. Angel. The family was in conclave. Mother curled up on the trunk, daughters on the floor. Summer was here. The golden summer after the Armistice.

"I think," voted the littlest Angel, "that would be *wonderful!*"

It was. Long, lazy days wandering beside streams in northern France. Hiking through cool, deep forests in lower Germany. A determinedly gay young mother in tweeds, knapsack on shoulder, and flanked by two eager-faced children. In Salzburg they came into the hotel dusty and tired and laughing. The clerk cast a glance at them and became very busy elsewhere. Ladies without bags . . . tch, tch! Mrs. Angel whispered "No Angels allowed!" and both girls tried frantically to stifle their giggles. Heads high, the trio marched over to a neighboring "pension." And it was there, during the days that followed, that the mother fought valiantly for her life.

She had been unnaturally flushed that first evening. Towards midnight she became delirious. Strange city, strange language—but the English are a dauntless race. Somehow, at two in the morning, Heather located a doctor. She couldn't understand what he said but he was a genial Austrian and to the frightened youngsters he was a deity who had the power of life or death in that small black case of his. It wasn't until days afterward that they learned their mother had been stricken with diph-

[*Continued on page* 61]

Pretty Heather Angel (top) as she appears in *Berkeley Square* and above as Hollywood sees her at play

The Strange Creed of Sylvia Sidney

Sylvia Sidney has ideas of her own on how to live. She allows no person or thing to intrude upon her time

"YOU must make up your mind what it is you want in life—and then you must let nothing—*nothing* in the world—interfere with your pursuit of that thing."

That is Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia who, more than any woman I know, is a complete individualist. Sylvia made up her mind about what she wanted some time ago and she has, while she is still very young, gone a long way toward achieving the goal she set for herself. Deliberately and without emotion, she prunes from her life the things which might hamper or divert her. She knows exactly what she wants and she proceeds, with crisp determination, to go after it.

"Sometimes this attitude makes me appear an ungracious and ungraceful person," she told me. "I am sorry about that. I don't want to be ungracious or ungraceful. But I can't help it. I *have* to be like that if I am to accomplish anything.

"For instance, I never answer invitations to parties. Down in the corner of a very pretty invitation will appear a courteous and charming request for a reply. Now, it is extremely rude of me to ignore that. But I know myself so well. If I telephone the hostess and she tries to persuade me, I will give in and agree to attend her party. And I shan't want to do it at all. Even though I might enjoy it, I can't afford the time and energy it will take. I will *not* clutter my time and attention with the necessity for writing notes or sending messages. So I simply pay no attention to invitations at all. If you behave in that manner consistently, the invitations will cease to arrive!

"You see, you *can't* become involved in social relationships if you have work to do. It boils down to your accepting an invitation and thereby placing yourself under the obligation to return the courtesy. I never entertain. There is no place, no room, no time in my life for a round of dinner parties at which I meet people who bore me and whom, I am sure, I bore!"

MISS SIDNEY has almost no friends in Hollywood. There is a small group of people in New York of whom she is extremely fond and for whom, I know, she is desperately homesick. "I can't bear the thought of letting anyone take their places with me—in my affections and in my interest." One of them was out here recently. Sylvia took her to lunch at the Brown Derby.

"We went in at about one and we sat at the table talking and talking. Suddenly, after what seemed a really short time, the waiter said, 'I'm so sorry, Miss Sidney. We simply have to prepare the tables for the dinner hour!' We had sat there until after six!"

"I don't want to put down roots!" says the Young Actress. "I want nothing to encroach upon my time and attention, my comfort and my peace of mind!"

By Helen Louise Walker

The only pet Sylvia Sidney permits in her home is her Dobermann Pinscher and at times she resents even him

Years ago Sylvia convinced her father and mother of her necessity for living alone—for cutting herself loose from family ties. They were puzzled and troubled at first but Sylvia had her way. They visited her recently, before her hurried trip to Europe, at her Malibu home and settled down to adjusting themselves to her way of living. They took little trips here and there. They went to parties. Now and then Sylvia would suggest that they entertain some of their friends at her home. They went their own placid way, never urging her to join them, never suggesting anything which would interfere with her quiet routine. They were as far away from her as though miles had separated them.

Her father worried about her a little. "She spends so much time *alone,*" he fretted. "It can't be good for so young a person to be alone so much. It will make her morbid. . . ."

"They couldn't understand, you see," Sylvia said, "that I have a great need to be alone. I can't have people about me in my leisure hours. I am not, I think, any more morbid than is normal."

One wonders a little how much morbidity Sylvia considers "normal." But one feels pretty sure that she would not indulge herself in one whit more of it than she considered good for her. She is not a self indulgent person, this Sidney!

It requires self discipline at twenty-two to deny yourself friends and parties and the feminine pleasure of sentimentality. After all, one of the greatest human needs is that of *being needed* by someone or something. The loneliest people in the world are those whom no one needs. And Sylvia denies herself the satisfaction of being necessary to anyone.

She refused for a long while to own any pets. "I don't want to become attached to them. . . ." At last she was presented with a beautiful Dobermann Pinscher. "I couldn't get rid of him," she said. "He was a gift. I do love him and I am very proud of him. But I resent him a little bit. He is a responsibility. *I have to think about him!"*

AFTER she had been in Hollywood for some months, Sylvia decided that she wanted a house. "Everyone out here seems to have a house. . . ." And Sylvia had spent her life in apartments and hotel rooms. Acquiring and furnishing a home was a great lark—at first. She says that she left a trail of prostrated interior decorators in her wake. She knew exactly what she wanted and was not to be dissuaded either by promises of something "just as nice" or by the shocked expressions of these experts at her somewhat unconventional notions of what should be done to the inside of a house. She confounded them by her demands for "tired" shades of green and she upset them no end by mixing periods as the fancy struck her. But when she was finished, the house was hers—and it expressed her. Which is all that anyone should ask of a house!

Later she told me, "Now that I have it, now that I have worried and fussed with it and planned it and bought things for it, I don't want it. I'm sorry—really sorry—about those antiques to which I am already becoming attached. What if I should want to go away suddenly? I should have to bother about them. . . . *I don't want to put down roots!"*

Lately, however, she has become more philosophic about theses matters.

"Sooner or later you acquire possessions," she sighs, with growing resignation. "I don't care how hard you try to avoid it, sooner or later there will be things that you want to possess and if you can afford it you will find yourself possessing them and treasuring them. And there you are!"

Sylvia Sidney's Creed:

"I never answer invitations to parties. You can't become involved in social relationships if you have work to do.

"I never entertain. There is no place, no room, no time in my life for me to meet people who bore me and whom I bore.

"I have no pets but one because I don't want to become attached to them.

"If no one is important to you but yourself, you are lucky. You won't be jealous of your own success, you won't quarrel with yourself or divorce yourself. You don't have to divide your time and your interests."

Least of all does Sylvia want to marry. "If no one is important to you but yourself, you are lucky," she said. "You won't be jealous of your own success, you won't quarrel with yourself or divorce yourself or drag yourself through the courts amid humiliating publicity. You don't have to divide your time or your interests. Oh, no! I am not the marrying kind!"

"Sylvia, don't you ever worry about your work?" I asked her, at last. "What if you get a bad break, a bad picture, if things go wrong with this career in which you are so enwrapped?"

"No, I really don't," she said, seriously. "I used to worry. But I have found that I could do things—I have done things—which I hated. Things which irked me and annoyed me and even embarrassed me. I have lived through [*Continued on page* 71]

Films You Will *Never* SEE!

Anna Sten in *Nana*, which has been almost completely remade at a cost of $400,000. The whole cast was changed

DURING 1933, some such paltry sum as $6,250,000 went into the making of motion pictures you'll never see on the screen.

Whole productions and parts of productions, ends of productions and starts of productions have been scrapped. Whole casts and parts of casts have been changed, necessitating the remaking of varying amounts of many of the year's big pictures. There were plots, too, that started as one story and ended by being another, as a result of someone's error or last-minute inspiration for improvement.

From the vast number of scenes thus discarded, some genius of the film cutting rooms might be able to cut and patch together *twenty-five or thirty* full-length productions—a whole year's program for some producers!

When you see Maurice Chevalier and Ann Dvorak in *The Way to Love*, for instance, remember that Maurice originally made love to Sylvia Sidney in this production. Miss Sidney's illness necessitated her withdrawal from the cast, and the re-making of so much of the picture that three weeks had been spent in "shooting" it.

How odd it would be to see first Maurice and Ann in a particular love scene, and then the "ghost" of the dead scene right after it—the same action, the same words spoken, but done as Maurice and Sylvia would do it!

Then there's *Nana*, which had to have a completely new second start after so much of it had been filmed that some estimates place the loss sustained by the producer at $400,000. A new 'script, a new cast and a new director were used in the version you will see on the screen.

The old version, directed by George Fitzmaurice, had Pert Kelton and Warren William in the principal rôles with Anna Sten. In the second version, directed by Dorothy Arzner,

The first version of *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* was discarded and a new one made. Result—smash hit for Helen Hayes

***Trader Horn* was first filmed in Africa. Then most of the jungle scenes had to be remade at great cost in California**

They're lost to you Because they have been Shelved —Over $6,000,000 went into these lost Movies in 1933

By Jay Brien Chapman

This is a scene from Eric Von Stroheim's discarded version of *Walking Down Broadway*, retitled *Hello, Sister*. You'll never see this version

The same scene refilmed by James Cruze. Note the difference in treatment. ZaSu Pitts, James Dunn and Boots Mallory are the principals

Warren's place was taken by Lionel Atwell, and the part Pert had played was split by the scenarists, and divided between two other actresses, Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, producer of *Nana*, has frequently been lauded for his courage in writing off such sums as losses, for the sake of getting what he is after in the way of artistic value and box office appeal into his films. The result is probably profitable in the end, and it has certainly proved satisfactory to the public, for Goldwyn's pictures have been worth seeing.

Probably *Nana*, on the screen, will be good enough to justify the added expense of the discarded version. At any rate reliable authorities say it will prove a fitting vehicle in which to introduce Miss Sten to her American public, something the first version failed to accomplish.

The March of Time, now called *Broadway to Hollywood*, is another classical example of a re-made film. As it was released for public showing, this film contained only three or four scenes from the original production—a complete film you'll never see. The discarded production cost from $550,000 to $650,000, according to various estimates.

Going back in time beyond 1933 in order to secure particularly good examples of re-made pictures, let us consider *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. Just as *Nana* had to be particularly good in order properly to introduce Anna Sten to her public, this picture was made with care to serve as a worthy initial vehicle for Helen Hayes.

The first version made was so bad, for some reason, that both the producers and Miss Hayes viewed it with despair. The star even wanted to buy it, to prevent it from being shown. But the producers weren't licked yet. They re-made *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* almost completely. It proved to be one of the year's best pictures, and served as a brilliant and successful introduction for the talented little actress!

Both of these productions—*Broadway to Hollywood* and *Madelon Claudet*—were made by M-G-M, an organization that maintains its high standard of production by fearlessly "scrapping" millions of feet of film each year.

At this writing, Ed Wynn's first picture, *The Chief*, is getting a complete overhaul. Other productions, here, there and everywhere in the film industry, are being partly refilmed, to add to 1933's big total of wastebasketed celluloid footage.

Probably because the depression has forced producers to make more and more competitive pictures, 1933 shows a higher total of remake costs than other years, and as a result most producers confidently expect it to show an *increase* in net profits. The difference between a mediocre picture and a big box office success vastly outweighs, in dollars and cents, losses caused by remakes.

However, there are plenty of fine examples of re-made pictures and sequences of pictures, and "ghost films" that will never see life on the screen, in the recent past.

MARY PICKFORD had the courage to remake *Secrets*. Gloria Swanson's *Queen Kelly*, made by Joseph von Sternberg, was completed but never shown at all. Both Gloria and Von Sternberg preferred not to have it exhibited—and held against them! And there have been literally millions of feet of films taken by "footage-eating" directors such as Eric von Stroheim and Serge

[*Continued on page 72*]

The Firebrand. Lupe Velez in the daring sequin costume which she wears in her next picture, *Hollywood Party,* which gives her a dashing role

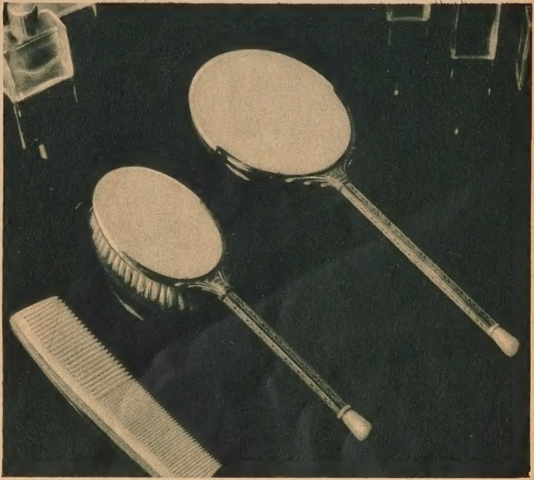
Christmas Gift Suggestions From Hollywood

THE *Christmas Spirit* is pervading the air. Everywhere the stores are decorated with holly wreaths and tinsel. It is time to consider our gift list. The annual question of "what to give?" is upon us. Aunt Sue and Sister May must be remembered as well as sixteen-year-old Cousin Nan. This year the greatest problem is meeting our budget.

Having decided upon the amount of money to be spent on each person's gift, the next step is to consider the personality of the recipient. With women, there is one important thing to bear in mind. In every feminine heart there is a desire for little luxuries which are considered too extravagant to appease. Why not answer this need in our gifts this Christmas?

The accompanying photographs show a number of smart gifts, reasonably priced—gifts which friends and relatives will be happy to receive. The Dupont company has put out a number of beautiful new three-piece dresser sets consisting of comb, brush and hand mirror. The one illustrated on this page is pyralin with a chromium finish metal, known as the *Plaza,* priced at ten dollars. A perfect gift for Mother or Aunt Sue!

Jewelry of every type and description has become an important item of fashion. Earrings, pins, bracelets, clips and necklaces are obtainable at reasonable prices, as well as the new coiffure ornaments for evening wear. There are bracelets, earrings, and pins of wood for sportswear, so smart with the new woolen frocks. The pin is chic on one of those new tiny felt, velveteen, or knitted sports hats. The new crystal jewelry—pins, earrings, bracelets—are perfect to dress up the office, street, or afternoon costume. Rhinestone combs and head bands (copying the old tiara) are the very latest for evening wear, whether your hair is long or short. Antique jewelry has come into its own, again. The smart shops are having great displays of this type of accessory. Your girl friend, cousin, or sister will be delighted with a necklace or bracelet, or both, copied after the authentic jewelry of a century ago.

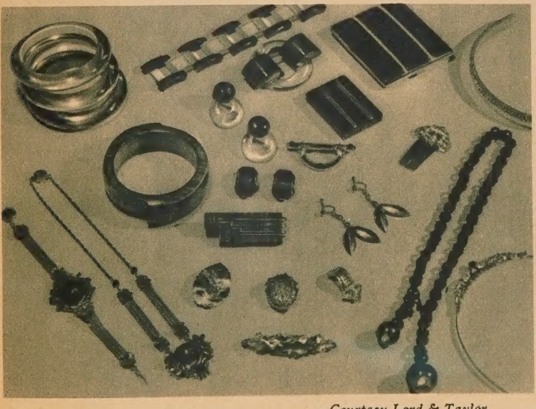


—Courtesy Dupont Viscoloid Co.

A new dresser set of pyralin and chromium finish metal. This set may be had in ivory or jet at $10

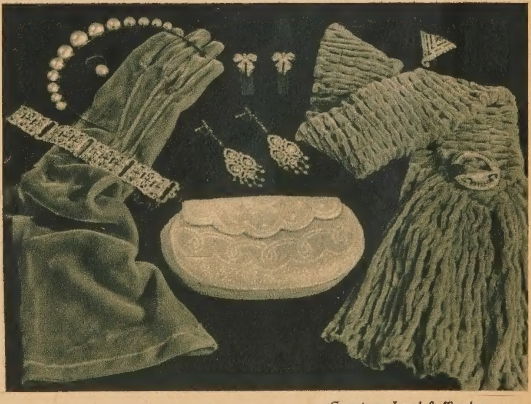
IN THE photograph below, left, are shown the newest types of jewelry, as well as an enamel cigarette case and lighter, all for less than two dollars. If your leading department store cannot supply you with any of these gifts, write direct to Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue, New York.

If your gift budget includes a [*Continued on page* 57]



—Courtesy Lord & Taylor

Gifts from $1 to $1.95. Any one of these expensive-looking but moderately-priced articles would gladden the heart of the person who received it

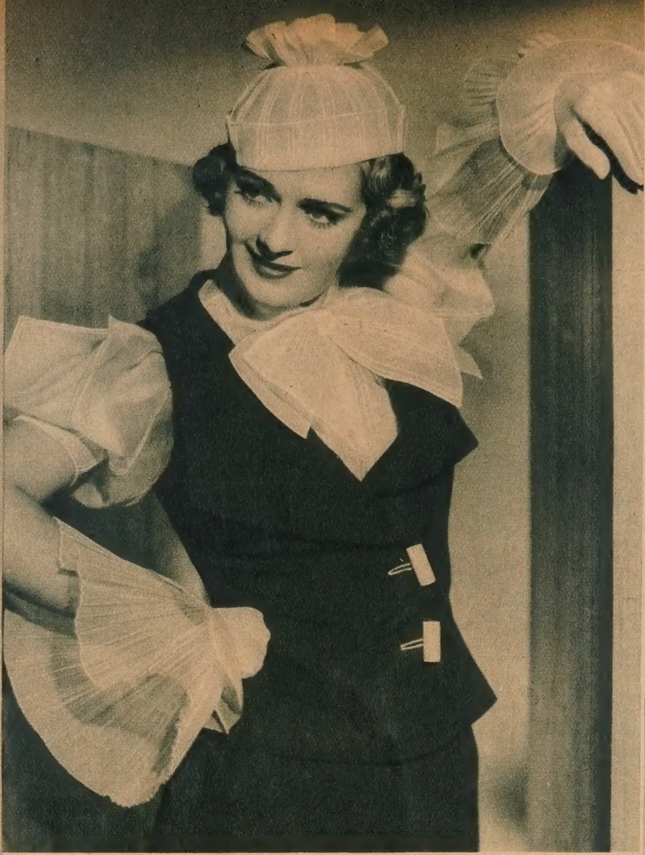


—Courtesy Lord & Taylor

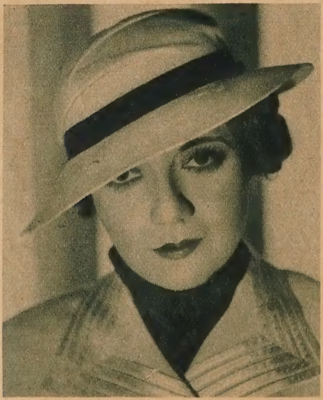
Gifts from $2.95 to $5. There is nothing a woman so loves to receive as a luxury which she will not buy for herself. The above are suggestions

We're Going SOUTH

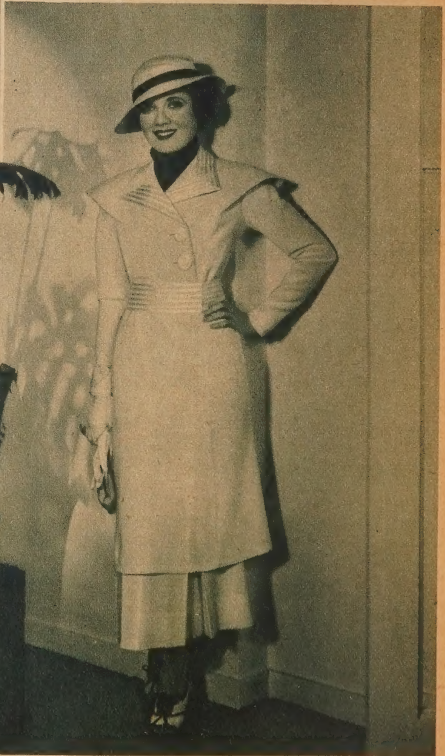
The Film Stars Give Fashion Ideas for Resort Wear in Warmer Climates



For resort wear, Ruby Keeler has selected organdy to trim her black dress. The tucked hat matches a vestee, tiny sleeves, and gloves. Notice the flared cuffs on the white gloves

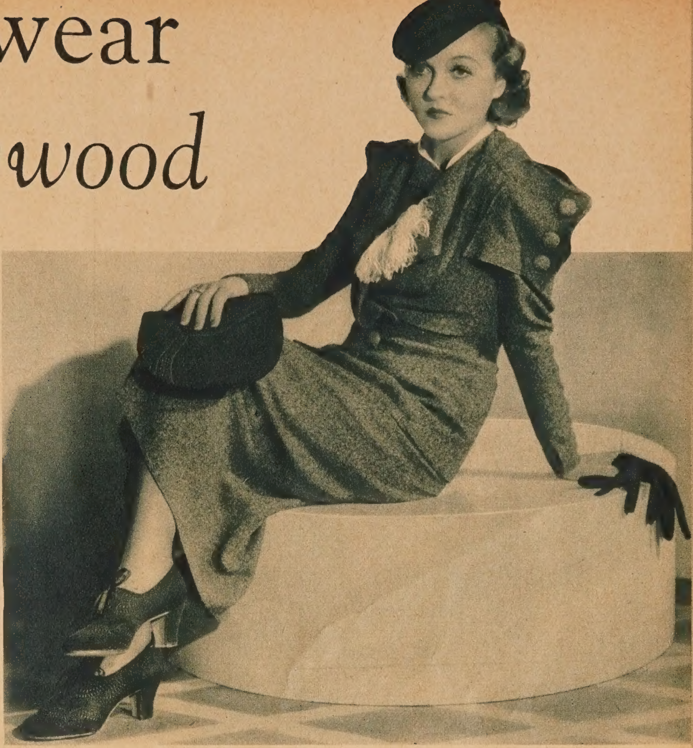


Lois Wilson chooses a white felt sailor hat to wear with her crepe suit

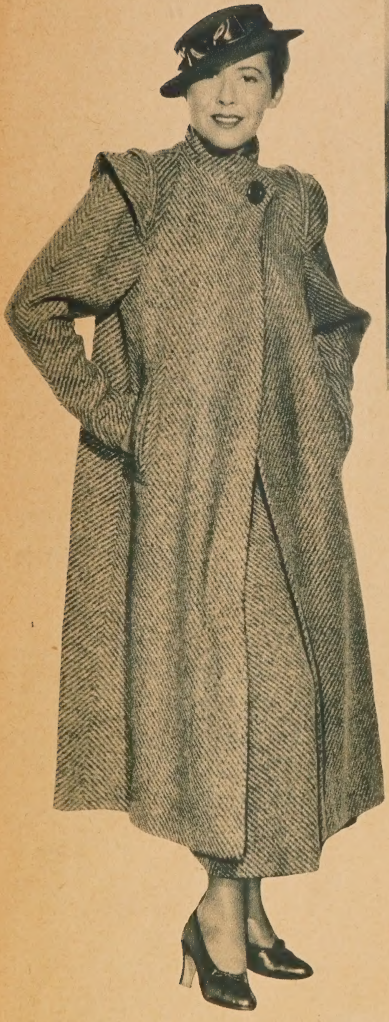


For a warm climate, Lois Wilson wears a white crepe suit, trimmed with silk braid. A black taffeta scarf, white gloves and bag are accessories

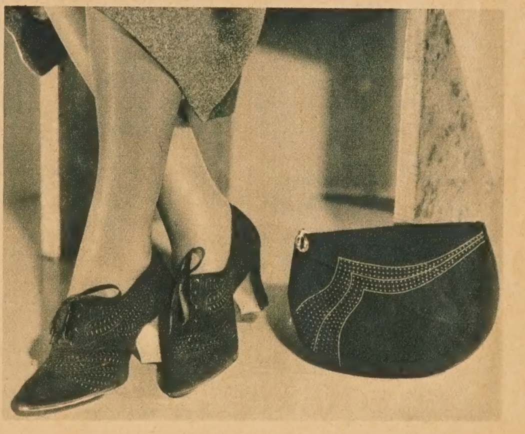
Sportswear *in Hollywood*



Patricia Ellis selects a gray wool suit for spectator sports. It may be worn also as a coat dress under a heavy fur coat. Notice the unusual shoulder treatment. Antelope hat and gloves accompany the costume



Mae Clarke wears a tweed ensemble for sports wear. The coat is slightly shorter than the skirt, is swagger style, and has a rolled shoulder treatment



To accompany her grey wool suit, Patricia Ellis selects an eel gray suede purse which matches her stitched suede oxfords. Both obey the new fashion command of stitching and perforations

Hands Made Beautiful

Large or Small, Plump or Slender, Every Pair of Hands May Be Made Lovely with Care

Have you a personal problem to be held in strictest confidence? Janet Lynn will gladly give you free counsel if you will address her at *SCREEN BOOK*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

By Janet Lynn

Jean Muir, Warner player, files her nails to a length and shape becoming to her strong fingers.

Mary Carlisle cares for her hands by soaking the day's grime off each night. And Mary never forgets a nightly massage with cream.

PRETTY hands! One day that phrase meant something, but today it has a dead sound. There are no more pretty hands. There are big, dynamic hands, long tapered hands, plump, capable hands, strong, flexible hands, and a dozen others.

Yesterday all women were moulded in one pattern. They were good wives and mothers, sewing, taking care of household duties, rearing children. But today, a woman's life is as diversified as a man's. Today women executives control vast businesses, women artists establish new school of art, women aviators break speed and endurance records, women actors build world-wide reputations for their glamour.

And just as the wife-and-mother type is only one of many types of women, so the typically pretty hand, small, tapered, pink and white, is no longer considered the only beautiful one.

To me, the most beautiful hands on the screen are Katharine Hepburn's, large, strong and well-shaped with short, rounded nails, but if the incomparable Hepburn had lived half a century ago, she would probably have been advised to sit on her hands to hide their unseemly size!

Florine McKinney gives her nails meticulous care daily. She always uses oil in working back the cuticle, thus keeping the flesh soft and eliminating the possibility of hangnails

Because your hands do not conform in shape and size to a certain pattern, do not feel that they are ugly or undistinguished. Make them work for you to establish your charm. Learn to use them fluently instead of keeping them folded stiffly out of sight. If you have difficulty in gesturing easily that is because your wrist is too inflexible. To remedy this, flop your hands madly from the wrists for five minutes every day. If your fingers are stiff and unyielding, practice on the piano or learn to typewrite, or simply move your fingers about as if you were using an imaginary piano or typewriter. Wringing the hands is another good exercise for developing fluidity of hand gesture.

No matter what the shape of your hands, however, they can never be truly attractive unless they are meticulously well cared for. They may be sun-tanned or gardenia white, the nails may be buffed [*Continued on page* 56]

Reduce..

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

. . . it won't cost you one penny!

● *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.*

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

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● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breath normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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CHARM

Dorothea Wieck's Woolen Frock

A Hollywood Costume with All the Newest Fashion Notes Has Been Copied for SCREEN BOOK'S Pattern Service

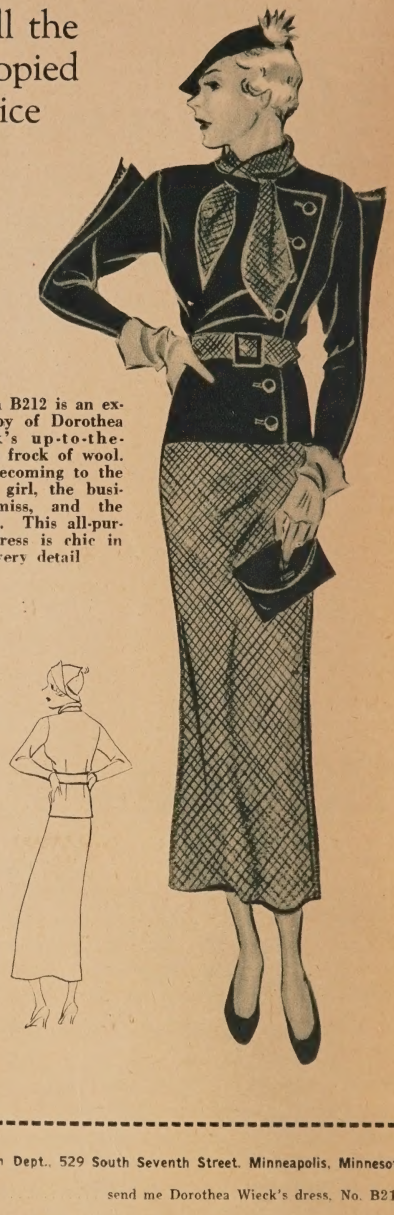
WITH Winter winds blowing, snow threatening, it is time to consider that woolen dress which is warm and at the same time, smart. Dorothea Wieck has selected a most unusual dress to suit this need of every wardrobe. Her frock is appropriate not only for spectator sports but also for luncheon and street wear, as well as being just the thing for the office.

There is a most out-of-the-ordinary treatment in the sleeves and neckline. The high neckline command of Fashion not only is obeyed but is made a decorative feature, with all avoidance of that *choked* appearance seen so often these days.

The fabric selected by Miss Wieck is a lightweight tweed in two shades of gray. The blouse is of the darker tone, trimmed with the same lighter tone as is used in the skirt.

Pattern B212 is designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material and 1½ yards contrasting fabric. Each pattern is accompanied by simplified instructions, with each step of dress-making easily and definitely explained. This feature means that the dress you make will have a workmanlike finish. Fill out the coupon below NOW and be the first in your community to have Miss Wieck's dress.

HAVE you ordered SCREEN BOOK's Fashion Book? It contains excellent fashion ideas for miss or matron. Sportswear, street costumes, afternoon and evening clothes are included, besides blouses, sweaters, and suggestions for all kinds of accessories. The regular price is 15c but ordered with Pattern B212 it is only 10c. The valuable wardrobe suggestions and fashion ideas contained in the Fashion Book are well worth such an investment.



Pattern B212 is an exact copy of Dorothea Wieck's up-to-the-minute frock of wool. It is becoming to the school girl, the business miss, and the matron. This all-purpose dress is chic in every detail

Dorothea Wieck has selected this stunning woolen dress in two tones of gray. The unique sleeve treatment and smart neckline are unusual features of this chic frock

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

For the enclosed .... send me Dorothea Wieck's dress, No. B212.

Size—Bust .... Fall Pattern Book (check if wanted) ....

Name ....

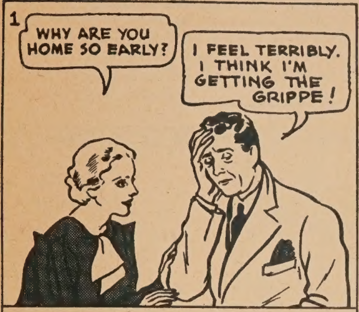
Street ....

City .... State ....

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER

MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE


1
WHY ARE YOU HOME SO EARLY?
I FEEL TERRIBLY. I THINK I'M GETTING THE GRIPPE!

HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

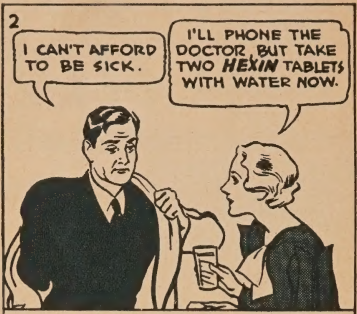
50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

●

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY $26,000,000

●

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

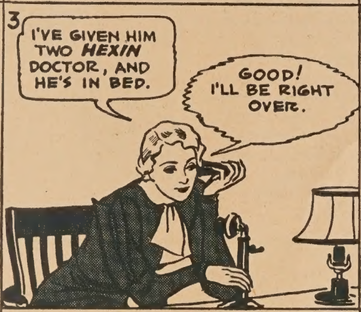

2
I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SICK.
I'LL PHONE THE DOCTOR, BUT TAKE TWO HEXIN TABLETS WITH WATER NOW.

SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

● What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.


3
I'VE GIVEN HIM TWO HEXIN DOCTOR, AND HE'S IN BED.
GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

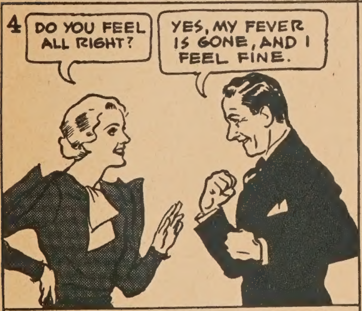
CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 Hexin tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

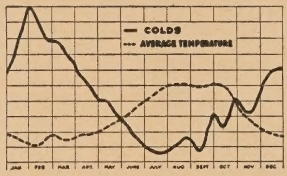
Hexin relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of Hexin also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.

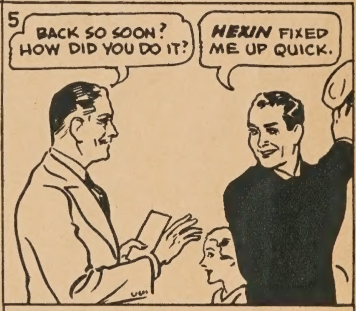

4
DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?
YES, MY FEVER IS GONE, AND I FEEL FINE.

NEXT DAY AND BETTER

Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.


5
BACK SO SOON? HOW DID YOU DO IT?
HEXIN FIXED ME UP QUICK.

AT OFFICE-NO LOST TIME

HEXIN
HEXIN
HEXIN

Modern Druggists Prefer Hexin

Buy a box of HEXIN *today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy* HEXIN *in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but* HEXIN. *Nothing else is "just as good".*

Originally Developed for Children

Hexin—an alkaline formula—was developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.

●

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

F-1134

HEXIN, Inc.
8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN.**

Name..

Address..

City.......................... State..........................

The New Pictures

The Movie Previews as Viewed

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AND HIS STUDIO SPIES

[*Continued on page* 50]

PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY

Metro

There's as many punches in this grand piece of entertainment as in the thrilling fight between Max Baer and Primo Carnera in the closing reels. Baer surprises with his acting ability in his rôle of a fighter whose rise to fame is phenomenal, and the performances of Myrna Loy, as his wife, and Otto Kruger, the racketeer whose girl Baer wins, are no less sensational.

FEMALE

Warners

A new Ruth Chatterton, more brilliant, witty and engaging than the Chatterton of recent pictures. The height of efficiency as director of a huge factory during the day, she is warmly feminine at night, and when George Brent, a lowly inventor, meets her she falls before his scorn. There's real merit to *Female,* and exceptional interest attaches to the star and her leading man, at their best here.

WHITE WOMAN

Paramount

An over-ponderous melodrama of the tropics, a character study of evil as practiced by Charles Laughton in his rôle of King of the River. Transpiring somewhere in the Malay Archipelago, the story pictures Carole Lombard's marriage to Laughton, his taking her to his home in the interior and her falling in love with one of the men he shelters. Little originality in plot or treatment.

THE WORLD CHANGES

Warners

Somewhat reminiscent of *I Loved a Woman,* both in treatment and general scope, *The World Changes* is an intelligently interesting screen narrative, certain of attention. Embracing three generations, the story depicts the growth of an industry, meat packing. Paul Muni in a varied and vivid characterization, ranging from a boy in his late teens to an old man of seventy, is excellent.

A MAN'S CASTLE

Columbia

Beautifully enacted and produced, this is a simple romance, simply told, belonging to the category of *Seventh Heaven.* Spencer Tracy, irresponsible, with wanderlust in his soul, saves Loretta Young from starvation, takes her to his shanty and gradually is molded to her great love. The whole story has been filmed with an eye to beauty.

ESKIMO

Metro

Now you can see for yourselves . . . the beauty of the North, the horror that sweeps the Arctic, the life of danger and adventure the Eskimo leads. *Eskimo* is quite the finest thing of its kind ever offered . . . it amuses as it instructs and interests as the moral code of the North finds its way to the screen for the first time. Cast of Eskimos.

Will Joan Blondell Change Her Name?

[*Continued from page* 28]

very well be the only reason he would decide to see that picture, many hundreds like him everywhere will "pass it up" and therefore not only fail to contribute at the box office, but more important, miss seeing Joan.

She can't appeal to her public under *any* name if her followers do not go into the theatre to see her, and if they can't readily identify her, many of them will not be able to find her pictures.

"The public doesn't make a business of tracing personalities," the Warner man remarked. "It hasn't time. So tracing must be made easy and the chances of making mistakes made as few as possible."

INCIDENTALLY, Joan finds herself competing at the box office with two other famous Joans—the Misses Crawford and Bennett. Resembling them not at all, she is often confused with them by the casual movie fan who makes up about eighty per cent of America's vast screen audience. Stranger still, she is often confused with Jean Harlow, because of a slight similarity of first names and the fact that Jean is also a blonde.

But that distinctive final moniker, "Blondell," helps tremendously, Joan's employers contend, in identifying her.

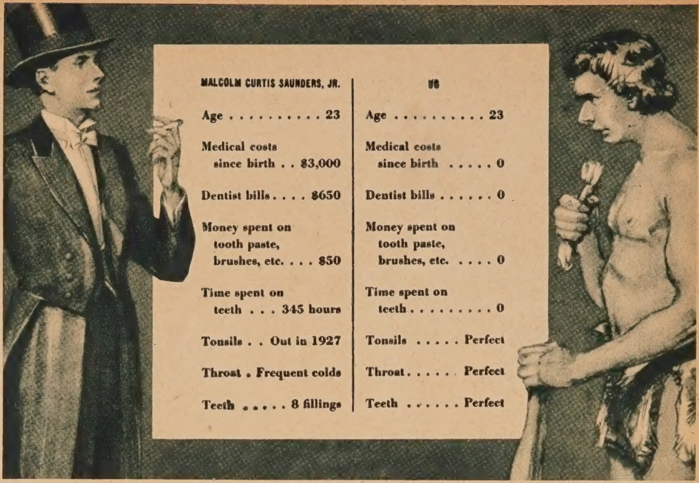
Hollywood in general sympathizes with Joan, for what she wants to do is a very fine, loyal gesture. It is rare indeed that an actress wishes to grant her husband such a share in her professional fame. Old-timers point out that even on the stage, where such a change could be made with far less risk of sacrificing popularity, it was never done under the same circumstances. There have been stage actresses who added "Mrs." to their names at some phase of their careers, but never when near the zenith of their fame.

Incidentally, Blondell is a noted stage name. Joan and several other generations of her family have worn it with distinction, travelling all over the world with it. If she's proud of "Barnes," she's also proud of "Blondell," so it is a sacrifice of one sentiment for another, as well as a possible sacrifice of popularity, that Joan braves in love and loyalty for her husband.

REMEMBER how, not so long ago, Joan "tackled" and completely vanquished an irate civilian who was in the act of taking a poke at her husband—all before Barnes could climb out of his car after a traffic mishap and rescue the man who had been threatening him? That's some more loyalty! Not a bad wife to have around, what?

While there seems to be a deadlock at this writing, with Warners standing pat and Joan declaring, "If they fuss, I'll fuss, too!"—the issue isn't permanently settled. It may not be if, by the time this sees print, a seeming decision has been made. If it goes Joans way, the move may be experimental; if Warners remain firm, you may yet hear more from Joan on the matter.

You might sum it all up by saying: "*She loves that man!*"



MALCOLM CURTIS SAUNDERS, JR.		UG	
Age	23	Age	23
Medical costs since birth	$3,000	Medical costs since birth	0
Dentist bills	$650	Dentist bills	0
Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc.	$50	Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc.	0
Time spent on teeth	345 hours	Time spent on teeth	0
Tonsils	Out in 1927	Tonsils	Perfect
Throat	Frequent colds	Throat	Perfect
Teeth	8 fillings	Teeth	Perfect

What *Malcolm Curtis Saunders, Jr.* can learn from *Ug*

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy — the teeth white.

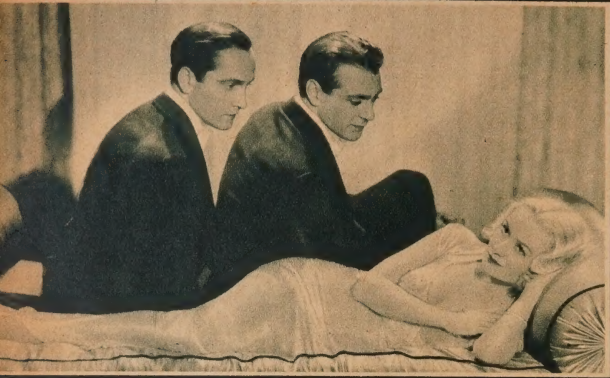
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Chew delicious
Dentyne

DENTYNE 5¢ CHEWING GUM 5¢ KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE

The New Pictures



[*Continued from page* 48]

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Paramount

Quite the smartest film play of season. Delightfully spicy and bubbling over with those Lubitsch touches. Noel Coward's brilliant comedy of three men and a girl has sparkle and charm. Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Edward Everett Horton portray trio in love with Miriam Hopkins who alternately succumbs to charms of each. You'll fairly revel in complications that befall Miss Hopkins in relations with three men; particularly, those scenes in which Cooper, March and girl decide to play house together in a small Montmartre flat. Few lines of original play remain.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Universal

Half the time you cannot see the star. This picture will amaze you as no other screen production, in the scope of its unusual action and trick camera work. Claude Rains, of the Broadway stage, enacts a scientist who perfects a potion to induce invisibility . . . then can find no antidote. With such a promise, you can imagine what is in store.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS

Fox

Don't let the title fool you for most of the action occurs in a small Kansas town. Benita Hume, the worst woman in Paris, departs for the United States in search of a thrill. Falling in love with a school teacher in a Kansas hamlet, she leaves him to his original sweetheart and returns to Paris. A frail yarn pleasantly acted.

CRADLE SONG

Paramount

Beautifully enacted and produced but of doubtful popular appeal. Marks Dorothea Wieck's début on American screen. The German star of *Maedchen in Uniform* scores personal triumph in rôle of nun who after renouncing world brings up a baby girl to young womanhood. Simply told story unwinds entirely too leisurely in Spanish convent.

THE HOUSE ON 56th STREET

Warners

After spending twenty years in prison for a crime of which she is innocent, Kay Francis enters life again to find both hope and husband gone. A fine dramatic climax is achieved in the house on Fifty-sixth Street, now a gambling joint, formerly her home, when she saves the daughter who does not recognize her from a murder charge.

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE

20th Century

Not as comprehensive in its scope as the title would indicate. This is the Walter Winchell story that inspired the now-famous Jolson feud, and relates the love of a big shot racketeer for a chorus girl and how he permits her to wed the man of her choice, a crooner. Paul Kelly, Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo play these three rôles, Kelly overshadowing the others in his impersonation of the gangster. Texas Guinan and Blossom Seeley also appear. Rip-snorting action and plenty entertaining.

She's Bill Brady's Daughter

[*Continued from page* 29]

priated my lap first but she pushed over to give her mother room. True filial devotion, that. Because it must be confessed my lap space is somewhat limited. When the hub-bub had ceased in walked Hot-cha Lavinia as though awaiting her cue. She came with diaconal dignity. Those sad Aberdeen terrier eyes looked up into mine—and I heard Alice Brady chuckle. "'Hot-cha' seemed just the reverse of everything she is, so I called her that. And I added 'Lavinia' for good measure. That was the name of the character I played in *Mourning Becomes Electra* and you know what a girl *she* was . . ."

It's catching, that charming Brady deviltry. She was looking at me speculatively. "Of course I'm crazy. No sane person would let those four dogs have the run of the place like this. Especially when there's white furniture and carpets. But what would I do without them? Alone as I am with my passion for reading detective stories? At midnight after I've finished a hair-raiser all I have to do is arouse those dogs to restore my courage . . .

"By the way, how do you like this table? I'm paying rent for this house *furnished*—but the day after I moved in I bought all new things. As an excuse to go shopping I suppose. Yes, my dear, I am quite mad. No sense of balance whatever . . ."

And as we went into lunch I was wondering how I could get that way, too—

Maybe you have to start out with a dainty French danseuse for a mother and an amiable rugged Irishman for a father as Alice did.

WILLIAM A. BRADY fought and pulled himself up from being a penniless orphan to one of the world's most distinguished impresarios. He admits he is a born gambler—with the luck of the Irish. Even when he cut the cards with the notorious Arnold Rothstein he won. And everyone told him it was poor policy to try to produce a play called *Street Scene* on Broadway but he went ahead. The play made more than a million . . .

His daughter seems to have inherited the same fortunate instinct. Certainly she took a terrific chance when she bolted from parental authority and went on the stage under an assumed name, *Marie Rose*. As it turned out, it was the best thing she could have done because her father suddenly woke up to the fact that he had an honest-to-goodness actress on his hands.

The stage was a secondary ambition with her. The first had been to be a concert singer. And long before she had definitely decided on that she had yearned to be a stenographer! To tap those fascinating typewriter keys in business-like fashion and rustle carbon paper . . . She was so set on it they had to take away her clothes until it was time for her to return to school at the convent in Madison, New Jersey. The one method they had of keeping her in her room!

After the convent, came the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Four years of fugue and voice study and piano . . . An eternity when

[*Continued on page* 53]

No One Believed My Window Shades Cost *Only 10c Each . .*

I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO REPLACE MY OLD CRACKED SHADES!
WELL, ANYONE CAN AFFORD CLOPAY SHADES AND THEY LOOK SO MUCH SMARTER!

. . They Looked So Smart After Months of Wear!

GUESTS always admired my window shades—that looked as beautiful as the day I bought them.

"I wish I could afford to replace my old, cracked shades," some friend would say, "but I just can't now. Why, you must have paid $10 for those twenty new shades!"

Imagine their surprise when I explained that my shades cost only 10c each. They were not new either. My shades appeared especially attractive because they were faced in the latest chintz patterns . . . patterns that I found from experience I just couldn't get even in the most expensive shades. And my shades stayed pretty because they were Clopay Shades that wore as well as they looked. When I revealed, too, how easy it was to put up Clopay Shades without tacks or tools my friends were convinced I was a shrewd buyer for my family.

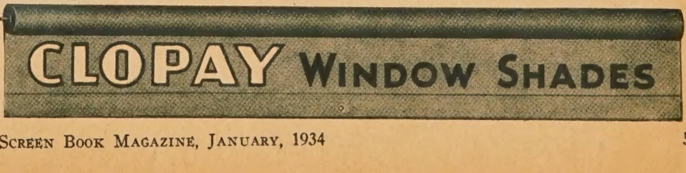
NEW KIND OF WINDOW SHADES

Clopay Shades are made of an unusually tough yet flexible fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Because of their patented creped texture, Clopay Shades hang evenly, roll smoothly and stand rough usage even better than ordinary *cloth* shades. Yet they cost only 10 cents.

You'll realize what a bargain value this is when you see the lovely plain colors available, such as dark green, white, ecru—and the modern two-tone chintz effects you can't get in old-fashioned shades. Clopay shades are 36"x6 ft.—easily cut to fit smaller windows. In a jiffy you can attach them to your old rollers—patented gum tape edge at top of shade is the secret. See this amazing new kind of shade today. Millions already in use. Learn what a thrill it is to brighten up every room with new Clopays at *all* your windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Just address Clopay Corporation, 1271 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

See How Easy To Replace Old Shades
Just rip off old shade from roller. Moisten gummed tape edge at top of Clopay Shade—attach to old roller—and hang shade. Now you have a new fresh shade in only 2 minutes! No tacks or tools. Clopay saves time—labor—money.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Many Department Stores



Open House *on* Christmas Day

By Arline Judge

The Holiday Season is the Time for Friends to Visit and Arline Judge Has Suggestions for You

THERE is something delightfully fitting about open-house on Christmas Day—the time when more than any other, our hearts are filled to overflowing, and we open wide our doors to share it with others.

It is not an occasion, however, for paying off social obligations. It is a day on which we invite only our closest friends to drop in—not because we feel we owe them something, but because *we want to be with them.*

The house should be decorated in true Christmas fashion with holly and occasional sprigs of pearly mistletoe. The wall lights can be effectively covered with shades of green and red paper ingeniously converted into the shapes of Christmas tree ornaments. The buffet table itself should be a thing of beauty as well as its offerings.

This year I am planning to cover mine with a layer of cotton sprinkled with quantities of diamond dust. The edge of the table will be lined with silver leaves and wreaths of the same will be placed about the service dishes. A small tree will grace the center, trimmed lightly in white and silver with red electric lights. Frosted silver and white bells held by silver paper birds will adorn the tumblers, and a large white cake with red candles will be cut with ceremony to disclose tiny silver favors for each guest.

If you live in a town where holiday calling is an established custom, as in Hollywood, your guests may have had refreshments at one or two other homes before they reach yours. Therefore, your buffet need not consist of too much heavy food. Jellies, turkey, sandwiches, hot buttered finger rolls, olives, fruit and chicken salad, ice cream in Santa Claus molds, assorted small cakes, bonbons, and eggnogs are a few suggestions. All sweets should be dainty. Large pieces of cake or doughnuts, no matter how delicious, are out. Choose unusually small cakes such as date-sticks, brownies, cheese balls, macaroons, kisses and lady fingers. Cheese balls are so unusual and delicious I am going to give the recipe and describe their making.

Cheese Balls

1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese
3½ cups cake flour
1 egg
6 teaspoons lemon juice
Rind ½ lemon
1 teaspoon baking powder

Cream the butter and sugar, add lemon juice and rind—then cream cheese and beaten egg mixed well. Add the sifted baking powder and flour last. Shape into balls about one inch in diameter, placing an inch apart on greased cooky sheet and bake in hot oven 375 degrees Fahrenheit for fifteen to twenty minutes. When cool, dip in melted fondant or in boiled frosting and roll in chopped nuts or cocoanut. (This makes three dozen.)

Sandwiches

Finger sandwiches are attractive and easily made. Remove crusts from a double sandwich and then cut into strips about one inch wide. They may be made of white or graham bread or both. Ribbon sandwiches are a great favorite, made by placing alternate slices of graham and white bread together with a tasty filling, cheese, jelly, or most any filling other than meat. The crusts are then removed and sandwich sliced down to thin slices to resemble ribbon.

Here is a novel and lovely looking Christmas cake idea if you are looking for the unusual.

MAKE just plain white cake in a round pan and frost it with white icing, leaving it uneven to give the effect of snow. Arrange a forest in back of the cake as it is placed on the table by grouping tiny Christmas trees closely together mounted on boxes covered with red crêpe paper. These may be distributed as favors later. In the center of the cake make a tree trunk by placing several splints of wood together, allowing some to branch out at the top. To these attach tiny twigs and cover the rough part of the structure with strips of brown crêpe paper and shellac. Around the base of the cake place soft white cotton in which stand papier-mache reindeer and four tree trunk candle-holders. Make the picture on the cake with colored icing to fancy. A good scheme is yellow star, brown house and path, red chimney and green trees.

All good hostesses plan always to have some little novelty which will add to the amusement of their guests. Here is a delightful fireside pastime which we have en-

Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles decorate their home for Christmas open house. Mr. Ruggles tries on his Santa Claus costume

[*Continued on page* 64]

She's Bill Brady's Daughter

[*Continued from page* 51]

you're seventeen. Alice kept it up for two years, then she persuaded the manager of the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas to give her a try-out. She told him she was "Miss Rose." And as such she was given an audition . . . then the lead in *The Balkan Princess.* When the play opened at the Herald Square theater in New York her father sent for her. No rebukes. Just a long searching glance—then he asked her to use her own name. At two in the morning following her Broadway début he woke her up. "Look, Alice! The critics! Every one of them has given you a rave notice!" The grand old producer was as excited as if he'd planned it all himself.

She appeared in *H. M. S. Pinafore*, and *The Pirates of Penzance* after that. All the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. Alice Brady became one of the most famous prima donnas in America. Widely fêted. The toast of the most remarkable town on earth.

And one day when she was twenty she walked into her father's office. "I'm leaving it all, Dad. I'm through, do you understand, *through* . . . Please give me my money. I want to go west where I'm not known and start life all over again. Under another name. See if I can make the grade entirely on my own . . . "

This, mind you, at twenty! Brady had been saving part of her salary for her; from the minute she began working she'd refused financial assistance from him.

"But you're at the peak!" he protested.

"That's just it. I don't like it up there. I'd rather be climbing still . . . " He recognized the symptoms and anxiously called his friend, Marcus Loew. "Do you want Alice to make that personal appearance tour yet?" Mr. Loew did. It was a five-a-day program and they kept her so busy changing costumes she forgot about changing names.

THAT is, until she returned to New York and met James L. Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, the noted clergyman, writer and lecturer. A whirlwind romance that ended in a short-lived marriage. Their son, Donald, the handsome little fellow whom Alice lives for, is in camp at present.

The young prima donna's desire to climb anew was answered in an unexpected manner.

She went to her dentist late one afternoon and he asked her if she knew her throat was in a very serious condition.

"Why, it does hurt a bit," admitted Alice.

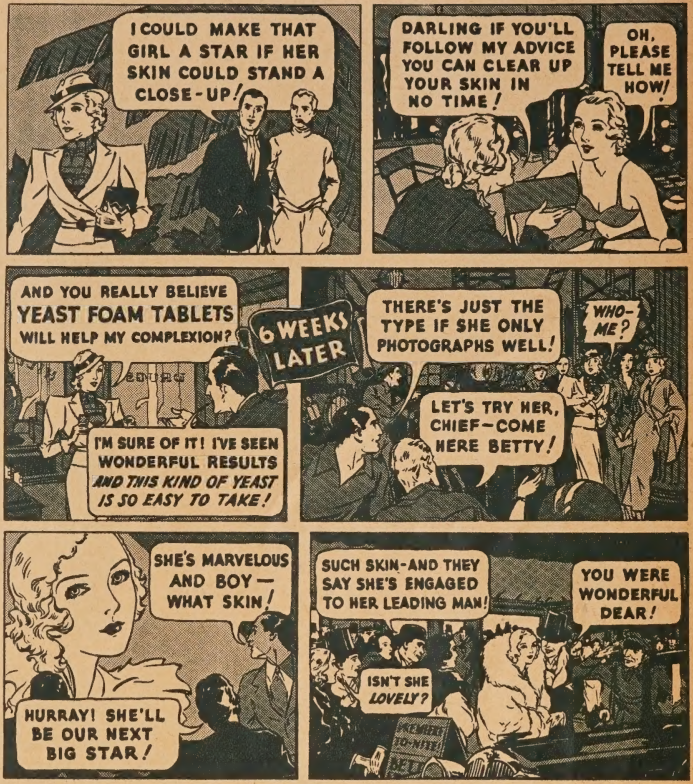
"Hurt! You won't be able to sing in weeks!"

"Oh, but I must. I have an engagement to sing at the Waldorf Astoria tomorrow morning." And sing she did. With the result that she could not speak above a whisper for months. Nodules formed on her vocal chords. They told her her days as an operatic star were at an end . . .

It wasn't easy to convince the managers that she was an emotional actress as well. But, being Alice, she revelled in the task. And it was not long before

[*Continued on page* 55]

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood


I COULD MAKE THAT GIRL A STAR IF HER SKIN COULD STAND A CLOSE-UP!
DARLING IF YOU'LL FOLLOW MY ADVICE YOU CAN CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN IN NO TIME!
OH, PLEASE TELL ME HOW!
AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL HELP MY COMPLEXION?
I'M SURE OF IT! I'VE SEEN WONDERFUL RESULTS AND THIS KIND OF YEAST IS SO EASY TO TAKE!
6 WEEKS LATER
THERE'S JUST THE TYPE IF SHE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS WELL!
WHO-ME?
LET'S TRY HER, CHIEF—COME HERE BETTY!
SHE'S MARVELOUS AND BOY—WHAT SKIN!
HURRAY! SHE'LL BE OUR NEXT BIG STAR!
SUCH SKIN-AND THEY SAY SHE'S ENGAGED TO HER LEADING MAN!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DEAR!
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?

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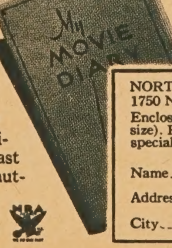
YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nutlike flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.


My MOVIE DIARY

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

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Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

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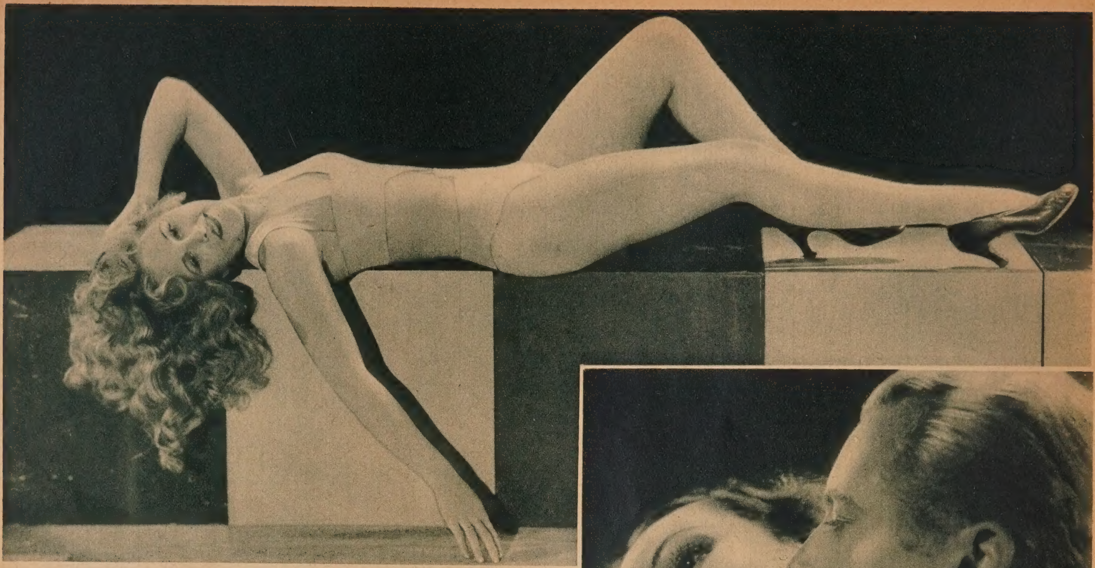
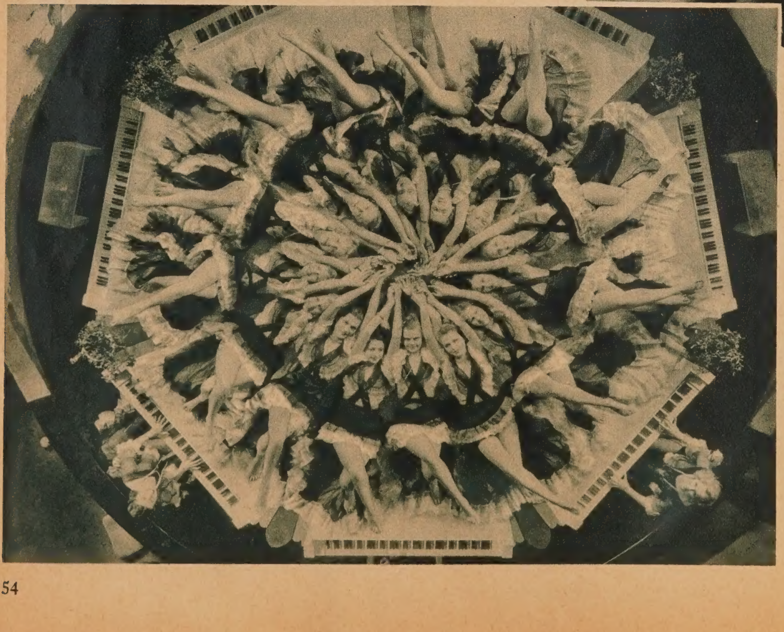


Helen MacAllister, one of the cuties of *Flying Down to Rio*. She's 16, is Scotch (particularly when it comes to clothes), and hails from Pittsburgh, Pa. She's one of two hundred girls selected for this picture

Flying Down *to* RIO

Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond are the screen lovers of *Flying Down to Rio*, the new Radio Pictures musical extravaganza



A mass of beauty appearing in *Flying Down to Rio*. The Carioca dancers shown here, in their costumes which weigh but six ounces, including shoes, were selected out of 10,000 applicants for the production

She's Bill Brady's Daughter

[*Continued from page* 53]

she was being proclaimed a sensation on the dramatic stage in such plays as *Forever After*—which ran for two and a half years.

There was the field of motion pictures, too. And new audiences to be won over. Easier to win them as a shadow on the silver sheet than to face them in real life. *For the truth is that Alice Brady has never given a performance without cruel moments of panic immediately before.* It is not stage fright. Not after some twelve thousand performances. It goes deeper than that. The psychologists have a name for it—claustrophobia. A terrible fear of crowds, of being hemmed in within that narrow space in front of the footlights. Only those who have it can know the agony she goes through waiting there in the wings. Once she's on the stage, though, it vanishes.

Some doctors say it started the time she was trapped in an elevator between floors with a fear-maddened crowd. Be that as it may, she has never stepped into an elevator since. And she maintains a penthouse in New York—eleven flights up!

"But climbing," she laughed, "seems to be my forte . . . That's what I am trying to do now in the talkies."

And at what a pace she's been doing it! Portraying three rôles at once—in *March of Time, Beauty for Sale,* and *Stage Mother.* Because each of the rôles was "amusingly different and prevented one from becoming typed." And she went straight from them into the lead of *The Vinegar Tree.*

It's the last branch of the theatre for her to capture—these audible films. And at the rate she is going it won't be long now.

But here's a direct appeal to you, Alice Brady. For Hollywood's sake—and our's—don't run away from success this time!

◆

Irresistible

RECENTLY-ARRIVED guests of the fashionable Beverly-Wilshire Hotel missed the thrill of our early October earthquake—but they saw Max Baer, clad in an abbreviated pair of crimson boxing trunks and a seraphic smile, stride across the lobby, and they report that the shock was equally severe.

The invincible Max has a very low opinion of Hollywood femmes—or, perhaps, a rather high opinion of one Max Baer. Sez he, very nonchalantly:

"The extra girls are dumb and they show it by talking too much; the stars, most of them, don't talk at all because they're afraid people will find out that they're dumber than the extras."

Be that as it may, the big, bad Baer is never seen in a night-spot without a girl on his arm—and there's never a night that he's not seen.

Romance?

THAT budding romance between Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young begins to look very, very serious. Spencer, as you undoubtedly know, is undergoing a trial separation from Mrs. Tracy. Judging from the frequency of his "dates" with Loretta, the boulevard seers predict that the trial will be a complete success.

Fill Out Your Chest-Line

ARE you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

Add Firm, Shapely Beauty

It is *so* easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large container of Miracle Cream for special massage technique. No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. This is the *natural* way to enlarge and beautify the bust. Try it and see! You risk nothing.

READ!

"My sincere congratulations on your life-saver for thin-busted girls."

"It is making a wonderful improvement in my bust."

"I am happy to tell you that my breasts do not sag any more, are firm, and all my friends say my form is like a young girl's again."

"My bust has developed two inches."

Free • a Beautiful Form

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee

My new illustrated book on bust development is *free!* Take advantage of big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee Treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream. Free Book included. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00.

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Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book, in plain wrapper. I enclose $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

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THERE IS NO GUESS-WORK HERE!

Alan Dinehart

Alan Dinehart, the movie actor, sent his writing to Dr. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK's Grapho-Analyst, and this is what he says: *"Thank you for what I consider a scientific report on my handwriting. It is evident that there is no guess-work. Your analysis, I find, is based on fact, and the way you read facts in handwriting is a source of wonder to me!"*

You may learn the real facts about yourself through your handwriting. Each month Dr. Bunker selects the most unusual handwriting and sends the writer a $5.00 prize. Everyone using this coupon receives a strictly personal letter.

M. N. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK, Minneapolis, Minn.

I am sending you ten cents with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own handwritin I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells. (Be sure to enclose stamped, self-address envelope.)

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City ....State ....

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-summer inside-

THE old-fashioned picture of winter travel by highway has utterly changed! Heating engineers and safety experts of the Greyhound Bus System have made this one of the most secure and comfortable ways in the whole field of transportation.

Now you can sink back in the deep cushions of a reclining chair, relaxed in a flood of warmth from Tropic-Aire heaters, while a glittering winter landscape flashes by. Piloted by a veteran driver, your big coach rolls smoothly along, its huge balloon tires holding true to the road in every weather.

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Name ____________

Address ____________ FW1

Hands Made Beautiful

[*Continued from page 44*]

to a natural glow or they may be resplendent in scarlet enamel, the fingers may be loaded with rings or innocent of all adornment; but the skin must be soft and smooth, the free edge of the nail must be immaculately clean, the cuticle must be soft, inconspicuous and perfectly groomed. And if enamel is used, it must not be chipped or peeled. These are the marks of well-groomed hands that never vary.

Some invaluable rules for keeping the skin of the hands soft are: Never wash the hands in hot or very warm water. Let it be cool or lukewarm, and after the hands are clean, rinse them in quite cold water. Frequent immersion in hot water causes the natural oils of the skin to dry out and to leave the skin of the hands rough and dry. At night, always massage the hands thoroughly with a rich tissue cream and then wear loose gloves to bed to keep the cream from rubbing off immediately. During the day, use hand lotion or cream on the hands frequently. I am told that American women use thousands of gallons of hand lotion annually, but judging from the hundreds of pairs of rough, red hands I see on housewives, clerks and stenographers, that is not nearly enough. Please do not labor under the delusion it is sufficient to apply hand lotion twice a day. During the winter months it should be used a dozen or more times a day, always after the hands have been in water.

ONE of the reasons why women fail to use hand lotion frequently enough is that the lotion is never accessible. After paring vegetables or washing the dishes, one hates to dash upstairs to the bathroom to the hand lotion. That is why every woman who does her own housework should keep a bottle of lotion in three strategic places, if she wants to keep her hands looking like a lady's rather than a kitchen drudge's. Those three places are her dressing table, the bathroom and the kitchen sink. One of the finest hand lotions on the market is now provided with a dispenser that can be conveniently attached to the wall in the bathroom and the kitchen. A plunger at the neck of the bottle is so regulated that a small drop or a large drop may be dispensed at a touch. You can apply the lotion with one swift movement, instead of having to unscrew the bottle top, measure out just the right amount of lotion, and then replace the screw top as you do when using most hand lotions. If you are interested, I can tell you how to get this dispenser and lotion.

Something new and unusual in hand preparations is a fragrant, jelly-like lotion that comes in a tube. It is marvelously simple to use, dries like lightning and softens the skin beautifully. It is convenient as well as novel to have a hand balm in a tube that can be tucked away in the bathroom cabinet or the corner of your suitcase, without danger of spilling or breakage. You will find this jelly superb for keeping your elbows and knee-caps smooth and white, too. They do become rather grimy and sandpapery at this time of year if they are not watched.

Some annoying manifestations of winter are frequent hangnails and brittle nails. To avoid hangnails you should be careful not to cut the cuticle, nor to scrape the nail with pointed metal, and not to press the cuticle back too deeply. Cuticle behaves very nicely when it is pushed back gently each day (preferably after your bath) with cotton-tipped orange stick dipped in cuticle remover, and when the fingertips are bathed each night in olive or cuticle oil. Softened and soothed by this treatment, the cuticle will remain where it belongs instead of becoming torn and bleeding. If you are subject to hangnails, you should wear rubber gloves whenever you are compelled to put your hands in hot water containing harsh soaps. It is advisable to wear cotton gloves during other household tasks, as an extra precaution.

Brittle nails, always more noticeable in the winter, are also caused by the seasonal dearth of natural oil. To counteract this, the nails should be soaked in warm olive oil for five or ten minutes at least once each day. They should always be filed with an emery board instead of a metal file.

There is nothing more convenient and neat than manicure sets but they are usually so expensive and elaborate that they are quite out of the question for working girls and working men's wives. But recently two firms, apparently sensing the depression, brought out two sets, each ideal in its way, and each costing only $1. One is a simple black bakelite box with a hinged cover that includes these items: Cuticle remover, liquid polish, polish remover, nail white pencil, orange stick, emery boards and cotton. In one end of the box is a neat compartment with a hole in the top from which cotton can be removed in wisps. The other is a compact case lined with moire that folds like a toilet kit and closes with a snap. It holds cuticle remover, liquid polish and remover, nail tip whitener, file, emery boards and orange stick. You will find it much easier to care for your nails correctly if you have the implements all handily arranged as they are in these moderately priced sets. I shall be glad to tell you the trade names of both sets.

IN MY mail the other day I found a bottle of liquid dry shampoo that I must tell you about. It is a clear, waterlike fluid that you dab on the hair and scalp with a bit of cotton, allow to dry and then brush out. The whole process requires only about fifteen minutes, but it leaves the hair clean and glossy and the wave not only intact, but actually

Much concern is being expressed by the food, drug and cosmetic manufacturers, over the "Tugwell Bill," coming up before the next Congress. This bill is so un-American and dangerous to the welfare of the people that SCREEN BOOK *urges its readers to familiarize themselves with its absurdities and to voice their opposition to their Senators and Congressmen.*

deepened and beautified. A far cry from the old fashioned methods that meant hour-long struggles with orrisroot, corn meal or benzine dry shampoos. This liquid is absolutely safe, non-inflammable, non-irritating and non-drying. If you are invited out unexpectedly and have no time for a soap and water shampoo and wave—if you have a cold or want to avoid getting one, this dry shampoo will be your salvation. A bottle containing twenty-five applications costs only $1.

About this time of year does your skin go all to pieces, developing blackheads, large pores and wrinkles? If it does, you will want to know about the new liquid mask that is death on these blemishes. This mask, which is pinkish, is painted on your face with a brush! It can be painted on heavily and left on over-night to discourage skin irregularities or, if you choose, it can be brushed on lightly to serve as a foundation for your make-up. I have never encountered one so completely adherent. Although it is not being bruited about, I am told that the secret formula for the mask once belonged to a French countess famous for her lovely skin. The price of the liquid together with the brush is $2. You will have to write to me for the name of the preparation for it is not on sale at all toiletry counters.

◆

Why Ruby Keeler Is Quitting the Screen

[*Continued from page* 25]

And he means it. He wasn't the wise-cracking, jovial Al Jolson when he told me this. He was serious enough about it. It means a lot to him, this decision to quit the spotlight. For it means giving up everything that has meant the world to him before.

Jolson has spent his life working for the fame and glory and kudoes that go with public esteem. But Jolson feels that having Ruby with him all the time is worth more than the applause of a public, the fickle praise of critics and the moneyed contracts of managers.

And I'll be darned if I don't think he's right!

◆

Christmas Gift Suggestions

[*Continued from page* 41]

chosen few on whom you may spend a little more, there are some excellent suggestions in the photograph below. For any woman who likes pretty accessories for evening wear—and what woman does not—there are the new velvet evening gloves and stitched velvet scarves, rhinestone bracelets, earrings, clips and pins, as well as pearl evening bags. And do not forget that tiny rhinestone twin combs are the very latest in chic for evening coiffures. The suggestions shown in the photo below, right, range in prices from two dollars ninety-five cents to five dollars and may be purchased in your local shop or direct from Lord & Taylor, New York.

All the Hollywood Gossip in SCREEN BOOK every month

The Life Story of BING CROSBY

MEET this famous radio star in person in the pages of the January RADIOLAND, the NEW Magazine of the Air. Millions of listeners-in rate Bing Crosby the headliner of them all when it comes to radio appeal—but you won't know the **real** Bing nor understand the background of his present success until you've read this fascinating story of his life. It's only one of dozens of articles in the big January RADIOLAND.

Margaret Culkin Banning tells how radio impresses a famous novelist and short story writer. She calls her article "I Never Dial In," but don't misinterpret the title. You'll enjoy her shrewd observations.

Is Radio A Menace to Children? Dr. Louis A. Bisch answers this question from the viewpoint of an eminent psychiatrist. Every parent will want to read this vital article on the unseen guest in the home.

How "March of Time" Program is Produced The fascinating story of the production of a leading news program of the air. The story of how it's written, rehearsed, and acted gives a fascinating glimpse of what goes on behind the microphones.

How Radio Saves Lives at Sea Back of the dramatic rescue stories of sea disasters such as the sinking of the *Vestris* and *Republic* lies the untold tale of the part radio plays in such crises. The whole story makes an unbelievably gripping drama from real life.

IN EVERY ISSUE:

- Intimate Gossip of the Studios
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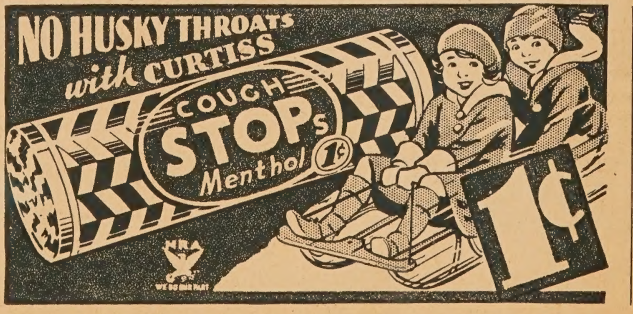

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

Instead of coating your lips with paste a dozen times a day, steal the South Sea maidens' secret of truly ravishing lip allure! *Tattoo* your lips! *Stain* them evenly, once a day with TATTOO. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick. Let it set a moment or two—then wipe it off. Your lips will be *evenly, lastingly* and *transparently* stained . . . tattooed . . . with the most luscious—the most exciting color you have ever seen. And it won't dry your lips. Positively not. It's the *modern* lipstick. It will *actually* keep your lips soft . . . inviting . . . youthfully caressing. Yes, actually! Four startling shades.

PUT IT ON

LET IT SET

RUB IT OFF

ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

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No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

●

$1 at good drug and department stores . . . . Tattoo, Chicago

TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

Why I Have Not Talked for Four Years

[*Continued from page* 13]

The same boys who had sent him off in a blaze of newspaper glory, his name in headlines. Every step he'd taken then had been news. He had just signed a fabulous contract with M-G-M by which he was to derive millions—he had married the scintillating Ina. John Gilbert, in a word, was on the very top of the world when he left America. When he came back, less than three months later, he was *under* it . . .

"I might have been a leper when I stepped off that boat. There wasn't a soul around whom I knew. I couldn't get anyone at the studio's New York office. You know what it was like, Jerry? Standing on a mountain, your head in the clouds, and suddenly being plunged into a tremendous chasm—stunned—hemmed in on every side. I couldn't understand what had happened . . . "

It wasn't an easy thing to understand. His home lot was so enthusiastic about that initial Gilbert talkie they hadn't bothered to pre-view it in a local theatre. Just sent Jack off with a hearty pat on the shoulder and by way of congratulations gave him a super swanky dressing bungalow—which he afterwards called, for pretty obvious reasons, "the torture chamber." Probably had they gotten an audience re-action on *His Glorious Night* before releasing it the Gilbert story would be drastically different. But—

"White Voice of the Movies!" . . . "Is Gilbert Through?" "Hollywood's Jack of Hearts Refuses to be Interviewed!"

He drove furiously along the deserted beach road, the salt tang of the Pacific against his face, thinking all the things he wanted to say—and couldn't. It was better than being up in his hilltop home looking out over the whole of Film Town spread so shiningly below—and feeling rejected by it. Outcast. Or sitting in that famous studio bungalow waiting for calls that never came . . . What was it Valentino said? "The public builds you up only to tear you down!"

Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire had proved disastrous—so had a number of financial investments. He was making one unsuccessful picture after another. The whole thing seemed a prolonged nightmare without any hope of awakening.

"THEY want to see me *downed*, do they? All right, I'll give them a villain that *is* one!" And so he wrote *Downstairs*—played the scoundrel in it himself as a sort of savage retaliation against fate. But an odd thing happened. It was through that picture that fate, always perverse, brought him and the girl who was to mean more to him than anyone else in life, together.

"Miss Bruce battles beautifully!" Gilbert observed with a grin, feeling his jaw tenderly, that first day on the set. The scene called for Virginia to use her slim white fists. She did—to excellent advantage. Sort of prophetic, that. Because that very day Virginia Bruce began, perhaps unconsciously, to help Jack battle through the worst years he'd ever known.

Very quietly they were married. Very quietly she slipped out of pictures at the time she was proclaimed to be the most promising young player on the screen. They might, thought Jack, do to her what they'd done to him. He couldn't have her hurt like that . . . "Would you mind giving it up—altogether?" "Not if you want me to." He took her up to that hilltop home and the poignant loneliness that had been lurking there simply ceased to be. Somebody, you see, *cared* . . .

They tried to forget such things as cameras and lights existed. Difficult for a trouper like Jack who had been born to the theatre. The studio wanted to buy him off. He knew they were losing huge sums on him. And he sat in that sumptuous bungalow, powerless, bound.

A year ago when his contract expired he drove out of the M-G-M gates for the last time. *John Gilbert*, maker of screen history—the thrilling trooper of *The Big Parade*—that unbelievably romantic figure of *The Merry Widow*—and not even the old flower woman on the sidewalk turned to notice his passing . . .

"I would have lost my mind during the last eight months if it hadn't been for Virginia, God bless her!" he told an intimate friend.

He had leisure. He had established an enviable trust fund. But when you've been working since you're fourteen it is terrible to have your professional life stop at an age that most men's really start.

"What," he asked his chauffeur grimly, "do you do when you're out of a job?"

"Why, I look for another one."

"There's no disgrace in that!" and he began making the rounds of the studios. John Gilbert! Part of the strange fantasy that is Hollywood . . .

HE WAS about to accept an offer to direct when a telephone call came from Walter Wagner out at his old home studio. It was Gilbert's turn to laugh. "Want me back? Why that's ridiculous! Don't kid me. If I walked through the M-G-M gate again the lion would chew me up!"

But they weren't kidding. He *was* wanted. Garbo wanted him.

She was the only person on earth who could bring him back. And it gave her a chance to repay an old debt. Jack had chosen *her* when she was just a timid Swedish girl—swooped her up with him to dizzy heights of glamour in that first picture *Flesh and the Devil*. Garbo was not forgetting . . .

She did everything in her power during the making of *Queen Christina* to make him feel on top again. The director would ask: "Is that scene satisfactory, Miss Garbo?"

"It's all right with me if it is with Mr. Gilbert." Always that courteous deference. And at the close of the picture when they fairly pleaded with Jack after seeing those "rushes" to sign a new seven year contract, he went to her, all gratitude.

"Please," responded Garbo with that enigmatic smile of hers, "don't talk about things like that!"

Was she recalling his fiery love for her that once had burned so fiercely? That's what the world wanted to know. And the world would have had its answer if it could have witnessed a certain episode outside stage door number eight . . . It was one of the few times Virginia came to call for her husband. Their baby was not five weeks old yet—and the question Virginia heard most was—"Aren't you *afraid* of Garbo?"

Now as Jack came towards her, she smiled. Greta was coming out the door and he called her . . . introduced those two . . . wife and former sweetheart. And Virginia, searching the other's eyes, knew she had been right. There was not—there never would be—anything to fear from Garbo. They were not rivals; they were champions of the same cause . . .

Two women believed in him—And so Jack stood before me with all his old dynamic charm and assurance. "I tell you, Jerry me lass, I used to think 'twas the *actor* made the part. Now I know it's the *part* that makes the actor! This rôle I had in *Christina* is the first *real* one I've had in five years . . . And let me tell you something else: *No one has the right to pay an actor more than any person can possibly earn!*" Was I hearing aright? But yes, he had actually said it. Jack may not have been talking for publication for a long time but he certainly has been thinking.

"Come on, I'm going down town and I'll give you a lift." We went out together from his modest two rooms in dressing room row that have, at his own request, replaced the bungalow. Newsboys gathered around. Four small girls came rushing over as we went through the gate, seeking autographs. People passing along the boulevard turned to stare. Some waved. The flower woman glowed at him.

John Gilbert had come into his own again . . .

Bruce Cabot has posed for a good many pictures with Adrienne Ames, but this is the first time the lens have caught that happy bridegroom expression in his eyes. The two were wed by a justice of the peace at the home of Adrienne's mother in Carlsbad, New Mexico

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New Way to Slenderize an Oversize Bust

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

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INSTRUCTIONS and TREATMENT

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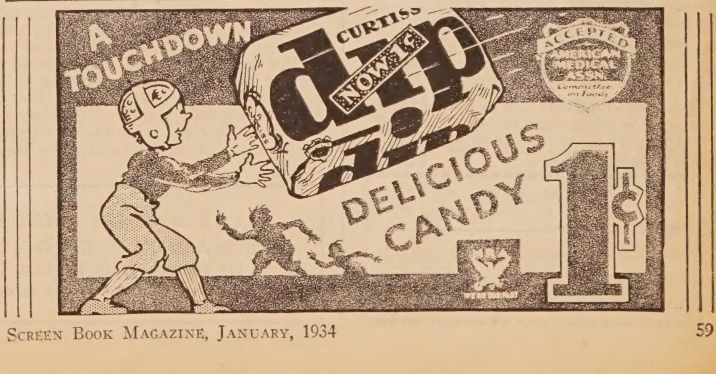

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The Only Man Who Knows Garbo

[*Continued from page* 15]

IF GARBO reveals herself to Daniels merely by putting her real self into the varied scenes and situations in her pictures, scenes his professional duty demands that he watch so closely, does she also reveal herself by commenting on dialogue and situations in her pictures? Decidedly.

"That scene I have changed slightly from the script scene because I do not believe *I* would do it so," Greta would remark simply. Or:

"I would not speak these lines just as they were, so I have learned them differently," she would announce. "The change is only a little one, but it makes them *feel* natural."

And you can picture further that the sound men and the 'script girl noted these changes, the cameramen replotted their "angles" if necessary, and the director made no protest. Greta is not only a great actress, but she knows—whether instinctively or logically, at least intimately—the art of screen drama.

Like the system of facilitating her work by quiet, secluded sets on stages from which outsiders were barred, full recognition of her unfailing sense of drama came gradually. She began to demonstrate it by making suggestions that directors and scenarists recognized as worthy of consideration. Presently they realized that her suggestions had great value. Now changes she suggests are seldom queried or argued.

This side of Garbo, hitherto unrevealed, takes on great significance when one considers that in her own way, the star's greatest rival for cinematic supremacy, Mae West, serenely does likewise.

The two women who at present head the motion picture industry's feminine star list not only act, but use their heads on drama construction, dialogue for their pictures, "stage business" for themselves and others. Neither is afraid to say "No!" Each knows when a bit of movie 'script doesn't ring true.

GARBO says: "It doesn't *feel* right," and Mae says: "It ain't good!"

Probably this brief parallel is the only similarity between these two vastly different women. It brings them together on their one bit of common ground—the top of the cinema's peak of fame.

Daniels told me that the rumored black screen that shuts Garbo in from even the rest of her acting troupe when she has individual scenes, closeups and scenes with only one other person, near the camera, is a reality. It is a portable affair of high, wide, hinged panels.

"We go through all the routine of setting our lights and adjusting them, and focussing our cameras, by the aid of Miss Garbo's stand-in," Daniels explained. "This girl takes the star's place until we are all ready to film the scene. Then Miss Garbo, who has been resting quietly nearby and perhaps giving her lines a final test, steps into the place the stand-in has vacated. The scene goes forward almost immediately. There is seldom any delay.

"This smooth precision of the mechanics of picture-making is no doubt another helpful factor in turning out effective scenes. It allows us all to concentrate, free from the usual hitches, halts and interruptions, on purely creative questions. Miss Garbo and her supporting players can concentrate on acting, the director on his problems, and I upon the camera and lighting."

One of Garbo's "stand-ins"—the term explains her functions—was one of the several Hollywood girls who are almost exactly like the star in appearance. The present one, however, does not resemble the star any more closely than is necessary for the purpose of adjusting lighting to her complexion, and camera and sound apparatus to her height.

The other one, it seems, lost her job by pretending to be Garbo herself, a stunt that naturally attracted considerable attention when performed on such a public spot as Hollywood Boulevard.

"WE PHOTOGRAPH Miss Garbo more sharply than other stars are photographed," Daniels explained. "There is less need, thanks to her complexion and fine Norse skin texture, to make the focus diffused or hazy, in order to secure beauty. This sharper focus is very useful, because it catches little facets of facial expression a more diffused picture would miss. And that is particularly important with Miss Garbo, for if you will notice on the screen, some of her finest acting is done very subtly—by means of very slight changes of expression."

Haven't you noticed that? Sometimes the slightest lowering of her eyelashes, or a fleeting gleam in her eye packs the wallop of one of Greta's famous closeups. I have known several other stars who are supposed to be very subtle actresses, yet they are photographed with a decidedly hazy focus. Something must be lost here that Bill Daniels saves for Greta Garbo's public.

It seems to me that the seclusion and calm Greta has secured in the midst of the din and chaos of movie-making is a more remarkable feat than the privacy she has secured for her personal life. But credit Greta with having helped others as well as herself by doing so. Bill Daniels makes that clear by a certain calm, artistic thoughtfulness and abstraction of his personality as well as by his words.

Greta's company is a troupe of creative artists working—as few others in the noisy and confused environment of the movie sets are able to work—with the quiet and calm creative artists should have surrounding them.

THE MYSTERY THAT BAFFLES ALL HOLLYWOOD!

What will Charlie Chaplin's new picture be like? What is the truth about his romance with Paulette Goddard? Read the first fact story about America's most famous comic actor in February SCREEN BOOK.

An Angel Comes to Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 35]

theria. By some miracle the girls, in constant attention upon Mrs. Angel, escaped the "black plague" and September found them all in England again. Safe and well.

IT HAS always seemed to me that there's a special Destiny which guides stout-hearted folk. Certainly, it was so with Heather. At twelve she determined to be an actress. No idle child ambition, this. She went to the School of Dramatics in London and persuaded them to take her on after she'd finished her regular classes each day. Which was something of a feat in itself because children of twelve were not paid much attention. Heather, however, was—after she'd done a scene from *Peter Pan* for them.

"Imagine, Beautiful—I'm going to be on the *real* stage. At the Old Victory Theatre . . . " She was fourteen then. And her mother, studying this amazing child of hers, said quietly: "Of course. That's what you were working for, wasn't it, darling?" And at that moment Heather's agitation vanished for good and all. She carried her spear before the footlights as if it were a flaming sword. She was without doubt the prettiest page the famous Old Vic theatre had ever had. Nine months of small parts in Shakespearian dramas. Then came the night of nights. There's at least one in every life—when the whole world is suspended for a brief, blazing moment . . . A dark, bearded gentleman came into her dressing room with her mother. "I think you are the young person we're looking for to play a featured part in *The Sign of the Cross.*"

That was all. And four weeks later she opened in the spectacular drama that was to win such acclaim. As the tortured Christian boy thrown to the lions, she cast a spell over those discriminating London audiences. That slim, agonized young body and white face . . . The curtain went down every evening on a weighted silence that ended in a wild applause. And Heather would "resurrect" slowly and turn to the "lion." "Poppa John, may we have tea tonight before you take me home?" . . . A child who understood not at all her magnificent talent—which is the gift of the gods to Angels . . .

Sixteen. And she was a stately Jessica touring the provinces in *The Merchant of Venice.* For eighteen months the company travelled throughout the British Isles—a placid prelude to what was to follow for Heather.

China . . . India . . . The intangible lure of the Orient. She could fairly feel it as she walked slowly through the thick fog, hands jammed into the pockets of her oilskin coat. Only two days back in London—and now this enticing offer. But it meant being away a year again in repertoire. With the schedule planned, Mrs. Angel couldn't very well accompany her. On the other hand, her sister was in India, married to a young English officer stationed there. Mother could visit her and Heather might find time to join them for a while. What was best to do? She looked up and there

[*Continued on page* 65]

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Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page 23*]

all sounds rather arty and as though I had lost my sense of humor, but you've no idea how much this part means to me!

I am now lying on my back in my sun tent in the hottest of hot suns, so if this letter is illegible it's "on account of" I'm trying to acquire that school girl complexion!

Do write when you can spare the time. With love, yours always—

ELIZABETH.

(Ed. note: A few days after Elizabeth Allan had mailed this letter, she sprained her ankle in a tennis game and was forced to relinquish her highly prized rôle opposite Barrymore. My deepest sympathy to you, Elizabeth, in this heart-breaking disappointment!)

In Person, NOT A Motion Picture

NO LONGER is Broadway afraid of the big, bad wolf, Hollywood!

The big parade steadily marching west for the "gold in them thar hills" is over and the retreat is on. Back they come, these Broadway deserters, carrying the torch again for the legitimate stage.

A glance at the playbills reveals the following "movie pitcher" names . . . Helen Hayes in *Mary of Scotland* . . . Laura Hope Crews, Roland Young, Frances Fuller and Elizabeth Patterson in *Her Master's Voice* . . . Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond in *The Green Bay Tree* . . . Lilian Bond in *Three in One* . . . Irene Purcell and Conrad Nagel in *Amen* . . . Alexander Kirkland in *Men in White* . . . Pola Negri in *A Trip to Pressburg* . . . Stanley Smith and Ona Munson in *Hold Your Horses* . . . Pauline Frederick in *Her Majesty, the Widow* . . . Lois Moran in *Let Us Eat Cake* . . . and Marilyn Miller in *As Thousands Cheer.*

And speaking of *As Thousands Cheer,* the high spot of this brilliant, satirical revue by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart is a screamingly funny travesty on the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., divorce.

Queen Marie

IF A popularity poll were ever cast for Hollywood's most popular actress, Marie Dressler would win the unanimous vote.

The poet who sang, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be," must have had this beloved lady in mind.

At the age of sixty-two, she is at the pinnacle of her fame and from the sidelines, youth and beauty all over the world stare wide-eyed in admiration!

When she came to New York recently to hide away for a few weeks rest in between pictures, she was inveigled out of her seclusion to attend a Tributory Dinner given in her honor at the Hotel Roosevelt by the Actor's Dinner Club.

Among the several hundred distinguished guests who came to pay homage to this veteran actress were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Helen Hayes, George M. Cohan, Otis Skinner, Irvin S. Cobb, M. H. Aylesworth, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Colleen Moore, Nicholas Schenck and Samuel ("Roxy") Rothafel.

Another honor bestowed on Queen Marie, was the nation-wide observance of her sixty-second birthday, in which 20,000 admirers took part. As a memento of the occasion, a parchment scroll with birthday greetings from governors and mayors throughout the country, was delivered to Miss Dressler in her Hollywood home on her natal day.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt personally requested that their signatures also be included in the scroll which reads:

"Birthday greetings to Marie Dressler, November 9, 1933. We join with the millions of your admirers in wishing you a joyous birthday and sixty-two more years of health and happiness. May your birthday picture, Christopher Bean, *be a huge success and bring to the world that wholesome enjoyment that always distinguishes your pictures."*

How fitting that the title of Marie's next picture should be, *Living in a Big Way!*

Scene In A Day

Harold Lloyd, Rudy Vallée, Phyllis Haver, Abe Lyman, Margaret Livingston, O. O. McIntyre, Lillian Roth, Winfield Sheehan, Roy Atwell, Jack Denny, Prince Mike Romanoff, Edgar Allen Wolf, Milton Berle, Don Vestor, Joe Penner and Amos and Andy at the Paul Whiteman "Paradise" opening . . . Frances Fuller, Irene Purcell, Conrad Nagel, Lilian Bond and Margaret Sullavan lunching at the Algonquin . . . Colleen Moore and Marian Nixon touring the shops together . . . Sylvia Sidney, B. P. Schulberg, Dorothy Libaire and Marion Gehring "quartetting" at the première of *Men in White* . . . Marlene Dietrich paying the Music Hall an unpublicized visit . . . all of New York waiting in line outside the Paramount to see Mae West in *I'm No Angel.*

The Prodigal Returns

"COME home, all is forgiven!"

So Sylvia Sidney returned to Hollywood from her extended holiday in Europe, whence she had flown, following her exit march from the Chevalier picture, *Way to Love.*

And thus ended the Paramount vs. Sidney feud, which along with the Winchell-Jolson bout was the talk of the town.

It began, you remember, last summer when Sylvia stopped work in the midst of production because of a glandular disturbance on her neck. Sylvia claimed that a trip to New York to consult specialists was imperative. Her screen future depended on avoiding an operation that would leave a scar on her neck—disfigurement of any kind automatically terminating her contract.

Paramount countered with the demand that she remain in Hollywood. Sylvia flew to New York. Paramount substituted Ann Dvorak in her rôle opposite Chevalier. Sylvia sailed for Europe. Paramount threatened suit. Sylvia's east coast physicians were ready to testify that her physical condition warranted her procedure. Paramount wired forgiveness. Sylvia came home.

And the name of her new picture is called, appropriately enough, *Reunion.*

En route to Hollywood, Sylvia stopped off in New York for a visit with her mother and father and a "look-see" at the new shows. Lunching with her in the seclusion of her private dining room in a sky-high suite of the Waldorf Tower, I thought I had never seen her look better or seem happier.

She was enthusiastic about her first trip to Europe. "London was very gay—Lucerne and Interlaken were glorious—and the Italian lakes, particularly Villa D'Este at Como, were this side of Paradise!

"Paris was disappointing—the city itself is beautiful enough but it hasn't the glamour I had anticipated. The French are great movie fans, with the press more rabid than any fan. Their interviews with me consisted mostly of asking for my autographed picture and questioning me about their many Hollywood favorites."

Admiring her chic sports ensemble, I suspected the Paris label. Sylvia grinned.

"I bought it in Hollywood before I left. In fact, I bought everything in Hollywood and New York. The only purchases I brought back from Europe were a raincoat, a pair of black velvet gloves and an Edam cheese!"

Expressing Willie

When Will James, cowboy author of "Smoky" and Irene Bentley, young Fox player, parted following their first meeting, the lovely Irene turned and said, "Goodbye, Mr. James."

Will didn't say a word for a moment. In evident admiration he contemplated Miss Bentley's face and figure. Then he replied:

"Goodbye, hell!"

Ruby-Al

IF YOU were lucky enough to have attended the world première of *Footlight Parade* at the Strand Theatre, you would have caught a lovely close-up of Ruby Keeler, who with her famous husband (Al Jolson to you!) and her proud parents, occupied an upper box.

Ruby, who holds the record for transcontinental commuting, joined Al in New York in time to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary. This happy though married couple have exchanged so many gifts between them every day that when it came to an anniversary, they couldn't think of anything left to buy each other!

Ruby finally decided on a crystal watch with tiny little diamond hands and numbers for Al. But Al, in despair for something new, just covered Ruby's bed with gold pieces . . . with the invitation to buy the moon if she wanted it!

For the next few months, they won't have to endure any further separations. By a stroke of good luck, Warner Bros. have regained the services of their white haired boy, who six years ago upset a billion dollar industry when he "Vitaphoned." Al has signed a one picture agreement to star in his stage success, *Wonder Bar,* and on the same lot, Ruby will complete the two pictures she still has to make under her present contract.

In the early Spring, they will return to New York, where Al will resume his radio broadcasting and also appear in a musical operetta, based on the Theatre Guild play, *Porgy.*

Immediately upon their arrival, they will take possession of Al's beautiful estate in Scarsdale, which unoccupied for several years, is now in the throes of being re-decorated and re-modelled in anticipation of their homecoming.

For reversing the sentiment of the popular song, the Jolsons have decided that they want a "little grey home in the East"—far from earthquakes and fight stadiums!

Pat Remarks

WHEN Patsy Ruth Miller returned to these United States on the S. S. Berengaria, fresh from a nine months European vacation and a Budapest divorce, the ship news reporters were all agog over the rumor of her shipboard romance, with the tall, handsome stranger, who was *so* attentive during the entire crossing.

"Who is he?" they wanted to know.

"Tay Garnett," Pat told them.

"Hasn't your name been linked with his before?" asked the Reporter with a Yen for Romance.

"Yes, in a way," Pat grinned. "You see, I was married to him for four years and we've just been divorced!"

Pat grinned some more as she told me about it later.

"I don't know why everyone is so amazed when a divorced couple remain good friends. Just because they stop being in love is no reason that they should start hating each other. Perhaps if Tay and I had continued our incompatible life together, we might have ended up in a mutual bitterness, but we had the good sense to separate while we are still the best of pals."

"How come you chose Budapest for your divorce residence?" I asked, looking at the snapshot of a tall, good looking foreigner that adorned Pat's dressing table.

"In the first place, I wanted to avoid the publicity of the Paris courts—secondly, I have always wanted to visit Budapest and felt this would be a grand opportunity, especially when I heard it was the most reasonable (and I mean that literally as well as figuratively!) place to be divorced. The other reasons don't count."

"Not even that handsome, titled Hungarian, who helped to convince you that Budapest is the most beautiful city in the world?"

"Oh, Radie, what big eyes you have!"

But it wasn't my big eyes that made me suspect Pat's newest romance. I remembered only too well the days before her marriage when a round trip ticket to California always included a stop-over privilege at the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller. Now that she is in circulation again, the option is bound to be renewed!

Pat, however, assures me that she doesn't intend to "Lohengrin" down the aisle again for a long time to come. Hollywood and marriage isn't a good formula, is her contention.

She was more convinced of this than ever when I had catalogued all the divorces that had taken place during her prolonged absence. After hearing about the Bill Powells, the Richard Dixes, the Hoot Gibsons, the Nick Stuarts, the Eddie Hillmans, the Lydell Pecks and the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, she gasped, "Good heavens, is there anybody left?"

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Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost worldwide success the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost nothing.

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Open House on Christmas Day

[*Continued from page* 52]

joyed in past years and plan to repeat this Christmas.

Go to a Japanese store where fireworks are sold all year around and buy a small can of red fire, some green, and a few small fireworks, such as little snakes which come in tablet form. Make snow-balls of absorbent cotton, putting a teaspoon of the powder in each and sew them into shape with needle and thread. Then sprinkle them thoroughly with "snow powder." Toward the end of the day when the guests draw about the hearth, extinguish the lights and throw the balls into the crackling fire. The red and green fire will illuminate the room with a surprisingly beautiful effect, and when the little "snakes" commence to crawl through the flames your guests will be delighted, and thus in joyous spirit, conclude the most enjoyable day of the year.

Kisses

Whites of eight eggs beaten stiff, one pound pulverized sugar. Flavor to taste and beat the sugar in by the teaspoonful; after adding the sugar, beat one hour. The kisses to be light and crisp should bake thirty minutes.

Chestnut Cake

Boil one quart of chestnuts. When done open the shells and scoop out the inside and add a half teaspoonful of salt, a half cupful of milk and two eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly and then stir in six tablespoonfuls of pastry flour. Drop by spoonfuls on a lightly greased griddle. When brown on one side, turn and brown on other, cooking slowly. These cakes are wholesome as well as delicious.

Plain White Cake

Cream one butter ball and one cupful of sugar, two eggs, beaten separately; mix yolk and sugar and butter together. Add one cup of milk, one cup and a half of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted. Add the beaten whites last. Bake in medium oven for forty-five minutes.

Filling

One egg well-beaten, one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix together; one and one-fourth cups of milk, let milk come to a boil. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla.

—●—

Learn about the Inside of the Film Capitol

All Over the Hollywood Lot

The latest news of the private lives of the stars

An Angel Comes to Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 61]

beside her, slightly blurred in the mist, was an image of Buddha with incense smoke curling thinly in front of him! An omen? No, just the attractive window display of a travel agency and Heather chuckled softly. But suddenly she knew that nothing could keep her from that trip.

An exquisitely shy, fragile little person who looks af if she were meant to bloom in a dainty drawing room — and she possesses the hardy spirit of a Richard, the Lion Hearted. A born adventurer, this Angel.

PULLED up perilous cliffs in unsteady rickshaws to the mountain towns where they were playing for a single night . . . lying unconscious from the heat in trains that inched along . . . bitten by a surly camel . . . That was all part of the thrill for her. She shot black panthers with the Maharajah of Punjab. And in Colombo, Heather was up at five thirty every morning to "exercise" a friend's race horses. She couldn't ride very well so it was just a matter of holding on tight and being run away with in the face of each dawn! She's a delightful contradiction. An ethereal madcap—

There were two times when even her young courage must have faltered. Once, when the train they were on was supposed to be bombed by insurgents intent on killing the Viceroy. And the other was in Hongkong when a Chinese millionaire invited her and three other members of the cast to dinner. They went to his house, darkly mysterious, and as they entered a weird wailing came to them. His father, he explained, had died a short time before and it was the custom to keep up the funeral dirge for months. As they sat on straw mats in a room filled with priceless Ming china, Heather saw a slat in the wall open. An old woman peered out at them curiously—then came a whisper. The little English girl never was to know what was said but back in her hotel again she drew a deep sigh of relief . . .

Home once more and the cool green of the Isles was never so beautiful.

Almost immediately she was signed to play in *Oktobertag* at the Gate theatre. And Destiny again took a hand. A blonde young actress drifted into her dressing room casually one night and remarked: "That studio at Wembley wanted to sign me as the Italian girl in *The City of Song* but they asked me to dye my hair. I wouldn't. But—here's a thought—why don't *you* go out there and try for the rôle?" And Heather went. They had tested every brunette available but they chose her at once.

It was the first movie the littlest Angel had worked in. "We're going to Italy on location. To Capri . . ." *Capri!* Island of enchantment bathed in the mellow glory of the Mediterranean. Later, when Heather had returned, she said dreamily: "I never want to go there again. The experience was so beautiful I'm afraid it can never be duplicated—and that would hurt too much . . ." Jan Kiepura, of *Be Mine Tonight* fame, had been in the company. He'd taken Heather into the Blue Grotto, the White Grotto . . . and sung in that rich glorious voice of his . . . Romance? At least Heather's voice is tinged with wistfulness when she speaks of those days.

THE success of the picture put her in popular demand with all the studios. Too popular, for she found herself playing in two movie productions and a stage show all at the same time! *Money, Money* was having a long London run and every night after the performance she caught the train for Dartmoor where she arrived at six the next morning to start work in front of the cameras in *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* In the afternoon she flew to the city for scenes of *A Night in Montmartre* — and then went on to the theatre . . .

It was about this time that Sidney Kent, head of Fox Films, arrived in England searching for new talent. One of the leading publicists happened to mention Heather to him. "She sounds like an unusual new type," observed Mr. Kent. He ordered a test made of her and when he saw that delicate face, the far-away look in her eyes, he knew he hadn't been mistaken. Of course, Mr. Kent couldn't know that far-away look was due to Heather's wondering whether she could finish the test in time to catch the midnight train for Berlin!

They had called her at the last minute —and she was contracted to do *Early to Bed* for Ufa. Negotiations for a Hollywood contract were conducted over the long distance 'phone with Heather wearily wondering if America was really as big as she'd heard.

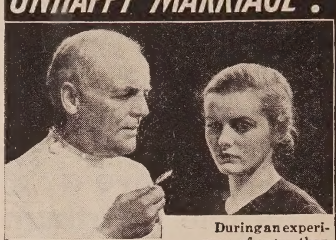
She discovered it was even bigger! There had been a much needed vacation, then the bustle and preparation for departure. At the last minute "Tillie" Angel had torn up the telephone book as a sharp protest against being neglected for the first time in her wire-haired terrier life. The electricity was turned off at the wrong time and the straps on the trunk bursted. But finally the littlest Angel and her mother were safely on the boat, bound for the greatest adventure of all . . .

With nary a trumpet blowing she descended on Film Town. They gave her a "try-out" part in *Pilgrimage.* That's all Heather needed. The next thing she knew she was presented with a rôle that eight established stars had clamored for—that of Helen Pettigrew in *Berkeley Square.* Now it's said this Angel is destined to be the brightest sensation of 1934. And in the meantime—

Heather and her mother ride horseback through the hills of a gentle California Sunday and eat their lunch under drowsy pepper trees. Week days she whirls through traffic in a car seven times too big for her—but she won't drive a small one. Speed. Heady thrills. And the Irish cop on the corner scratches his chin in bewilderment that an elf of a girl like that should whiz past him on two wheels. He doesn't know, you see, that Angels are also the grandest kind of "stout fellas" . . .

Read the Hollywood Gossip in SCREEN BOOK Every Month

Why Have An UNHAPPY MARRIAGE?



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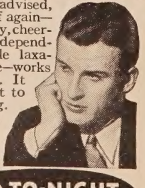
What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 31]

Wench—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Ontario.

Dame—Chicago, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Ontario, Australia, Br. Columbia, Alberta.

Tramp—Chicago, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, England, Australia, Alberta, Br. Columbia.

Chippie—Chicago, Br. Columbia.

Twist—Australia, England, Alberta, Br. Columbia.

Frail—Australia, Br. Columbia, Alberta, England.

Harlot—Chicago, Pennsylvania.

Tart—Chicago, Pennsylvania, New York.

Bim—New York.

Slut—New York.

Trollop, Jane, Broad, Hussy—No cuts noted.

It's interesting to note that Chicago is the most critical city in America.

For Puzzle Addicts

THE mind of the average censor is a puzzle which passeth all understanding. He smiles with benign tolerance on a picture that would make Tex Guinan blush—and then proceeds to mutilate one of Walt Disney's cartoons because Clarabelle Cow failed to wear a skirt.

The lady who's been appointed by the Federated Women's Clubs of Southern California to act as our local arbiter of screen righteousness has been very strict indeed—yet, only a few weeks ago, she viewed an opus filmed entirely in a nudist camp and okayed it without a single objection.

Incidentally, the pooh-bahs of the nude cult refused to let the motion picture crew enter their domain unless each member of the company stripped.

Skin Deep

Jack Oakie, the irrepressible, tells about dating a flicker-flapper who poses as being very, very intelligentsia. During the course of the evening they encountered Bob Armstrong. The gal artfully led the conversation to things educational.

"Tell me, Mr. Armstrong," she gushed in all seriousness, "What University did you take your pigskin from?"

Heart Throbs

THAT Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone romance (or is it?) is still reported to be at a fever-heat and the Boulevard gossips will give you two-to-one that there'll be a wedding as soon as Joan gets her final divorce papers . . . Sue Carol and Ken Murray are steady-dating and it looks serious . . . Jimmy Dunn's latest rave is Lona Andre, one of Paramount's erstwhile Panther-women . . . Maxine Doyle seems to have a first-mortgage on Dick Powell . . . Claire Trevor has been lunching daily with Sammy Stein, heavyweight wrestling champ . . . it looks like orange blossoms and wedding cake for Estelle Taylor and Director Rowland Brown . . . Fifi Dorsay is Ooh-la-laing about Jackie Osterman, which may not mean a thing . . . the susceptible Max Baer is that way about *all* the gals in Filmtown . . . Johnny Farrow, Hollywood's favorite Romeo, is dividing his time between Maureen O'Sullivan and Lila Lee . . . they say that Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill will "I do" one another as soon as Virginia returns from the South Seas where she's making a picture . . . Frances Dee is learning to cook and she's specializing on Joel McCrea's favorite dishes. There will be no jokes about this bride's cooking.

The Hollywood Circus

For the worst gag of the month, I present Harpo Marx, running frantically across the Paramount lot to Mae West, shouting:

"Oh, Lady, can you spare a dime—ond?"

Mae admits that she can't—not even a small one.

Au Revoir, Not Adieu

THERE'S one redeeming thing about our Hollywood divorces. We never say goodbye without adding a hearty "God-bless-you" and inviting our ex-mates to drop in for cocktails.

Take Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, for instance: Sue is heavy-dating Ken Murray and their romance seems headed for the altar—but she still maintains the most cordial relations with Nick. At the opening of Ken's new play, *Louder, Please,* Sue discovered that she had forgotten her handkerchief. Spying Nick, who was seated nearby, Sue sent him this note:

"As usual, I've forgotten my hanky. Do you still carry a spare, and do you mind?"

Nick didn't.

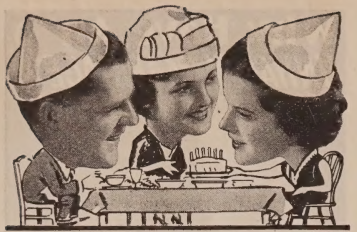
And then, there's that amazing trinity, Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes. Ruth divorced Ralph to marry George—but the three are friends inseparable. Just the other day Ruth and George gave a birthday party for Ralph. And now, I understand, Ralph and George are planning a long hunting trip.

Verily, if friendly divorce is a by-product of civilization, we of Filmtown have reached the millenium!

Chevalier High-Hat?

FOR nearly a year, the Boulevard rumor-mongers have been telling tales about Maurice Chevalier, insisting that Monsieur has gone the way of all Hollywood flesh and contracted a severe case of egoitis.

His friends were quick to resent and contradict the damning reports—but they are speechless now that Maurice has publicly announced that he will not



"I Should Have a Terrible Heartburn

But I Won't . . . Thanks to TUMS"

ONCE a party like that—with a big meal—would have given me heartburn, probably lasting for hours, spoiling my whole day. But not now! For I am one of the millions who have learned about Tums. I just eat three or four of those delightful candy-like mints after meals or whenever sour stomach, heartburn, gas, threaten to make me uncomfortable. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Only 10c at any drug store.

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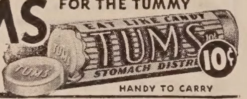

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appear in *The Merry Widow* if Ernst Lubitsch directs and Jeanette MacDonald plays the title rôle.

Jeanette admits that she is deeply hurt by the Chevalier bombast.

"After all," she says, "without detracting a thing from Maurice's glory, I think I may logically contend that I contributed to his success. I played opposite him in all of his most successful pictures—and Lubitsch directed them."

Lubitsch, secure in his position as the one man most responsible for Chevalier's film triumphs, refuses to comment on the incident.

Vivid

There's something very graphic about Ed Wynn's description of a certain hefty comedian.

"He's so fat," chuckles The Fire Chief, "that when he walks you wonder whether he's using his own legs or breaking in a pair for a duck."

Here And There

SOME thoughtless chatter-writer told the world that Warner Baxter is a champion chili con carne maker, and now the poor fellow's swamped by an avalanche of letters demanding his recipe. . . . Toby Wing is sporting an immense sparkler on that certain finger, and she refuses to name the donor. . . . Marlene (Pants) Dietrich has the longest (and the reddest) fingernails in all Hollywood . . . you'll all be glad to know that June Collyer, who retired when she married Stu Erwin, is returning to the screen and will be seen shortly in a Columbia meller-dramer. . . . Bobby Arnst notified the gossips of Flickerville that she's not weeping over the fact that Johnny Weissmuller scampered to the altar with Lupe Velez. She gave a very, very gay party in celebration of her freedom . . . Gene Raymond squired Mary Brian to the opening of the Embassy Club . . . Ben Lyon volunteered during the tragic holocaust which claimed the lives of more than thirty workmen in a Los Angeles park, and for hours flew his plane through the treacherous air-pockets above the roaring brush fire, radioing invaluable information to the toiling fire-fighters.

A Luck Charm

MY WEAKNESS seems to have been a lucky picture for at least five members of the cast. Immediately after its completion, Irene Ware and Susan Fleming landed new contracts, Mary Howard (Rogers) got her father's consent to go to New York for a year on the stage, Marjorie King secured what appears to be a quit-claim deed to George Raft, and Marcelle Edwards married Tommy Manville, the heir to about forty millions dollars.

It Routed The Wolf

Next to Mae West, Walt Disney color-cartoon, The Three Little Pigs *is the outstanding screen sensation of 1933. And—just to prove that the old saying about a prophet being without honor in his own country is still true—Disney submitted the idea to his staff three times before it drew an okay.*

Table Stakes

SAM GOLDWYN has been the butt of many a Hollywood joke, but no one can deny his magnificent gambling spirit.

He brought Anna Sten to Hollywood more than a year ago, spent a fortune grooming her for the American screen, and finally placed her before the cameras in *Nana.* After more than $250,000 had been spent on that production, Goldwyn faced the facts, decided that the picture was not going to fulfill expectations and calmly ordered it junked. A quarter of a million lost!

Without batting an eyelash, Sam the Plunger, put the whole disappointing mess out-of-mind, selected another story and started all over again. Anna Sten will make her début in *Barbary Coast.*

The Desert Season

THE annual Winter trek to fashionable Palm Springs is underway, and by New Year's Day at least half of the Flickertown celebrities will be spending their week-ends on the desert.

Many stars have built bungalows there; others lease homes for the entire winter season. Among the new devotees this year are the Richard Arlens and the Bing Crosbys who have pooled resources and rented a large house which they will share. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent have also heard the call of the sand and cactus.

By day the Palm Springers ride horseback into the rugged, palm-studded mountain canyons, play golf and tennis and cavort in their private swimming pools. By night, they dance in the luxurious hotels or in the new ultra-ultra night club, "The Dunes."

Excepting an occasional rattlesnake, there is nothing to mar the Eden—and even the snakes are exonerated by a very beautiful, very disillusioned leading lady, who says:

"At least, they're more gentlemanly than some Hollywood men I know—they give warning before making a pass at you."

A Just Grudge

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH has turned politico-philosopher.

"No wonder the French detest us," says he. "Why, they used to get four bits apiece for pictures just like some of the publicity stills the studios give away for nothing."

The Squelch Elegant

ONE of our most prominent directors invariably tries to impress interviewers by being very, very haughty and supercilious—but he caught a Tartar when he sneered once too often while being questioned by an acid-tongued young lady from the New York press.

"Why should *I* talk for the benefit of the public?" ranted the mighty one, going into his temperamental act with gusto. "The public are morons—they are fools—imbeciles . . . "

His interviewer closed her notebook with a bang, looked him squarely in the eye, and said:

"Doubtless that's why they like your pictures!"

Imagine Ann Winning Him!

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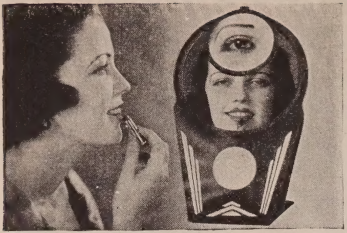

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Exposing Mickey Mouse

[*Continued from page* 17]

ment must sell the scenario to the gentleman who is to direct the picture.

After numerous conferences during which the story is chewed and tugged into a revised form, the director and story department often part friends. From this point on, the director takes the helm. His is the glory and the grief. But if he is old and wise, the director will consult the story department before making further radical changes in the script. He will be philanthropic and share his responsibility with the story department, so that after the preview, if the comedy begins to pop, it will pop more than one direction.

In the weeks that follow, the director uses a rabbit's foot for a shaving brush. He calls in his layout men and musical director. A layout man is the art director and stage designer in the animated cartoon business. A layout is a key drawing illustrating a major action and background in any single scene of the story. A layout defines the position of characters in relation to background; it indicates the boundaries within which the animators must confine the movements of the actors. Animators are the artists who make the characters move. The directors make the animators move. Directors are automotive, kept moving by a self-generating nervous, slightly hysterical frenzy. Life is not kind to them.

WHILE the layout men are summarizing the action and backgrounds of the story in a series of key sketches (about one to each scene), the director and musical director are pre-synchronizing the action to the music. Each little square in the layout sheet represents a measure of music. In each square is indicated the action which will take place during that especial measure of music. Thus the musical director is able to compose music which will keep step with the story; and the director is able to keep the action in the tempo of the music.

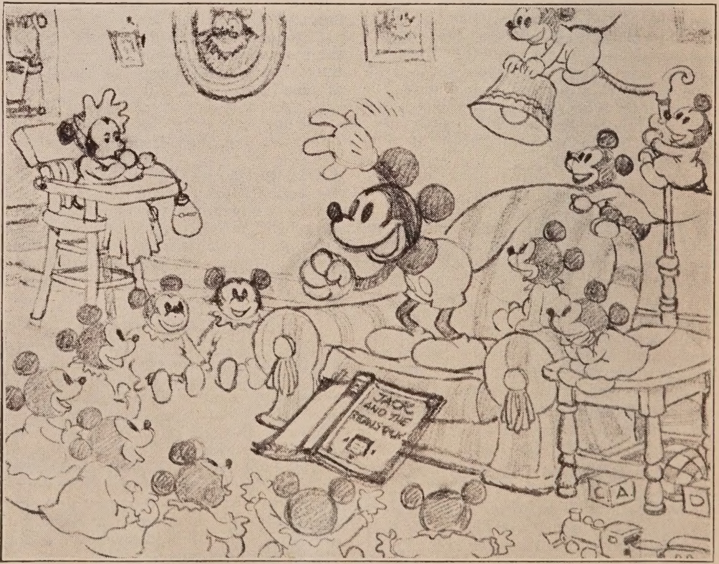
Next, the director makes out his production chart. It describes the picture scene by scene; tells the footage allowed for each scene; and names the animator who will draw each bit of action.

The production chart completed, the director compiles an exposure sheet. Every line represents a frame or completed drawing which, when photographed end to end, will make the animated cartoon we see on the screen. Sixteen frames to each foot of film! Twenty-four per second! Ten to twelve thousand frames per picture! And a single frame is usually a composite of two or more sketches super-imposed upon each other and the background.

On the exposure sheet, the musical director marks the exact moment at which every beat of music will occur. Thus, if action is to be in rhythm, the animator will complete each movement of his character or animated object on a beat of music. In short, the exposure sheet makes it possible to synchronize action and music to within one twenty-fourth of one second or one-sixteenth of one foot of film.

With a complete exposure sheet in their possession, the animators and composer can carry on their work a thousand miles apart and still be sure that action and music will jibe when the completed sound track and film are put together.

Now the animators get down to busi-



Walt Disney's own conception of the first scene of *Mickey and the Giant*, with Mickey relating his yarn of the beanstalk. This is reproduced by permission of Mr. Disney

ness. In the center of their drawing boards is a square of glass, and under the glass is a powerful electric light. This makes their drawing paper transparent. They draw with pencil. When a sketch is completed, another sheet of paper is placed over it and, thanks to the light, they are able to trace most of the next drawing—all but that slight change in position of the character which carries on the movement—an arm slightly higher, a mouth open a trifle wider, those trifling changes in position which make cartoons move.

The senior animators draw only the major phases of a movement. Good animators are scarce. We let the junior animators and apprentices do all the less important work. For example: The Giant is chasing Mickey; it will take sixteen frames or drawings to complete each step; the head animator will make drawings number one, eight and fifteen; the junior animators will draw the other thirteen phases of the movement; the apprentices will put in the minor details.

When a scene is animated, the drawings are turned over to the Inking and Painting Department, where each sketch is traced on celluloid sheets by young women. They use India ink and excellent cosmetics. They are transparent and highly inflammable, the celluloid sheets, of course.

The celluloid tracings are assembled frame by frame in the camera room. A frame, for instance, will consist of, first, the background.

Upon the background is placed a celluloid tracing, perhaps, of Mickey.

Upon the tracing a second celluloid may be placed, one of the Giant, let us say.

Thus, depending upon the number of moving characters, a completed frame will be a composite of from two to five separate sketches each traced upon a separate sheet of transparent celluloid. There are anywhere from ten to twelve thousand frames in the average six hundred foot Mickey film. Each frame is a composite of from two to five sketches. We complete a picture every two weeks. You can probably imagine why we need artists on our staff and why one lone animator would go mad making a picture all by himself.

Some animators excel at drawing Mickey; others excel at animating lips, or mobs marching in rhythm, or in bringing inanimate objects to life. That is why we draw and animate each character separately and then assemble the sketches into completed frames.

It takes from one hundred to one hundred and fifty hours to photograph a Mickey cartoon. While the animating, inking and photographing is going on, the musical director completes his score. We write most of our merry tunes, although we sometimes borrow from the past when royalties are . . . er . . . conservative. Dialogue is recorded prior to animation and translated into terms of frames on the exposure sheet. Thus the animator can fit the lip movements of his character to the words spoken. A lip reader viewing the completed film minus the sound track, would know what each character is saying—we hope.

The photographic film plus the sound track makes a Mickey Mouse picture. The picture is ready for its preview about ?????? weeks from the date the revised scenario or script is placed in the director's hands. The average cost of a "Mickey" is from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. The average number of people who contribute to the making of a "Mickey" or "Silly Symphony" follows:

Animators, assistants and apprentices.
Layout men.
The story department.
Musicians.
Singers.
Dialogue readers.
Inkers and painters.
Technicians.

About three thousand, five hundred feet of film are used up before a six hundred foot picture is ready for the screen. The one thousand, seven hundred feet are wasted in re-takes, tests and revisions in the story.

The most surprised persons at the preview are the members of the story department; the most unhappy are the directors and members of the staff who couldn't find free parking space. Mickey is often temperamental but has never walked off the set. He continues optimistic even after reading the first draught of his next story. I sometimes think he doesn't care; but oftener, I think his sublime confidence, his apparent indifference in the face of discouragement, is a philosophic conviction: that no matter how bad a picture is, it's all for the best. You've met people like that.

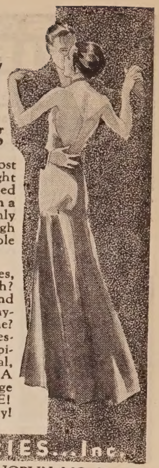
◆

Did You Know . . .

THAT Sidney Fox plans a screen come-back . . . that Joan Crawford will soon be an aunt (her brother, Hal LeSeuer, will pass the cigars) . . . that Bruce Cabot is a grandson of Jacques de Bujac, French ambassador to the United States . . . that more than ten million copies of the book, *Tarzan,* have been sold . . . that Bebe Daniels owns a half interest in two dress shops . . . that Katharine Hepburn has "adopted" a three-months-old fawn and fenced more than one acre of her hillside estate for its playground . . . that Gene Raymond is the composer of that new song hit, *Brief Moment* . . . that John Gilbert refused to pose with his baby daughter until he finished work in *Queen Christina* and could shave his mustache and chin whiskers?

Diplomatic

MAE CLARKE has dropped the damage suit she filed against Phil Holmes as the result of a traffic crash. It seems that she has been assigned a rôle which calls for torrid love scenes with Phillips.



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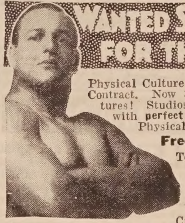

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Texas Guinan's Last Interview

[*Continued from page* 34]

The band strikes up a hot number. George puts away his coin. Lights dim. A spotlight gropes downward. Raft steps into the glare, and does a dance. All over the club the women raise a little commotion. Some of them say: "My! Doesn't he look like Valentino?"

George hears some of it. He frowns a bit as he goes back to his seat in the corner, takes out his coin, and begins flipping it. He doesn't like the Valentino stuff. He had liked Rudy himself, but can a fellow help looking like another one? Rudy's fame was his own. Why pin it on another guy?

"HELLO, GEORGIE!" greeted a fellow who edged by with his girl on his arm. George, not missing a toss of the coin, looked up.

"Hello, Ed!" he returned. And when another came by and called him "Jigie," his rather sober face broke into a grin.

"Hyah, Mike?" he greeted. That name "Jigie" was a boyhood moniker. It came from the times he and some Tenth Avenue playmates used to go over a few blocks to the theatre district, and jig to entice coins from ermine-wrapped theatre patrons who thought the boys and their quaint dances "cute."

Now skip some time, switch the scenes just a bit. It's 1932, and Tex's newest club is opening. There's a big table of honor for George Raft, the movie star. But George is not at his own table, for his old dance number is about to be played. He's sitting at a side table in front, alone. He's flipping a coin, again and again, catching it mechanically, never missing.

The music strikes up a hot number. George enters the spotlight and does his dance. The women murmur. There comes to his ear: "My! Isn't he like Valentino?" The dance is over, and the encores.

George automatically makes for his little table at the side. He frowns just a bit to himself. Doesn't like the Valentino comparison—

"Hello, George!" shouts someone, slapping his shoulder.

"Hello, Tim!" Raft retorts. And a moment later, as a burly fellow with the map of Erin on his face approaches and says: "Hello, Jigie!" Raft's serious face breaks into a smile. He pockets the coin he has been spinning. His hand stretches out quickly.

"Mike!" he cries. "Hyah, kid?"

After awhile, Tex hurries up. "Georgie, don't stay here! Why, they're hollering for you over at your table. Remember, you're guest of honor!"

George comes to himself with a start. He shakes his head just a trifle, grinning at himself. He'd forgotten. Movie star and all that. And he'd dropped right back, like 1927 was yesterday—into the old days. Had been sitting there—waiting for his next number!

"I AM plenty proud of my kids, past, present and future," Tex assured me. "Proudest, probably, of Georgie, though. Let me tell you how I found him, eh?

"Remember Joe Frisco, the boy who used to sing and dance in the Chicago honky-tonks for throw money? He was the current sensation in big-league vaudeville at the time Raft first came to my attention. Joe told me he was going to have a dancing contest to decide the best amateur hoofer in New York and suburbs. I said I'd be mighty interested in the boy who won. And the winner was young Raft. I've seen many a hoofer, but never one with the speed, art and grace that that boy showed on the night of the contest.

"I persuaded him to join my kids at my night club. What a sensation the boy proved to be! But success, applause, offers from vaudeville managers—none of them turned that patent-leather-haired head of his a bit.

"He was a dancing fool, and his energy was amazing. I learned that he was a product of the Hell's Kitchen tenement district, and had been a fighter and a pretty tough one, but he had all the courtesy, manliness, and honesty of any blue-blood—a lot more than some. Even then he was an immaculate dresser, and he was right as rain in all his dealings with others. He didn't have a single 'sheik' characteristic.

"I always had to mother my girls like an old hen, you know. The brood was big, and rather difficult to handle. Full of health and life, you know, and of course, beauties. Well, the stuffed shirts, both of the Wall Street and the bootlegger class, who ogled my kids from the ringside seats, invariably figured that the next thing to a closeup was a followup. They always tried it, but didn't have much luck. My kids knew how I felt about after-business-hours diversions.

"They were all mighty fine kids, but there was one baby-faced beauty with big sad eyes who could dance as well as George Raft. And did the bald-heads go for her! Say! The big bad wolves cluttered up her whole route from the night club to the rooming house where she stayed. They got so bad that finally Georgie Raft picked out for himself the task of seeing her home.

"More than one big shot persisted in spite of Georgie, so by and by a whole flock of 'em were going around wearing the brand he put on 'em—a black eye. He had a beautiful right hook, had George.

"It might interest you to know that the little girl George escorted and protected was Ruby Keeler!

"I COULDN'T hold Georgie at my club. He had too many offers from vaudeville, and I preferred to help him rather than to stand in his way. The rest of his career has been described many times. Big-time vaudeville, Europe and all the rest, with Georgie always clicking sensationally. He had a big, successful career as a dancer before him, but he suddenly decided to chuck it and head for Hollywood. He has just been telling me about it. Day after day, week after week, went by, and they didn't even call him in for an interview with a casting director. Then finally, as you know, Rowland Brown saw him in a restaurant, heard who he was, and put him into the cast of *Quick Millions.*

"That gave him his start. Few people knew that he very nearly did not get the part in the picture that made him famous, *Scarface.* It seems that Jack La Rue was cast to play Paul Muni's bodyguard, but it was discovered that La Rue was too tall to appear with Muni. Somebody remembered Raft. The rest is history.

"When he came to my club in New York in 1932, he was the same unassuming, unaffected kid. Hollywood had not turned his head. And now I see he's still the same, out here. You watch —*he* won't change. He's got the same flair for snappy clothes, the same yen for the companionship of his old friends, the same modest, almost retiring nature. Yes, and don't let him kid you—the same inferiority complex he's been battling all his life!

"Your Aunt Tex is mighty proud that George Raft was once enrolled in her school. That makes me, in a manner of speaking, his Alma Mammy! The sleek haired boy has sure gone to town; and no one in Hollywood better deserves whatever good things come his way. He still may have to take a good many on the chin, on his way to the very top of stardom, but he'll take 'em standing. He won't go down—but on up."

The garters Tex is supposed to have given Raft? Oh, yes. They're a swell pair of gold-plated ones. Swell! Tex gave them to him some years ago, as a farewell present when he finally left her club. He treasures them even more now that Tex is gone.

◆

The Strange Creed of Sylvia Sidney

[*Continued from page 37*]

them. I have done the best I could with them and then tried to forget. No one has said I was the *worst* actress in the world because of those things. Of course, no one has said I was the best, either! But on the whole, they haven't seemed to matter very much to me. They haven't stopped me from enjoying it when I got something really nice to do. And they haven't prevented appreciation from other people when those better opportunities came my way. I have learned that seeming set-backs in your work don't matter to you, either. They aren't worth worry or suffering. If you keep your mind on what you are doing and do it well, things right themselves after a while. It isn't *worth* worrying about. It takes too much out of you."

You see? Sylvia won't even fret about the thing she wants most in life, lest it incapacitate her for the pursuit of that thing. "It takes too much out of you!"

SYLVIA has an inborn dislike of any sort of restraint or dictation. The assistant director on her set, calling her for a scene, says, politely, "We are ready whenever you are, Miss Sidney." Sylvia graciously makes haste to go to work at once. He explains, sotto voice, "If I say, 'We are waiting for you—' with the implication that she is holding up production and that we are impatient—there is no telling *when* she'll come! She is like that!"

Sylvia has not worn red for years because when she goes into a shop, saleswomen always bring out swarms of scarlet dresses, cooing, "They would be so lovely with your dark coloring!" That makes her cross. It smacks of dictation. This Summer she had a red and white print suit. "Howard Greer sold it to me," she explains. "He described it merely as a 'nice, cool material.'" She admits that she is extremely fond of it.

In developing her aloofness, Sylvia has acquired the habit of being somewhat abrupt—even to the point of tartness. A friend who heard her speak sharply in dismissing someone who approached her on irrelevant business on the set, reproached her. "Why, Sylvia! Your disposition is getting to be *terrible!*" she protested. "What had that unfortunate young man done to you?"

Sylvia flushed. "I know. I hate it. I hate speaking like that and appearing like that. But it is my only defense against more things than you could possibly imagine unless you had experienced them. The encroachments on my time and attention—on my privacy and on my comfort and peace of mind—would be simply unbearable if I did not call some sort of halt somewhere. It is kinder and more fair to everyone concerned if I make my attitude plain in the beginning—even if it seems unnecessarily rude at the time."

You are forced to admire Sylvia Sidney, as you must admire anyone who sets a goal for himself and keeps his eye and his attention unswervingly fixed upon it. But you feel, too, a little bit sorry for her. Not because of any frustrated desires — Sylvia certainly has everything that she wants—but because the things she wants seem a little cold, a little lacking in the sort of reward which most women eventually crave. But Sylvia is young. She is also very strong. If she decides, later on, that she wants something different, I'll wager my hat that she gets it!

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The Tragic Ghost of Hollywood discloses the pitiful cases of once famous stars who are now serving present-day glamorous ones as bit players and extras.

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Films You Will Never See!

[*Continued from page* 39]

Eisenstein. The latter shot enough film for a dozen ordinary productions to make *Thunder Over Mexico,* while Stroheim's unreleased version of *Wedding March* topped all previous records.

This method literally makes many pictures for the sake of getting one that is chosen as the best of the lot. Von Stroheim once explained to me that he did that in making *Greed,* declaring the possibilities of the Frank Norris novel *McTeague,* on which the film was based, were so many, that only in this way was he able to get the best film story out of the lot.

And boy, oh boy!—how fire-proof screens would glow and shimmer, and celluloid would steam under the heat of some pictures scrapped because they were too censorable! The first version of Warners' *Baby Face,* starring Barbara Stanwyck, was like that, it is said—and if you thought Mae West's songs in *She Done Him Wrong* and *I'm No Angel* were hot, you should have heard the versions that *failed* to pass the initial censorship barriers!

Some ghost pictures scrapped, burned, or lying in the darkness of film vaults, never to be projected on public screens, are "sad" versions of pictures deliberately filmed in two ways—as tragedies and lighter screen fare. In the same way there are innumerable tragic endings of films in which our favorites come to grief we'll never see and weep over. The endings we saw were the happy ones. And there are a *few* buried happy endings, discarded by producers daring enough to end a picture on a tragic but dramatically sound note.

In this great mass of discarded film, however, is a record of human triumphs, tragedies and comedies that have vitally affected the lives of our screen favorites.

There's Jean Harlow, for instance. She won what Greta Nissen lost—the fame that came from playing the feminine lead in *Hell's Angels.* Greta worked throughout the initial version. *Her* completed version, the silent one, reposes in a vault, unseen, forgotten, because talkies arrived shortly after its completion and the picture was completely remade, with sound.

Trader Horn was first filmed almost in its entirety in African jungles. The decision to film it there probably gave both Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo their chances to play romantic leads in it. Other players, better known, did not wish to make the African location trip.

Miss Booth contracted the deadly jungle fever that has wracked her ever since, on this unlucky location. Also, the romance between her and Renaldo, with its unhappy sequence of marital troubles and legal difficulties for Duncan, followed. Then the picture was refilmed at the studio and in Mexico, and the second version released. It had better animal scenes than the one taken on location, but did not, I am told, present the romantic leads so effectively.

That odd jumble of Fate which reached into their lives, giving them first good luck and then bad luck, couldn't have been the same had the "home" version been filmed first. And yet—who knows?

ZASU PITTS' fortune is her comical appearance, backed up as it is by her ability as an actress. Yet it is one of the tragedies of ZaSu's life that her fame as a funster prevents her from displaying her ability in serious rôles. She was given a trial in that starkly tragic rôle of the mother in *All's Quiet on the Western Front.* The picture was made and previewed with ZaSu in the rôle. The audience laughed the moment it saw her! Beryl Mercer took the part in the new version, and ZaSu's fine work will never be publicly exhibited.

While Helen Hayes got a good "break" through the refilming of *Madelon Claudet,* some authorities think that James Dunn got a bad one when Von Stroheim's picture, *Walking Down Broadway,* was completely refilmed—and even retitled to *Hello, Sister!*—under the direction of James Cruze. It was thought that *both* versions should have been shelved for Jimmy's sake!

Undoubtedly both Pert Kelton and Warren William lost fine chances in dropping out of the second version of *Nana.* At a time when Phillips Holmes needed a good rôle opposite a famous star and had set his heart on appearing with Constance Bennett, he found his wishes granted. He played opposite her in *Rockabye,* but his part was later shelved and Joel McCrea went into the second essay to produce the film.

Some Broadway stage favorites, including Fay Templeton, William Collier and Weber and Fields, were gladdened by getting what appeared to be a splendid film chance in *The March of Time.* Out dropped their parts, along with almost the whole picture when it ultimately evolved into *Broadway to Hollywood.* In the latter Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan and Jackie Cooper have the principal rôles.

You'll never see Lilyan Tashman or Peggy Hopkins Joyce in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole,* and both those actresses are sorry. This, despite the fact that while Miss Tashman had to step out because of illness, Peggy quit because she was dissatisfied with the part, which Blossom Seeley finally got. What broke Lilyan's heart was not being able to wear the elaborate and costly wardrobe she had fitted for the picture!

And Lily Damita regrets the fact that Radio dropped the filming of *Chou Chou and Her Papas.* The production was well under way, and according to Lily, she's never appeared to better advantage, or naughtier, or in *less clothes* than in this film you'll never be able to see!

Scenarists have bemoaned plots which saw celluloid but no theatre. Costume designers and art directors have wept over masterpieces of their art that the public will never behold. And some producers have wept even more copiously over the lost shekels represented. But men like Jesse L. Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn and the heads of M-G-M know it's all for the best.

The vaults should hold and the incinerators should have burned many more part-finished films and completed films, they say, than have ever found their way to oblivion by *that* route.

Will Films be More Daring in 1934?

[*Continued from page* 12]

vicariously and blush unseen in the darkness of the movie theatres. Second, nudism opens up a new field for movie plots and characterizations; the old one was getting pretty well used up. People don't have the same ideas of love, modesty, sex and so on when they associate with each other week-ends in the nude.

Finally, it is going to take more thrilling and ingenious costuming—stripping will hardly fill the bill!—to startle nudists and folks who have seen the nudist films, and we'll all be in one class or another by the middle of 1934! Famous costume designers of the studios tell me that by exerting themselves they can make silks and satins say things twice as naughty and alluring as mere nakedness can portray!

Why Soviet Russia, you ask? If you must know, first be patient enough to learn a bit of inside dope about the mysterious land of the Communist, where the morals are as different from ours as though the inhabitants lived on Mars.

WHEN our government recognizes Russia diplomatically, we can send American pictures over to the U. S. S. R.'s 600,000,000 movie fans, thanks to a new sound invention called "dubbing," which enables producers to translate dialogue into any foreign language without re-filming a picture.

The market is too vast for producers to overlook. We have only about 120,000,000 movie fans in America. Besides, we're now learning that Russia, unlike the rest of the world, isn't broke. There's no depression there, and, propagandists to the contrary notwithstanding, the principal hunger there seems to be for good old Hollywood moom-pictures.

Now these pictures, to please Russia, wouldn't have to be terrifically "hotsky"—from the Russian point of view. But to get by the Moscow government, which demands that all films to be shown be passed there, they'd have to mirror Russian life, sex, morals and marriage *as they are.*

And those dealing with American life, sex, morals and marriage would have to show them from a Russian viewpoint, or the Russians simply wouldn't understand what they were all about!

FINALLY, to realize on this vast potential profit, the picture must be of a sort that can also be released for American viewing. That means you and I, when this gets going, are going to see life as the Russians see it, and to unaccustomed American eyes, that's plenty "hotsky!"

For instance, Russians know nothing about our divorce difficulties, many of them never heard of alimony, and all the fuss about having to be married to live together, unfaithful husbands and wives and other items that make fine film plots for us would simply be a vast puzzle to them. Over there, all that matters in a *moral* way is giving any children that may happen along a good, healthy, even start in life, mentally, physically and financially, with all other Russian children.

These things, Moscow insists, must be correctly mirrored in any films we wish to export for Russian consumption. If some barbaric and old-fashioned custom of sex and morals of America conflicts, it's *out!* They will not have the morals of their new generation, so carefully raised, contaminated!

Producers see only one way to reap the vast profits wealthy and movie-hungry Russia offers. That is to offer pictures dealing in the main with Russian subjects, and to make some pictures of American locale sufficiently *hotsky* (from our point of view) that the Russians will consider them moral.

Prepare, then, to see plenty of free love, cheap divorce (how our busy and wealthy divorce lawyers will hate to see that!) and other advanced ideas in 1934 if these ambitious plans for the conquest of Russia's vast steppes by Hollywood works out. Cecil B. De Mille may be the pioneer, as he went scouting to Russia in person, and came away vastly interested and enthusiastic. However, Lewis Milestone, another famous director, is the first to go there with his cameras and sound equipment, and actually film modern Russian life for atmosphere of a picture to be made and released here. It is based on a Russian novel, and will probably be called *Red Square.*

Now add it all together. Our most capable screen sirens in competition with each other for the honor and rewards of radiating the most effective sex appeal in 1934. Nudism on the screen, and as a means of spurring on our costume designers to overcome it by showing that clothes can be naughtier. And the chance to see how they live and love in Russia!

Does that not promise hot screen fare for 1934?

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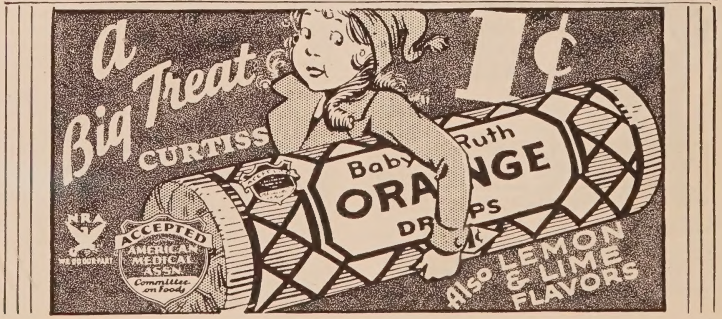
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Too Tough to be Champion

[*Continued from page* 18]

ring bouts, Pendleton has lost but two . . . both by default because of serious injuries! He has never been thrown for a fall, with shoulders pinned to the mat!

There's a record for you!

During his college course, ill-health, despite his apparently perfect physical condition, necessitated his leaving school for a year. He looked over maps, considered the world as his goal and settled on Mexico.

Arriving in the Southern republic, he joined the secret service.

"Every day was a new adventure," Pendleton reminisces. "A state of unrest and rebellion filled the atmosphere, and we labored day and night rushing around. Whenever a particularly perilous bit of business was to be accomplished, we would toss a coin to see who would go.

"My narrowest escape occurred one day when I took a troop of cavalry and tried to capture Zapata, the bandit. We knew he was hiding in a certain house, and drawing near I surrounded the place as best I could with soldiers. Then, I crept up to the door and knocked, calling for Zapata to surrender.

"A hail of bullets answered me from windows on either side of the door. Flattening myself against the door, I waited. From where I stood, no shots could strike me, and the door was too heavy and thick to fire through. Before we could break down the portal, Zapata and the few men with him had escaped over neighboring roofs."

ON OTHER occasions, his knowledge of self-defense and his mighty strength saved him from sudden and violent death.

Following his graduation from college, Pendleton was appointed auditor for the Standard Oil Company in Portugal and the West Coast of Africa. Seeing the possibilities of the import and export business, he organized his own company, and for four years engaged in this line, with headquarters in Lisbon. Later, he represented the United States as purchasing agent in Spain.

Motion pictures always had fascinated him. As a boy, he had watched his uncle, Arthur Johnson, and had assisted him on the set and worked with him. Later Pendleton appeared in a number of pictures.

After three years on the stage in New York Fox signed him for an important rôle in *Laughing Lady.* "Johnny Weissmuller and myself were up for the same part," he explains. "When I signed for the rôle, Ruth Chatterton was set to do the picture. Then, the studio decided Jeanne Eagels should do it. And Jeanne wanted Johnny.

"But Jeanne was sick and didn't know whether or not she could appear. She insisted on Johnny. So, to save time, the company started shooting, the first day Johnny and myself acting in the same part. First, the action would be shot with one, then with the other, each of us glaring at the other. Jeanne died that night and Ruth took over the lead. As a consequence, I remained in the cast.

"The second time Johnny and myself were considered for the same rôle, Johnny won out. That was for the title rôle in *Tarzan, the Ape Man.*"

AN AMUSING anecdote is related of Pendleton while he was playing on the stage in *Naughty Cinderella.* He appeared in the first and third acts, but during the second could do as he pleased. One night, having made the necessary arrangements, he rushed over to Madison Square Garden during this period, entered the ring to throw his opponent and returned to the theatre in time to resume his part in the third act. When the manager heard of the incident, he nearly swooned.

Since his advent in motion pictures, Pendleton has created a demand for his services. His interpretations have a rugged strength, and regardless of the nature of the part he stands out in prominent relief. Equally at home in the bruiser type of rôle or one calling for a lighter touch, he makes the most of his material. Metro intends to cast him in sympathetic characterizations, after the order of his Tony Gazotti in *Penthouse.*

THIS latter type is Pendleton's choice of rôles. "I would like, though, to use the King's English as it should be spoken," he declares. "Anything to let the public know I can do a part without reverting to 'dese' and 'dose.' Pretty soon, the public will begin to think I really talk that way and classify me with the kind of impersonations I enact."

That, gentle readers, would be a sad mistake. In common with many of the most famous heavies of the screen, Pendleton is a serious thinker. His greatest hobby is the study of economics, and his library is filled with the best books and articles on this subject. He can rattle off figures and facts and the history of trade and its intricate ways and means with the fluency of an expert. Should he leave motion pictures and the stage, he would go into foreign service.

This insight into business and its various ramifications has been gleaned over a long period of study. Even when he travelled as a wrestler from country to country he would take time out to study the economic problems of the nations he visited.

A YEAR or so ago, he wrote a screen story for Columbia entitled, *Deception.* Immediately it went into production, and several major studios started wrestling pictures. He starred in his screen play and critics and public alike proclaimed the film excellent entertainment.

Although wrestling no longer figures so prominently in his life, Pendleton exercises with vigor. Running, tennis, handball, medicine ball . . . all come in for their share of the daily routine. He wrestles with Carl Johnson, instructor at the Hollywood Athletic Club and a friend of long standing, as often as his arduous studio life will permit.

Nat Pendleton couldn't get a chance to annex the world's heavyweight wrestling championship . . . but he does get the chance now at fortune, fame and popularity. At the rate he's progressing, it won't be long now . . .

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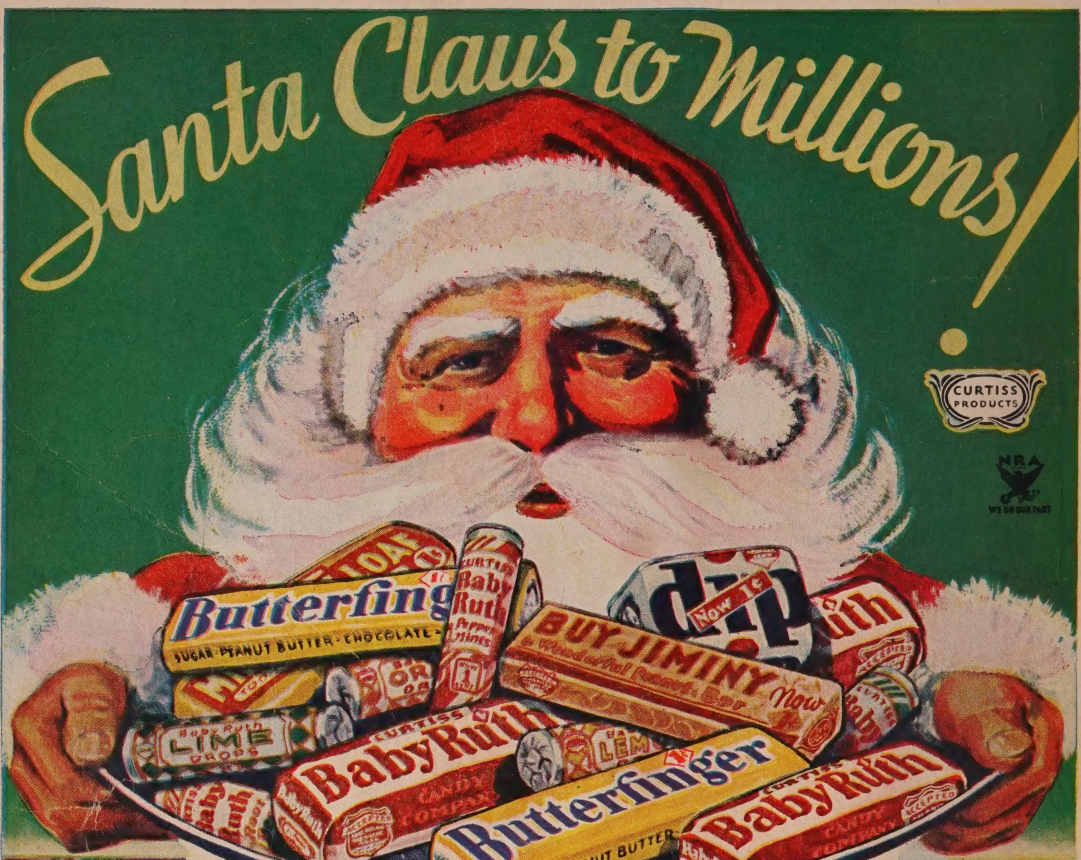
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HOW the STARS FIGHT SCANDAL

Miriam Hopkins

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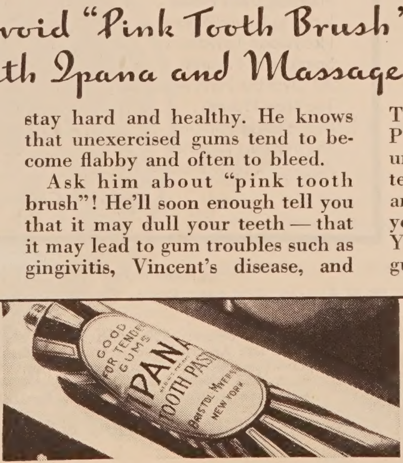

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor
CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

Vol. XII
No. 1

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Cover portrait by
John Ralston Clarke

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J. Eugene Chrisman, Hollywood Editor

Here comes the bride! Veronica Balfe, known to movie fans as Sandra Shaw, will soon become Mrs. Gary Cooper. See page fifteen for Gary's first exclusive interview on his surprise romance

SCREEN BOOK TELLS ALL THE NEWS FIRST!

- Do you know that jail terms await gossips who maliciously slander the stars? J. Brien Chapman, tackling a potent subject as the headline story in this issue, tells how the stars will take their battles to court if necessary in the campaign to stamp out libelous tales that float out of Hollywood.

- SCREEN BOOK is proud to have in this issue Gary Cooper's first exclusive interview on his bride-to-be. Did you know that she is the niece of Dolores Del Rio?

- Have you possibilities as a movie star? Answer this question for yourself by turning to page 25, where Dr. Louis E. Bisch, writing exclusively for SCREEN BOOK, presents his unique "talent test."

- Until you read this, you won't know that Lyle Talbot was married and divorced before he ever came to Hollywood. On page 34 Dick Mook reveals the story of a romance that is touched with heartache.

- "Why can't some magazine publish the *truth* about Hollywood divorce?" a reader recently asked. SCREEN BOOK sent Al Sherman to interview Ernst Lubitsch, the director. His article is a divorce story to end all divorce stories.

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"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

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Old Trouper Speaks

BECAUSE I was a trouper with the Bunny family, when extras got two dollars a day; because I dressed sitting on my suitcase; because I later rose to fame with a contract, red seal and all, at twenty-five a week, I claim to be one of the pioneers—and a movie fan to the death.

Real artists are not limp dolls, but finished actors. Billie Burke, with her grace and bell-like voice, Lionel Barrymore, and where is H. B. Warner, whose finesse is unequaled? Many have passed on, but do let us have the remaining ones in vehicles worthy of them.—Martha Freeman, 40 Baldpate Hill Road, Newton Centre, Mass.

$10.00 Letter

Orchid for Bing!

DISTASTE for crooners seems to be taken for granted as the attitude of the masculine contingent of movie fans. But I, for one, want to cast my orchid to the one and only B-B-Bing Crosby. He's a regular fellow, says I. Bing is a natural, and doesn't have to exert himself or go into contortions, whether he is singing or delivering his lines. Then too, he really has a voice. I have never seen him try a song that wasn't suited to his voice and personality. He has that saving sense of humor, and, best of all, no false pride.—Max W. Vawter, Leadville, Ohio.

$5.00 Letter

A Mother's Complaint

THE age old story comes to the front again—a mother protects her young. Being the mother of three youngsters that is just what my suggestion concerns. My nine-year-old daughter enjoys the movies as much as I do, and that's saying a lot, but she isn't allowed to go very often as there are so few pictures decent enough from a moral point of view—let alone suitable ones for a child to see. I know this type of picture probably doesn't bring in as big box office returns as others, but a child is more easily impressed than a grownup, and if there were a few more on the order of *Robin Hood*, *Penrod*, *Miss Minerva* and *William Greene Hill* it would make life much more simple for mother when she hears the question, "Please, may I go see a picture?"—Mrs. D. A. Benson, Jr., 104 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.

$1.00 Letter

Mysterious Myrna Loy

MAYBE I can't help it, I've admired her so long. And this is my first chance to tell it in print. Steady, consistently fine, her acting and personality always impress. Like a fine perfume, she lingers in the mind's image long after the picture has faded. To me her beauty is the kind that gives pleasure tinged with pain—true test of beauty in paintings, in sunsets and beautiful women.

At last her versatility is given full scope. Exotic rôles?—*Dr. Fu Manchu's Daughter*. Comedy?—See her in *Topaze*. Gun moll?—There's that wow, *Penthouse*. And now?—*The Prizefighter and the Lady*. And what a lady, what a lovely lady she is!—Edward L. Price, Jr., 8 Atlantic St., Boston, Mass.

—*Bert Longworth*

Dick Powell's fan mail has reached gigantic proportions in recent months, but he still answers almost all of his letters personally

$1.00 Letter

Mammy! Mammy!

AL JOLSON—the star of entertainers! Here is a man who deserves a real break in the movies. Didn't he make movie history with his *Jazz Singer* and *The Singing Fool?* Weren't these two pictures the birth of the talkies? Some call him a jazz singer; others call him a mammy crooner. I call him the original heartbreaker. He is so human. When he sings one of his sad but beautiful songs the sob in his voice is remembered long after the song is over. Hats off to Al Jolson—a truly great man, actor and singer.—Corinne Zens, 4622 N. Oakland St., Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 Letter

Irene's Good Deed

I SAW *Ann Vickers*, the unreeling of a woman's life—her joys, her sorrows, so sympathetically acted by that inimitable actress, Irene Dunne. The study of prison reform and social welfare which had dominated the novel by the same name faded. I saw rather, a courageous woman, and I lived with her. That picture jerked me up. Watching Irene Dunne brought me to the realization that moping over tragic things that seem inevitable in the lives of most of us is no good. A sermon could have done me no more good.—Sara Sallee, 3216 46th Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 Letter

A Boy's Choice

I AM a boy twelve years old. I like Western pictures best of all. I don't get to see half as many as I would like. I wonder why they don't make more of them.

I like football pictures too. And all kids like comedies. Charlie Chase, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are the fellows I like. They are funny and they make you laugh a lot. I like Mickey Mouse, too. Kids don't care much for love pictures. They're always too mushy and there's too much kissing in them. I hope that my letter is good enough to print and that some of the other kids who read SCREEN BOOK will tell what they like about the movies.—Chet Raymond, P. O. Box 787, Parkersburg, W. Va.

[*Continued on page* 8]

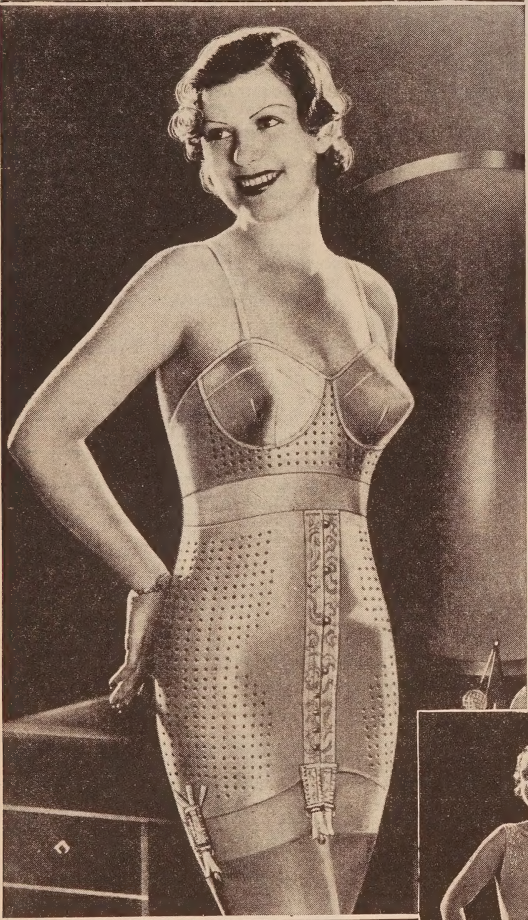
Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . . or it won't cost you a cent!



■ *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.*

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll. . . . "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley . . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian . . . "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble . . . "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.

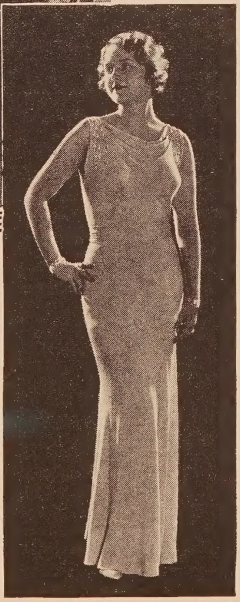
WE WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

VENTILATED TO ALLOW THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.



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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer. . . act today!

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41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 72 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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*City*____________ *State*__________

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HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

$1.00 Letter

Another Man Goes West

MISS WEST'S present vogue is great! Her streamlines have revived old ideas of pulchritude. Her wisecracks have become gags for a hundred uses. Some are passing into the language. Children imitate her in their charades. She has brought back the full-fleshed woman and the fully clothed. If this sets a style she will dispose of the wheat surplus and put the fabric makers right back in the middle of prosperity. Best of all, she has put the ladies back in their place again. Hips, hips, hooray!—W. L. Fung, 3127 Paliuli Ave., Honolulu, T. H.

$1.00 Letter

Romance Lives On

WE'VE had our *Smilin' Through*, *Berkley Square* and a host of others, but none to compare with the true-to-life romances and caprices of that grand old trouper of the show world, Marie Dressler. She is a habit with us, but a good one. You know, just like a good drink of champagne. The more we taste the more we want. C'mon, let's get tipsy over this grand old trouper.

Hoping you see this epistle, Marie, because I want to give you birthday regards. You know words express a lot, but—oh heck, I hope you live to be a million and bring us the same refreshing performances forever.—Frank Kirkpatrick, 6401 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

—Richee

"Hips, hips, hooray!" applauds W. L. Fung, a SCREEN BOOK fan from Honolulu. "Mae West's streamlines have revived the old ideas of pulchritude. Hips, hips, hooray!"

"Superb acting!" is the verdict of a Georgia fan who admires Margaret Sullavan's performance in *Only Yesterday*, a picture which stirred enthusiasm to the point where police were called out to handle crowds when it opened in New York

$1.00 Letter

Saluting a New Star

MARGARET SULLAVAN'S superb acting kept my Dad from going to sleep! To explain, I mean that her rôle in *Only Yesterday* was so beautiful that even my Dad refrained from his usual picture nod. And maybe it isn't embarrassing when your best date begins to snore beside you in the theatre. As lovely as Joyce Kilmer's *Trees*, and as memorable, so shall be Margaret Sullavan's portrayal of Mary Lane in her first movie appearance.—Rubye Rosenberg, 164 Atlanta Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Sniping at Connie

I CAN'T see why Constance Bennett is called an actress. She is nothing more than a professional model. I have yet to see her in a picture that wasn't disguised as a style show. Don't think for a moment that I'm trying to cast a reflection on modeling. The point I'm endeavoring to stress is that acting is an art, not a robot science. You wouldn't refer to a ditch-digger as a sculptor, no more than you would class Rembrant with an ordinary house painter.

I think it would be well for producers to title Miss Bennett's screen efforts in a more specific manner—for instance: *The Latest From Paris*, *Clothes-a-la-Mode* or *Frocks With Frills*. Such names would not inveigle the public into investing their money in pictures that appeal only to one type.—Robert McSweeney, 35 South Regent St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Flicker Thoughts

RICARDO CORTEZ said: "One of those kind," instead of "One of THAT kind" in *Big Executive* . . . I'd enjoy seeing Patsy Kelly (Thelma Todd's new comedy partner) and Lee Tracy, cast as brother and sister . . . Pert Kelton seems to be clicking well . . . We seem doomed to witness scenes in which the hero (or nosey reporter) finds a most obvious clue to the crime, such as a cigarette stained with lip rouge which has been overlooked by a trained detective . . . In *Goodbye Again* the resemblance between Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin proved misleading at times . . . I like effective touches to a picture—the curtain rising on the scenes in *From Broadway to Hollywood*, for instance.—Ilo Jean Rothrock, 819 Inverness Ave., Louisville, Ky.

One Lone Voice

IF FRANCHOT TONE doesn't watch out he will be just Joan Crawford's boy friend. He will entirely lose his own identity just as have several other men who have kept company with famous women.

Tone is a fine chap and a grand actor. He has the best voice of any actor on the screen. It would be a shame for him to be kept back from stardom by the shadow of Joan Crawford. Cy Bartlett is just "Mr. Alice White." Gilbert Roland was just Norma Talmadge's boy friend until he broke with her.

Please, Franchot Tone, leave Joan Crawford alone.—Lorene Newton, Elm Springs, Ark.

—Wide World

"I hope you live to be a million!" says an Ohio reader, congratulating Marie Dressler on her birthday. Photo shows Marie deluged with greetings from all over the world

THE INDEX TO FUTURE PICTURES

An alphabetical guide to new films of the stars

Allen, Judith—*Dancing Man.*
Atwill, Lionel—*Nana.*
Ayres, Lew—*Cross Country Cruise.*
Barrymore, Lionel—*Carolina.*
Barthelmess, Richard—*A Modern Hero.*
Beery, Wallace—*Viva Villa.*
Blondell, Joan—*Hells Bells.*
Boles, John—*Beloved.*
Brown, Tom—*Wild Birds.*
Cagney, James—*Heir Chaser.*
Colbert, Claudette—*Four Frightened People.*
Cortez, Ricardo—*Mandalay.*
Crabbe, Buster—*Search for Beauty.*
Crawford, Joan—*Sadie McKee.*
Crosby, Bing—*Going Hollywood.*
Cummings, Constance—*Looking for Trouble.*
Davis, Bette—*Heir Chaser.*
Davies, Marion—*Going Hollywood.*
Del Rio, Dolores—*Wonder Bar.*
Dietrich, Marlene—*Catherine the Great.*
Dressler, Marie—*The Hollywood Party.*
Dunne, James—*Woman and Law.*
Durante, Jimmie—*Joe Palooka.*
Dvorak, Ann—*Heat Lightning.*
Evans, Madge—*Free, White and Desperate.*
Farrell, Glenda—*Hi Nellie.*
Francis, Kay—*Mandalay.*
Gable, Clark—*Night of Love.*
Hamilton, Neil—*Tarzan and His Mate.*
Harlow, Jean—*The Hollywood Party.*
Harvey, Lilian—*Lottery Lover.*
Hepburn, Katharine—*Trigger.*
Jolson, Al—*Wonder Bar.*
Kruger, Otto—*The Comeback.*
Le Roy, Baby—*Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen.*
Lombard, Carole—*Bolero.*
Lowe, Edmund—*No More Women.*
Loy, Myrna—*Stamboul Quest.*
Lupino, Ida—*Search for Beauty.*
March, Fredric—*Death Takes a Holiday.*
Marshall, Herbert—*Rip Tide.*
Montgomery, Robert—*Free, White and Desperate.*
Muni, Paul—*Hi Nellie.*
Novarro, Ramón—*Laughing Boy.*
Oakie, Jack—*Trouble Shooter.*
O'Sullivan, Maureen—*Tarzan and His Mate.*
Pitts, ZaSu—*Wild Birds.*
Powell, Dick—*Wonder Bar.*
Raft, George—*All Of Me.*
Rogers, Ginger—*Success Story.*
Rogers, Will—*Mr. Stitch.*
Shearer, Norma—*Rip Tide.*
Stanwyck, Barbara—*Gambling Lady.*
Sten, Anna—*Nana.*
Stuart, Gloria—*I Like it That Way.*
Talbot, Lyle—*Mandalay.*
Tracy, Spencer—*Advice to the Lovelorn.*
Velez, Lupe—*Joe Palooka.*
Venable, Evelyn—*Death Takes a Holiday.*
White, Alice—*Heir Chaser.*
Wieck, Dorothea—*Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen.*
Young, Loretta—*A Man's Castle.*
Young, Robert—*Trigger.*

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS THIN AS A RAIL!

SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN 5 to 15 lbs.—*QUICK!*

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added

WHY let people call you "skinny" and neglect you when this new easy way is giving thousands firm flesh, attractive curves *in a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly hollows fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Your skin clears, new health comes—you're an entirely new person!

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away* we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 282, Atlanta, Ga.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Just as glamorous as her famous mother is Maria Dietrich, playing the rôle of Princess Frederica in *Catherine the Great*

Ginger Rogers takes up the fan dancing fad in *Sitting Pretty*, with Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Thelma Todd and Gregory Ratoff

Hollywood Lowdown

Exciting notes from a movie reporter's cuff

By Don Beverly

INSTEAD OF TALKING ABOUT HER IMPENDING DIVORCE WHEN SHE CAME EAST, ELISSA LANDI DID NOTHING BUT RAVE OVER FRANCIS LEDERER, THE STAR OF "MAN OF TWO WORLDS."

Mae West writes all of her screen plays in bed. It may be a coincidence to you, but Mae says that better writers have done it—among them Mark Twain.

JUNE PARKER AND MARY CARLISLE ARE DEADLY RIVALS AT METRO STUDIO. THE FAT PARTS THAT USED TO FALL INTO MARY'S LAP SEEM TO HAVE BEEN ROUTED TO JUNE LATELY, AND THERE'S HIGH TENSION IN THE AIR.

Looks like Lupe wears the pants in the Weissmuller family. The inside dope on why Johnny wouldn't play opposite Jean Harlow is that Lupe wouldn't let him. Pressed for a reason, Lupe is said to have retorted: "She's—she's so dee-ferent from me!"

THAT UGLY SCAR LYLE TALBOT CAUGHT IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT IS AT LAST FADING AND HIS SCREEN CAREER IS NOT IN DANGER AS FIRST REPORTED.

Gary Cooper received the gals of the New York press in purple striped silk pajamas over which he wore a white flannel dressing gown trimmed with green initials.

DEEP SECRET: ADA VACEL, WHO WAS WALTER HAMPDEN'S LEADING LADY, HAS BEEN SIGNED BY RADIO PICTURES AND WILL BE LESLIE HOWARD'S LEADING LADY IN "OF HUMAN BONDAGE."

These temperamental stars! Dorothea Wieck was the victim in a terrific battle the other day. She had her hair pulled and was soundly slapped and severely scratched by Baby LeRoy. The fact that he is the star of *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen* has apparently gone to Baby's head. The little rascal.

SALLY RAND WANTS TO THROW AWAY HER FANS FOR HER FIRST PICTURE, "BOLERO," BUT THE STUDIO DISAGREES, SO THERE IS STILL HOPE.

Gary Cooper admits that he was "scared to death" when admiring fans mobbed him at the première of *Design for Living* in New York. A flying wedge of four policemen finally dragged him to safety, but not until he was considerably battered.

RUMOR WHISPERS THAT CARY GRANT DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY OPPOSITE MAE WEST AGAIN BECAUSE SUCH A ROLE MIGHT SUBMERGE HIS OWN PERSONALITY, BUT INSIDE DOPE STRAIGHT FROM CARY HIMSELF SAYS THAT IT IS NOT SO AS MAE IS HIS FAVORITE LEADING LADY.

Randolph Scott, although still insisting he is a permanent bachelor, may be wed to Vivian Gaye in New York by the time you read this.

MARLENE DIETRICH INSISTS ON WEARING HER WEDDING RING IN ALL PICTURES, WHICH INDICATES THAT THE FLAME BETWEEN THE STAR AND HER HUSBAND, RUDOLPH SIEBER, IS STILL BRIGHT.

Al Jolson gets his first screen kiss from Dolores Del Rio in *Wonder Bar*, but he still likes Ruby Keeler's best.

—Wide World

Pretty Pat Paterson, popular English movie star, arrives with her pet Scotty, ready for a Hollywood career

REPEAL DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO JOE E. BROWN. HE HAS HAD A SODA FOUNTAIN INSTALLED IN HIS HOME TO JERK DRINKS FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIMSELF AND FIVE YOUNGSTERS.

Katharine Hepburn admits to intimate friends that most of her "temperament" is just an act put on to make herself different from the rest of the cinema lassies in the eyes of movie reporters.

DESPITE HIS GRIN IN RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS, LEE TRACY IS DEEPLY CHAGRINED OVER THAT MEXICAN EPISODE AND WOULD GIVE ALMOST ANYTHING IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED.

Groucho Marx is credited with the worst pun of the season when he said over the mike at the *Roman Scandals* premiere that his brother was in New York "Chase n' Sanborn."

AN AWFUL BONER AT THE PREMIERE OF EDDIE CANTOR'S NEW PICTURE IS CREDITED TO THE RADIO ANNOUNCER WHO SAID: "YOU OUGHT TO SEE ALL THE FAMOUS PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT—JOAN CRAWFORD, GARY COOPER, ETC., ETC." AND ALL THE TIME JOAN AND GARY WERE IN NEW YORK!

Claudette Colbert gave a kiss of gratitude to Herbert Marshall's valet when he plucked a large and lively centipede from her bare shoulder during the shooting of *Four Frightened People* on the Hawaiian Islands.

EXTRA! MARLENE DIETRICH HAS SIGNED WITH THE JOSEPHSTDATER THEATRE IN VIENNA TO PLAY THE DRAMATIC HEROINE IN SEVERAL PLAYS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MAX REINHARDT, NOTED EUROPEAN STAGE DIRECTOR. MARLENE GOES BACK TO EUROPE IN THE SPRING.

Ernest Truex hopes they'll make him an honorary member of the New York police department—or stop giving him tickets for speeding.

FANNIE BRICE, WHEN SHE BROADCASTS, TAKES OFF HER SHOES. WHY? YOU ASK HER!

C. B. De Mille went nudist on his location trip to the Hawaiian Islands with *Four Frightened People.* Discarding his famous puttees, he wore only sneakers—and a scanty thing used by natives for trunks.

THOSE HONEYMOONERS, LUPE VELEZ AND JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, ARE GOING TO DO A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR ACROSS COUNTRY AND MAY EVEN MAKE IT EUROPE.

Edward G. Robinson is very angry over the fact that *Napoleon* has been shelved, because he always wanted to play the rôle of the little giant of France.

SINCE THE STUDIO WOULDN'T LET HER CHANGE HER NAME TO "JOAN BARNES," JOAN BLONDELL IS GETTING EVEN BY LETTING HER HAIR GROW BACK TO BROWN, ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

Jimmy Cagney spent his vacation between *Lady Killer* and *The Heir Chaser* at an artists' colony, perfecting his cartoon technique. Although it has been said in the press that he wanted to become a doctor, he was a commercial artist before he left school and that is the field he would return to if he ever left pictures.

LAURETTE TAYLOR, FAMOUS BROADWAY ACTRESS, HAS BEEN SIGNED FOR STARRING ROLES BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.

They are starting the New Year right on Baby LeRoy's set, where *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen* is being shot. Director Alexander Hall has issued a "no slang" edict, the reason being that Monsieur Baby's vocabulary to date consists of "Hot dog!" and "Oh boy!" Now Master LeRoy is to learn English as they speak it in jolly old London.

"STUNNING"
until he saw her
PIMPLY
SKIN

Ends pimples, blackheads

with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil *your* romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect way to a perfect complexion . . . Noxzema, the famous snow-white *medicated* cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—*greaseless,* instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too

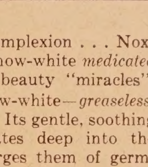
Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight.*

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md., and you will receive a very generous trial jar — enough for a 10 day treatment!



Noxzema

SPEAKING of PICTURES

By CARL A. SCHROEDER

WRAPPED in swaddling clothes, Mahatma Gandhi guided the destiny of a nation. . . . Sally Rand, with her tease dance behind a pair of feathered fans, frontpaged herself to fame and a movie contract. . . . Now Lee Tracy has gone them all one better with his famous in-the-altogether speech from a balcony in Mexico City.

Lee had the spree but his studio had the hangover. Mr. Tracy, full of giggle-water, must have been a comedy sensation as he stood there, attired only in a bed sheet, hurling invectives at the Mexicanos. But the episode was not a joke to the studio which was forced to fire one of the best actors who ever came to Hollywood to pacify the irate Mexican government, which could easily have sent the *Viva Villa* company home with blank film.

We are hoping that henceforth Lee Tracy will ride to his future triumphs on a water wagon. One more bust like that will be curtains for the wisecracking lad.

HOLLYWOOD'S leading purveyors of rare gems to the film colony are the men behind most of the premature wedding announcements that appear in chatter columns. When a wedding or an engagement ring is purchased from him the chatterers are notified via grapevine and the secret becomes newspaper fodder. When you read that Mr. So-and-So will positively wed Miss What's-Her-Name, remember that a good many of these romantic rehearsals never have a church premiere.

"NERTS!" (we use the perlite form) has been a favorite expression of Katharine Hepburn. She says it to nosey reporters, friends, foes—and even to Almighty Producers. She is saying it now to interviewers because she just can't be bothered while hard at work in her new stage play, *The Lake.* These days La Hepburn is high-hat, temperamental and semi-hardboiled. But she is also a square-shooter, a brilliant actress and a fascinating woman. SCREEN BOOK, not being able to obtain an interview with her for its readers this month, rises to say, "Nerts to you too, Miss Hepburn!"

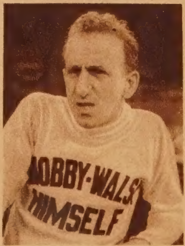
MOVIE folk can thank Eddie Cantor for going to Washington, D. C. with bases loaded against him to pitch in and save the cinema lads and lassies from having their purse strings drawn too tightly by the NRA code. We agree with Eddie that the brakes should not be put on the salaries of the world's greatest entertainers, but we are aghast at his suggestion that relatives be eliminated from the movie industry. Don't you realize, Professor Popeye, that the population of Hollywood would be cut in half overnight?

THE game of silly theatre signs still goes on. "*Mickey Mouse* and *Heroes For Sale*" was our prize contribution for this month until the office boy rushed in with "Noel Coward's *Bittersweet—Safe in Hell.*" Mr. Coward will be glad to know about that.

"Full of giggle-water"

"Nerts to you, Miss Hepburn!"

Broadway's pagan to Hollywood



Jimmy Durante, he's stupendious!

LENORE ULRIC is going to try Hollywood again. The sultry beauty who has had blase New Yorkers cheering her pagan stage rôles for two years is going back into pictures with *I Loved an Actress.*

It is Lenore's purpose to outdo Mae West in glorifying that ancient institution known as "sex appeal," and from what she says whole theatre circuits will burst into flame when her picture is released. If she can have them hanging SRO signs in lobbies where grass has been growing before Father Time's son, 1934, trades his square linen for a pair of long pants, we really don't care how much celluloid she burns in achieving the noble purpose.

JIMMIE DURANTE, Jimmie the well-dressed man, is the answer to a Hollywood producer's prayer. Jimmie is a picture-saver par-excellent. When other cinema artists are being thrown for losses in their scrimmages before the camera, in trots Jimmie to save movie heroes from becoming box office zeroes. He turned the trick for Jack Pearl in *Meet the Baron,* and has worked miracles in several other productions. Now Jimmie has a nice fat part as "Knobby Walsh Himself," with a great cast which includes Lupe Velez and Stu Erwin.

Our hottest picture tip of the month is: Place your money on *Joe Palooka* to come through a winner!

THESE are the days when heavy-browed critics come out of the huddle to announce their selection of the best pictures during the past flicker season. SCREEN BOOK can't resist throwing its hatfull of choices into the ring. Here are the ten best and the reasons why:

1. *Cavalcade*—Because it is the first *epic* movie we have been able to sit through.
2. *Lady for a Day*—Because it convinced us that someone else besides Marie Dressler (whom we adore) can play character rôles that tug at the heart-strings.
3. *Animal Kingdom*—Because this daring strip of celluloid shocked the old ladies' clubs out of a full year's growth.
4. *Gabriel Over the White House*—Because this picture was a powerful factor in moulding public opinion during a crisis.
5. *Three Cornered Moon* — Because the spontaneous performances of Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, Tom Brown and Richard Arlen from start to finish made this the most delightful comedy we have ever seen.
6. *Be Mine Tonight*—Because it happens to be one of the few musicals we have ever enjoyed.

[*Continued on page 73*]

SCREEN BOOK

FEBRUARY, 1934

HOW the STARS Are Fighting Scandal

Bad news for the Gossip-Mongers! Hollywood is organizing to battle malicious rumors

By J. Brien Chapman

"CONNIE to divorce the Marquis! Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay split at last! Mary Pickford's pleas to Doug to return refused. Clara Bow quits Rex Bell. Sally Eilers married to spite Hoot. . . ."

And so on, *ad infinitum.* The hum and buzz of scandal, of malicious rumor and gossip, nine-tenths of it untrue!

Out of the whole vast smudge of rumor that hangs over Hollywood today, thicker and sootier than ever before in the history of the film town, looms one big startling FACT.

For the first time, the stars are going to fight back. And the studios with their vast financial resources are solidly behind them in their determination to declare war on vicious scandal-mongers.

Because Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland are friends and are seen frequently together is no reason for Hollywood to attack the star's marital happiness with the weapon of false gossip, insist friends who are defending her threats of reprisal

In fact, the campaign is already under way, and some startling rumors, fortunately unpublished as yet, have been nipped in the bud. I am told that one started, full of malicious hints and pseudo-facts, about a renewal of the Garbo-Gilbert romance. Equally unfair, untrue and destructive gossip was launched about Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Chaplin, Clark Gable, Lee Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton, and every bit of it was squelched flat.

The fighting Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, set a good example for their contemporaries. By launching $100,000 libel suits right and left—two big New York dailies and one London daily paper were among the defendants!—they threw a terrific scare into those who had been rumoring that Constance was "playing around" with Gilbert Roland during the Marquis de la Falaise's absence in the South Seas, that she would divorce the Marquis and marry Roland, and that she had once been seen crouching on the floor of Roland's car to escape the observation of people who knew her; also that Joan was about to split from her husband.

Bebe Daniels established another precedent by legal proceedings that blasted the rumor that she was "blessed eventing." *That* broke many a gossiper's heart, for hitherto it was the custom to give out that rumor without any basis of actual fact, or even hearsay information. It was the reliable standby of the gossiper who ran out of items; he'd pick a "blessed event" right out of the air!

Then there was a story started about Mae West. Capable Mae squelched it herself, unaided, but later learned to her dismay that some pugilistic admirers who had underworld connections were seriously thinking of taking the scandal-vendors responsible "for a ride."

Probably it was only Mae's quick action that saved the guilty ones from serious consequences. Her chauffeur managed to get in touch with them in time to prevent their plans from carrying through.

"Aw, tell her we wasn't aimin' to hurt 'em—much!" was the message they sent to Mae. "Just take 'em out somewhere in a lonesome spot an' shove 'em around a little—maybe break a few noses, arms an' legs."

Furthermore, they declared that the next person who gossiped maliciously about their idol would "get his right." As they remarked, "Aw, Mae's too tender-hearted!"

THE new campaign against scandal-peddlers, forming quite secretly, by the way, will rely neither on such crude violence nor the milder extreme of damage suits. Its keynote consists of making malicious scandal-mongering and some quaint customs connected with it, which have been regularly used in dealing with the hitherto-helpless celebrities, a sure

Mae West has pugilistic friends who will make short work of anyone who circulates ridiculous stories

Clara Bow frequently has been the victim of malicious gossip. Her defense against false stories now is complete silence

Barbara Stanwyck has laughed off many an untrue story about her private life. Like others, she is "fed up"

Recent gossip insists that Sally Eilers married "for spite" because of Hoot's friendship with June Gale

route to prison! Practices hitherto considered safe enough by the deeper-dyed yellow journalists are shown to be well within the law's definitions of crimes punishable by prison sentences.

Carl A. Sturzenacker, well-known Los Angeles judge and attorney who has been asked to investigate the legal aspects of Filmland's case against the scandal-mongers, points out the fact that several unethical but familiar methods of gossip-gathering are serious crimes under the Penal Code.

Here is a sample case which was set forth for Judge Sturzenacker's reference; an excellent example of what is known in Hollywood as a "gossip-trade" racket.

The scandal-monger, known as a "writer," but whose hold on that title consists rather of getting "inside scoops" of usually unreliable authenticity, digs up an objectionable story on a star. The story may be something so "hot" he wouldn't dare print it anyway, or—as is more often the case—something so innocent that, if it was told about anyone but a movie star, it would be entirely harmless.

Specifically, it might be a hitherto unrevealed love affair, or hitherto unmentioned, but quite legitimate and well-loved children!

THESE STORIES ARE UNTRUE!

That Constance Bennett will divorce her husband and wed Gilbert Roland.

That Jean Harlow's sudden marriage was to stop gossip linking her with another man.

That Ruth Chatterton will quit George Brent and remarry Ralph Forbes.

That Mary Pickford has begged hard-hearted Doug Fairbanks to return from England but he has refused.

That Janet Gaynor has been striving to break up Charles Farrell's marriage.

SAYS the scheming "writer," not exactly threatening the star:

"This is a swell story and it's my duty to publish it. But I like you, so I'll sacrifice my interests in your behalf, if you'll do something for me, in return. You're going to be married soon. Do so secretly, and withhold from everyone but myself all knowledge of the affair, until I can print it. That will give me a scoop. That's 'fair' isn't it?"

Fair? Perhaps. But also *felony,* according to the Penal Code. For the transaction, if consummated, has all the legal earmarks of extortion.

"The Penal Code defines extortion as the obtaining of property from another with his consent induced by wrongful use of force or fear, or under color of official right," declares Judge Sturzenacker. "Note that it says 'property,' not 'money,' which of course is also property. So, in a case such as that cited, the motion picture star consents to part with property, the value of which becomes apparent when the writer is paid for his 'scoop.' The star makes that agreement with or without spoken protest, because he is induced to do so through fear that the story he doesn't wish to see in print will be published."

The truth or falsity of such stories, or whatever else it is that the writer uses as a club to induce the star to save a "scoop" for him, has no legal significance. True or false, using the threat to publish it, even an implied threat, is clear-cut extortion in the eyes of the law. And extortion is a felony, punishable by imprisonment.

But if a threat to publish a *true* story is made, that's blackmail. And if an *untrue* story is published, that's libel, and may be also that not-so-nice *criminal* libel. Finally, if it's true but harmful to a star's reputation, so that it damages him and the company that owns his contract financially, it's sure-fire grounds for a big damage suit.

The laws covering these cases aren't new, but the ruthless prosecution that stars and studios now promise to deal out will put those laws into active operation for the first time. So beware, slanderers—you'll find yourselves behind cold gray walls, looking wistfully out of barred windows!

IF THIS impending warfare seems severe, look at a few cases of broken hearts, ruined careers, and financial losses sustained by stars and their employers through slander. An illustration too vivid to be ignored was the scandal rumor involving Tallulah Bankhead. Remember newspapers and magazines carrying a wild-sounding yarn about that unfortunate star's love affairs, sex appeal, and manner of getting on with men?

Unquestionably it helped discourage the screen career of a very fine actress, who in *The Devil and the Deep* bid high for talkie fame. Tallulah went back to the stage, and it is doubtful if she will ever return to the screen.

Here is the inside story of how the star herself, inexperienced in the ways of the Hollywood scandal-artists, set and baited the very trap in which she was caught.

Tallulah, who liked press folk and was keenly interested in journalism, suggested that the element Hollywood writers were neglecting to get into their copy was rollicking humor. It was hardly in tune with modern life, she thought, to treat such subjects as "sirens" and

[*Continued on page 68*]

-So He *Decided* to Marry

Gary Cooper reveals the lowdown on his romance with Sandra Shaw

By B. F. Wilson

"WHEN are you going to be married?"

Gary Cooper looks at the writer with some surprise. He isn't accustomed to such questions fired at him with so little ceremony. But he comes to the bat in a true, sportsmanlike fashion and answers.

"I can't stay yet. I'm going to make *Barbary Coast,* with Anna Sten as soon as I get back to California. When I get married I want to do it properly—after all, you know, it's my first offense and I'd like to do everything in the customary way. A honeymoon and all that—and not have to run home from the studio every day to see the bride."

"Tell me something about your fiancée. How and where did you meet her? Who is she? What is she like? Is she tall, short, thin or plump? Is she pretty?"

"Wait a minute! Don't go so fast!" Mr. Cooper interrupts with a sudden wave of his hand.

Lunch arrives. We sit down in the drawing room of his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City to partake of a glass of sherry and a chicken sandwich while the writer awaits the victim's replies.

"Her name is Veronica Balfe. She has been living out in California for about a year. She took the name of Sandra Shaw and had some tests made for the movies. Her parents are friends of one of the producers out there and he thought she would make a pretty good screen actress—sort of a new type. She is twenty years old, and had made her début here in New York two years ago. She played in a couple of pictures, small parts, and then decided she wouldn't go on with it. I don't know why—she just gave it up, but she remained on in California."

"Haven't you got a picture of her?" I demanded. "Those newspaper snapshots never give you any idea of what people really look like."

[*Continued on page* 70]

The climax of Gary Cooper's romance with Sandra Shaw is the surprise of the year. Hollywood had thought that its lanky ex-cowboy would never allow himself to be roped by cupid again

—*World Wide*

←

One of the few photos ever taken of Sandra Shaw, whose real name is Veronica Balfe, and Gary Cooper. Gary's bride will not continue in pictures, but intends to devote her full time to being a model wife

CHAPLIN—the Mystery Man of Hollywood

One of the few photographs ever taken of the Chaplin mansion, a stately home which will soon have a new mistress

—*Wide World*

Charlie selected Paulette Goddard as his new leading lady and later fell in love with her

By Eric L. Ergenbright

THE surging waves of Hollywood's curiosity have pounded in vain against the Gibraltar-like silence of Charles Spencer Chaplin.

Will he marry Paulette Goddard? If so, when and where? And will their marriage have a better chance for success than those others in the past?

What will his forthcoming picture be like? When will it be made? When will it be ready for showing? What sort of rôle will it give Paulette?

Charlie, without being in the least a recluse, eludes reporters just as effectively as does Garbo. Paulette, also, smiles enigmatically, talks freely and says nothing!

But, nevertheless, here are the answers to those questions which have baffled Hollywood! Alfred Reeves, for many years Chaplin's studio manager and closest friend, is my authority.

The Chaplin Studios, in idleness since January, 1931, are again humming with activity. Sets are being erected. Outdoor "streets" are being built. The film laboratory, the cutting rooms and the dressing rooms are being overhauled. The pint-sized projection room, with its old-fashioned organ at which Charlie sits for hours, improvising moody music, is being revamped to accommodate sound pictures. Production can be started on a moment's notice.

Meanwhile, the master of that little world and Miss Goddard, his new leading lady, sit on the deck of his yacht, within sight of Catalina Island, and work on the scenario. They build each scene in detail, argue enthusiastically and agree enthusiastically. Chaplin dictates, Paulette makes notes of their decisions. She has been admitted to a full partnership in the creation of the picture . . . and she is the first of all his leading ladies to be given such importance! She and Charlie have been working together, almost constantly, on that story for nearly one year!

It will be laid in the industrial district of a great city—any great city—and its gentleness will stand out in sharp relief against its background of social unrest, desperate poverty, and revolting squalor. Charlie and Paulette will be waifs, two bits of human flotsam, drifting on the tide of depression. She will be—*might be,* according to Reeves, who has been with Charlie too long not to have contracted the hedging-habit—a run-away from an orphanage; Chaplin will be the hero of *City Lights,* pushed down by poverty to even a lower section of the city. Comedy and pathos; pathos and comedy—that combination has always been Chaplin's key to success. Again, as in *City Lights,* he will drift on, the pitiful little clown who feels his own deficiencies too keenly to claim his love.

The picture will be silent, as far as dialogue is concerned, but it will be synchronized with sound. And there Mr. Reeves rises to a point of emphasis:

"Charlie's objections to talkies have been greatly exaggerated. He thinks that in many ways they are a great development. But, while he approves of them for others, he is convinced that they would never do for him.

"How would you have Charlie talk? Should he speak with an accent? Should he speak correctly or illiterately? What sort of voice should he have?

"He cannot answer those questions

Cloaked in mystery, Charlie Chaplin baffled the best news sleuths of Movieland, until a SCREEN BOOK reporter refused to be denied

—*Wide World*

Charlie Chaplin's studio, empty since he finished *City Lights* is again humming with activity, but it will be many months before the new picture is completed

—and neither can anyone else. His screen character was established long before talkies were dreamed of, and it is impossible to give it a voice."

NOTING that the depression is the "big, bad wolf" of Chaplin's story, and knowing his feverish interest in just such politico-socialogical problems, I attempted to put two and two together, and asked Reeves a point-blank question:

"Is it Chaplin's purpose to direct the barbs of his satire at existing social conditions? Is his picture to be a protest against class inequality?"

Reeves temporized neatly. "Charlie's basic purpose," he said, "is to entertain. Of course, he is intensely interested in such problems. And it's impossible, isn't it, to completely pass over them, even in a picture that is intended as entertainment only?"

Production was scheduled to start on the first of last September. Reeves says that the cameras will not turn until late in January, and adds that the picture, instead of being released next spring, as intended, will probably not be completed before the first of next October. Chaplin, a creature of vagrant moods, cannot be governed by exact schedules. He works when the inspiration strikes—and he will not begin production until both he and Paulette are thoroughly satisfied with the story in every detail. Once started, he will undoubtedly coin new situations and defer everything else while he films them, regardless of time or expense. For example, he "shot" 600,000 feet of film for *City Lights*—and could use only 8,000 feet in the finished picture.

So much for his forthcoming production, which you can expect to see by next fall. And now for his more romantic plans.

CHARLIE and Paulette Goddard will be married, probably as soon as the picture is completed. Everything else must wait on that. Meanwhile, they are inseparables. And, for the first time in many years "Charlot" seems completely happy.

In the past, he has suffered bitterly at the hands of Dan Cupid. His marriage to Mildred Harris was a sad fiasco; his union with Lita Grey was unhappy from the start.

His intimates feel sure that in Paulette Goddard, he has found an ideal com- [*Continued on page 71*]

Charlie will not talk in his newest cinema effort, and again he will play the ineffectual hero who comes to the aid of an escaped orphan

Highlights in the Life of America's Greatest Comic Artist

Charlie Chaplin was born in London, England, on April 16, 1889. His mother, Hannah Chaplin, was a famous opera prima-donna and his father a favorite of London music halls. Chaplin naturally turned to the stage and in 1910, after several years behind the footlights in England, he toured the United States with the Fred Karno Comedy Company. He secretly yearned to become a minister and was about to leave the stage when the Keystone Film Company offered him a contract at $150 a week. Instantaneous success in such pictures as *The Pilgrim, The Circus, The Kid, The Gold Rush* and two years ago, *City Lights,* have definitely established him as the world's greatest comedian. His two previous marital ventures, with Mildred Harris and Lita Grey, both ended in divorce. He has had three sons, one who died soon after birth. Charlie's intimate friends insist that he is not yet wed to Paulette Goddard, but that they plan to marry soon after his next picture is completed.

YOUTH ROMANCE MELODY

Jesse L. LASKY'S *I am Suzanne!*

Lilian **HARVEY** · **GENE RAYMOND**

LESLIE BANKS

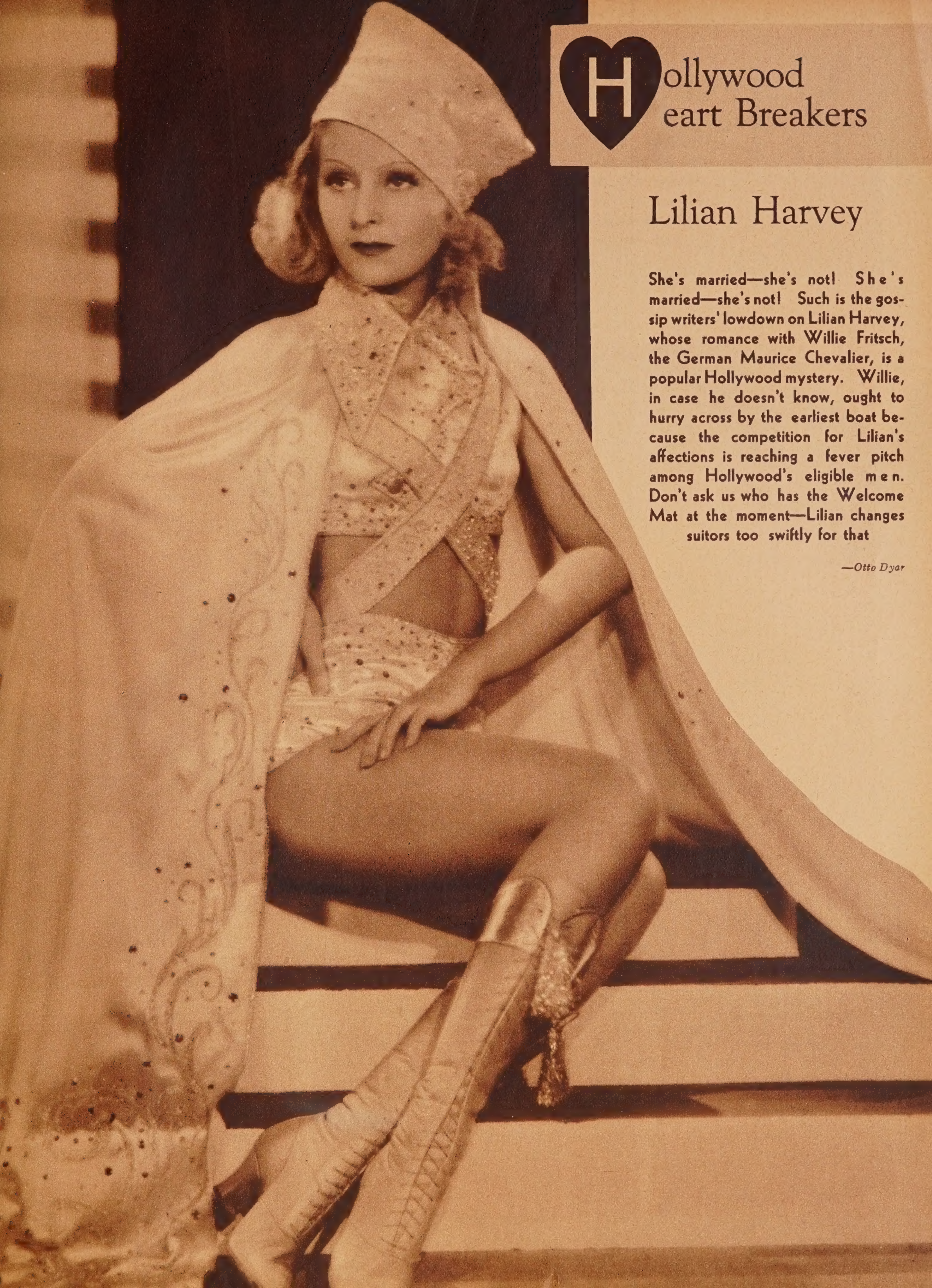
PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX

Hollywood Heart Breakers



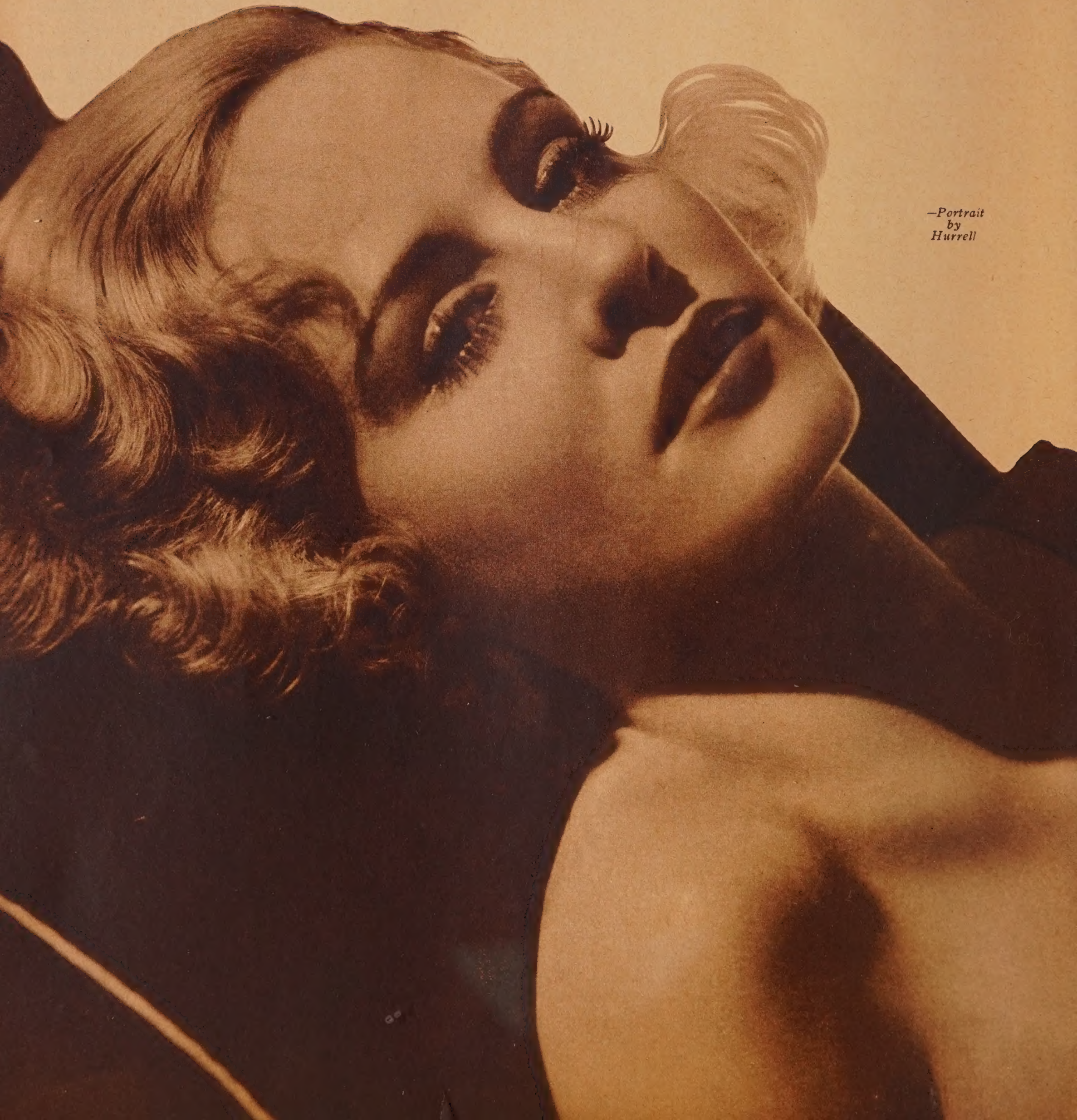
Lilian Harvey

She's married—she's not! She's married—she's not! Such is the gossip writers' lowdown on Lilian Harvey, whose romance with Willie Fritsch, the German Maurice Chevalier, is a popular Hollywood mystery. Willie, in case he doesn't know, ought to hurry across by the earliest boat because the competition for Lilian's affections is reaching a fever pitch among Hollywood's eligible men. Don't ask us who has the Welcome Mat at the moment—Lilian changes suitors too swiftly for that

—Otto Dyar

MADGE EVANS

For a long time Madge Evans has been playing sweet girl roles, but for the first time she turned sophisticated in *Beauty For Sale.* Now, as her newest portrait shows, Madge is headed for a career as one of the screen's more alluring heartbreakers. Off screen, Miss Evans is the type of girl usually known as Somebody's Sister. Small, cute and delightfully blonde, she is a popular member of Hollywood's younger set—and very permanently interested in Tom Gallery, the handsome fight promoter



—Portrait by Hurrell

Barbara Stanwyck

Miss Stanwyck does not often stand on her head—this odd portrait is merely a gesture in the direction of Elinor Glyn, the famous authoress who first popularized leopard skins as part of a vamp's equipment. That Barbara is wed and very much in love with Frank Fay does not deter her from performing in a symphony of heart throbs as one of Celluloidlands most palpitating heroines. Her newest picture is *Gambling Lady*

—Bert Longworth

—*Bachrach*

Katharine Hepburn

Two short years ago only a handful of people attended a reception in New York at which Katharine Hepburn appeared as the guest of honor. Today such an event would bring hundreds to gaze with awe on the star of *Little Women* and *Trigger*—the girl whose swift rise to fame is a phenomenon in the theatrical world

—*Elmer Fryer*

Catherine Sergava

From the Russian Moscow Art Theatre, the birthplace of many a famous dramatic actress, comes Catherine Sergava, who strangely resembles both Greta Garbo and Lili Damita. Catherine makes her auspicious cinema debut in the Warner Brothers picture, *Bedside*, with Warren William, and gives promise of a great future

MAE WEST *Loses Her* Man!

How Virginia Cherrill captured the heart of Diamond Lil's handsome leading man

By Dena Reed

—*Wide World*

Mae doesn't mind losing Cary Grant to Virginia Cherrill. They are three of a kind

If Cary Grant had met Virginia Cherrill before he became Mae West's leading man, he might never have fallen in love with her

MAE WEST has lost her man! But since it's Cary Grant in real life rather than in *reel* life, Mae has given her blessing. She will continue to "get" Cary on the screen but off it where Cary is concerned, she's rather delighted in playing second fiddle to Virginia Cherrill.

Virginia thinks Mae is a grand person and Mae says she couldn't have found a better "heart interest" for Cary, so no wonder that young man is sitting on top of the world.

Mae took one look at Cary as he stepped from a car in front of the Paramount Studios and said "I want him for my leading man." She got him. Cary and Virginia hope that she will continue to get him on the screen, while Mae hopes that the romance of Cary and Virginia which has been blossoming for a year now, will be climaxed the way Cary wants it to—with a quiet wedding ceremony in England.

Virginia may have thought she wanted Cary upon first seeing him, but I doubt it. If she did, she was clever enough to keep him from guessing it. As to Cary, he admits his love for Virginia was no quick flare-up that is apt to die just as quickly, but a slow and steady flame that has grown the way every man wants it to grow when he gets serious about this love business.

"STRANGE as it seems," Cary admitted, "my off-screen romance has a lot in common with my 'on screen' one. Mae and Virginia are a lot alike. I don't mean that they both have blonde hair and blue eyes either. They've got womanly charm and sympathy which for me is the greatest thing in a woman. I find in Virginia as I've found in no other girl, sympathetic understanding. I can talk to her. I can confide in her—about my work, my worries, my dreams, my troubles. I notice people are always confiding in Mae too and she has almost a maternal instinct in helping them.

"I never go to Hollywood show places like the Cocoanut Grove," he told me, "although it has often been erroneously reported in gossip columns that I've been seen about. Virginia and I met at a typical Hollywood house party—a larger one than either of us cared for. I suppose that was the first thing that drew us together. She was sitting in a corner and I noticed that she had been particularly keen when the conversation concerned prize-fights. I never miss a fight myself and I suppose I thought it odd that a girl should be so intelligent about prize- [*Continued on page* 64]

MOVIES WILL GET YOU—
If You Don't Watch Out!

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

Dr. Louis E. Bisch is a famous psychologist, whose books and daily newspaper column are read by more than 25,000,000 people. In preparing this article, he draws on his vast experience as a veteran doctor and practical psychiatrist.

THERE is scarcely a woman living—in fact, I would say that none exist—who doesn't think she could be, or at least might have been, a screen celebrity.

The other day, for instance, I was riding on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. In front sat two women whose ages I would judge to have been twenty and twenty-eight.

Said the older to the younger: "I don't hear you talking about a movie career lately. Has Joe finally managed to get a real strangle hold—or what's his name?"

To which the younger laughingly replied: "Wrong again! It's still Joe, but I'm still as crazy to have a go at Hollywood as ever."

"I can't blame you," replied the first after a thoughtful pause. "I wish I could see my way clear to try my luck at it myself.'

Yes, all women long for a screen star career. Nor does it matter whether they are fifteen, twenty-five, forty-five or sixty.

"Didn't Marie Dressler make a hit when already past middle life?" they will tell you. "Didn't Katharine Hepburn jump to fame overnight?" "What about Lilian Harvey—and she a foreigner too!"

Of course! Of course! Of course! And *why not* a dozen times for good measure. I might even add to these proofs of possibilities that Mr. LeRoy is only a *baby!*

AFTER all, why shouldn't every woman harbor a longing to act in pictures when there is so much glamour attached to it, so much popularity, so much variety, so many thrills, such opportunities for clothes and, last but not least, such money?

Yet it is noteworthy that men do not hanker for the screen the same as women. Why the difference?

One might say that men have greater opportunities than women in all fields, therefore the movies hold for them no special allure. It could be said, also, that it is the "limelight" that draws women to the screen because they cannot help wanting to be seen and admired. And one might even settle the problem with one fell swoop by stating that "that's just like a woman," and let it go at that.

Being a practicing specialist in medical psychology, however, and hearing the feminine sex unburden its soul to me every day, I must insist that to explain away in such fashion so deeply-rooted an urge—what may justifiably be termed the movie *yen* in all women—is altogether too superficial and simple.

Every Woman Naturally Yearns for the Emotional

Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in *I Am Suzanne*

Cary Grant and Loretta Young in *Born to Be Bad*

Clara Bow and Richard Cromwell in *Hoopla*

Can You Pass This Talent Test?

NOTE: Each of the ten questions that follow gives you a credit of ten if you can truthfully answer yes. If not, you may deem yourself worthy of some part of ten—perhaps five or seven. When you have finished your score add up the total and see how near you come to 100.

	Score Here
1. Are you willing to *work* hard?	**( )**
2. Can you say that your feelings are not easily hurt?	**( )**
3. Are you free from self-consciousness?	**( )**
4. Are your emotions fluid? Can you laugh, weep, display anger, sentiment, love, elation, etc., readily?	**( )**
5. Have you the ability to act?	**( )**
6. Is your voice of such quality that it attracts attention?	**( )**
7. Have you a personality? In other words, do people find you interesting?	**( )**
8. Do you know how to wear clothes effectively?	**( )**
9. Are you awkward of movement, or have you poise and social grace?	**( )**
10. Have you an imagination that permits you to visualize and feel yourself in any suggested dramatic scene?	**( )**

No, there must be deeper causes for so universal a craving. Surely, if some women even are willing to compromise their morals in order to be given an opportunity in pictures, the motivation must be strong indeed. If it affects others—as most surely it does—to the extent that a screen appearance becomes a veritable obsession and tortures them no end, then there is bound to be a mighty powerful driving force behind the desire.

WHAT *does* psychology say?

First of all, it says that all women would like to be actresses in the professional sense because all women actually *are* actresses by virtue of their belonging to the feminine gender.

To all women acting seems about the easiest thing in the world to do. If one acts all the time anyway—automatically and unconsciously—why should controlled and conscious acting be so difficult?

Which fundamental trait possessed by all women explains so well why women take to acting as readily as does a duck to water.

Witness how children, especially little girls, play-act in their games. And when they grow up, and instinctive urges to love and be loved motivate them, few women behave as they really are; most behave as they think their new swain or the world at large would like them to behave.

In further evidence of acting talent consider when a woman changes from a short skirt with no sleeves to a long one with arms encased in "leg o' mutton" puffs. Presto! and she shifts also from one character rôle to another. Whereas the former costume gave her more freedom of movement and allowed the irrepressible within her to assert [*Continued on page 78*]

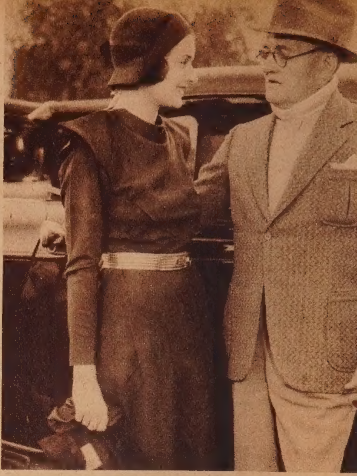
Joan Crawford herself could not rate 100% in the talent test, due to her trait of being very self-conscious in public

Thrills of Hollywood's Stars

Ann Harding and Nils Asther in *The Right to Romance*

What a catch! Warner Baxter proudly displays trout caught while on location for *As Husbands Go*

Happy family—Mrs. Arlen, Junior and Dick have taken up cycling at Palm Springs, their winter home



"Hello Dad!" Barbara Bennett, in Hollywood to join her sisters on the screen, greets her famous father

Snapshot News

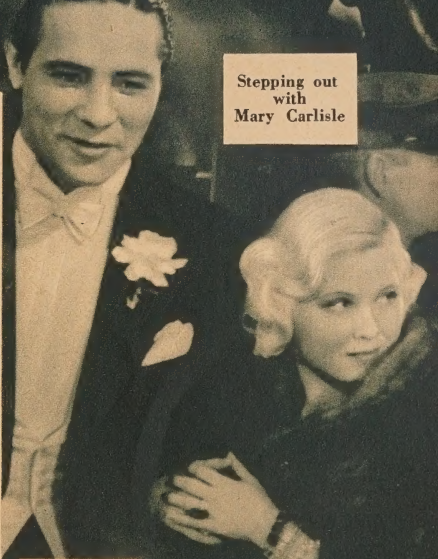
Champion honeymooners! Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are honeymooning in such a cuddly, romantic fashion that Hollywood is reminded of the first cooing months of the Joan Crawford-Doug Fairbanks, Jr., marriage

George Bruggeman, strong man actor, gives Claire Trevor a lesson on how to treat dumb-bells as they play around on the set of *Jimmy and Sally*

—*Wide World*

A new friendship—Pert Kelton and Dolores Del Rio, meeting for the first time on the set of *Flying Down to Rio*, immediately became close pals. They are seen here leaving the studio cafe during time off at noon

Movie-making with Myrna Loy


Stepping out with Mary Carlisle

A fortune teller says he'll win

AFRAID of Hollywood!

By Eleanor Packer

WILL Max Baer give up the world's heavyweight boxing championship for Hollywood?

No sir. Not for a hundred Hollywoods. He had dreamed of owning that championship belt through five years of hard training and harder battles. He isn't going to give it up, now that it is in fairly close reach, merely because of one motion picture success.

"If I get that championship next year when I'm twenty-five, I'll be the youngest champ in heavy-weight history," his brown eyes glittered, probably with the thought of that thrilling night not so far in the future when he expects to take that belt away from Primo Carnera, "There are lots of actors. But only a few first-string boxers."

Max came to Hollywood to play in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*, merely to fill in the time between bouts and to make some extra money. Acting wasn't a serious matter to him. Like boxing. It was merely a new adventure and the love of adventure boils in the blood of the young man who was once a butcher boy in Livermoore, California.

Max knew the picture would be good. But he didn't know how very good. No one else dreamed that, in the language of the studios, it would turn out to be a "wow." The first preview proved [*Continued on page 72*]

"I'm Flabby," says Max Baer, "I've Got to Get Away From Here!"

All Over the HOLLYWOOD LOT

By Eric L. Ergenbright

"THOU shalt not interview Mae West, nor her man-servant, nor her maid-servant, nor even her loquacious manager, James Timmony!" So reads the new studio edict that has been handed down just recently. Thus Mae joins Garbo, Ann Harding and Charlie Chaplin in The Great Silence.

The reason is that studio officials have the feeling that Mae is being shouted about too much these days and that Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public may soon tire of her. If the new commandment sticks, the world is going to miss a fine lot of good reading, as Mae says just what she pleases in interviews—and that's plenty! Mae has tired at last of apartment house life and is leasing a beautiful home high in the hills of Hollywood, where she can be completely alone.

What a Bargain!

SEVERAL months ago in a cynical moment Tom Brown challenged his good pal, Jean Parker, to sign an agreement that neither was to marry for five years under a penalty of $1,000 in the event that the contract was broken.

Then Tom fell hard for the lovely Anita Louise and begged to have his obligation cancelled, but Jean refuses and says that if Tom gets serious enough to want a marriage license it will cost him the usual fee plus a $1,000 check.

Barrymore, the Athlete

AFTER all these years, the true story of Lionel Barrymore's limp comes to light. It is the result of an injury

←

Dorothy Lee, the pert little darling of Wheeler and Woolsey comedies, flashes across the screen again with the two delightful cinema idiots in *Hips, Hips, Hooray*, a new movie musical. Dot has skipped to the altar on two previous occasions, but vows that she is now on a permanent honeymoon with Marshall Duffield, the ex-football star

—Photo by Bachrach

—Carl Dial

In the Garden of Eden, Eve wore more than Joyzelle, the famous Oriental dancer, dons in *The Girl Without a Room*. Newt Johns and Rose Lehman are seen applying the costume which consists only of paint! Fan dancers will be ashamed

Too much Mae West?—Tom Brown Agrees Not to Wed—Lionel Barrymore, the "champeen" wrestler—Is Gable Afraid of Max Baer?—Loretta Young's romance—Dorothy Jordan to retire for her "blessed event"

sustained in a friendly wrestling bout with Stanislaus Zybysko, then world's heavyweight champion.

Not many people know of Lionel's passionate interest in prizefighting and wrestling, or that his proudest boast is about the time he was knocked out by John L. Sullivan. You can find the great Barrymore almost any day, spending hours with Mike Cantwell, veteran trainer of ring celebrities, in Mike's newly established gym on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Gable Versus Baer

CLARK GABLE attended his first studio preview when The Prizefighter and the Lady *was shown for the benefit of the press. As a consequence, Hollywood is suspicious that Clark is more than a little disturbed over the stories which have tooted the amorous Max as his chief rival.*

Hollywood Romances

SPENCER TRACY and Loretta Young are still being seen together and the studio gossips are freely predicting a marriage *if and when* Spencer's trial separation ends in divorce. . . . Douglass Montgomery and Lois Moran aren't denying reports that they may take the vows some time this spring. . . . Madge Evans was seen with Russell Hardie, but only because Tom Gallery was out of town. . . . Hollywood is discussing a reconciliation between Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, but the scoffers say no. . . . It's Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee to the altar before long. . . . William Powell and Margaret Lindsay are *so* serious. . . . Lyle Talbot and Judith Allen feel just-likethis about each other.

Bits of Lowdown

NORMA SHEARER'S brother, Doug, wears the amateur boxing crown on the Metro lot. . . . Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are the town's champion night-lifers, with Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown running a close second. . . . There will be a new arrival in the Bob Young home sometime next spring. . . . Jean Harlow has adopted a platinum blonde kitten. . . . Clara Bow and Rex Bell have leased the Beverly Hills mansion once occupied by Marlene Dietrich . . . Dorothea Wieck boasts an auto license composed of "13's."

Likes it Loud

JIMMIE DURANTE purchased a palatial estate high in the Hollywood hills, and was so depressed by the quiet that he sold it at a huge sacrifice and moved back into the noisiest hotel on the Boulevard.

Awaiting the Stork

DOROTHY JORDAN, who wed studio executive Merian C. Cooper, months ago, will retire temporarily from pictures sometime next year to await the coming of an heir.

[*Continued on page* 81]

When Florence Desmond appeared in an act at the Café de Paris in London, no less a person than the Prince of Wales stood up to lead the applause. Hollywood heard about it, and now she will be seen soon with Will Rogers in *There's Always Tomorrow*

"AMBITION Divorce

Ernst Lubitsch, the Famous Director, Makes His Own Bold Analysis

"I don't care what you call it—incompatibility, mental cruelty or anything else. It's all meaningless! Simmer it all down and you'll find that Hollywood divorce is caused by ambition in almost every case."

LIFE in Hollywood is a sequence of marital discords, winding up with a crashing of headlined cymbals in a divorce court. There must be a reason for all these shifts and partings in marriage relationships. People just don't pop off to the nearest lawyer every time a wife looks askance at a husband or an irate hubby yelps about wifey's underdone biscuits. Like that famous breakfast food, there must be a reason.

Pyschologists, medicos, savants of all kinds—all have joined the long line of gentry who have endeavored to explain the *why* of Hollywood divorces. Everything, from Freudian complexes to opulent salaries, have been blamed for the thriving business done by our better Hollywood divorce lawyers. None of these explanations quite seem to hit the mark.

There is a heartache in every divorce, even if Hollywood seems to take its partings lightly. Beneath the careful posing before some newspaper photographer's camera or the wisecracking statement of a divorcée, there is a certain bewilderment, a certain hesitancy and, too, a certain feeling of disillusionment. The intimacies of marriage lead to a firm and friendly companionship—or they lead to the divorce court and cynicism.

That's what I thought and that's why I asked Director Ernst Lubitsch what he thought of divorce. Lubitsch, if you recall, had parted legally from his wife in 1930. He, among the many of Hollywood, has known the heartaches that come when changing times and habits dictate a change or a casting loose from earlier bonds.

For eight years, Lubitsch was a happily married man. And then, in 1930, Helen Lubitsch applied for a divorce, alleging, as do so many in Hollywood, "mental cruelty."

Lubitsch did not discuss his divorce with me. Nor did I ask him. His dark eyes clouded for a moment as, with a quick and nervous gesture, he called to mind that he, too, had once had his marital difficulties bared in a divorce court. But his divorce was not his topic. It was the divorce trend that stirred him.

We sat in his apartment at the Ambassador Hotel in New York. A tastefully-furnished sitting room was the setting. His desk was heaped with manuscripts. Lubitsch was perched in his armchair, a tiny, dynamic figure, the inevitable cigar dangling from his long and nervous fingers. His bright, snapping dark eyes looked ahead as though studying in retrospect the long list of friends who had hurried to the divorce court, there to cast off those bonds which church and clergy decree are welded by a Divine Power.

A FEW OF THE MANY HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES LAST YEAR

Maurice Chevalier-Yvonne Vallee: January 15th
Lola Lane-Lew Ayres: February 3rd
Marian Nixon-Edward Hillman, Jr.: March 20th
Janet Gaynor-Lydell Peck: April 7th
Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor: April 12th
Jack Holt-Marguerite Holt: April 19th
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.-Joan Crawford: May 12th
Stan Laurel-Lois Nielson Laurel: May 25th
Richard Dix-Winifred Coe: June 29th
Alice Joyce-James B. Regan: July 15th
Carole Lombard-William Powell: August 18th

Is to BLAME *for* *in* Hollywood!"

By Al Sherman

"WHAT is the cause of divorce in Hollywood?" I asked Lubitsch.

The answer, brief and to the point, proved that Lubitsch had given much thought to the problem:

"Ambition is the cause of all Hollywood divorces!"

Ambition—the driving force that makes masters out of servants; artists out of hacks, and geniuses out of technically-able experts.

I studied the long list of divorces during the year. I thought: It's possible. But I asked again!

"But *why* ambition? The divorce courts allege incompatibility, mental cruelty and the Lord only knows what else! just how do you explain this?"

"Listen," said Lubitsch, waving his hand energetically as though to emphasize each word. "I don't care what you call it—incompatibility, mental cruelty or anything else. It's all meaningless! Simmer it all down and you'll find that divorce was caused by ambition in almost every case. Especially when the two are creative artists.

"How can two individuals, each egotistic, each self-willed, be happy together? Marriage wasn't made for two self-centered individuals. One must forget self to live for each other. And in Hollywood that isn't being done!"

I thought of Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallee. I remembered how, two years ago, the pretty Yvonne had studied each gesture, each mannerism, each word of her husband as though the minutes of time were much too brief to take them all in. And then, a scant twelve months later, the divorce courts listed them among the casualties of marriage. Was it ambition—the ambition of two artists, each determined to wrest fame for themselves?

"Without ambition you can never hope to succeed in the arts," Lubitsch said, in further explanation. "It must be a driving ambition, one that forgets self to concentrate on a goal, a goal which, at best, is insecure. And, in forgetting self, one must forget everything else except the all-important fact that success requires every ounce of energy, every bit of human emotion, every creative urge within you.

"How can an actor, married to an actress, really be happy, unless one forgets a career to make the other's career all-important? It must be a forgiving and most tolerant wife or husband who can put up with the many-faceted changes in character required of an artist.

"SUPPOSE an actor is playing a king, a bearded, sensual, bestial king. He gets up at seven o'clock—this is Hollywood, mind you—when everyone else in his house is sleeping. For this actor is due at his studio at nine. He's not thinking, at that time, of the niceties of love. He's thinking of his rôle—if he's any sort of an actor. And he's giving it lots of thought if he's an ambitious actor.

"Well, our actor gets up at seven. He goes to his dressing table to put on his makeup. For, after all, he has to be ready for work at the appointed time. And so he is dabbing his face with cream. He is hiding his handsome profile with a beard. Can he worry about his wife at that time? He would if he were an ordinary individual—but he is an actor, and ambitious. So he forgets his wife.

"Well, several mornings like that and the wife begins to tire. That is, she will if she, too, is in pictures and must make early morning calls. And so what might have been a beautiful romance becomes a matter-of-fact thing and the inevitable end is the divorce court."

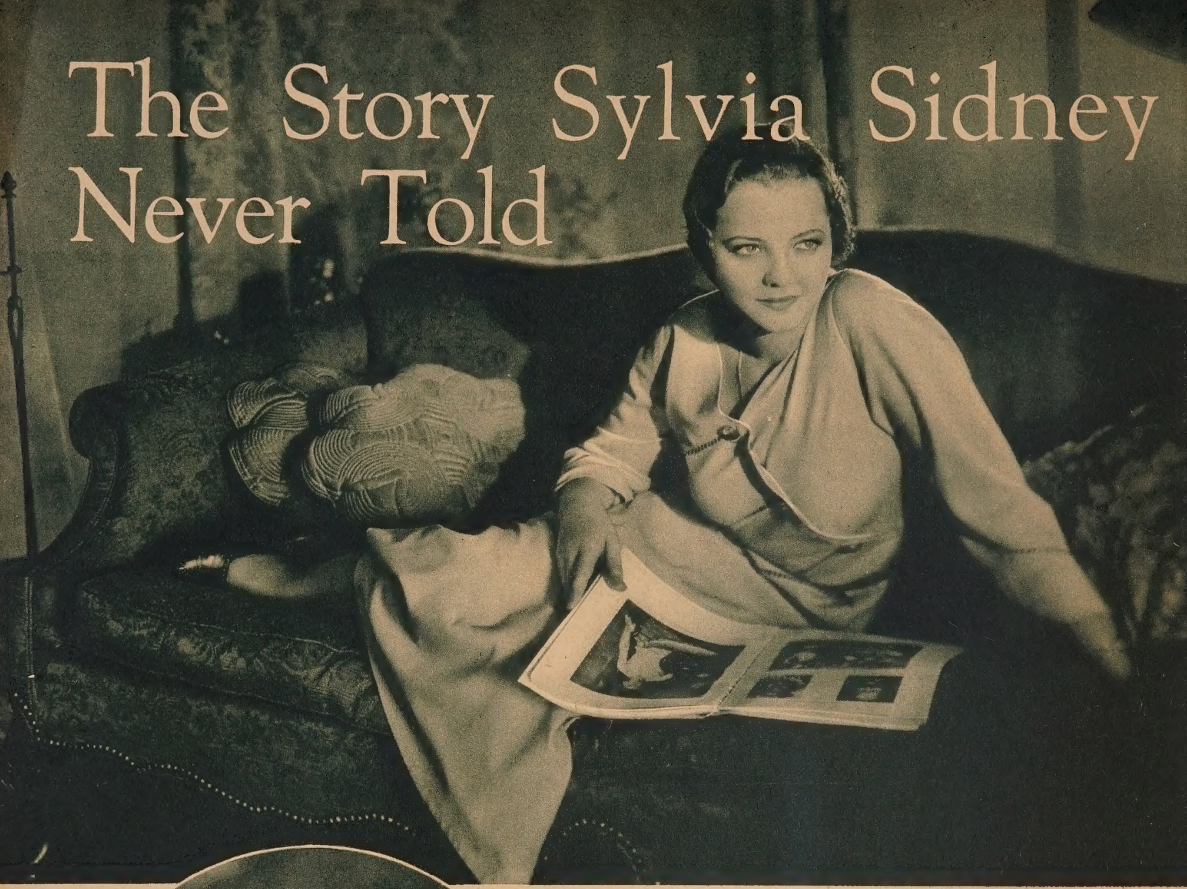
Across my mind there flashed the headlines that announced the parting between Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I remembered how devoted [*Continued on page* 80]

Mary and Doug

Carole and Bill

Joan and Doug, Jr.

The Story Sylvia Sidney Never Told



—*Exclusive to* SCREEN BOOK

Sylvia Sidney with her mother, Bea Kosow. Both kept the secret that Sylvia was not the daughter of Dr. Sigmund Sidney until a flurry of headlines revealed the truth, but that revelation could not change the star's intense devotion to her mother

From an exclusive interview with Sylvia's mother

By Radie Harris

FLASH! *Sylvia Sidney's Forgotten Father Sues Guardian!* FLASH! *Father Fights to Win Custody of Film Star!* FLASH! *Sylvia Sidney Fights Father's Custody Suit!*

Behind these screeching headlines blazoned across the front pages of every newspaper in the cities, towns and hamlets of these United States, lies a tale as dramatic and poignant as ever originated in the graphic imagination of a Hollywood scenarist!

FLASH! An imposing English mansion in Beverly Hills, the home of Sylvia Sidney, popular young screen star. Here is a symbol of fame, wealth and the world's adulation. But it is more the living monument of a mother's unselfish devotion—a devotion and an ambition fired against tremendous odds surmounting all obstacles, and now facing the embarrassment of having a distasteful episode relived on front pages.

FLASH! *AUGUST 28th, 1909!*

Beatrice, a young Russian emigrée, marries Victor Kosow. Triviality with tremendous importance—to you—and you—and you!

FLASH! *AUGUST 8th, 1910!*

Little Sylvia Kosow is born "somewhere in the Bronx!" Little Sylvia is now nine months old.

Then stark realism! Bea Kosow is abandoned with her lovely little baby without any pro- [*Continued on page* 66]

Alice Starts Another Fight

The story behind a false accusation that tested Alice White's courage under fire

By
Helen Louise Walker

ALICE WHITE is fighting again. Fighting, this time, to hold the place that she has recently regained in pictures. Life has always been a battle for Alice. From the very beginning of her picture career she has had to struggle against amazing odds.

Alice was defeated temporarily, about three years ago. She has "come back" during the past few months and, just as things seemed to be going nicely for her, the Warburton-Bartlett episode arose to drag her through the police courts and through the public prints. Another obstacle in her path. That is the way Alice sees it. And Alice must be used to obstacles by this time!

Scandal-mongers' Meat

You know about the episode, don't you? Briefly, this is what happened. John Warburton was set upon by thugs one evening and was robbed and beaten. The beating took place *after* the robbery, which seemed a little strange. Johnny reported the affair to the police and eventually those public servants snared a Martin Block and a Russell Brown who confessed to being the robbers and the beaters. But, in confessing, they set off a perfectly dandy bombshell by declaring that Cy Bartlett had hired them for the purpose, that they had been instructed originally to mar the facial contours of Mr. Warburton and to break his arms and legs—and that Cy and Alice had paid them fifty dollars for the job which they finally accomplished. (This included, I believe, a mere bruised forehead and black eye for Johnny—and the loss of twenty-five dollars.)

Knocked Out! **When thugs beat John Warburton after robbing him, Alice White, with whom he had been seen frequently, was accused with Cy Bartlett of having perpetrated the offense. Despite her innocence, Alice is perturbed over newspaper headlines that gave many a wrong impression**

According to the story told by Block and Brown, Alice had gone places with Johnny, during the time when she was estranged from Cy. Johnny had "klunked" her on the jaw one evening when he was in an obey-that-impulse mood and Alice had been annoyed about it. After she and Cy had made up, she told Cy about it—and he was annoyed, too. So, according to the story, Cy had decided that Warburton should be punished for this display of violence and he had engaged the two robust gentlemen to attend to that matter for him, for a very substantial cash consideration.

Now, when this "confession" was delivered to the police, Cy and Alice were summoned to explain their part in the affair—since the two beaters had declared that Cy had employed them but that Alice had contributed—or was to contribute—a part of the cash payment. All this led to a grand jury investigation in which Alice and Cy were completely exonerated of any complicity.

Hurtful Publicity

When Hollywood picked up its morning papers and read the account of this matter, Hollywood laughed. Well, it *was* a funny story—for everyone except the people [*Continued on page* 75]

—*Wide World*

The Winners! **Alice White and Cy Bartlett had never been able to definitely decide on marriage, even though they had been engaged for several years. It was a tiff between the two that indirectly brought on Alice's recent headline spree—and now the two definitely have decided to trod the same path. That path led to the altar only a few weeks ago**

Secret Marriage Discovered!

Lyle Talbot tells the story of his hidden romance for the first time in this exclusive story for SCREEN BOOK

By *Dick Mook*

"The Whole Trouble,"

says Lyle Talbot, in speaking of his divorce, "is that we never had any money"

Elaine Loved Lyle Talbot—

enough to end their romance and give them both a chance for success

POOR old Hollywood has been blamed for so many things that it would be funny if, for once, it should get credit for something other than a person's success. Every time a married couple arrives here and one of them becomes successful and a divorce follows, Hollywood immediately gets the blame. Wouldn't it be funny—and heart-warming—if for once Hollywood should be the means of bringing together a couple estranged before Hollywood entered into their lives?

Such a thing, so far as I can discover, is unprecedented in the annals of Hollywood history and yet it is not without the bounds of possibility.

A Strange Story

Did you know that Lyle Talbot was married—and divorced—before he ever came to Hollywood? Neither did I. And here, set down for the first time, is a true and intimate account of that marriage, as given to me by Lyle, exclusively for SCREEN BOOK's readers.

I've known Lyle for a long time but it was quite by accident I found out about his marriage. He had been hurt in an automobile accident, as you probably read, and while he was in the hospital he got scores of wires from interested girls. But the one that interested him most was one signed simply "Elaine." He was so excited over it he couldn't keep it to himself. Sick as he was, he answered it immediately, personally. And the exchange of wires and letters has continued at a great rate since his convalescence.

He finally told me that Elaine was the name of his divorced wife.

A few years ago Lyle was operating a stock com- [*Continued on page 74*]

Jewel Thieves Beware!

Lupe Velez issues a warning to gangsters who invade Hollywood

—Wide World

Jewels Worth a Fortune are worn by Lupe when she appears in public with Johnny Weissmuller, and certain death awaits the holdup artist who tries to steal them

By Whitney Williams

Not Afraid! When Lupe kisses her Johnny goodbye, she knows they are both safe from kidnapers and racketeers

LUPE VELEZ never ventures from her home without a fortune in jewels adorning her neck, clasped around her wrist or on her fingers. Where others wear paste, and leave the originals in the safety deposit vault, the fiery Mexican actress sports the real thing—but woe betide that unfortunate who attempts to rob her of her valuables.

He would be greeted with soft-nosed .44 Colts' bullets, lots of them, fired by steady hands!

Her car is a traveling arsenal. Whenever she and Johnny go out in the evening, no less than five revolvers are carried in the car . . . and a trained bodyguard follows close behind in another machine. Her chauffeur is armed with two guns, Lupe herself has a pearl-handled .38, Johnny holds a specially-constructed, machine gun-action .44 on his lap and there is another in a small side pocket of the car. Intruders would meet a warm reception.

Just For Protection

"WHEN the police of Beverly Hills hear I carry five guns, they come to me and tell me I cannot do it," Lupe says, in her rapid Mexican-English. "I tell them if I cannot carry guns I will sue them if I am held up and robbed. I will bring suit for very much money, and cost them plenty. Everybody know I will not go out and stick up somebody; I carry guns only for protection. The police finally decide it is a good thing. Anyway, then they are relieved of any responsibility in the matter.

"My chauffeur is a crack shot and so is Johnny. If anybody try to rob me there would be somebody killed. I almost shoot Jack La Rue one night at the Legion fights, when he come up to my car window suddenly as I am leaving and say, 'Stick 'em up!' I have my gun in my lap and I am just about to fire when he yell, 'Lupe, it's me, Jack. Don't shoot.' I tell him, 'You darn fool, never do that again, never have you been more close to death.' Jack is white as sheet as it is over.

"The reason I wear jewels the way I do is because I love them. They are part of me, they stand for me. But before I buy a single one for myself, I save up enough to give my mother a $50,000 trust fund, so that if anything happen to me she can live comfortably.

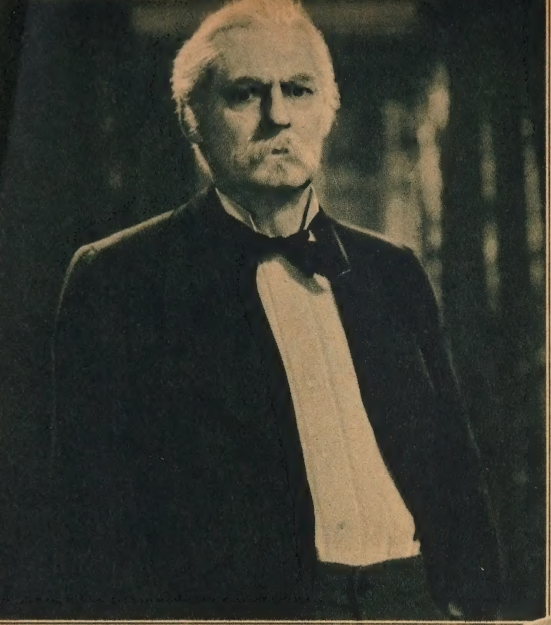
"In 1929, my friends would come to me and say, 'Lupe, put your money in stocks and bonds. You can make great deal of money, then, and retire rich.' Why should I throw my money to those wolves on Wall Street, though, I want to know. I did not listen to my friends, but bought jewelry instead, and when the crash came many of my friends lost everything and I had as much as ever. I work hard for seven years to get what I have and I live to enjoy myself, not to feather the nest of some Wall Street man."

Rare wisdom, this attitude of Lupe's. But Lupe's that way . . . her money is invested, not like others, but along lines of her own choosing.

Knows Gangsters

"PEOPLE ask me if I am not afraid to wear jewels at night. Why should I be? I have learned that gangsters and jewel thieves study the habits of anybody who has a great many jewels, before [*Continued on page* 58]

STARS in their New Roles



Lionel Barrymore is a Kentucky Colonel, suh, in *Carolina*, the new Janet Gaynor picture which also features Robert Young, Richard Cromwell and Stepin Fetchit

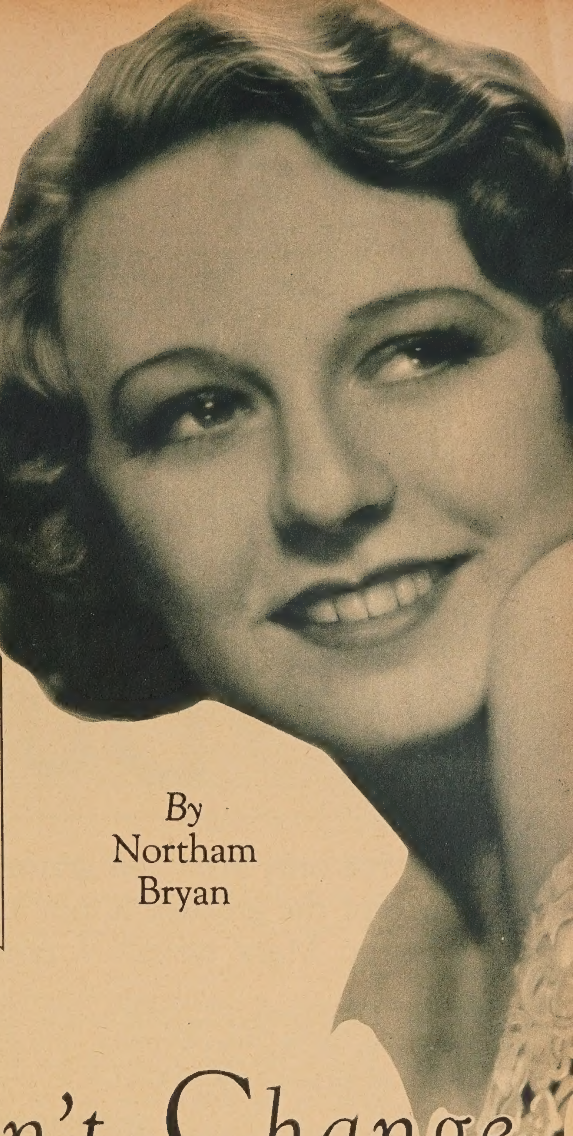
Kay Francis was never more ravishing than she appears as the adventuress in *Mandalay*, attired in a lavish costume of gold sequins

Glenda Farrell is "the best newspaper woman in skirts in New York," as she takes the rôle of the sob sister opposite Paul Muni in *Hi Nellie*

←

Big Chief Richard Barthelmess goes native again in *Massacre*, the exciting drama of early American life and the Indian's woes in mixing with the white man. The studio points to this as Dick's greatest portrayal

When the public first caught sight of John Boles' newest leading lady, Margaret Sullavan, in *Only Yesterday*, a mighty cheer went up. No one knew how she fought to keep herself totally unlike other Hollywood actresses



By Northam Bryan

One Girl They Couldn't Change

How Petite Margaret Sullavan Declared War in Hollywood

THIS is the story of a girl who refused to become beautiful. A girl who was determined to win Fame "as is" or else pass up the fickle dame as not worth cultivating. A girl who became a movie star by ignoring all the rules of the game. One who seems destined for much greater heights than the posturing, mask-faced damsels of that Never-Never land, Exotica, in the state of Ad Nauseam.

It all started the moment Margaret Sullavan agreed to go out to Hollywood for a picture. She had refused long-term contracts, having sold herself on the idea that she was not an ideal picture type. If it developed that the movies would have none of her, she had her pick of several Broadway shows.

Hailed as the most promising of the newer stage ingénues, she had been in constant demand ever since coming to New York from her native state of Virginia.

It was not an expanded cranium that prompted her attitude of independence. She simply didn't want to become one of the "lost battalion" of screen failures, forced to languish on the lots until an expired contract permits them to return to the stage. If she didn't go over in her first picture, then pictures could go hang! So she waited for what seemed the right part and then signed for ONE picture only.

ONCE agreed, the home office executives looked her over with some misgivings. She didn't look like an actress! Besides, there was the matter of a slightly uneven tooth which marred an otherwise perfect smile.

[*Continued on page 73*]

Ambassador Harpo as he looked while granting his first serious interview exclusively to SCREEN BOOK

The Marx brothers, despite their great talent, are content to remain prize idiots. Zeppo could shame Paderewski on the concert stage. Groucho is a great humorist

From DUCK SOUP

In the only interview granted before he sailed for Russia to accept the greatest honor ever accorded an American actor, Harpo Marx reveals a remarkable story to B. F. Wilson

AFTER sixteen years of non-recognition, Uncle Sam recently decided he'd better stop acting so snooty, and shake hands with the Russian Government. They sent a nice, genial fellow by the name of Litvinoff over here because he is the best hand-shaker they have, and as a result of his visit, Russia and the United States have become justlikethat.

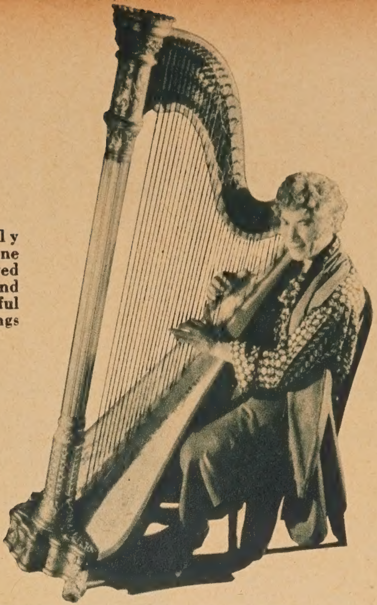
While all the excitement aroused by Litvinoff's arrival was going on, we had our own representative on his way to Russia. Only nobody knew about it! He was a sort of unofficial emissary, but at the same time a highly important one. The Russian Government had invited him over as their guest, and although Washington had not been notified about the invitation, it was a peculiar coincidence that his boat should have passed the Statue of Liberty on its way out to sea, just as the liner bearing Mr. Litvinoff was coming into New York Harbor.

The Four Marx Brothers of stage and screen fame, have had many strange things happen to them in the course of their hectic careers, but nothing half as strange as the recent presence of one of their troupe on board the Berengaria en route for Russia. About a year ago, Harpo received a very important and official-looking document from the Soviet Government. To his utter astonishment, the contents revealed the fact that he was being invited to that far-off country as a guest star for the Moscow Art Theatre. He was thrilled, needless to say, but after much negotiation back and forth—delays occasioned by film contracts and so on, he found twelve months had elapsed before he could accept the honor. However, upon finishing his work in *Duck Soup,* Harpo packed his bag, put his famous harp in chamois, and left Hollywood for New York. He stopped there just long enough to buy a half dozen collars and some harp strings, and departed again.

Harpo is the only American actor who ever has been invited by the Moscow Art Theatre to appear on that world-renowned stage. This is an honor which every fellow-professional of his envies. The high standard of their work, the renown of their technique, the skill of their players, have long been subjects of international dramatic prestige. The Soviet-trained actor or actress is conceded by theatrical critics to be superior to players of all other countries. There is a finish, a polished perfection to the talent of every member of the Moscow

RUSSIA'S LITVINOFF

Harpo is considered the phenomenon of the musical world, with his unique harp playing, and Zeppo is a wizard with the saxophone, cello and flute



Harpo's only luggage was one bag, his beloved instrument and a large handful of harp strings

to ОРЪШКИ

EDITOR'S NOTE: Harpo particularly requested that we do not reveal the meaning of the last word in the title of his story—pronounced *orwishka.* If you don't know the language he suggests that you sidle up to a Russian and say "ОРЪШКИ to you!" You can then tell friends who visit you at the nearest hospital just what the word means.

Theatre group that stamps them apart from other theatrical performers.

"The only single point upon which everybody seemed to agree," he said in discussing his trip, "was the excellence of the theatre. I've just been reading a letter from Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt," he continued. "They're over there now, and I have never heard such ravings in my life. 'You simply cannot believe what it's like,' they write. 'We both thought we knew something about the stage—we feel like ignorant children after seeing a performance here! We both want to stay and learn how to act—and some day we're going to do just that! Neither one of us will ever be satisfied again with our own pitiful little efforts on the stage until we can come back to Russia and study their methods.'

"You know," Harpo said with a smile, "I always thought the Lunts were pretty good actors, too—didn't you? Can you imagine what it must be like? I don't work up much enthusiasm about anything any more, but I certainly am looking forward to this."

"But—but how in the name of Heavens do you expect to act there," I demanded, aghast at the thought of the difficulties he was certain to encounter in a strange country. "You can't speak Russian—and they don't speak English."

"I won't have to speak," he replied tolerant of my stupidity. "You ought to know that! I haven't spoken on the stage in years. All my work will be pantomime—the same sort of thing I do on the screen and in the theatre. You see the Moscow Art Theatre is divided into three sections," he went on. "The Opera, the Drama, and the Comedy stage. I will act in the Comedy section, of course. They are putting on a musical show of some kind, and I expect to be given a sort of rôle similar to the kind I have been playing here. That's what they engaged me for, at least. That—and it seems as how they want to hear me play the harp, too. I've just been out to buy these." He showed me a small coil of various colored harp strings.

AMERICA'S HARPO

NOW I ask you, doesn't the picture of this mild young man, who looks more like an earnest student of law or psychology than an actor, traveling through Europe with a couple of bags and a huge harp wrapped in a case-covering intrigue you? Can't you imagine the faces of the customs [*Continued on page* 60]

The New Pictures

Let the stars guide you to the best movies. SCREEN BOOK'S official picture-rating method tells the story in a glance: ★★★★ Hit Picture. ★★★ Good Show. ★★ Average Movie. ★ Mediocre Offering.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO

★★★★

Lilting melodies and sparkling chorus numbers elevate *Flying Down to Rio* into the spectacular realm. The plot is set in Rio de Janiero, where Gene Raymond is an orchestra leader hired to put a hotel on its feet. Dolores Del Rio appears to beautiful advantage. Ginger Rogers and Raoul Roulien appeal with their songs.—*Radio.*

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

★★★★

Placed in charge of a lovelorn column, Lee Tracy, the hardboiled reporter, becomes Miss Lonelyhearts, and what he doesn't advise palpitating hearts is nobody's business. This type of rôle is right up Lee's alley. Sally Blane provides the romantic urge and Sterling Holloway contributes an outstanding performance. — *20th Century.*

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

★★★★

The largest cast of celebrities ever assembled in one picture make this the season's outstanding novelty. A few who appear are: Louise Fazenda, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Cary Grant, and Polly Moran. It is impossible to select the outstanding performer, although Charlotte Henry shines brilliantly. —*Paramount.*

LADY KILLER

★★★

Typically Cagney in content, even to his dragging Mae Clarke around the room by her hair, *Lady Killer* episodically depicts the rise of a theatre usher to a big shot crook and his ultimate elevation to stardom in Hollywood. Broadly satirical in its delineation of Hollywood life, the film is tip-top entertainment and packs a machine gun climax.—*Warner.*

DANCING LADY

★★★★

Bundle up in your furs and rush out to see *Dancing Lady* regardless of the weather. Joan Crawford is at her colorful best as the dancer who struggles upward from the estate of strip artist to Broadway star. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone turn in bang-up portrayals, and the stage show will please ANY audience.—*Metro.*

BY CANDLELIGHT

★★★★

Paul Lukas, Elissa Landi and Nils Asther have combined their talents to make one of the most delightfully whimsical tales of the month. Lukas and Landi are the man and maid of European royalty, each impersonating a person of quality. The total spells lightness and charm. Nils Asther is ideal as the real prince. — *Universal.*

GALLANT LADY

★★★★

Ann Harding's work has never been so impressive. As the sweetheart of a young aviator who meets a tragic death, Ann finds herself a mother—and therein lies the plot, which mainly concerns Ann's struggle to make her way in the world. Dickie Moore, as the child; Otto Kruger as the man who eventually wins Ann's heart, and Clive Brook, the understanding friend, are other important characters who contribute fine performances. Dramatic and beautifully photographed, *Gallant Lady* is strongly recommended as one of the season's best offerings.—*20th Century.*

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?

★★★

Smartly enacted and rollicking in its presentation, *Should Ladies Behave?* offers Alice Brady in another of her Mrs. Malaprop rôles, for which she is famous. As the wife of Lionel Barrymore, she convinces herself that Conway Tearle, her sister's artist boy friend, is a former lover. From this point the action skyrockets to hilarity.—*Metro.*

SITTING PRETTY

★★

Don't expect too much of *Sitting Pretty*, a ditty of two song writers who invade Hollywood. Jack Oakie and Jack Haley enact the partners, but even their trouping cannot disguise the fact that there is little novel in the film. Ginger Rogers provides the picture's romantic interest and Gregory Ratoff is amusing. Jack Oakie also delivers his usual amusing performance.—*Paramount.*

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

★★★★

Put John Barrymore in a lawyer rôle and you're guaranteed as diverting fare as any audience could wish. As a boy from the slums who rises to the heights as New York's most brilliant counsellor, Barrymore is at his best. Bebe Daniels and Isabel Jewel stand out strongly as the secretary and telephone operator, respectively.—*Universal.*

CONVENTION CITY

★★★

Offering a comical inside glimpse of the conventions as held annually in Atlantic City, opening with the mayor of the city wearily bidding adieu to one group and welcoming another. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Guy Kibbee, Dick Powell and Ruth Donnelly make this top-notch, with Kibbee stealing the heavy laughs. If you enjoy laughing, don't miss it!—*First National.*

TRIGGER

★★★★

Another great triumph for Hepburn. As the mountain girl who is a faith healer and a thieving, cursing wildcat at the same time, she makes *Trigger* a truly great picture from Lulu Volmer's play. The plot concerns the turmoil caused among the mountaineers by Katharine's misunderstood kidnaping of a baby which she intends to heal, and her infatuation with Robert Young, a mining engineer. Ideally suited to the genius of Katharine Hepburn, this picture is certain to be one of the year's most talked of productions. —*Radio.*

Additional reviews on page 82

Photos by Hurrell

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

In 1934 we resolve to see every one of Jean Harlow's pictures at least once—and if they are as remarkable as *Blonde Bombshell*, twice will hardly be enough. We resolve to give the fans portraits of Miss Harlow as fast as she can have them taken, because we feel that in 1933 Jean has taken more rapid strides toward a complete mastery of her art than any other young actress we know. We are surprised at her genius, charmed with her platinum beauty and wholly fascinated by her off-screen personality. A beautiful, perfect gardenia to you, Miss Harlow! *The Editors*

"I'll Never *Be Afraid* Again!"

Claudette Colbert recounts the most unusual experience of her career

—Richee

"It is being unafraid of things—things like hard work and disappointment that makes a trouper. I think I am just beginning but that I have had my first lesson"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has had an amazing experience. Something which has changed her whole attitude toward herself, something which has done important things for her, something which she will never forget, as long as she lives. One of those milestones which occur in everyone's life. And it was nothing at all except a location trip!

To make you understand how important this could be to Claudette, I shall have to begin by explaining that she is known among her friends as the most "luxurious" woman in Hollywood. Other actresses may have larger houses and employ more servants. But there are few people in Hollywood who understand and require the exquisite niceties of daily life as does Claudette. She has the fastidious respect of the cultivated Frenchwoman for the care and comfort of her person. Her home, while it is not large or pretentious, is elaborately dainty and *comfortable.* Her lingerie is made to order for her in Paris. Her perfumes are especially blended for her.

She has had three different houses since she has been in Hollywood—and each one, although it might be merely rented and a temporary dwelling—has been redecorated and refurnished to suit her own discriminating taste. Her bedroom is a poem. She is one of the very few actresses in Hollywood who employs a personal maid to look after her at home as well as one at the studio. She . . . well, you see what I mean!

When she was cast for the De Mille picture, *Four Frightened People,* and told that they would go to Hawaii on location, she was extremely pleased. She had never been to Hawaii.

"I thought that we should stay at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and that we should work in the daytime on lovely tropical beaches and in beautiful forests," she told me. "The sort of things you read about. I really thought that it would be more like a vacation than a job . . . Oh, I was very thrilled!"

De Mille left Hollywood a few days before the rest of the company to make preliminary arrangements. The day before the company was to sail, Claudette was taken to the hospital for a serious operation. "Oh, please, please keep my part in the picture for me!" she begged. "I'll be able to come in about two weeks. I promise!" They kept it for her.

The preparations in the Islands occupied the company through almost all of her too brief convalescence. Three weeks after she entered the hospital, she arrived in Honolulu, accompanied, at her doctors' insistence, by a nurse.

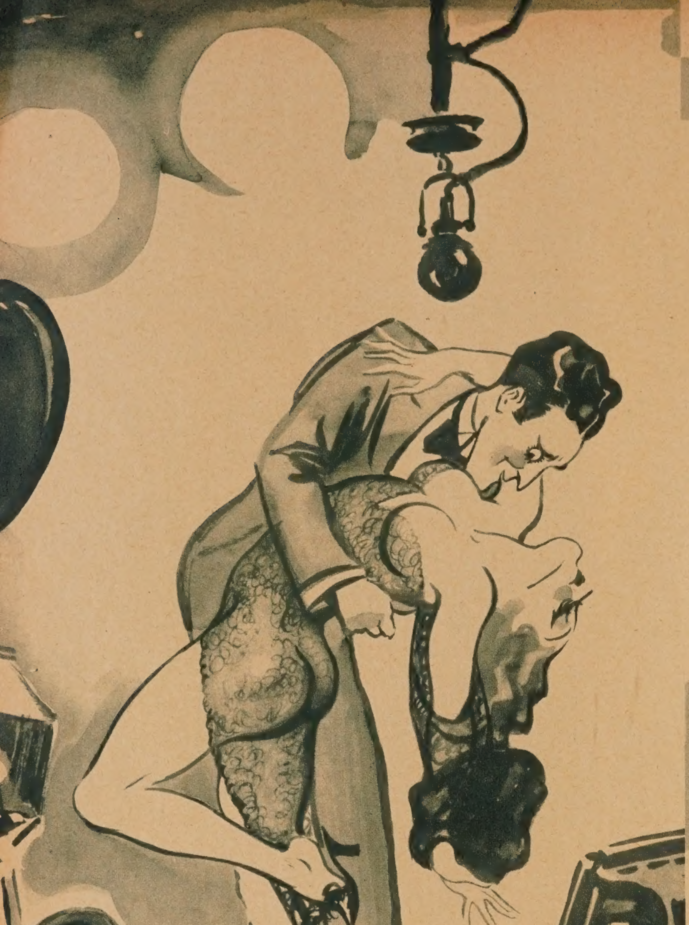
"You should have seen me!" she giggled, telling me about it. "I weighed one hundred and one pounds and my knees stuck out like cocoanuts. When Mr. De Mille looked at me, he gave one disgusted snort. Fortunately the girl in the story was supposed to look unattractive at the beginning! And we shot in sequence . . ."

They had dinner at the Royal Hawaiian and sailed away the next morning to another island. That day she worked in the ocean which was not nearly as warm, somehow, as she had expected a tropical ocean to be. There was no large and beautiful hotel, either. There was a small village inn, with primitive accommodations. No perfumed, carefully tempered bath each morning, no hand-wrought linen sheets, no . . . well, it was a South Sea village inn!

Claudette came down with intestinal "flu", developed a temperature of a hundred and five and was seriously ill for several days. The first day that her temperature approached normal, she went to work in a swamp.

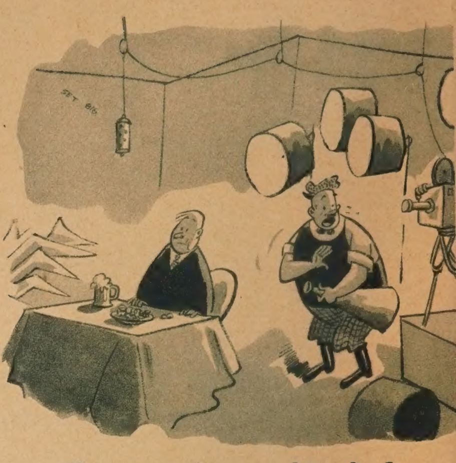
A primitive road had been cut through the dense kau forest on the mountain- [*Continued on page* 61]

By Helen Louise Walker



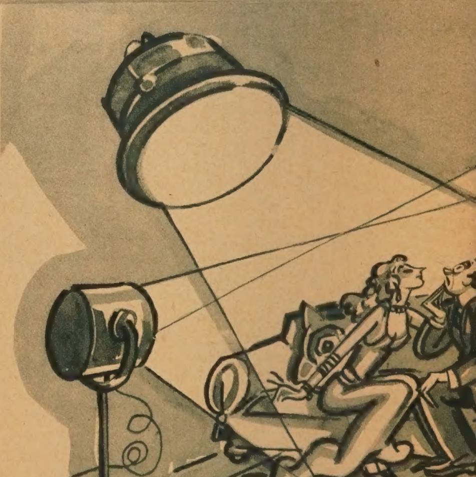
"Surely you remember me, Miss Flutter-bye—why it was only last week that we eloped to Yuma!"

Where America's



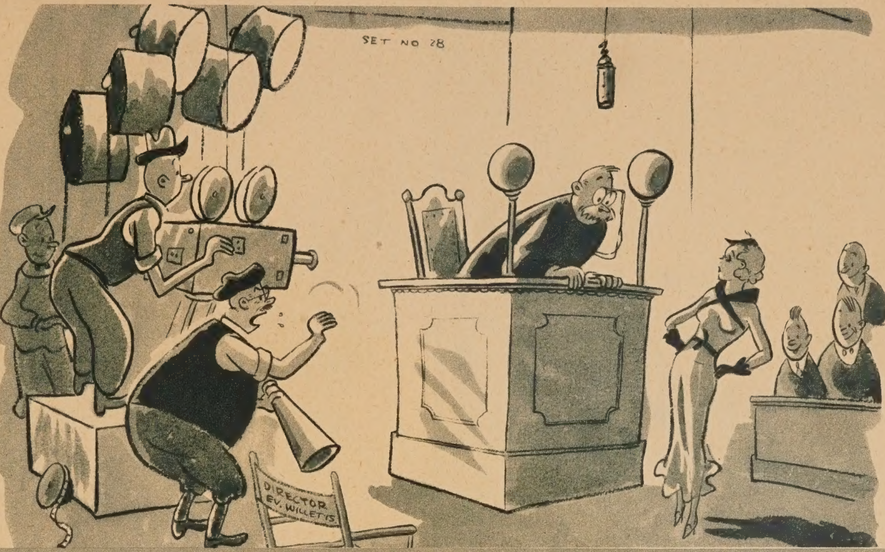
"Better cut that sound track, Joe —looks like he may burp again!"

HERE'S



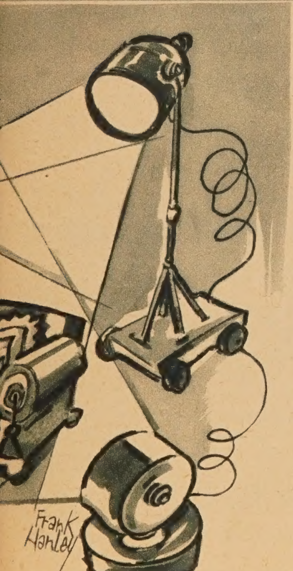
Miss Yarbo, the movie star. entertains

Most Famous Cartoonists Gleefully Poke Fun at the Movies

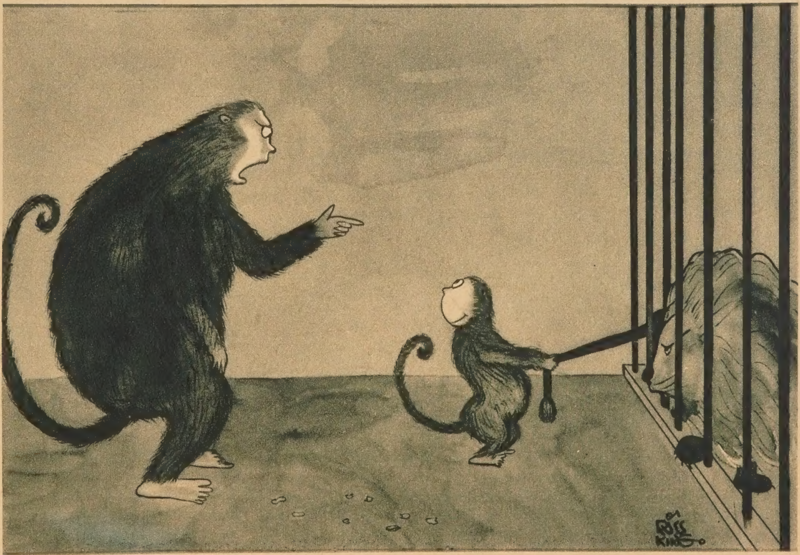

SET NO 28
DIRECTOR EV. WILLETTS

"Well, make up your mind! Either she's guilty or she's not guilty — you are holding up the picture!"

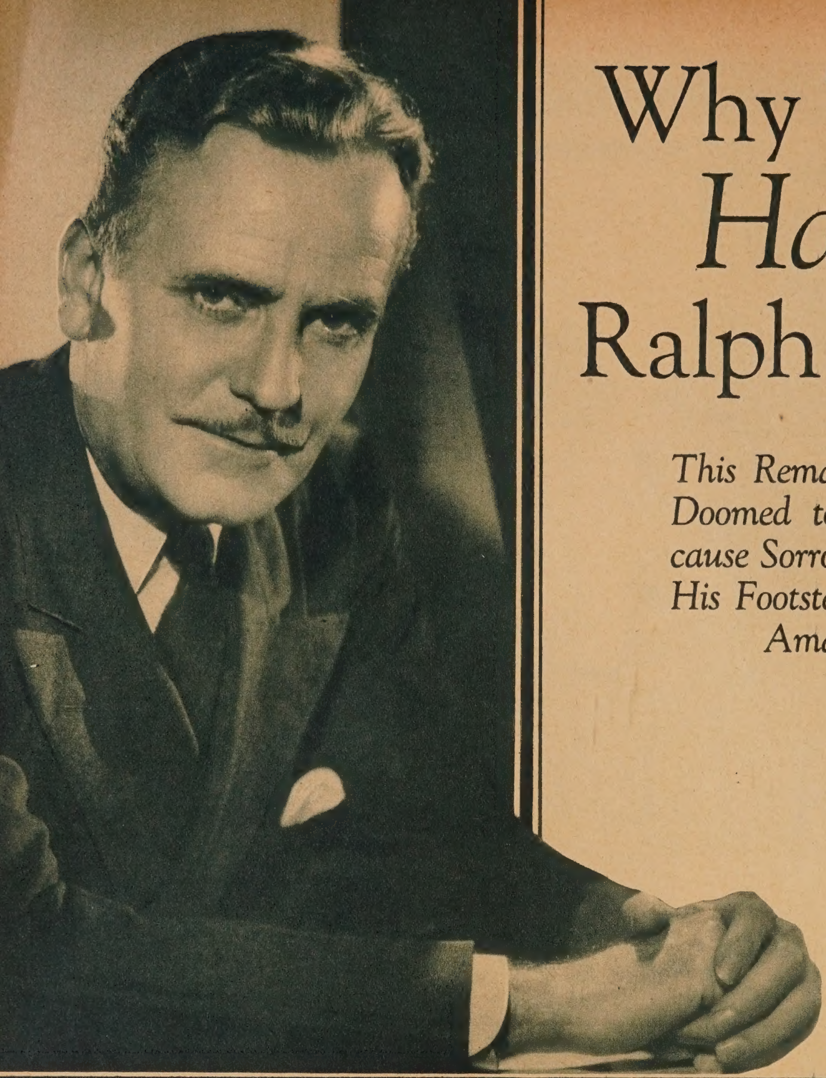
HA-HA-LLYWOOD!


Frank Hanley

her boy friend at home



"Just wait 'til your old man gets back from Hollywood!"



Why Tragedy *Haunts* Ralph Morgan

This Remarkable Actor is Doomed to Sad Rôles Because Sorrow Has Dogged His Footsteps Through an Amazing Life

An Interview
with the popular
Fox Star

by DENA REED

THERE is a side of Ralph Morgan that only his family knows. Perhaps you have wondered why he is so often cast in tragic rôles: The Czar Nicholas in *Rasputin,* poor Charley in *Strange Interlude,* the heartbroken father who must put his career as judge before his fatherhood in *The Mad Game.*

Ralph Morgan would like to play high comedy like his brother Frank, but tragic rôles continue to be his forte and in his heart, Ralph cannot blame the Hollywood dictators who have made him the leading exponent of tragedy. The picture companies know that he has a remarkable grasp of these parts. What they do not know is how Ralph got this understanding of tragedy.

Ralph Morgan's life has been a succession of tragic incidents. They began even before his birth. He rarely speaks of them. Today you find him a delightful person with a charming sense of humor.

On his vacation East to visit his mother who is now eighty years old, he fulfilled a vaudeville engagement in which he came out on the stage and told a number of pleasant Hollywood anecdotes. The audiences chuckled and guffawed and Ralph had a great time making them laugh—it was a relief from his tragic rôles in pictures. To the people who heard him, he was an actor to whom only seemingly amusing things have happened. How far from the truth!

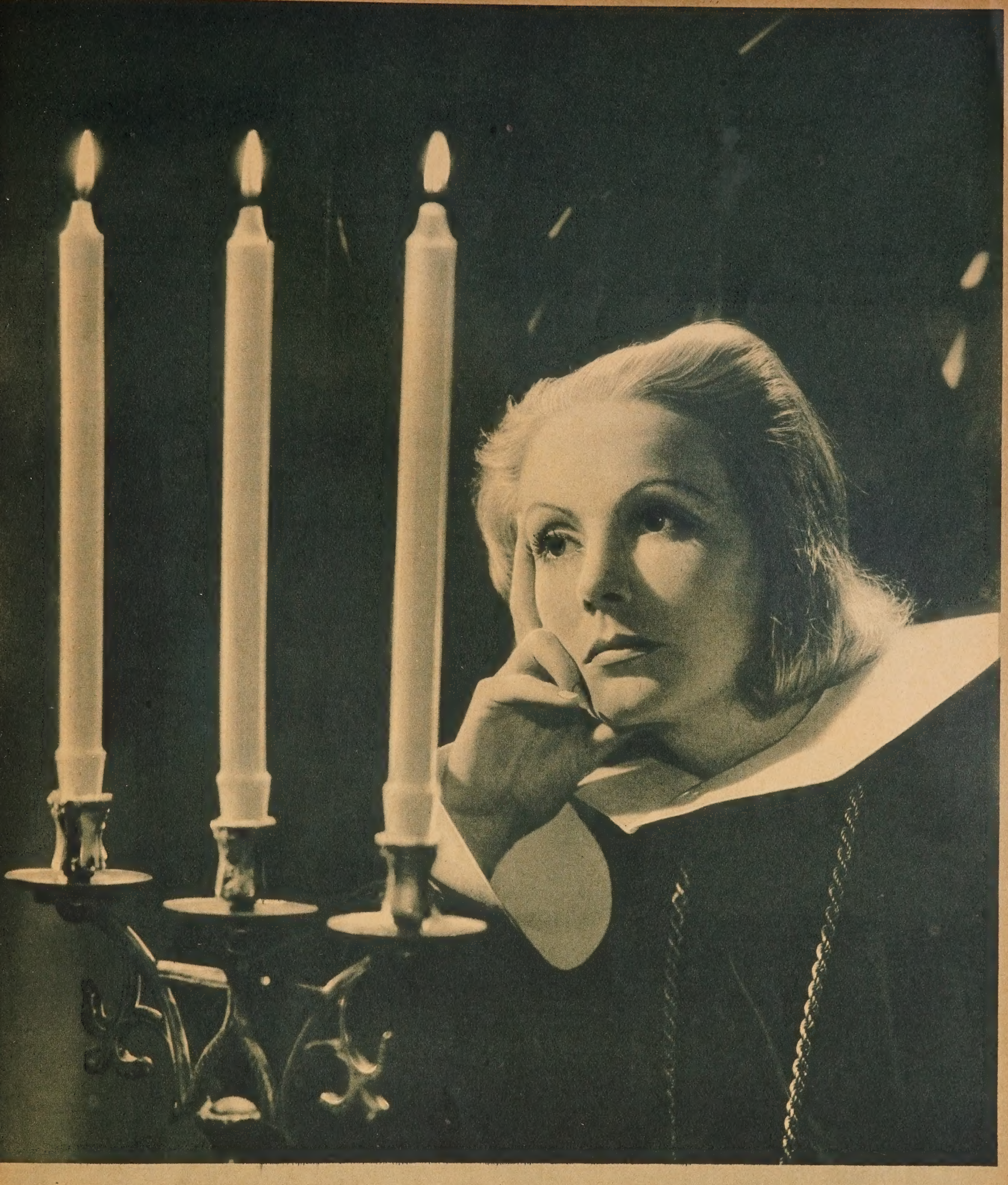
RALPH MORGAN was one of eleven children, three of whom died. Ralph "came in the middle" with Carlos his favorite brother, a year younger. I will tell you about him later.

Ralph's first introduction to tragedy happened when he was a tot.

"I remember my mother bringing some friends up to the nursery to see the children," he told me. "I was perfectly happy playing with my toys but one woman remarked with a shudder 'What sad eyes that child has!' At first it puzzled me because I was perfectly content, but I got used to expecting such an observation from visitors."

It did not puzzle Ralph's mother. She sighed and attributed it to prenatal influence for before Ralph was born she had lost her sister whom she loved very dearly and it was a great blow to her. Whether one believes

[*Continued on page* 69]



AT LAST!
Garbo Gives In

Despite tearful pleas of studio officials, Garbo adamantly refused to face the portrait camera until she had finished *Queen Christina*. But just as SCREEN BOOK was going to press Clarence Sinclair Bull lured her into his studio, and this is the striking result—bringing Garbo up to date for the first time in two years

MOVIE EAVESDROPPING

By RADIE HARRIS

RALPH MORGAN "in person" at Loew's State theatre. . . . *The Mad Game,* with Spencer Tracy and RALPH MORGAN at the old Roxy. . . . Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy and FRANK MORGAN at the Capitol. . . . CLAUDIA MORGAN in the cast of *Thoroughbred* opening at the Vanderbilt Theatre. . . .

The house of Morgan is well represented on Broadway these days. Ralph, the senior member of the tribe who is always being mistaken for Frank, who is always being mistaken for Ralph, thought that it might help to reveal their true identities if he came to New York for a personal appearance. Alas for such optimism! After explaining to crowded theatre audiences just who Frank was and who he was, he was greeted at the stage door by a fan who congratulated him on his performance in *When Ladies Meet* and told him how much she admired his sister, Helen Morgan!

Joan Does The Town

WHEN Joan Crawford plans to visit New York she goes about it very systematically. She puts in a long distance call to her favorite "genie," Milton Beecher of the Metro East Coast publicity department, who prepares for her arrival with all the elaboration lavished on a visiting potentate. He picks an exclusive hotel which features a suite of rooms with a large, sunny bedroom, a dressing room, bathroom with enclosed shower, drawing room with open fireplace, a serving room with Frigidaire and an extra bedroom for the maid, Alice. Joan's hotel rooms must be on one of the lower floors for she has a great fear of height.

On this last trip Joan delighted the fans by appearing at the opening of Eskimo *with Franchot Tone, who happened to be in town at the same time.*

Bebe Buys In

BEBE DANIELS, successful in marriage, motherhood and a career is now going into business in partnership with Pauline Gallagher (Mrs. Skeets to you). They are opening a shop in Westwood Village, where Milady may come to buy the latest in sport clothes and evening togs.

In preparation for their grand opening, Bebe and Pauline came East for a ten days' shopping orgy. No two lady buyers ever worked harder. At eight o'clock every morning they

More newlyweds! Verna Hillie, one of the pert winners of Paramount's "Panther Woman" contest succumbs to the wooing of Frank Gill, radio performer. Here they are, just after the "I do's"

Two new movie beauties, June Gale and Bonny Bannon, had to go to court to have their contracts approved because they are minors. Both girls are signing $75 a week pay checks now

Al Jolson has temporarily deserted Broadway to face the screen again in *Wonder Bar.* This photo shows him on the set during the first day of shooting on what may be his last picture

The Amazing Morgans Invade New York—Checking Up on Joan Crawford—Bebe Daniels' Shopping Orgy—Miriam Hopkins Returns to the Stage—Katharine Hepburn Baffles Reporters—What the Stars Are Doing on Broadway

left their hotel and did not return until every exclusive wholesale house had been ransacked of choice finery. This new venture will not interfere with Bebe's screen career. She is currently seen in *Counsellor-at-Law,* with John Barrymore, and reports soon to Warner Brothers for another picture.

Miriam Sails In

MIRIAM HOPKINS returns to the stage to star in Jezebel, *replacing Tallulah Bankhead who is still ill. The Hopkins gal, who turned in such a super-excellent performance in* Design for Living *is so thrilled to get back to these parts.*

Hepburn No Talk

KATHARINE HEPBURN, arriving in town to make a holiday debut in a stage play, simply wouldn't have a thing to do with reporters. Not because Katy doesn't like them, understand, but simply for the reason that she had only ten days to memorize the lines she had to send out over the footlights. And if you don't think learning script is a task, try it!

Thissa And Thatta

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone presented the Group Theatre (Franchot's Alma Mater) with a nice check when they launched their new season. . . . That was Director William Van Dyke, playing the captain of the Mounted Police in Eskimo. . . . *Douglass Montgomery flew East to do one of several plays offered him, and spent his first evening in town seeing* Let 'Em Eat Cake *on account of Lois Moran is playing the feminine lead. . . . Lilyan Tashman's Yuletide giftie from Eddie Lowe is a gold vanity case encrusted with sapphires. . . . Ruby Keeler's family—mother, father, four sisters and brother—have motored to Hollywood to spend the winter with her.*

Dressing The Lily

LILYAN TASHMAN flew into town for a few days before dashing off to Chicago, where she was booked for a series of personal appearances. Leave it to Lil to crowd into those few days more than anyone else possibly could and live to tell about it afterward!

Of course, the *piece de resistance* of her personal appearance was the stunning wardrobe designed by Travis Banton—an eye-filling white evening cape lined in green and embellished with a white fox stole . . . a luscious white satin evening gown with a long train and a tunic top made entirely of mirrors . . . and a white feathered negligee. Ho hum, I'd hate to see the bill for all of that!

Scene In A Day

JUDITH ANDERSON, Harry Bannister, Claudia Morgan, Fannie Brice, Georgie Jessell and Ethel Merman lunching at Sardi's. . . . Aline MacMahon rushing backstage to congratulate Frances Fuller on her

[*Continued on page 76*]

Katharine Hepburn goes primitive in *Trigger,* her newest picture, finished in a rush to allow her to accept a stage rôle. Katy is snubbing reporters completely these days

—Wide World

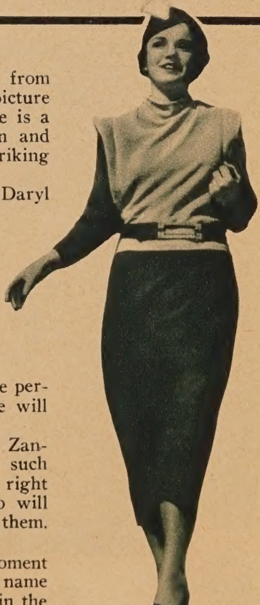
Maureen O'Sullivan may be a bride soon. The lucky man is Johnny Farrow, a prominent movie scenario writer and popular man-about-Hollywood. Maureen refuses to say just when the wedding bells will ring out

—Wide World

First interview with the wealthy Janet Snowden, who starts her movie career by turning down the best offers of Cinemaland's studios

By Lew Garvey

HOLLYWOOD *Robs* Fifth Avenue



PERIODICALLY one may expect from Cinemaland a statement by a motion picture producer lamenting the fact that there is a scarcity of stellar material for the screen and that the search is still on for new faces, striking personality et al.

Latest of the statements comes from Daryl Zanuck, Twentieth Century chief, who laments because it seems impossible to get the combination so dear to the producers' heart—a girl who has both brains and beauty.

"Invariably," quotes Mr. Zanuck "when we find beauty we find the brain element lacking; when we find brains there is an all too common lack of beauty. Could we find both embodied in one personality there is no limit to the price we will pay."

All of which leads us to suggest to Mr. Zanuck and all other producers in search of such talent that they have such a girl camping right on their doorsteps. A beautiful girl who will shortly be in a position to talk terms with them.

The girl is Janet Snowden.

The name does not mean much, at the moment to Hollywood, but it is a quite well-known name in Paris, in Nice, in Spain, in Rome and, in the United States, in the social circles of Newport, Rhode Island and Southampton, Long Island.

In New York the Snowden townhouse is at 960 Fifth Avenue, to be exact, thus, if and when Miss Snowden signs a contract to appear in motion pictures, she cannot be referred to as a "Park Avenue Debutante."

Just a few years ago three very pretty girls were chums at a fashionable finishing school at Aiken, South Carolina.

They were listed in the school records as Barbara Hutton, Doris Duke and Janet Snowden. Janet and Doris Duke roomed together and the three were classed as the wealthiest heiresses in America.

The three were intensely interested in dramatics, took part in several school plays and had visions of enacting rôles in stage plays at some future time.

Eventually Barbara Hutton married one of the Prince Midvani group; Doris Duke is still traveling around the world and Janet Snowden is in Hollywood.

THE writer climbed one of the Hollywood hills, "close in," as the realtors like to say, and found the girl of wealth very happily located in a Spanish type home, quite pretty, most comfortable and high enough to afford a view of Hollywood proper from its living room windows.

Quite a contrast from the Snowden mansion on Fifth Avenue in

[*Continued on page 77*]

— CHARM —

MASKS- a New Aid to Beauty

Try the Hollywood method of creating facial loveliness!

By Janet Lynn

FACIAL masks were discovered thousands of years ago by the lovely women of Egypt and Greece. One of the few beauty aids available, they were used faithfully by these beauty seekers and were popularly known as "Husband Masks." The inference we draw, these centuries later, is that they were extremely helpful not only in ensnaring husbands but in holding them.

It is no wonder that masks have enjoyed a revival of interest in our contemporary modern days for they are ideally adapted to our needs. There is scarcely a woman today, whether she is a Hollywood star or a stenographer in Wall Street, who does not, for the most part, lead what is usually called "a hectic life." Both work and play are done intensively, and that delightful old custom, the beauty nap, is about as obsolete as crinoline. Yet, in spite of all this activity, the modern woman must keep her skin as flawless and fresh looking as was her more leisured grandmother's. And that is where the face mask enters!

There is no other cosmetic agent that is so well adapted to provide tired, sluggish, neglected skin with a "quick pick-up." The purpose of a face mask is to cause an increase of blood circulation, removal of superfluous oily skin secretions, reduction of the activity of the sebaceous glands and contraction of the pores. As soon as this is done, the skin looks cleaner, rosier and revived, while its texture is noticeably finer and smoother. Perhaps the most delightful result of all is that the skin *feels* well groomed and refreshed. All of this is achieved in a matter of twenty or thirty minutes at home, while a professional facial treatment requires an hour or two and costs twenty times as much.

Miss Andre always cleanses the face carefully before applying the new beauty mask

Janet Lynn's Free Advice Will Answer Your Beauty Problems

Occasionally every woman is perplexed by a personal beauty problem. You need have no hesitancy about bringing yours to the attention of Janet Lynn. She will gladly write you a FREE personal letter if you address her at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (U. S. Postage only.)

Complete relaxation during the application of the new facials is advised by Lona Andre and other popular screen beauties who make use of this new home beauty aid regularly

Of course it is important to use only the better type of mask, and one that is especially adapted to the needs of your skin. If your skin is coarse-pored, oily, with stubborn blackheads and frequent pimples, you should use a pack of the clay type. There is one on the market that lends itself to two different types of "home facials." Depending on the condition of your skin and the amount of leisure time you have for the treatment, you can apply this mask in a thick coating over your face and throat (and your shoulders and arms, if you like) and relax for a half hour or more while the mask is drying; or you can apply a thin film of it on your face that will require only ten or fifteen minutes to dry.

The procedure for applying this mask is simple. First, remove all tight, uncomfortable clothing that would prevent your body from relaxing completely. Cover the hair with a towel. Cleanse the skin in the usual way and then hold two or

[*Continued on page* 56]

Betty Offers NEW

● Two distinctive new patterns are offered in the Betty Furness wardrobe posed exclusively for SCREEN BOOK. Take advantage of this opportunity to secure chic creations this inexpensive way by placing your order today

Betty Furness models her new "dutch boy" cap of eel gray rabbit's hair, featuring the jaunty twin quills

AMONG Hollywood's younger actresses, Betty Furness is considered a fashion leader. Her frocks are always chic and up-to-the-minute. This month SCREEN BOOK offers its readers the opportunity to possess duplicates of this lovely player's newest creations.

Pattern B213 has a decidedly new shoulder treatment in the pleated capelet which gives the effect of wide shoulders. The inverted tuck down the front and back is remarkably effective. The material is of brown rough crêpe with a touch of color—orange—in the buckle. Order patterns in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch fabric.

Pattern B214, an unusual dress, has two interesting features—the puff sleeves and the buttons halfway down the back. This dress depends entirely on the fabric used for its degree of formality. It may be made up in any combination of colors and materials desired. Order patterns in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch fabric and 1¼ yards contrasting. Entire frock in one color requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric.

All patterns 15c. SCREEN BOOK's new Spring Pattern Magazine, containing many delightful advance season creations, and one pattern are offered for the combination price of 25c.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed............send me the Betty Furness frock pattern,

☐ No. B213 Size.......... ☐ B214 Size..........☐ Spring Pattern Book

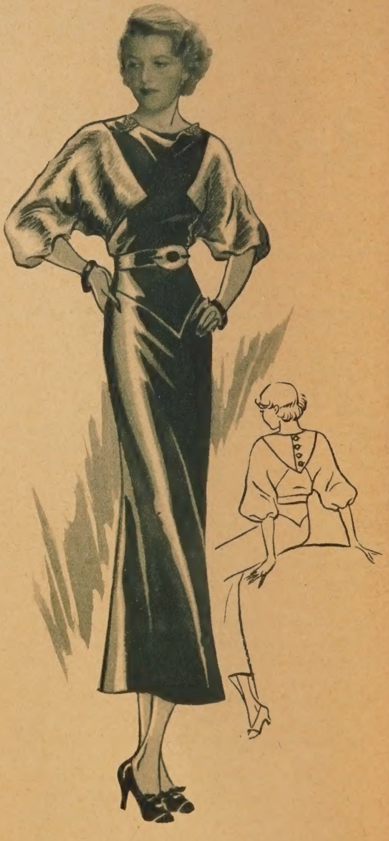
(Place checks in squares to indicate your order).

Name ....

Street ....

City ....State ....

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

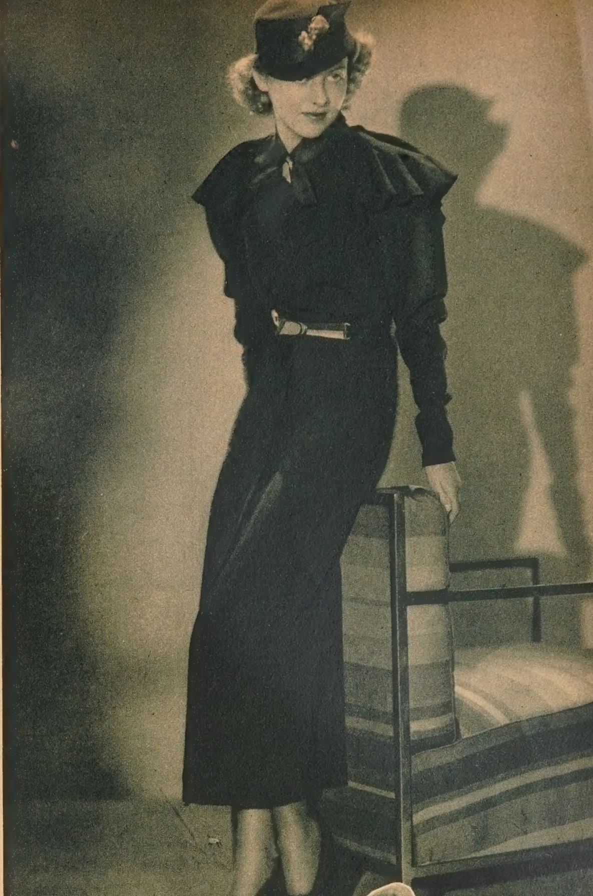


Pattern B 214, a smart new informal frock

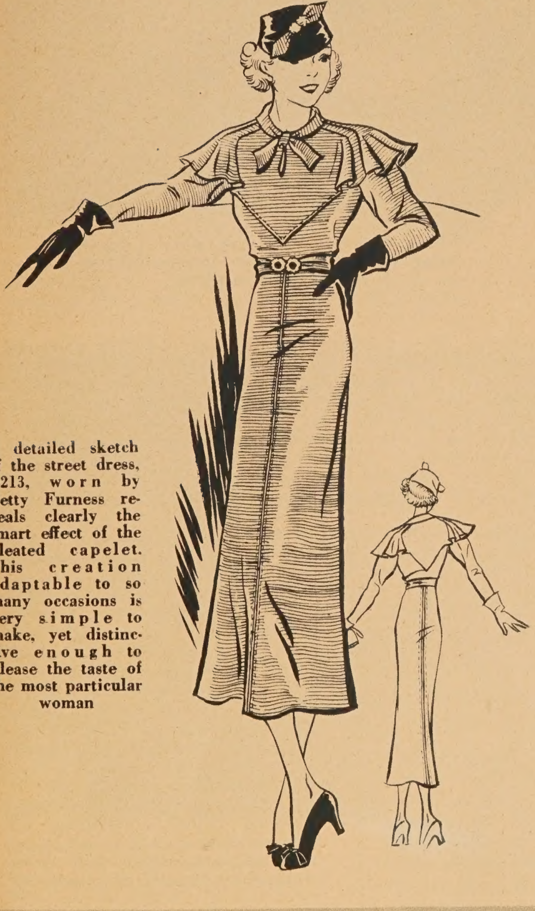
CHARM Possess an Exclusive Hollywood Model!

Furness Her FROCKS

● SCREEN BOOK'S Spring Pattern Magazine is now ready. One of the stunning innovations offered in this publication is a page of baby fashions modeled by Baby LeRoy. Those who sew for youngsters will be delighted with this feature



Betty Furness as she appears in her favorite afternoon creation of brown rough crêpe. A touch of color is added by a gay orange buckle



A detailed sketch of the street dress, B213, worn by Betty Furness reveals clearly the smart effect of the pleated capelet. This creation adaptable to so many occasions is very simple to make, yet distinctive enough to please the taste of the most particular woman

Another fashionable Betty Furness frock is this red wool suit designed by Walter Plunkett. The hat is of the same material as the suit, which, although not offered in the pattern service, may be closely matched at leading department stores anywhere

COME INTO Pert Kelton's Kitchen

A movie favorite reveals her tea time food secrets

By Jewel Smith

Pert Kelton finds an electric mixer a handy gadget to save time for the hostess who does her own kitchen chores

SO YOU want to entertain! But it's such a job, you say. Planning, buying, preparing, getting yourself into a state of nerves up to the very moment guests start arriving. But wouldn't it be nice if *you* could look forward to afternoon tea, for instance, with the same pleasant anticipation as the invited guests? Well, you can!

Pert Kelton, our hostess for this month, says so, and Pert, as you should know by now, has ideas!

"I may not be the kind of a cook husbands cry for, but I do know something about chucking a tea party," says she. And what could be more appropriate for the wintry months?

"All right, here we go! In the first place, according to my menu, it won't be necessary to buy out the neighborhood delicatessen and grocer. Too many of us allow our Epicurean tendencies to run rampant with the result that our final table looks something like a jig-saw puzzle with none of the dishes fitting in with the one next to it.

"In my opinion, a tea, luncheon, buffet, or supper should be like a lovely dress—beautiful in its simplicity.

"To most of us, perhaps, the words 'tea party' will limit our menu to dainty sandwiches and petit-fores. However, according to all new gospels of correct entertaining, a salad should and must be included —preferably something in gelatine. And what terror that last word holds for many of us! I'm going to give you a recipe, however, in which I have implicit faith, despite the fact that gelatine is its foundation.

"Select a can of best brand solid pack tomatoes (the large can will serve four), and separate the juice. Into this absorb two envelopes of the gelatine which comes four in a package. Allow to stand for about twenty minutes. Then dissolve it with two cups of boiling water and add a cup of sugar. Select from the can as many solid tomatoes as it contains, place in moulds, and over them slice green pepper and parsley. Pour the gelatine then over the whole, and set in frigidaire until ready for serving, preferably the next day. Then serve on a salad plate garnished with large lettuce leaves or parsley spotted by three bright red radish roses. A teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing may give the final touch. Muffin tins make excellent moulds, by the way.

"JUST possibly you'd like something to make your friends gasp even more, in which case here's an exceptionally delightful salad, albeit not so substantial as the first.

"Fittingly this is called 'The Bird's Nest.' White heart-leaves of lettuce are curled about to simulate nests, while in each of the hollows are placed little speckled eggs made of cream-cheese rolled into shape and sprinkled with finely chopped parsley. French dressing to animate the whole may be cunningly hidden away under the leaves of the dainty nests.

"So much for salads. Now for that most important of all things—sandwich fillings. Following are some delicious ones from which not more than a variety of four should be selected. [*Continued on page 79*]

Pert's Brand New Mayonnaise Recipe

Yolk of two eggs. Beat and add teaspoonful mustard dissolved in juice of two lemons and two teaspoonfuls vinegar, one of salt and a half of pepper. Pour salad oil in gradually until you have the desired amount and mix.

Dietrich *the* Divine *Plays* CATHERINE *the* GREAT

—Photos by Don English

Marlene Dietrich has her coiffure arranged by Louise Dresser to fit the ducal crown she must wear during the ceremony uniting her in marriage with the Grand Duke

Marlene has a new fellow actor in the person of Sam Jaffe, famous Broadway character actor who makes his screen début as the imbecilic Grand Duke Peter in *Catharine the Great*

More regal than ever—Marlene Dietrich, as she appears in the rôle of Russia's most beautiful ruler, dressed in a quaint eighteenth century costume

Left: Marlene's new leading man, the socially prominent John Lodge, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Imperial Court at Moscow

"Maiden's Prayer"
...a soft smooth skin

● **Maiden's prayer — matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth skin."**

Day in and day out—you *must* protect your skin against blemishes and ageing. And day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balm will *guarantee* you skin beauty that men will adore and women will envy.

This famous, *original* skin softener conquers chapping and roughness *more quickly* than anything you have ever used before. Perfectly *safe*, too. No caustic bleaches, no drying astringents. Here is a scientific blend of 16 ingredients—a formula invented by an internationally known, Italian dermatologist—that will keep your skin satiny smooth regardless of the weather or the tasks your hands must do.

Italian Balm spreads widely—lasts long. Every package—35c, 60c and $1.00 bottle, and 25c tube—bears the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.

Campana's
ITALIAN
BALM
THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in tubes, 25¢

Free
CAMPANA SALES CO.,
2821 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm — FREE and postpaid

Name
Street
City State
If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., FG-2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

Masks—A New Aid to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 51]

three towels which have been immersed in hot water to the face. This steaming of the skin should last only a moment or two. Then, without drying the face, smooth the mask on the skin as evenly as possible, whether it is to be a thin or heavy application. With this completed, lie down and rest while the mask is drying.

The psychological value of this rest period connected with mask treatments is never underestimated by the manufacturers of masks. They realize that the physical relaxation, the casting aside of nagging worries is almost as important in beautifying the skin as the beneficial ingredients in the pack itself. So you must not think that you can cheat by "working around the house" or manicuring your nails while the pack is drying, and achieve the best results. You will be much disappointed. Write to me for the trade name of this mask I have been discussing, if your skin is oily and coarse. You will find it excellent in clearing up dull, sallow skin, too. The price is fifty cents and $1 a tube.

MOST women with dry skins feel that facial masks are not for them. They have discovered that the chemical ingredients of many of the clay masks used successfully by oily-skinned individuals, are too harsh and irritating for their delicate, sensitive skins. But they still long for a non-irritating mask that will stimulate the skin just enough and help to eradicate encroaching lines and wrinkles. A successful preparation of this type was introduced only recently. Used in connection with several rich creams especially adapted to the parched skin, it is a delicately scented, creamy liquid that hardens on the skin to a rubber-like mask. This mask cannot be removed with water, like clay preparations, but must be pulled away from the skin in one piece.

The first step in giving yourself a "facial" with this mask or mould is to cleanse the skin with the special cleansing cream that accompanies the mould. The second step, after the cleansing cream is removed with tissues, is to massage the rich nourishing cream into the skin generously. The third step, to dip the tube containing the mould in hot water until it is liquefied, and then to apply it with the fingers, as hot as the skin can bear it. Step number four, of course, is to rest for thirty minutes.

While you are resting, the heat of the mould is forcing the cream into the dry skin, making it expand. At the same time, the mould is cooling from the outside and contracting. These two opposing actions result in a gentle pressure or "ironing." This "ironing" causes lines to disappear and forces out foreign material clogging the pores. Then, when the mould is loosened and removed, it creates a powerful suction that reaches down into the pores and lifts out all impurities and at the same time causes pleasantly stimulating friction. A light, cooling astringent lotion is applied after the mould is removed and before makeup is applied. This treatment given once a week keeps the most difficult skin in excellently toned condition. A trial set of the five creams and a tube of the mould cost $1. Larger sizes can be purchased, too. I shall be glad to send you the name and address of the manufacturer of this unique beauty mould.

AND now for a brief spot-lighting of some interesting newcomers on the cosmetic stage. For the person who is dissatisfied with both soap-and-water and cream cleansing agents, there is a new type of cleanser on the market called a "wash." It is a thick liquid containing minute mineral granules in addition to a vegetable extract and a cleansing liquid, and it really does the most thorough and workmanlike job of removing embedded grime that I have witnessed these many years. You simply wet your skin with hot water and then rub a few drops of the wash on your face, working it in gently with the fingertips. Then rinse with clear water and follow with dashes of ice water. Because of its tiny grains, this wash is ideal for dissolving blackheads and correcting oiliness as well as tightening and refining large pores. It is especially indicated for anyone who is forced to wear the same makeup for hours. Sallow, muddy skins as well as rough ones respond marvelously to daily cleansings with this new wash. The price is $1 a bottle.

WE BEAUTY editors preach a great deal about the proper cosmetics for skillful makeup, but say comparatively little about one thing that is vitally important in achieving natural looking makeup—a good mirror. When I encounter a woman whose powder is too light for her skin, who has more rouge on the left cheek than the right, or whose lipstick is uneven, I consider her a victim of this negligence. A good, clear mirror alone (whether it is a hand mirror or a wall mirror) is not enough to insure a clear, truthful image of your features. Correct *lighting* is also necessary. Both the mirror and the correct illumination are offered, I can report, in a new makeup mirror just put on the market. When you use this dressing table aid, you can be sure that it is telling you the *truth* instead of flattering you insidiously. Below a round mirror six inches in diameter, is set a frosted non-glaring light bulb which illuminates your face so that it is reflected perfectly. Attached by a hinge to the large mirror is a small magnifying mirror that is grand for close work such as plucking eyebrows and removing blackheads. The frame in which the mirror and light are held is compact, attractive, and comes in black and silver, green and orchid and beige and orchid. The price is $2.50, remarkably low for such a useful and sturdily made mirror. Many of Hollywood's stars and featured players have them in their homes and in their studio dressing rooms.

MOVIE fans who like to collect photos of their favorite stars, male or female, will be interested to know that an excellent brand of bob pins are now mounted on attractive black and white card photos of the more popular

[*Continued on page* 59]

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

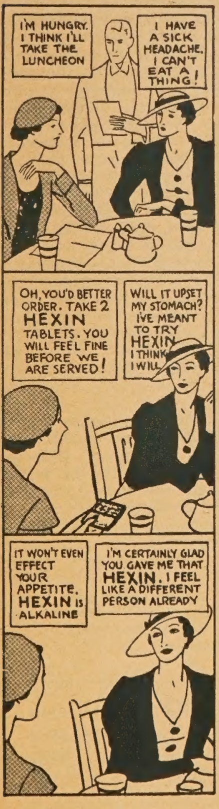
"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS"
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN. I THINK I WILL
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

◆ ◆ ◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

◆ ◆ ◆

HEXIN, INC.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago F-6234

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name..

Address..

City..State........................

HEXIN
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
Much Quicker Relief

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

"I can't do a *thing* with my hair"

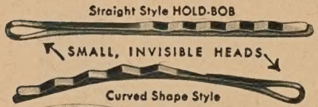
Oh Yes YOU CAN!

IN two seconds you can change that untidy disorderly hair to a smooth, trim, well-arranged coiffure. How? Just by using HOLD-BOBS.

But don't confuse HOLD-BOBS with ordinary bob pins that fall out as soon as you put them in. HOLD-BOBS stay! They hold each lock, or wave exactly as you want them. They never scratch your scalp or pull your hair—

Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

Made only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-24, Chicago, Ill.
The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-24, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name
Address
City State
☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Jewel Thieves Beware!

[*Continued from page 35*]

they attempt to steal. Sometimes they study them two and three months, learning how they would act if they were held up and everything there is to know about that person. They know now, anybody who ever thought of robbing me, that I would put up a big fight, that plenty people would be killed. If I am to die, I would just as soon die saving my jewels as any other way. That's for the One Above to say, how you will die.

At the fights Lupe is Hollywood's most avid fight fan and never misses a single bout.

"Johnny either holds a gun on his lap under his coat or in his pocket. Mine I carry in my purse. Nearby is my bodyguard, who would shoot anybody who tried to hold us up." Lupe is a colorful figure on these occasions, a bundle of enthusiastic ferocity as she shrieks for a knockout.

"At the Colony Club, my butler or someone else is always near. No one knows just who he will be, so that they can attack him first. So I'm safe that way. But for the fights and the Colony, though, we seldom go out. Both Johnny and I like to stay home, and there not even an army could break in."

Perfect Protection

LUPE'S house in Beverly Hills, a large Spanish-styled home, might be compared to a fortress, for practical purposes. Beautiful in construction and its interior appointments, each window is safeguarded with strong steel bars, and every portal is equipped with an additional steel-grilled door.

"Whenever anybody rings the bell, before the door is opened, he is submitted to scrutiny by at least two people," Lupe continues. "The one who opens the door holds a revolver, and from a side window another servant—he, too, pointing a gun at the one at the door—is on guard, out of sight. If the caller should try to force his way in, there would be several guns to reckon with."

Lupe does not believe in leaving her jewels secreted in bank vaults. Jewels are to be worn and seen and enjoyed, she avers, and so every piece she owns she keeps in her house in a safe she defies even a wrecking crew to locate. She estimates their value at considerably more than two hundred thousand dollars. In furs alone she has over one hundred thousand dollars invested, and her collection of antique Chinese ivory, each piece bearing a history, purchased from a collector who devoted fifteen years to their accumulation, is worth a small fortune. You can readily understand why Lupe takes such precautions around the house.

"If there should be a fire, all of us would probably be burned alive if we could not find one of the keys to the steel doors," the vivacious Lupe cheerily grins. "We could not escape through the windows and every door has to be opened from the inside with a key. But since no one can leave without a key, no one can enter.

"All my servants are heavily armed. I have seven dogs of my own and Johnny has a big police dog to warn us if anybody is on the premises. Whenever the butcher or grocer comes to the back door, instead of ringing the bell they scream for the cook to let them in. The cook calls one of the other servants and again two guns are ready for instant use. A telegraph messenger boy is directed to shove the wire under the door, for often there could be somebody behind him who would rush in when the door is opened.

Lupe Shoots Straight

"ONE night some months ago, the doorbell rang and I personally answered it. I asked who was there but received no reply. I asked again. Still no answer. So I shot through a small opening." Lupe's dark eyes blazed with recollection, as she recounted this occurrence. "The next day the walk running out to the street and the lawn were covered with blood. I'm not afraid to shoot, nor are any of the servants. If it had been somebody with legitimate business he would have replied when I asked who he was."

This manner of admitting people to her house is not an absurd gesture on Lupe's part, but a well thought out plan of protection. With a single necklace of rubies worth seventy-five thousand dollars, bracelets, rings and clips mounting high into thousands of dollars, not to mention her other treasures, there naturally would be constant danger of the underworld attempting to effect an entrance for the purpose of burglarizing her possessions, were it not known they would be welcomed with hot, flesh-searing lead aimed with deadly intent. At heart, criminals are cowards and fear this kind of a reception. Consequently, Lupe's methods are fruitful of security.

But why all this fuss, you ask, when Lupe would be reimbursed for any losses by the insurance company, in the event that her jewels are stolen? Why risk her life, and Johnny's, just to save the insurance company a loss? Why, indeed!

Lupe carries no insurance on her jewelry because the annual premium would be so excessive as to be prohibitive. It would figure nearly $40,000 yearly to insure her gems. Unless she agreed to keep the $75,000 necklace in the vault permanently, no company would assume the risk of covering it.

Rather than submit to such a tax, Lupe safeguards her dearest possessions in her own way. And that way, assuring absolute safety, is *so dangerous a defense* that none will expose themselves to almost certain death!

WHAT DOES 1934 HOLD FOR THE STARS?

Astrology has startling predictions for movie famous during the new year. Read what Marie Dressler's own personal guide to the future has to say in March SCREEN BOOK.

Irene Hervey, a new favorite, demonstrates the cotton tonic pad which is recommended for patting cream into the skin

Masks—A New Aid to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 56]

stars. Each card contains thirty pins in either black, brown, blonde or grey. If your gallery of cinema favorites and your supply of bob pins are both depleted, this is the buy for you! Only ten cents a card. The same manufacturer has also introduced a midget bob pin for little girls which is proving equally popular with Big Sisters. Only an inch and a half long and very light and inconspicuous, these pins have a strong snap and grip tightly, and are just the thing for anchoring stray locks. Only five cents for twelve.

Even after being fingerwaved or marcelled, some hair looks disordered occasionally. The usual procedure in these cases is for the owner of the untidy hair to plaster it with water, a habit that is detrimental to the health of the hair. As a substitute for these measures, comes a neat and clever stick of greaseless pomade done up in a smart black and orange metal case just like a fat lipstick. Whenever you discover your hair standing on end, you can whip the stick out of your purse, dab it on the hair and then comb and smooth the hair into place. It stays there, with a heightened gloss, too. The price of this paragon is only fifty cents. Want the trade name?

Try This Confidential Service

Editor's Note—Miss Janet Lynn gladly answers all questions addressed to her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. C. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a prompt reply.

Hundreds Have Already Won Big Cash Rewards

WE WON $22,910.00

ANNA JACOBSON, N.J. $5,000.00
D. BEEMER, MICH. $4,740.00
MRS. K. NEEDHAM, ORE. $4,705.00
I. NYSTROM, ORE. $3,700.00
HELEN SHICK, PA. $2,565.00
J.D. CASHNER, MO. $1,200.00
L. SNOWBANK, MINN. $1,000.00

Now—100 MORE Cash Prizes Being Given Away

Would YOU, TOO, Like to WIN $2,500.00 or Buick & $1,000.00

$5000.00 in Cash Prizes

DO you want money?—a small fortune?—$2,500.00 in real cash? Here's your opportunity! And not one cent of your money is required now or ever to win. This is our sensational new way to advertise. We want people everywhere talking about our company quick. So we are actually **giving away thousands of dollars**—real fortunes—**100 cash prizes totaling over $5,000.00—besides thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards. Everybody** may share in these big cash rewards. Why not **you?** Wouldn't you, too, like to win a Buick and $1,000.00, (or $2,500.00 all Cash)?

Can YOU Find 4 Dogs in Picture at Right?

Some are upside down. Some sidewise. Can **you** find 4 dogs? Mark the dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick—or write on penny postcard how many dogs you find. **Many have already won** thousands of dollars in other advertising campaigns conducted by men in this big company. Above are pictures of a few. Now comes **your** chance. Maybe this great opportunity sounds like a **dream** to you—but I'll be happy to send you $2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00 the minute you win it. Rush your reply.

Not One Penny of Your Money Needed

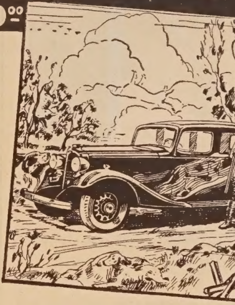
All these thousands of dollars in prizes are being given **outright** to winners. You don't need to put in a penny of your money now or ever to buy **anything.** This is not a lottery—no luck or skill needed—nothing to write. Imagine the joy of receiving a letter from me with $2,500.00 in it! Oh, boy, what a thrill! Hurry—get started quick by finding 4 dogs.

$10,000.00 REWARD

We will pay $10,000.00 cash forfeit to any worthy charity if anyone can prove that we do not really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes—or that all the money to pay these prizes is not now deposited in the bank waiting for the happy winners—or that we do not fulfill every guarantee we make.

You Are SURE to Win
a Cash Reward If You Do As I Ask

I don't care how many people are rewarded. The more the **merrier!** You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. But I want **quick** advertising—**quick** action. **First active, first rewarded!** So hurry. Think of all the happiness $2,500.00 can bring you! A new start in life. Pay bills. Marriage. Education. Travel. New clothes. New furniture and other things you long for.



All Prize Money Now In Bank

All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

$1000.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay $1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt—a Buick and $1,000.00 (or $2,500.00 if all cash is preferred). Do **you** want it? Act NOW! Not only **one** person, but **hundreds** will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

RUSH COUPON

Many who won prizes in other campaigns like this thought they didn't have a chance. Imagine their surprise when they won! Mark dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick with coupon below—or write on a penny postcard how many dogs you find. **Don't send a cent.** For replying I will tell you how you may **also** share in thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards and win $2,500.00 too. Nothing for you to lose—**everything** to gain. Answer NOW! Tell me which you desire to win—$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00.

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Mgr.
Dept. 3521, Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL THIS NOW

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Manager,
Dept. 3521, Des Moines, Iowa.

I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

Name......................................

Address...................................

City............................State..........
(Mark which you would prefer to win)
☐ **Buick & $1000.00 or** ☐ **$2500.00 Cash**

FOR ABSOLUTE
SAFETY

in darkening your lashes
use genuine, harmless

Maybelline

NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect
Mascara

SOLD BY REPUTABLE
TOILET GOODS DEALERS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

From Duck Soup to Opbwkn

[*Continued from page 39*]

officials at the various ports as they sternly demand, probably at a safe distance, that they be shown the contents of that unwieldy case?

"How long do you expect to be away?" I asked Harpo.

"About twelve weeks," he replied. "I play six weeks in Moscow. Then I have signed up for a two weeks appearance in Budapest and another two weeks in Prague. By that time I expect I shall have to be back here to start another picture. Sam Harris is out on the coast now negotiating for our next film.

"Well, I am," he concluded with a wide wave of his hand, "off to Russia, and if you don't think I'm looking forward to that engagement, you're c-r-r-azy! It's just about the biggest adventure I've ever had in my life!"

THERE has always been a two-way faction about the Four Marx Brothers. People got to the point where they went up to strangers on the street and in fierce determination demanded, "Do you like the Four Marx Brothers? Don't you think they're the funniest actors you ever saw?" And if the answer was in the negative, the unsuspecting stranger would receive a sock in the jaw, and police whistles would blow, and ambulance-bells ring as a result of the encounter. This two-sided argument still goes on, and in all probability, will continue to go on just as long as these four crazy exponents of mad, insane humor make films or appear on the stage. You either think their antics the highest form of comedy in the country today, or you consider them an awful waste of time!

Strangely enough, when they started on their career, comedy was the last thing in their minds. They come of a theatrical family. The famous Al Shean, of national Gallagher and Shean renown, is their uncle. Their grandfather was a wandering magician in Germany. He came to America and died in Chicago at the age of 101. Groucho—the one with the black moustache—claims that he will have enough of the old man's gags left over after he finishes using them to provide his son with a life-time's supply of theatrical jokes!

Their mother, who died two years ago, was a well-known vaudeville actress by the name of Minnie Palmer. She wrote and staged their first act for which they received fifty dollars a week. She insisted upon each and every one of them acquiring a musical education. Their nervousness in trying to please small country town audiences with selections from Brahms or Beethoven turned them into comedians. To overcome this stage-fright, they got into the habit of tossing wise-cracks at each other, and soon discovered that the audience responded much more generously to their gags, than it did to their music.

For ten years they played vaudeville all over the United States. With their mother and an aunt, they were booked as the "Six Musical Mascots." Then the two female members dropped out, and the Six Musical Mascots became "The Four Nightingales."

They gave their act under the name of The Four Marx Brothers, and have continued to use this name ever since. The nick-name given to Harpo because of his close association with the harp became contagious, and now each one of them has become so accustomed to hear himself addressed as Groucho, Chico and Zeppo respectively, that their own real first names of Julius, Leonard, Arthur, (Harpo), and Herbert no longer sound familiar. Groucho is Julius, Chico is Leonard, and Herbert is Zeppo.

Sam Harris, the New York theatrical producer, first discovered the talent of the Four Marx Brothers as being decidedly usable for legitimate production. In 1923 they appeared in a musical madness called *As You Were* which ran for two years. The success of the boys became an accepted fact, and ever since then the plays which they have carried on their eccentric shoulders, or the films they have appeared in, are considered as theatrical classics. They have had many imitators, but all have dropped into oblivion from which they sprung.

EACH one plays some musical instrument. Groucho plays the guitar, as he himself admits, "like the best troubador in Spain." Zeppo plays the saxophone, the piano, the cello and flute. Chico is one of the finest pianists on the stage, and, if he desired, could give concerts for highbrow musical enthusiasts. Harpo has long been the harp phenomenon of the musical world. His technique defies all tradition. His manner of playing upsets every set rule and theory known. He once paid ten dollars to a celebrated harp instructor for a lesson, and after the teacher had spent the given time in discovering Harpo's methods of playing, he, (Harpo), knocked him down and took his ten dollars back. From then on, he decided he would never take another lesson.

As he sits alongside the huge, gold instrument, one forgets his grotesque appearance, his wild yellow wig, his rolling lunatic eyes, and idiotic expression. The liquid, exquisite harmony which his fingers draw from the strings seems utterly unbelievable if you look at his face. The best way to appreciate the music he is creating, is to close your eyes—and keep them closed all during his performance.

Harpo is the only bachelor of the four. All the others are comfortably settled in marital bliss, and live in Beverly Hills. They are a clan of brothers unique in the profession. They continually keep each other's households in an uproar with their practical jokes. They implicitly trust and rely upon one another's judgment. There never has been the slightest trace of jealousy amongst them—each one thinking the other just as important as he is, in any show or film they have ever done.

When they are working on a set, the whole studio stops and watches. And the continuous roar of laughter heard coming from the studio is taken for granted by the passersby as coming from the onlookers laughing at the Four Marx Brothers acting a scene before the camera, and improvising some new, fantastic bit of comedy as they go along.

I'll Never Be Afraid Again!

[*Continued from page* 43]

side but it was so steep and rough and the mud was so deep that nothing but tractors could negotiate it. They dragged small automobiles by means of steel cables over and through this road for five miles—and then they lowered them over the mountainside to the swamp with gasoline winches. Claudette, when she was stronger, found it more comfortable to go to work on horseback. But the first day or two after her illness, she was so weak that they had to let her down the incline with a pulley and a sort of chute. She worked eight hours, standing knee-deep in mud and water most of the time.

Now, these kau trees are curious things. They don't grow *up*. They grow sidewise. They put out enormous, torturous roots which extend some times for miles above the ground before they finally implant themselves in the earth. It is almost impossible to stand upright at any point in these groves. Paths must be hacked through them if you are to move about at all.

Showers alternate with burning sun . . . and always there is the mud. Tiny, portable dressing rooms were provided for the shelter of the actors while they repaired makeup and small fires were kept burning just outside. Claudette developed near-hysteria one day when she looked out and saw a prop boy holding an umbrella over her little fire! Mosquitoes swarm and scorpions and centipedes scuttle through the undergrowth. Fortunately there are no snakes and none of the insects pack a dangerous sting, although some of them can raise painful and unbecoming welts. Most of them are distinctly unpleasant things upon which to gaze.

ONE day Claudette had to work under an icy waterfall. I mean, really *under* it, with the waterfall *falling* on her.

"I was supposed to sway gracefully, laughing and exulting as charmingly as possible, waving my arms—you know—looking as if the primitive girl I was portraying loved this primitive sensation. Well, when that ice cold water deluged me, all I could do was sputter. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't see, I certainly could not exult. All I could do was close my eyes and gasp. I realized that Mr. De Mille was laughing at me and suddenly I reached over, grabbed his hand and pulled him under, too, with all his clothes on. The disappointing part of that was that he *loved* it! *He* didn't gasp and gag. That is one thing about Mr. De Mille . . . he will never ask an actor to do anything that he is not willing to do, himself."

Things were much easier for the last week or two of their stay in the Islands. They moved to a different location and a wealthy planter invited Claudette and Mr. De Mille to stay at his home while they were working near there. They were charming people and provided their guests with every comfort during their stay. As soon as Claudette found herself in restful surroundings and was provided with proper food, her health began to improve and she gained, rather abruptly, ten pounds.

"You *had* to be a good sport during that first part!" she protests. "Everyone else

[*Continued on page* 65]

HELP KIDNEYS

..don't take drastic drugs

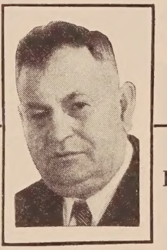
Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



Dr N. T. Abdou

New York Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. N. T. Abdou, New York, Licensed Physician and author of Medicine and Commerce, recently wrote the following letter:

"It has been my pleasure to make a study of the Cystex formula. This prescription impresses me as a sound combination of ingredients which should be of benefit to men and women troubled with night rising, putrefaction of the urine, aching back in the kidney region, painful joints or stiffness—due to insufficient activity of the kidneys or bladder. Such functional conditions often lead to indigestion, headaches, high blood pressure, rheumatic pains, lumbago and general exhaustion—and the use of Cystex in such cases should exert a very favorable influence. Within 15 minutes after taking Cystex the color of the urine is changed and the irritating excretions expelled."—Signed, N. T. Abdou, M.D.

Cystex

[Say Siss-Tex]

Cystex
The Knox Company

It's Guaranteed

LORETTA YOUNG *and* SPENCER TRACY *in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"*

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion CAN BE YOURS

WHEN people look at you, what do they see? A clear, smooth, vibrant skin? Or a skin that's dull and muddy, marred perhaps by ugly spots and blemishes?

New skin beauty can be yours! A remarkable corrective food is helping thousands to get and keep the charm of a lovely skin.

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or a run-down nervous state. Both of these common ailments are frequently caused by the shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage you need a food super-rich in these essential elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are nothing but pure, scientifically pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes go. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is again smooth and lovable.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

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SCREEN BOOK'S Inquiring Reporter

Where Movie-goers Fire Questions at the Stars

HOW OLD SHOULD A GIRL BE BEFORE SHE MARRIES?

Carole Lombard

"IT IS difficult to specify a definite age limit for single life and the starting of a marital one," says Carole Lombard. "Some girls are fit for wifehood at twenty, while others seem never to reach the right degree of maturity for making good wives.

"The average girl who has known admiration from the opposite sex in sufficiency to insure her against fickleness after marriage—who has earned her own living, thereby realizing the value of money, who knows the fundamentals of running a household smoothly and who has worked out a tolerant attitude toward men and life, is ready for marriage at the age of twenty-three or twenty-five."

SHOULD THE CRIME OF KIDNAPING BE PUNISHED BY DEATH?

Warren William

"I DO think it is time something was done to stop this wave of kidnaping that is sweeping the country," Warren William believes. "Capital punishment should help. A great many people argue this by the question, 'What is to be gained by taking life legally?' My answer to that is *a respect for law*. That's what's wrong with this country. We have been too lenient—too generous with the criminal element. Naturally, if a fellow thinks he can get out of a tough situation and there's a large amount of money involved, it is natural to take a chance. If a man knows there is nothing but certain death at the end of an illegal escapade, he is more likely to think twice before he kills a man in cold blood or is party to kidnaping. I am sympathetic to the family that has suffered through kidnaping and feel that no punishment is too drastic. After reading the frightful things that appear daily in newspapers throughout this country, it would seem that there is a greater sense of justice in the old law—'an eye for an eye.' Perhaps if the punishment were made to fit the crime, it would be a great preventative.

"Certain death as punishment for hideous crimes would almost surely do away with horrible lynchings that have stirred the country during the past few weeks, and make us all feel more secure against those who live outside the law."

SHOULD DIVORCE BE MADE EASIER?

Clark Gable

"SINCE each state has its own individual divorce laws, it is difficult to answer this question," Clark Gable tells the Inquiring Reporter. "It seems to me, however, that there is a law suitable to every possible divorce need. It would be necessary to make the easy ones easier. I have always believed that divorce regulations should be made as elastic as possible without destroying the rigidity which would prevent abuse."

HOW MAY STUDIOS BEST DEVELOP FUTURE STARS?

Mae West

"IN SOME ways, I confess to being old-fashioned, particularly when it comes to the acting profession. Probably it is because I hold tenaciously to some of the ideas which come down to us as traditions in the theatre. For example, the best way in the world for a young Thespian to begin his career is to spend several years in stock. Assuming the possession of a gift for acting and an ambition to make something of it, the young hopeful will be certain to benefit by the stimulation that comes from studying as well as practicing his art. Motion picture studios today too often make mistakes in neglecting this training. They push young talent ahead too rapidly.

They take a boy or girl child who has been outstanding in one picture and immediately bill him or her a star. These kids are publicized all over the world when they are still ignorant of the very rudiments of their profession. Where genius is expected to evolve from all this high-pressure glorification, too often everybody is disappointed, and it is unjust to all concerned."

DO YOU THINK THE FORCES OF HITLERISM WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN BANNING THE JEWISH RACE FROM PARTICIPATING IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES TO BE HELD IN BERLIN IN 1936?

Dick Powell

"IT SEEMS that in art and sport there should be no racial distinction, or I should say that people of all races, creeds and castes should be permitted to enter the field of sport and the realm of art without question as long as they conform to the ethics and qualifications. I have no doubt that the questions now disturbing the Olympic Games committees will be ironed out to the satisfaction of all. The Olympics, we all agree, contribute substantially to the hope for world peace and international understanding."

IN WHAT PROFESSION HAS THE AVERAGE GIRL THE BEST CHANCE TO SUCCEED?

Jean Harlow

"NATURALLY each girl's abilities are individual to her. As a general rule, however, I believe the average girl would find a business career most successful. The surest way to start is as a secretary. After which, assuming that she has ability, the rôle of private secretary or assistant to an executive is but a few steps ahead. There are, I believe, more opportunities in this field than in any other unless the girl possesses some special talent."

Ask Your Favorite Star a Question

If you want the opinion of a Hollywood star on some outstanding question of current interest, write to The Inquiring Reporter, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. Answers will appear each month in SCREEN BOOK.

HOW YOU, TOO, CAN ENJOY THE THRILL OF PLAYING

DO YOU envy others who enjoy playing, who are always the center of attraction, invited everywhere? Then this message is intended for you.

For here is a remarkable method to learn to play your favorite instrument that is actually fun, that teaches you in a fraction of the usual time—right in the privacy of your own home—and without a private teacher! Moreover, you save more than half the usual cost.

This amazing way is based on an entirely new principle. You learn by playing real pieces instead of scales. It's actually as easy as A-B-C, and exciting as a novel. You learn by playing real pieces from the very beginning—right from real notes.

Yet this remarkable method is *thorough* and *complete*. No tricky "by ear" lessons that fail to teach you properly. When you learn the U. S. School way you learn just as the best musicians do.

Fascinating as a Game

These delightful lessons are as fascinating as a game. Even a child can learn to play this U. S. School way. For everything is right before you *all the time*—music, text and pictures. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. In an amazingly short time you'll be playing your favorite pieces with all the proficiency of a skilled musician.

Do you want to be popular—always in demand? Are you tired of always sitting on the side lines?

Then get in on these good times you are missing! Learn to play your favorite instrument quickly and easily this modern way.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

I WISH I COULD PLAY LIKE YOU
WHY SIX MONTHS AGO I COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

See for yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our Free booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows how simple this expert home instruction really is.

You owe it to yourself to get this valuable booklet and Demonstration Lesson at once. No obligation whatever on your part. Be sure to mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 362 Brunswick Building, New York City, N. Y.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name ....

Address ....

Instrument .... Have you Instrument? ....

Watch for an exciting new cash prize contest in March SCREEN BOOK! All movie fans are eligible to compete.

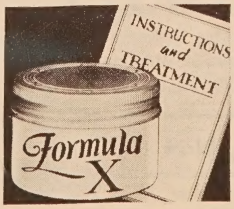
Now You Can Reduce a Bulging Chest-Line

New Way to Slenderize an Oversize Bust

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

Now you can *reduce* an oversize bust. Send today and see how easy my method is, and how effective. Just simple, sensible directions for taking off flabby fat, for lifting the sag and remoulding the form. A large container of my FORMULA-X is included for use with my special massage technique. If you want a trim, shapely bust, with smart, arching contours, then take advantage of the liberal offer below. Your satisfaction guaranteed—or money back.

A Trim, Shapely Bust for You - - - - Mail Coupon



Just a single dollar brings you this specialized treatment for reducing the bust. Mail the coupon or write, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive your treatment by return mail—instructions and Formula-X, in plain wrapper. Can you afford to miss such an opportunity?

BETTY DREW
(Dept. P-2)
799 Broadway
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BETTY DREW,
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Please send me under your Money-Back Guarantee, the Betty Drew treatment for bust-reduction. I enclose only $1.00 in full payment. Mail at once in plain wrapper.

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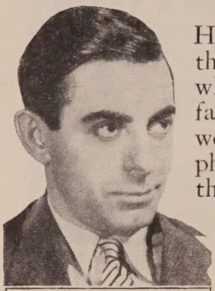
Back of the Scenes With Your Radio Favorites



Here is your pass into the broadcasting studios where you can see your favorite radio stars at work behind the microphone—brought to you through the pages of

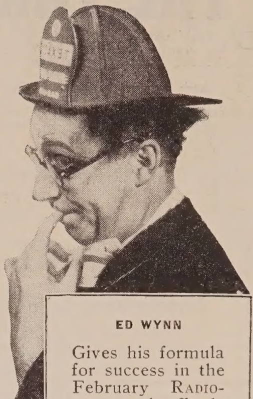
RADIOLAND

The New Magazine of the Air

Sparkling stories of kilocycle favorites, gossip from the studios, beautiful portraits, cartoons, fiction, household departments, current radio news—all these features appear in each issue of RADIOLAND, on sale the first of every month.

EDDIE CANTOR

Read the inside story of how the Chase and Sanborn hour, featuring Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff, is built. The inimitable Eddie lifts the curtain on this popular feature.



ED WYNN

Gives his formula for success in the February RADIOLAND and affords you an intimate view into his past life and his uproarious Fire Chief program.

Some of the Highlights of the February Issue:

Behind the Scenes with Father Coughlin

An intimate story of one of radio's most amazing personalities, whose vigorous talks and fearless methods have made him nationally famous.

That Amazing "Voice of Experience"

Pages out of real life, sheer melodrama and stark tragedy, picked from the records of that astonishing radio personality known as the Voice of Experience.

Rudy Vallee Answers Your Intimate Questions

A new feature of RADIOLAND which permits you to ask whatever question you choose of your favorite radio star.

Why Women Don't Click on the Air

A famous psychoanalyst explains why women don't register so effectively as men over the radio.

The Romantic Life Story of Bing Crosby

The marriage and amazing leap to fame of the radio and movie favorite.

Backtracking With the Boswells

The famous sister trio knew what it meant to go hungry before they won fame with their songs.

Ida Bailey Allen's Homemaking Dept.

The famous cooking expert, known to millions of women through radio talks and books, conducts this popular department.

Scores of other personality stories, photographs, editorial comment, features. Get your copy *now!*

At All News Stands

Now 10 Cents

Mae West Loses Her Man

[*Continued from page 23*]

fighting. Well I sat next to her and we discussed fighting. And when the Hollywood fights came around I remembered Virginia and asked her to go with me. It was our first date."

Prize-fighting the point of mutual interest! How's that for something novel in Hollywood romance? Well, as Cary said, it seems that although Virginia liked the fights and her eyes sparkled at the right times, she sat quite quietly and didn't go in for any shouting or booing. Cary is frank to admit that he liked that. He also liked the fact that she didn't smoke or drink.

"In these things, too, Mae and Virginia are alike," he interpolated. "Mae loves the fights and neither smokes nor drinks herself no matter how much of it is going on around her. I guess being English accounts for my liking feminine women."

Cary believed in Virginia's ability and she helped him develop his. They would spend hours together, reading lines, studying, working for Virginia's big part. So far it hasn't come but Cary knows that it will. Virginia's contract is just about over and when she gets a new one Cary says she'll be better than she was in *City Lights*. The months of study and hard work will tell. He wants her to go on with her career even if they marry.

"Why shouldn't she!" he says. "With her talent!"

It gradually dawned on Cary that Virginia had the thing he was searching for—"compatibility."

"I think it's the only thing that will make a marriage last," he told me. "Of course I want my marriage to succeed. Why should I lose my illusions because others have lost theirs, even in Hollywood! Perhaps I'm talking out of turn. Virginia hasn't said yet that she'd marry me. But I want her to. I love her. Beyond her beauty and her attraction for me, I think she's charming and sympathetic and has a grand sense of humor. We like the same things. We dislike the same things—noise, a lot of people, the usual Hollywood make-believe. We want to succeed in our professions and we're both working like the devil for it; what's more, we want each other to succeed. I think that's a good basis for any boy and girl anywhere to start on."

AT THIS writing, Virginia and Cary are in England, their whereabouts not definitely known. It is Cary's dream to show Virginia his beloved English country-side and to take her on motor trips through France and Spain.

But as befits Mae West's leading man who knows about women, he's crossing his fingers!

"Anything might happen," he laughed. "You know how it is with the emotions. If I get a radiogram from her that's very affectionate I'll know she met somebody on the boat and perhaps she's forgotten me but if I get one reading something like 'Arrived safely. Virginia.' I'll know she's still considering the idea of marrying me."

Cary Grant isn't the sort of man that girls forget. Who should know better than Mae West, who chose him for her leading man after only one look!

I'll Never Be Afraid Again!

[*Continued from page* 61]

was so swell—and you certainly got no sympathy if you squeaked about anything. They just laughed—as it was right and proper that they should. They were putting up with it, too . . .

"BUT the whole experience was good for me," she went on. "It was, in fact, one of the most important, the most valuable thing that I have ever experienced. In the first place, I have always thought of myself as a fragile person. I have pampered myself. I have been afraid of taking cold and of not having enough rest and of not having the right things to eat. It isn't good for you to think of yourself as fragile!

"Why, several months ago I was invited to go on a camping trip. One of those camping trips with a lot of elaborate equipment, with lots of servants to look after you, with no very rough country to cover—with nothing to do but *camp*. I declined, with some horror. 'Oh, no!' I said. 'I can't stand any sort of roughing it. I might catch a serious cold. I might become too tired . . .' Imagine! A cold! I honestly thought that I was too delicate to sleep in a tent when everything possible would be done for my comfort! And I shouldn't have been making a picture on that trip, either . . .

"This whole affair has had the most surprising effect upon me, mentally. In the first place, I am very superstitious. I wanted this part terribly. When I found an obstacle in my way—the operation—I wanted it much worse. It became a sort of obsession with me. 'If I lose this,' I thought, 'it will be a serious setback, in some way, to my career. I shall get a bad rôle instead—one which will do me harm. Or someone else will get this one and they will think that she does a better job than I should have done . . .' Oh, I couldn't give it up! Somehow, down inside me, I knew that I *must not* give it up.

"Well, not giving it up—going through with it in spite of doctors' advice and things—did something for me. For one thing, I know that I am not 'delicate'—physically. I am made of cast iron or something. I can stand a lot. You can't understand how surprising this is unless you have grown up with the notion that you must always save yourself. I have learned how important it is not to let *the way you feel* interfere with what you *have to do*.

"I HAVE developed an impatience with my physical imperfections and weaknesses. D'you know, I think I used to like them! Although I was always bemoaning them. I have developed a new respect for my mental and physical stamina. I like myself better than I did . . . merely because I came through that experience as well as I did. But I shall never pamper myself, again . . .

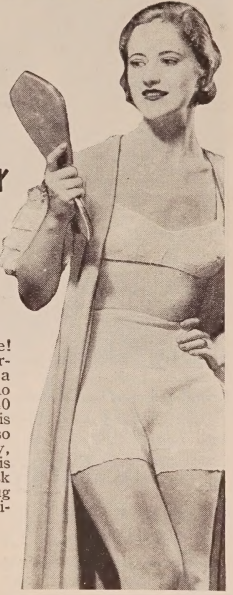
"I shall never be afraid of things again . . .

"It is being unafraid of things—things like hard work and disappointment and discomfort—that makes a trouper. I never realized before what an accolade it is when you are called a trouper. I want to earn that accolade. I think I am just beginning but I have had my first lesson."

DARLING, PLEASE DON'T GET FAT!

MY HUSBAND'S GENTLE WARNING HURT ME SO..
IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW DESPERATELY I WAS TRYING TO REDUCE..
I WENT HUNGRY AT EVERY MEAL.. TRIED EVERY NEW REDUCING FAD..

I STRUGGLED HOPELESSLY BEFORE I FOUND THE RIGHT WAY!



"I Know It Has The Power To Reduce Fat!"

I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unforgivable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

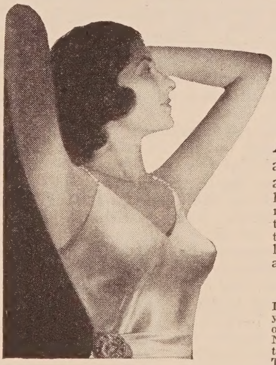
I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless fads, when Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood test after test for years. Over 20 million boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

And Marmola is so simple! No rigid diet watching, no exercises. Merely take 4 tablets a day. Why should anyone who wants to reduce—whether 40 pounds or 14—fail to try this delightful way that has been so thoroughly tested so many, many times? The formula is printed in every package. Ask for Marmola at any good drug store. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA
The Right Way to Reduce

Fill Out Your Chest-Line



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—*Wide World*

Bringing home the bride? Franchot Tone introduces a new daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tone. Does Joan look happy or not?

The Story Sylvia Sidney Never Told

[*Continued from page 32*]

vision for their maintenance and support. Bea, proud and tight-lipped, compelled to receive aid from relatives to provide for necessities. This is drama lived, day in, day out, leaving tremendous impressions on a young mother and a firm resolve that never, *never* in all this world, will her little baby be obliged to suffer such depths of misery, such fearful instability of the future, such unfitness for life!

A reconciliation is effected between the Kosows. But when the little Sylvia is four, it is over. . . .

Flash! *MARCH 4th, 1915*—the Kosows are divorced!

The Court has given Bea Kosow the sole and exclusive care and custody of their infant child, though she has made a voluntary agreement with her husband that he may see his little daughter between 10 a. m. and 6 p. m. every Sunday.

Flash! It is APRIL 8th, 1919. Bea Kosow is now Bea Sidney, the wife of Dr. Sigmund Sidney, the New York dentist. He it is who provides for Sylvia's food, her clothing, her education, medical attention and all the necessities of life, including the payment of the premium on the insurance in Sylvia's favor.

A NEW life begins for little Sylvia. . . .

When Mrs. Sidney was married to Kosow she eked out his meagre livelihood by working as a dress designer at Wanamaker's to help support wee Sylvia. When the child developed a strange but undeniable talent for mimicry, Mrs. Sidney, realizing anew the necessity for having a vocation, determined her child should not know the hardships of her own sad young life, and toward that end she began grooming Sylvia for the stage.

Had Mrs. Sidney not been so determined, so steadfast, Sylvia would probably now be a sweet-faced young matron, busy rearing a large family, revelling in window-shopping and the ultimate ecstasy of attending the neighborhood movie to see the latest picture!

But Mrs. Sidney is not that kind of a mother. She has determination, persistence and a relentless ambition.

It was she, who gave Sylvia her first private elocution lessons and the facilities to learn dramatics. When Sylvia was ten she rented the Little Theatre, in New York, for a Sunday night to put Sylvia on in a "one-man" show—sponsored only by the pluck of that same woman. Need I tell you it was a success?

Sylvia never selected costumes. Bea capitalized on her own experiences and selected Sylvia's clothes. She looked after her figure with rigid policing and brooked no indulgence. All contracts were Bea's own particular "department," for while both on the stage and in Hollywood Sylvia had been under age. Though Sylvia is now no longer a minor, the habit still persists—and it was her mother who drove many a shrewd bargain. . . .

Yet, despite the fact that she looked jealously after her physical welfare, she never imposed her personality or her individual wishes upon her daughter. Her books, her companions, her life, were all completely and unquestioningly her own.

THROUGH these long, formative years Bea sacrificed her own home life with her husband to be with Sylvia, who had no need for companion or private maid, even after she was grown. Yet Bea would be the first one to be surprised that I have used the word "sacrifice." She never thought of it as that. Six months out of each year she stayed on the Coast—and Doctor Sidney, with a strong love for his foster-child, counted them well spent. He footed the bills willingly, was content to forego the companionship of his wife, because of the love he bore this child who had become—in truth—his own! He shared her career and her understanding and her love.

Flash! *NOVEMBER 3rd, 1922.* The scene is Surrogate's Court. The Honorable James A. Foley grants an appeal for legal adoption and confers the surname of Sidney on little Sylvia Kosow!

They try to locate her father, to let him know. He cannot be found. Relatives say he is "somewhere in Europe." For all this girl knows, her father might be dead!

. . . And steadily, farther and farther toward that particular bright star, the growing girl is led, surely and certainly, by this ambitious and understanding mother, who has sacrificed so much that her dream may be realized. . . .

She took her own apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. This was a tremendous jump from the upper Bronx—socially and artistically, as well as geographically. Here her small family shared her new life. It was her mother's delight to give a party for her on each opening night. After the initial performance of *Crime*, her first real success, she fell asleep, quite childlike, at her own party—and in the midst of a dazzling and distinctive array of celebrities! And when she came East, triumphant, to appear personally at the Rivoli at the opening of *Street Scene*, it was Doctor Sidney, proud and exultant, with the pride and joy of fatherhood, who took her to the theatre. "Dad" he is to his "little girl," and Bea is familiarly "Mud" or "Muddy."

Flash! It is the summer of 1932.

A lawyer's letter reaches Beverly Hills. The great Paramount star, Miss Sylvia Sidney, is en route for a vacation in Europe. The letter is forwarded to her hotel in New York. Its cursory message reads: "Your father, Mr. Victor Kosow, has consulted me with reference to an alleged adoption of you by your stepfather, Dr. Sigmund Sidney. An examination of the records and the papers on file has left no room for doubt but that the proceedings were fatally defective. I have, therefore, been instructed to take the necessary steps to set aside the order of adoption, and, because of the gravity of the matter, am advising you of the contemplated action."

And then her father—the father who has not been a father—phones her, the first time he has talked to her in eighteen years!

FLASH! *November, 1933!* The demand that Sylvia's adoption be annulled is finally withdrawn after a Roman Holiday of headlines. Sylvia, now thoroughly disillusioned, wisely refuses to make further comment on this tragic chapter of her life.

And what of Sylvia now? Has this unbelievable drama left her fatherless? Never believe that!

There is still a man who has thought of her ever as his own, who has struggled for her, who loves her and is determined to shield her from further heartaches and heartbreaks. He is her father in everything that a father means—and that man, you have known all along, to be "Dad" Sidney!

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—Wide World

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How the Stars Are Fighting Scandal

[*Continued from page* 14]

"sex appeal" with such deadly seriousness. For instance, why didn't someone give out an interview broadly burlesque in tone about sex appeal, and call it, perhaps, "Me—and Men!"

Someone suggested that Tallulah herself give it out. She did so. And it came out in print not greatly distorted, except for one vitally important thing: instead of being treated as burlesque, it was offered *seriously!*

That trap which was sprung on Tallulah helped to make other stars as well as herself bitterly suspicious and hostile. Too, Katharine Hepburn and Ann Harding have retired into almost Garbo-like silences. They and many others can seldom be induced to say, via the press, the friendly words that would draw them closer to those of us who love them on the screen.

In general, the stars to whom I talked about the situation didn't wish to go on record with a declaration of war. They were glad that the fight is to be one of an organized industry versus scandal, rather than individual tilts.

THERE is one point, however, upon which they agree—stars such as Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, George Raft, Mae West, James Cagney, Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford—some so far untouched by scandal, others recent victims of it. That one point is an appeal to the fans who have so often pledged themselves in letters to be of "any assistance whatever, at any time." These fans, say the stars, can do more than anyone else to help settle things peaceably. And the way they can help is simply to write letters of calm, intelligent protest to *editors* of publications that sometimes use scandal or unkind, muck-raking stories about their favorites. Tell these editors that they *do not wish to read that sort of stuff* and prefer not to hear or believe it.

As Jean Harlow says, the great majority of Hollywood news-gatherers and feature writers are fine, responsible folk, and the publications they represent are honest, clean and kindly. She is particularly grateful for the treatment she has received at their hands. Yet the gossip-fiends have torn at Jean's heart many a time, to my certain knowledge.

—*Wide World*

Hollywood says Jack Oakie may wed—at least that's the gossip which circulated when he bid Hazel Forbes an affectionate farewell just before sailing on the *Lurline* for Honolulu

"At first, various untrue stories which were printed about me, either as fact or rumor, worried me terribly," says Jean. "But then I realized that worrying about them wouldn't do any good. Denials only served to make them seem more important. Finally I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to ignore them and try to forget about them. As a general rule, however, the press has been more than good to me and I appreciate it."

NATURALLY, players hate to be singled out as war-like leaders in this movement. Some refused to be quoted at all, others would give statements only under the promise that their names would not be used. I shall quote only two of these. One is a male screen favorite about whom some damaging—but for anyone else but a screen star, entirely innocent—past secrets have recently been unearthed.

"I was a victim of misplaced confidence," he said. "My employers advised me to keep that certain matter a secret at a time when I might have divulged it with no thought that it could retard anyone's movie career. I then had to call up a writer to whom I had given an interview, explain the situation, and ask that it be withheld. That seemed to be perfectly agreeable. The promise was made, on condition that I favor the writer with future exclusive news items about myself. There was nothing for me to do but agree to this stipulation. I've kept my side of the bargain, but as you see, the other person hasn't.

"That was what 'burned' me. Well, this matter is washed up, but I'll be ready for the affair of that sort. I hate a squealer."

Good old extortion, a felony, raises its head in this case!

Then there is the feminine star who must also remain anonymous. "The advantage they've taken of me is anything but sporting, and it consisted not only of printing items I told in confidence, of word-painting a pretty damaging portrait of me, filled with dirty double-meanings I did not create, but contained outright lies. No one is going to get by with that on *me* again. I am unable to gauge the harm it has done me and my employers in a financial way, by turning people away from my pictures, as there is no way of estimating this. But what breaks my heart is the reproachful tone of my fan mail. Such things aren't fair play, they do no good of any sort, and may do incalculable harm."

They've been long-suffering, these Hollywood stars, but at last they're going to war. This is perhaps the only issue that the whole motion picture industry is united in backing to the limit. The slogan from now on will be: *"Jail the slanderer, the blackmailer, the libeler, the extortionist."*

And don't forget those hard to-restrain pugilistic gorillas who are such good faithful admirers of Mae West—

Why Tragedy Haunts Ralph Morgan

[*Continued from page* 46]

in such things or not, it is true that even when Ralph Morgan is particularly happy, his large blue eyes have a quality of sadness about them. If it were not for the childhood incident, he would attribute it to the things that happened to him when he was grown up, but his nickname of "Sad Eyes" was given him when he was barely able to toddle.

Ralph's family lived in New York and he attended the Riverview Military Academy. Then he went to Columbia University to study law. Carlos attended the same school and both boys became members of Phi Gamma Delta. Carlos, as I said was Ralph's "pal." They were glad they belonged to the same fraternity; they discovered everything together—life, love, the "growing-up process."

RALPH started in to practice law but soon abandoned it for the stage. At the outbreak of the War, Carlos went into the Intelligence Service. He was a spy behind the German lines and loved the danger of it but the family was terrified and Ralph of all the brothers, seemed to suffer the most at the thought of what his "pal" was risking. Carlos finally agreed to family persuasion. He would give up the work if the family could obtain his release. The Morgans worked hard to have Carlos sent home. Ralph went to Washington and obtained a promise from the Service that Carlos would be transferred. He was expected home any day when the news came that the transfer had arrived too late. Carlos had been apprehended and killed.

It so happend that Ralph was playing the rôle of a lost aviator in *Five Millions*, a stage play, when the news was brought to him. The tradition of the theatre had to be kept. "The play must go on." And so Ralph played the lost aviator on the very night when the family got a formal telegram from the government telling of Carlos' death. It was a shock that Ralph has never gotten over to this day and was one of the most important events in his life that gave him an understanding of human tragedy.

"Perhaps the thing that equalled it, was the death of my father," Mr. Morgan told me. "I was playing in *A Full House*, a rip-roaring farce at the time. Carlos had been killed abroad but my father was lying at home, dead, when I had to go on the stage and make the audience scream with laughter. I honestly don't know how I got through those performances.

"I don't mean to say that my life has any more tragedy in it than any one else's," he explained. "It is only that it came to me at an early age and perhaps more dramatically because of the different parts I portrayed in the theatre, and consequently gave me a deep insight into tragedy and the hard irony of life. I remember being particularly impressed when Fritz Kreisler put away his violin for a year. Everyone thought it a grave mistake but he said he wanted to study and learn life—he had gone as far as he could without experience. He was right. In any of the arts one can go just so far with a talent without human experience to back it up. After that point is reached one has to draw on one's own personal resources for interpretation. The outside things that have happened to me have been tragic. And that's why I seem to have a grasp of tragic rôles.

—*Wide World*

Mary Pickford admits that the greatest thrill of her life came when she donned the famous gems that were once the property of Napoleon. The jewels, valued at $500,000 are not for sale, so Mary had to give them right back after this picture was taken

TAKE *The Mad Game*, for instance. In that I am a father whose child has been kidnaped and I have been told not to communicate with the police or my child will meet death. But I am also a judge and so after a tremendous inner struggle I go before the microphone and say that I am not going to let personal feeling stand in the way of justice.

"One of the nicest compliments I have ever received came from a seemingly hard-boiled theatre-owner who saw the picture in the projection room with me. 'Mr. Morgan,' he said, 'I felt in that scene as if it were actually your own child you were talking about.'

Of course, Ralph Morgan does not always play fathers. In fact he is the youngest father of a grown girl I have talked to, but it is praise indeed that even children appreciate his tragic sympathy in the parts in which they have seen him.

"True to form," he laughed, "and like all the comedians who want to play *Hamlet*, I'd like to play light comedy on the screen the way I did on the stage. But if I'm not allowed to, I'll have to continue to let Frank play the comedy while I'm the tragedian of the family. I know it's the best thing I have to offer out of my personal experience with life and if it is to be my destiny—so be it!"

Sally Rand, the fan dancer who shocked a whole nation to win another chance in Hollywood, tells her own story of her sensational campaign to win stardom. Read it in March SCREEN BOOK.

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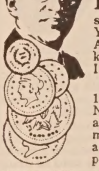

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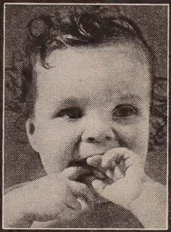

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—So He Decided to Marry

[*Continued from page* 15]

With some reluctance Gary disappears into a bedroom and returns with a small photograph. A slim, beautiful girl lying on a beach, and smiling one of the most intriguing smiles you ever saw. As he gazed at the lovely young face, trumpets could not have told more loudly the fact that Gary Cooper was in love. Deeply, proudly, happily in love, and oh—all you female worshippers of his—if you could have seen that fond expression you would have been thrilled to the core.

"She is quite tall," he said, "about five foot six, and her hair is brownish-red, the color of Claudette Colbert's hair almost. She has brown eyes," he added, and took the picture back into the other room.

"Where is she now?"

"Here in New York. She is home—with her family. We have been playing around having the grandest time," he went on, and sank back with a tired sigh against the cushions of the couch. "We've been going to one party after another," he continued. "I didn't get in this morning until after five, but I'm having lots of fun seeing my old friends—and they're all being swell about entertaining us. Went to a grand party last night—almost everybody I've ever known in my life was there. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Marilyn Miller, Elsa Maxwell—and you know how she can make any party go," he added with a wide smile. "She gave a party in my house once that started out to be a small dinner for six, and ended with ninety people there.

"My house is a small one—I live out in Van Nuys, a little town just outside of Hollywood, and I live all alone — bachelor quarters with three servants who look after me—and when they had to serve nearly a hundred people at a buffet dinner, instead of handling a sit-down party of six or eight, it was a riot, but everybody had a swell time."

FROM Elsa Maxwell we drifted into reminiscence about his early days. He described the Montana home of his boyhood. He told of his brother, six years older than himself, who holds a responsible position with a Federal Reserve bank out West, and is as far removed from the motion picture world as the North is from the South Pole. Gary described his own first attempts to get into the picture game when he did small parts in Wild West features and rode horses fearlessly into the camera. The thrill of his first real part, and then the almost breath-taking rapidity with which success had been thrust upon him.

With an ingenuous enthusiasm, he spoke of his favorite screen players.

"I get a real kick out of playing with an actress like Helen Hayes," he said. "I shall never forget how much I learned from her—what it meant to me to see the genuine fine talent she had—the dramatic force of her work. When I made *Farewell To Arms,* I guess I got more out of playing opposite Helen than any other star with whom I have ever acted. It taught me a lesson I shall keep until I'm through with pictures. That is, you can always learn, no matter how much you think you know, from someone who is really a great player.

"I've always wanted to play in a picture with Greta Garbo," he went on. "She has a distinct personality, a glamour that no other woman on the screen possesses. Several times I have been offered the opportunity to act opposite her, but something has always happened to prevent it. When her studio wanted me, I was tied up in another contract, or away on location, or couldn't finish the picture I was working on in time. But some day I hope to have the chance—I know I would like it—I'd learn something from playing in a picture with her.

"A SCREEN player has to have inspiration from the woman with whom he works," he said, "and you'd be surprised how little of that there is floating around movie studios," he continued smiling. "I could name a few who have really brought out what little acting ability I possess when I played with them. But they are few—and far between. Perhaps, that may be my fault, I don't know," he said modestly—and he really meant it.

The telephone rang violently. It had been doing this at steady intervals all through the luncheon. Telegrams had arrived. Notes left by messengers, and constant interruptions by hotel attendants bringing everything from fresh laundry to personally delivered mash notes. The clock on the mantel showed three-thirty. Gary had to take the last call personally. It must have been an important one for hitherto the kind attentions of Mr. Moss, had kept us from being bothered.

Design for Living, the Noel Coward play success of last year, in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne had scored, was being premièred at the Criterion Theatre, and every friend that Gary had in New York was trying to get seats to see his picture version of the show. The place couldn't begin to hold all his friends, and in soothing the hurt feelings of some who had to be turned down, he became so involved that I thought it best to take my departure.

"What rôle has he taken lately that he likes the best?" I asked Mr. Moss on my way to the door.

Mr. Moss grinned. "The White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland,*" he replied. "Wait until you see him in it! You will get the surprise of your life," he chuckled—and at the thought of the sophisticated young hero of *Design for Living* turning into Lewis Carroll's fantastic character, I agreed with him without even having to wait!

As I left, I recalled what Gary had said about his forthcoming marriage—how he intended to wait until he had finished a picture or two. Personally, after seeing the love-light in his eyes as he looked at the picture of his bride-to-be, I doubt that he will be able to wait more than a few weeks before dashing for the altar. In fact, by the time you read this, he may already have taken to the double harness.

A new story on James Cagney—read it in March SCREEN BOOK!

—World Wide

Charlie Chaplin's two sons, Sidney Earl and Charles Spencer, Jr., now in custody of their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin. Some day they may carry on the illustrious name of their famous father in the world of entertainment

Chaplin—the Mystery Man of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

panion—a kindred soul—as well as a bride. She is sophisticated, extremely intelligent and older than Lita Gray was at the time of her marriage. She is independently wealthy; no one knowing the facts can accuse her of being a fortune hunter. She is ambitious to succeed on the screen—yet her ambition is not frenzied enough to cast suspicion on her devotion to Charlie.

Mr. Reeves, who has worked with Chaplin and Miss Goddard constantly since plans for the new picture first took definite shape, and who is entirely devoted to his friend and employer, makes no secret of his approval of Paulette. He told me that she and Chaplin "get along" perfectly, that they understand one another instinctively and that they share one another's likes and dislikes to a marked degree. And, incidentally, you will be interested to know that Charlie, the genius, picked Paulette as his next leading lady long before Charlie, the rather impressionable man, selected her as the object of his devotion. He saw her on the set while she was playing a trivial bit in Eddie Cantor's last picture, and immediately vowed that she was the ideal girl for his next comedy. Later, after virtually signing her for the rôle, he fell in love.

WITH Alf Reeves as guide, I wandered about the studio—and gained a new understanding of Charlie Chaplin. Since he has always been painted as a Hollywood mystery, simply because he dodges interviewers as he would the plague, I suggest that you accompany me, see what I saw, and check your impressions with mine.

Here is Charlie's workshop, a three-room bungalow which is furnished more shabbily than any bit player's dressing room. Don't accuse Chaplin of niggardliness too hastily; the reason for this shabbiness goes deeper than that.

Every piece of furniture in this bungalow is there for some sentimental reason. Every piece is upholstered with memories! Those chairs around the plain, oak dining table have all been important props in his pictures. That oval mirror is the one he used, years ago, as an unimportant screen clown.

Note the compact completeness of this little studio. It is quite apparent that Charlie, without giving a thought to expense, has made his five-acre lot entirely self-sufficient. Why? Only because he cannot tolerate the factory-like atmosphere of the average studio; because he wants to have, co-ordinated under his own direction, everything pertaining to his pictures; because he places very little value on mechanical incidentals and a very high value on close association between his aides; because, in short, he regards picture making as an art and not as an industry.

NOTE again that old organ in the projection room. It is dilapidated, ready to fall apart with age. Yet Chaplin, who could afford the finest of modern pipe organs, uses it in preference to every other instrument. Again, sentiment!

Consider the fact that for this little studio property he pays fifty thousand dollars rental every year. Why, when he could rent, for a tenth of that amount, ten times as much space in the San Fernando valley? Again sentiment!

Charlot, the artist, likes to *feel* at home in his surroundings. Doesn't he, before working in a new set, order everyone away so that he can spend an hour or two, alone, there and catch the *feel* of that new background?

There is no doubt that Charlie's marriage to Paulette Goddard will be successful. According to Alf Reeves, her disposition is so finely tuned to his own that he instinctively "feels at home" in her company.

And I'll hazard one prediction:

They will be married aboard the yacht where they have spent so many hours working together. Sentiment is logic where Chaplin is concerned.

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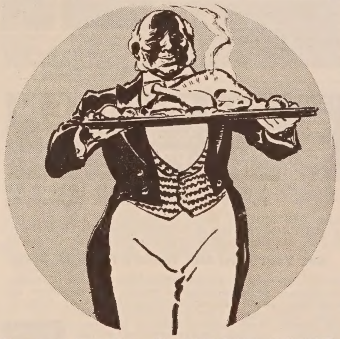

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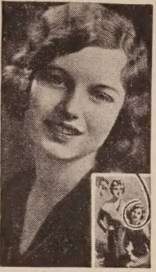

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Afraid of Hollywood!

[*Continued from page 27*]

not only that the picture was a success but that Max, himself, was destined to create a sensation.

Immediately that same studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, began talking to Max and his manager about a second picture to follow the first. Other studios dangled offers before his eyes. The executives suddenly remembered long-forgotten scripts, tucked away in their studio's files, with brawny, black-haired, rough-and-ready heroes.

But Max has turned a deaf ear to every offer—for the present, at least. He may talk things over later, after the Carnera fight is finished. But right at this time that fight is all that matters in his young life.

"If I stayed in Hollywood much longer, I probably never would fight that bout," Max grinned with that frankness which makes his "cockiness" an amusing, little-boy gesture. "When I first landed here, I thought that maybe I'd establish my training quarters here after the picture was finished. Now I realize that that would be about the dumbest thing I could do. There is one thing I can't resist and that's temptation, the very thing with which Hollywood is filled.

"Look at me," he squared his shoulders, which certainly looked broad enough and strong enough to an untrained eye. "I'm flabby. I'm putting on weight. I haven't got the wind I used to have. I've thrown training rules outside while I've been here. You can't keep in training and make pictures. I've got to get away from here and get back into shape right away. I'll probably fight a few preliminary bouts before the big battle and I want to do a good job with them. I've got to get that championship."

SO MAX and his manager slipped quietly out of town, away from Hollywood and its temptations.

"Max is like a kid turned loose in a candy store," his wise, grizzled trainer explained before they left. "He wants to try everything in sight. If you let them do it, the same thing would happen to both of them. They'd get good and sick. Max has enough sense to realize it. That's why he is moving out."

In more ways than one Max is like a small, cocksure boy who tells everyone what he can do, and does it. There is always one like him in every neighborhood, the envy and despair of the more timid boys. Like all such youngsters, Max is a hero-worshipper and he has his one particular idol, Jack Dempsey.

"Sometimes I can't really believe that I know Jack, that he is my friend," Max said one day with a rarely quiet sincerity. "When I was a boy, before I took up fighting, Jack was my hero. I used to read every word that was printed about him in the newspapers. My favorite game was to play at fighting with my kid brother. He was always the other fellow and I was Jack. We fought Jack's battle with Jim Jeffries in Toledo a dozen times in the barn back of our house in a ring made from clothesline."

Max met his hero two years ago in Reno, Nevada, and since that time Jack has been both friend and adviser to the younger man. Max confessed that the reason for his eagerness to make a picture was because Jack had once been in pictures.

WHEN it was time to go into the ring one night for one of his most important bouts, a battle which would either eliminate him from the championship race or put him in first place, Max took hold of his manager's arm and danced out of his dressing room.

"Will you go with me for a stroll down the avenue?" he grinned and hummed as they started down the aisle for the ring. Not one trace of nervousness did he feel or show. He might have been going for a pleasant stroll down some avenue instead of into a roped square where one of the best boxers in the world was waiting for him. Max laughed before and during the fight and was still laughing when he walked back to his room, the victor. And, best of all, he has laughed in the same way in his few defeats. He is a good loser, as well as a good winner.

He walked into Hollywood and pictures with the same spirit. It was fun, just as fighting was fun. People said that he talked too much, that he was too sure of himself. But, if he had been more silent and a little frightened, he wouldn't have been Max Baer, a large part of his color would have been gone. People who are afraid of life and the opinion of others dream of living and acting as Max lives and acts.

MAX is frankly thrilled by the changes which have come into his life since he left his father's California ranch and butcher shop to become a boxer.

"I didn't know that there were houses and people and luxuries in the world like the ones which I have seen and known in the last two years," he admitted. "If I had stayed in Livermore I would never have known them. I realize that I am invited to these beautiful homes, on yachts which are dreams of luxury, to parties with really famous people, only because I'm a sort of freak, a prizefighter. But, whatever the reason may be, it gives me a thrill and I enjoy it."

In all the forty-seven bouts which he has boxed since he began his fistic career, he has never suffered the accidents which result in the broken noses, cauliflower ears, scarred faces usually to be found on professional boxers. So nothing had to be changed in his appearance to make him ready for the cameras. Probably Max wouldn't have permitted any changes, even if the studio had thought them necessary.

Because, after all, fighting is his real business. Not motion picture acting. And now, after his brief sojourn in the studio, he is back at his real job. And he doesn't want to talk about any more pictures, until after the Carnera bout. If he wins the championship—and, of course, Max is frankly sure that he will win it—then it will be time to think about another trip to Hollywood, providing Hollywood still wants him.

And Hollywood probably will. Because young men like Max don't come strolling down the avenue every day.

One Girl They Couldn't Change

[*Continued from page* 37]

Also . . . horror of horrors . . . a mole on her left cheek which nestled beside her nose like a poor relation.

Would she consent to have the tooth yanked out and a pivot put in? "NO!" said Margaret, with as much emphasis as possible. Would she be willing to have her hair made just a teeny, weeny bit lighter? Again Margaret said "NO!" and meant it.

After hours and hours it was agreed there was nothing to do about it. Only one thing they held out for—the mole must go! "But," said Margaret (this time sweetly), "I've always had it and it's never hurt my stage appearance and, besides, I'd kinda miss it!"

The executives were firm. "The mole must go!" they ordered. So poor Margaret, feeling that she MUST give in this time, dragged her unwilling steps to a specialist in such things and the mole was gone. In its place was a round, red spot that must be kept covered until the wound healed.

So, when Margaret finally embarked via plane for Hollywood, it was with a patched face. Which explains why the Universal press agents took none of those usual "farewell" snaps which are used so generally.

RIGHT here we are going to clear up a mystery which has never before been explained. It concerns Margaret's mysterious disappearance for three whole days while en route to Hollywood. Various reports were rumored. First that the plane had crashed. Another story said she had been kidnaped. Still another wild rumor said she had eloped with a millionaire, leaving her career flat.

The true story is simply this: When Margaret arrived in Chicago, she discovered that the angry, red spot left where the mole had previously enjoyed free parking space, didn't seem to be healing. Determined not to arrive on the Coast with a patch on her face, she sped to a quiet hotel overlooking the lake. There she remained in deep seclusion, until the wound had healed and she might fare forth with her perfect complexion once more restored.

In the meantime, production was delayed on *Only Yesterday*. Studio officials were running around in circles. Three supervisors are said to have turned gray overnight. Hollywood phoned New York. New York phoned Hollywood. Finally, she arrived and was rushed out to Universal City without even unpacking her bags. To the makeup room they hurried her in preparation for costume and character tests, as a great sigh of relief went up throughout the studio.

But their troubles were not all over, by any means. Margaret refused to submit to false eyelashes, painted eyebrows and lips dripping with goo. "I'm not beautiful and I refuse to be made so," she insisted. "I'm an actress, not a ga-ga ingénue. Use only what makeup is absolutely necessary."

The makeup man argued that she was writing herself out of pictures, that no matter how she might feel personally, the fans expected all actresses to be beautiful. "Glamour" was what he called it, although he might just as well have saved his breath. Margaret emerged from the makeup chambers much as she had entered them.

SUPERVISORS, relatives, even the stage hands pleaded with the rebel. She was passing up her chance to become a star . . . wouldn't she please let them make her beautiful? Again Margaret said "NO!" and again there were executive huddles, far into the night.

The result was that Universal did something for Margaret Sullavan which they had never before done for any actress. Instead of testing her for the rôle, they tested the cameramen!

Taking six of their best men, they told each to go ahead and whichever one showed the best results would be appointed chief cameraman on the picture. The "rushes" revealed that Merritt Gerstad was best able to capture the piquant charm which belongs to Margaret and Margaret alone. P. S. He got the job.

Margaret Sullavan, thanks to her own strength of will, is hailed as a new type of heroine. She has the field to herself, having escaped the Hollywood pattern. The world is at her feet and she is basking in the glory of success. You'll want to write her after you see her on the screen. And, if you do, take my tip: Don't call her beautiful, or you'll have to answer for the consequences!

◆

Speaking of Pictures

[*Continued from page* 12]

7. *Little Women*—For the story and Kate Hepburn.
8. *The Private Life of Henry VIII*—Charles Laughton is reason enough.
9. *Footlight Parade*—Because the parade following '*Parade*' seemed like weak imitations of the highly entertaining original, and those backstage epics still in the making are certain to seem like weak imitations of weak imitations.
10. *The Bowery*—For the robust, amusing characterizations that have never been equalled.

The fact that we even had to bribe the printer not to change this list convinces us that nobody will agree. But a lot we care.

ABOUT *Design for Living*, Noel Coward has written: "The end of this play is equivocal. The three of them, after various partings and reunions and partings again after tormenting and loving and hating each other, are left together as the curtain falls, laughing. Different minds have found different meanings in this laughter. Some considered it to be directed against Ernest, Gilda's husband and the time-honored friend of all three. If so, it was certainly cruel and in the worst possible taste . . . others . . . regarded it as a meaningless and slightly inept excuse to bring the curtain down. I, as author, however, prefer to think that Gilda and Otto and Leo were laughing at themselves."

And we, as movie-goers who saw the screen version of this play and found it excellent although without a line of dialogue from the sparkling original, prefer to think that the three are laughing at Noel Coward.

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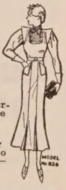

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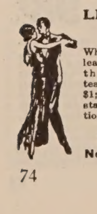

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Secret Marriage Discovered!

[*Continued from page* 34]

pany in Memphis, Tennessee. The company went broke, Lyle went broke and everything was shot to pieces. He had no plans, no prospect of an engagement. So he thought if he was going to starve to death, he might as well starve in New York trying to get a job on the Main Stem. He'd heard of Broadway all his life, now he was going to tackle it. It's every actor's goal and ambition.

The producers didn't exactly fall over themselves trying to get his signature on the dotted line but he did get an agent. And the agent got him a job in one of the first Vitaphone shorts—a little classic called *The Nightingale*, which also boasted the presence of Vivian Osborne and Pat O'Brien . . . and Elaine Melchior.

Elaine was a pretty little thing, quiet, unobtrusive, ladylike. She also had a nice voice. She used to do her scenes and retire to the side of the stage to wait until she was called. Most of the men on the set made efforts to get acquainted but all Elaine wanted was to be left alone—and she wanted lots of her own company.

Lyle's Courtship

LYLE seeing the others had no luck, wondered if he would fare any better. He did. The studio was in Brooklyn or New Jersey, I forget which. And it doesn't matter. At any rate, it was spring, the nights were balmy, Lyle was lonely, Elaine was lovely. Six weeks after they had first met, they were married!

At first everything went along swimmingly. They had an apartment of their own. Elaine got a part in a musical comedy with Guy Robertson, called *Nina Rosa* and Lyle got his first big break in a comedy called *Passion Preferred.*

But, as often happens in the show business, Elaine's show "broke in" out of town for four weeks and went to New York. Lyle's opened cold in Chicago, played three weeks there, went to Atlantic City for a week, and folded. About the time he was returning to New York Elaine's show was leaving for Chicago. Rather than be separated any longer, Elaine handed in her resignation.

The producers were furious and refused to give her any further work.

Then Lyle got a job with a stock company in St. Louis. In the same company were Claire Trevor (new Fox find), Wallace Ford and Arthur Pierson. When he had been in St. Louis a few weeks he found they needed another woman in the company and he wangled a job for Elaine. She came out and joined him.

Romance on the Rocks

THEN that company, too, went broke and they returned to New York. They hadn't made much and it had taken all they had to live so they had not been able to save anything. As a result they were forced to live with Elaine's parents.

Immediately what Walter Winchell would describe as "mother-in-law-trouble" broke out. There is an old saying that no house is large enough for two families and I guess it's as true now as it ever was.

Cupid turned his back on them and Venus smiled everywhere but on them.

Walking down Broadway one day, Lyle met Preston Foster. "A friend of mine is producing a show called *Two Seconds,*" Preston vouchsafed. "I'm set for the second lead but the lead is still open and I think you ought to fill the bill." He took Lyle up to the producer who was ready to sign him but wanted an option on his services. Lyle was already signed with another agent who refused to release him.

Lyle took the matter up with the Actors' Equity Association which informed his agent that unless he produced a job for Lyle immediately he would *have* to release him.

Victor Jory had been the leading man in a stock company at Columbus, Ohio. They wanted him back for another season but he was angling for a job in a Broadway production. Clinching that, at last, he recommended Lyle for the lead in the Columbus stock company and Lyle left.

He never saw Elaine again until this past spring when he went on a tour with the *42nd Street* Special . . . long after his divorce.

From Columbus he joined a stock company in Dallas, Texas, and then on to Hollywood.

Then the Divorce

ONCE he spoke to Elaine over the long distance telephone. "We can't make a go of it together," she said simply. "Maybe if we had money it would be different. We haven't. There's always that constant, pressing need to work whether the work offered us is suitable or not. We'll never get ahead that way. Alone, we could always make out—somehow. Let's get a divorce and be free to take advantage of anything that comes our way."

"You're swell,' Lyle whispered over the phone.

One wonders if he also added, "I'll always love you."

They got the divorce and Lyle came to Hollywood. He has been under contract to Warner Brothers ever since his arrival here. He's getting good parts and a nice salary.

Elaine, in New York, has also made good. She's been on the air almost constantly since their separation. At present she's playing in the *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* radio program.

Will They Remarry?

RECENTLY Lyle had another letter saying she was coming out here soon.

"We never really had an argument or scrap the whole time we were married," he told me. "The whole trouble was we never had any money. But out here where I'm making enough now to support us—I wonder."

A dreamy look came into his eyes. Lyle is an incurable romanticist.

Wouldn't it be funny if, for once, Hollywood should be the means of bringing an estranged couple together? Funny—and romantic?

—*John Ellis*

Mary Astor, the sweetest of sweet Hollywood heroines, has turned siren! This is the first glimpse of the new Mary as she looks to her leading man in *Easy to Love*

Alice Starts Another Fight

[*Continued from page* 33]

involved in it. And Alice's indignant remark when she was being questioned by the police gave Hollywood considerable glee. "Mr. Warburton can lick any woman his own size," she was quoted as having said. Since Alice's size is about eighty-five pounds and she is less than five feet tall, you can see how Hollywood felt about *that.*

But Hollywood is fond of Alice—now. That is a recent development. One of the chief things that Alice had to fight in the early days was a subtle and rather strange antipathy in film circles. She was an audience-created star. Definitely. No one in picture circles ever really believed in her. They could never see what the public obviously saw in her. Years ago, when she had her first chance to show what she could do in pictures, First National let her go because they thought that she could not do enough. Exhibitors—theatre owners—demanded more Alice White pictures and forced the studio to give her a contract.

Alice Fights Back

I think that the executives who employed her and paid her an excellent salary were puzzled about what it was in her that drew people into the theatres. But she had it. When talking pictures came in, it was conceded and decided that little Alice was through. She might get by in silent pictures, they said, but not in talking pictures where a gal had to act. It never occurred to anyone, apparently, to find out whether she *could* act. A series of personal appearances, topped by a most successful performance in the stage production of *Dinner at Eight,* put her back on the screen. She was doing very nicely, too. And then the Warburton-Bartlett thing broke into print. And Alice had another obstacle to overcome.

"I can't see *why* anyone should do this to us!" she told me, in a desperately exasperated voice. "The story would be funny if there weren't the danger of its affecting my career. It is so absurd . . .

"The thing that makes me so *mad* is that anyone should accuse Cy of hiring someone to punch somebody for him! If he thinks anyone should be punched, he is perfectly capable of doing his own punching. Dragging us into it was sheer persecution by someone. But who in the world dislikes me enough to do a thing like that to me? Just when things were beginning to look brighter for me, too . . . "

Yet she was a little comforted by letters and telegrams from that persistently loyal public. She was comforted too, because Hollywood sympathized with her and defended her. Hollywood has never been so friendly to Alice before.

A Gallant Trouper

But Hollywood loves a trouper and a gallant fighter. Alice's fight to come back, her sporting attitude in the days not so long ago when her career seemed to be pretty definitely on the rocks—these things overcame that antipathy. Hollywood, in refusing to believe or to take with any seriousness the accusations against Alice, paid her its best tribute.

"She wouldn't do a thing like that," said Hollywood. "It would be bad showmanship. Alice is a trouper and a good showman." To call you a trouper and a showman is to give you Hollywood's highest compliment.

Alice said, ruefully, "The only cheery thing I can see in the whole business is that my pictures in the newspapers didn't look as bad as they *might* have looked!" There, again, speaks a showman!

So perhaps this little episode, uncomfortable though it made her, has done Alice some good. Hollywood has awakened abruptly to the realization that it not only respects Alice but that it is actually very fond of her. And that is a surprise to both Alice and Hollywood!

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Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 49]

opening night performance in Her Master's Voice . . . *Margaret Sullavan watching a projection room preview of* Little Women *while her own picture,* Only Yesterday, *was having its world première at the Music Hall next door . . . Mitzi Green celebrating her thirteenth birthday with a small dinner party for her classmates at the Professional Children's School.*

Just a Wall-Flower

WHEN an actress insists that she never goes to Hollywood parties and shuns all public affairs, the odds are ten to one that you will meet her at every Hollywood social function to which she is invited.

Aline McMahon, however, is one of the few exceptions who suits her action to the word. When Aline disclaims any ring-side seat on the Hollywood bandwagon, she is not indulging in flights of the imagination. I know, because on my recent visit to the film capitol I ran into her only once and that was at the Jascha Heifitz concert in the Hollywood Bowl. The only other Hollywood stars present were shining in the clear blue heavens above.

EDDIE CANTOR, president of the Screen Guild, paid a visit to Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, at Warm Springs, Va., to present the actors' viewpoint on the NRA code. He left Rubinoff at home . . . Kitty Carlisle, Paramount's newest screen find, is a New Orleans lass, whose real name is Catharine Kahn . . . Margaret Livingston, who retired from the screen as soon as she could put her arms around Paul Whiteman, has donned greasepaint again to vamp at Paramount's Long Island studio in The Social Register, *which Mickey Neilan is directing with Colleen Moore, Alexander Kirkland and Pauline Frederick in the leading rôles . . . Betty Blythe wasn't even listed in the cast of* Only Yesterday *and it was only yesterday that she was a star in her own right . . . One of the first bouquets to welcome Joan Crawford to her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria was sent by her ex-mother-in-law, Beth Whiting.*

In the Mail Bag

DEAR Radie—

I am so glad that you liked my "bit" in The World Changes. *Warners have done so much talking about me that I sometimes get a little afraid that I may not be able to live up to it all, and it is so encouraging to know that my first effort was well received.*

We have just started work on As the Earth Turns. *Mine is a beautiful part and I am studying very hard on it. I want so to give a good characterization and not just another moving picture personality performance. It is my big chance and I simply MUST make good!*

For the past few days, I guess the publicity department has not had much to do because it suddenly decided to concentrate on me. As soon as some really important business comes up they'll stop but it has been a lot of fun, giving interviews and having millions of pictures taken. I only hope the fans feel the same way as the studio does. They are grand!

Best wishes always.

JEAN (MUIR).

Hollywood Robs Fifth Avenue

[*Continued from page* 50]

New York City and the summer homes at Newport and Southampton.

A colored house boy, who combines the duties of a butler, chef and waiter, a maid also, is the personnel of the house staff. She also has a woman companion, a guest.

Janet Snowden is a strikingly handsome girl, not yet twenty, dark-haired, dark-eyed, graceful-figured and with the most engaging personality one could hope to encounter.

A charming and cultured voice that reflects the training of the finest schools of America and Europe and, in the language of the day, a girl who knows what it is all about.

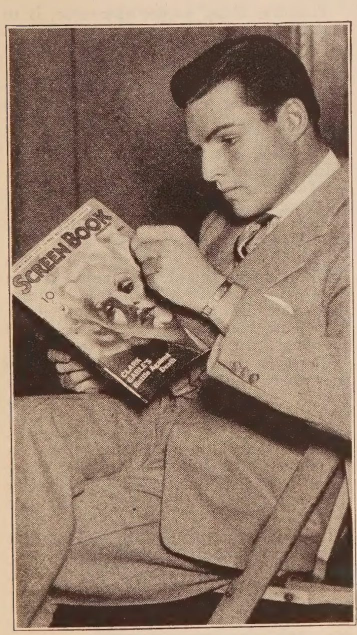
WHAT is she doing in Hollywood? We will let her tell it.

"I have been everywhere," said Miss Snowden, "traveled to every quarter of the globe, seen all that was worth seeing and a few months ago I decided that it was about time for me to do something worth while.

"Society, which has always been so superficial to me, began to bore me more than ever.

"I felt that, even though classified as of the idle rich, that was not my inclination. I had always felt that, when one got to the point of choosing a career that one should choose that for which one felt that she was best fitted.

"I decided that I would try motion pictures and I further decided that I would go to Hollywood, just as so many other girls have gone, without benefit of influential friends, solely on my own, and to make my bid for a connection with one of the major studios only after I felt convinced that I had perfected myself in the requirements needed."



The stars know which magazine tells all the news first. This photo shows Buster Crabbe, so interested in his reading, that he failed to see the cameraman stealing a snapshot

Miss Snowden, it may here be said, has already started her voice, elocution and dancing lessons; likewise she has brushed up on her horsemanship, for she is a skilled equestrian and her greatest pleasure is to ride for miles through the San Fernando Valley country.

When she first came to Hollywood, she truly intended not to reveal her presence to any one until she had completed the training she had planned.

Obviously the girl had to have someone to advise her and it so happened that a friend of her late father was a prominent figure in the picture world—Bill Gill, one of the most successful managers of stars in cinemaland.

So it comes that Bill Gill is guiding this pretty girl through the Hollywood maze, not as a business representative but as a long-time family friend, and she is in good hands.

Despite her wish for secrecy and privacy when she first came to Hollywood the boys have a way of finding out things, and thus it came to pass that a major studio offered her a contract. Under the contract she would be signed and given another name. Then she would play bits for awhile to be suddenly discovered as Janet Snowden, heiress to millions, etc., etc.

But that idea did not jell with her. It was the very thing she wanted to avoid, the idea of cashing in on her wealth. She was determined to either sink or swim on sheer ability.

So we have the quite unusual situation of a girl for whom every major studio is making offers but all of them, at the moment, with the idea of cashing in on the girl's background.

THIS dark-eyed and dark-haired beauty was educated in exactly thirteen schools including the Villa Vimet in Switzerland, International School in Florence, Italy, Miss Fontaine's School in France and various schools in America.

She was born in Paris, and spoke French before she was able to speak English. Her mother was of the Adaires, famous Southern family of Kentucky; her father, one of the richest oil operators in Texas and Mexico, also the owner of the famous potash mines in New Mexico.

Janet Snowden has what it takes—and that means everything.

This is her first interview since she came to Hollywood. She has denied herself to all interviewers hitherto. She was afraid that they would ask her lots of questions about New York, Paris, London, etc., whereas she wants to forget all about that. She wants to start from scratch, out here in Hollywood.

And what a kick she gets out of answering the door bell herself!

Unless this prognosticator is wrong you are going to see a lot of this girl, on the screen. Remember the name—*Janet Snowden*.

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Movies Will Get You—

[*Continued from page 25*]

itself, the latter makes her more dignified and produces the perfect lady.

To either or both suggestions she responds not only ideally but as proficiently as does a movie queen who is being "shot" for successive scenes on the same day.

Consider also the different ways girls conduct themselves in the office, the home, on the beach, in church, when window shopping, in a night club or in a parked automobile. All bespeak talent for acting. If one could closely observe the average girl of today in the several environments I have mentioned one would scarcely recognize her as the same person.

All women act. First, last and always are they acting. What's more, they act so naturally, without effort, that they do not realize they are acting at all!

SMALL wonder then, when any woman beholds Garbo or Dietrich or Myrna Loy disporting her passions on the screen, that she feels she could do as well—at any rate, after practice, *nearly* as well—if only the opportunity were accorded her. "Surely they can't all be experienced stage actresses like Chatterton, Wynyard or Hayes," she ponders. "Besides, are not the picture studios continually looking for *new* material to work—material in the 'raw'?"

The best of it is that some of these feminine fancies are not so far wrong.

In every movie audience there are dozens who could make good on the screen. They might not all rise to stellar heights. Voice or bad photography might be a serious handicap. Since, however, the vast majority of all screen performers are "naturals" anyway—that is, are selected for "type" parts and all they have to do is *be themselves*—it follows logically that women, being born natural actors, are almost by instinct fitted for a picture career.

Exhibitionism is another psychological term that comes to mind in this connection. Nor need it be interpreted in its cruder, coarser sex connotation.

That a woman not only enjoys displaying her physical charms, however, and usually gets a real "kick" out of it when she notes that said exhibitionism is having its calculated effect, is too well known to bear discussion.

WHEN short skirts were the vogue the exhibitionistic instinct of some women often approached shocking results. Since then fashion still decrees exposure of the anatomy. Now it is the back, as far down as the temerity of the wearer will allow; at another year the chest is revealed with a glimpse of the busts; then it is the shoulders, or the skirt is slit on the side. All of which is really to be expected since every part of a woman is idealized, from the curls on her head to the pinkness of her toes.

Shall we call it sex? Well, you can if you like. After all, woman is the desired one and the pursued one—not the man. And when women see Ginger Rogers throwing restraint to the winds in an adolescent rôle and Mae West doing the same sort of thing in a more sophisticated manner, it is not surprising that women *identify themselves* with the actresses they behold and wish that they, too, might have so good a time, one so distinctly feminine and so closely related to their inmost nature.

And then, to be sure, all women *adore love.* Indeed, they live and thrive on it. It is no exaggeration to state that, although a woman may do without love, she survives and may be content not because of the lack of love but in spite of it.

Love pictures, to be sure, are the vogue and always have been. Producers say that love is what the public wants. The screen actresses, therefore, especially the stars, appear to the female movie fan as being drenched with love even when they work and get paid for it.

What woman has not thrilled when Clark Gable takes Joan Crawford in his arms and holds her tight? What feminine heart did not race when, in the finale of *My Weakness,* petite little Lilian Harvey finally manages to land her man?

And surely one need not be astonished if any woman would want to be Crawford or Dietrich or Harvey in such scenes, or any other love-making picture celebrity in any other similar scenes.

Therefore, you, as a woman, are not only wishing quite logically when you yearn to become a screen star, but you also are behaving altogether in keeping with your instincts and inherent aptitudes when you wonder if you possess the necessary qualifications for such work.

The first thing to do, of course, is to make an appraisal of your own self and of your qualifications.

FOR this purpose the talent test on the opening pages of this article has been completed after careful thought, based upon experience, of what actually is essential for picture success.

In it you will note that I have left out certain requirements for screen acting that are essential to the business. This I have done on purpose because they are self-evident.

For instance, you would not even think of trying further to make a screen debut if you found, or already knew, that you did not *photograph* well or that your voice failed to *register* as it should.

Question number 6, which relates to the voice has nothing to do with the way it comes through on a phonograph disk. Indeed, your voice may not be specially musical; it may even possess a funny squeak, and create a sensation in pictures for that very reason. The point to question however, is whether its quality is such that people are not repelled by it.

It is to be noted also that I left out of the score-board all mention of *beauty,* whether this constitutes a pretty face, or figure, or both. This is because nowadays beauty does not count for one-tenth what it used to. Personality (Question No. 7) has quite decidedly taken its place. What is more, it is character that counts heavily since the talkies have superseded the silents. Drama is stressed in the modern film, not merely action and cute poses.

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Lastly, if you have a real "yen" to try your luck in the movies your *enthusiasm* for your ambition need likewise not be stressed. The desire and the enthusiasm go hand-in-glove.

I am afraid some of my readers are going to be mighty upset if they do not score a total of 100. But don't be! I daresay the divine Garbo herself would not make a higher grade than 85 per cent.

Even if you score no more than 60 per cent you have every reason to be encouraged. After all, many screen attributes can be learned through practice.

And, of course, in the last analysis, it is *up to you* to take your *will to win* by the forelock and *make good!*

WATCH FOR MARCH SCREEN BOOK
and another article by
Dr. Louis E. Bisch—
"How Does Mae West Get That Way?"

◆

Come Into Pert Kelton's Kitchen

[*Continued from page* 54]

Incidentally, here is where my handy-maid, an electric mixer, serves a great aid—not only for the perfect results with mayonnaise but additionally for the thorough mixing of fillings. Here are my favorites:

American cheese, chopped or grated with chili sauce or Worcestershire, onion juice, chopped onion, mushroom, catsup.

Anchovy or sardine paste with chopped egg, lemon juice, mayonnaise or chopped onion, mayonnaise, or chopped ripe olives and mayonnaise.

Avocado, mashed or chopped with lemon juice, French dressing or with chopped salted almonds and lemon juice.

Peanut butter with pineapple, honey and walnuts or with chopped celery, thin cream.

Caviar, chopped hard cooked egg, onion juice.

Cucumber, watercress, mayonnaise.

Cooked chicken livers, crisp bacon, melted butter.

Guava jelly, grated orange rind, chopped pistachio nuts.

Meat with chopped onion and tomato catsup, or with horseradish, mayonnaise, shredded lettuce, celery or cabbage.

Cream or cottage cheese with pineapple, salted almonds, mayonnaise. Or with chopped cucumber, capers, French dressing. Or with chopped dates, candied orange peel, cream. Or with chopped prunes or apricots, nut meats, lemon or orange juice.

"And come what may you've really got the makings for a grand tea-party."

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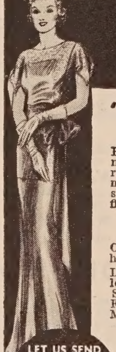

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"Ambition is to Blame for Divorce in Hollywood!"

[*Continued from page* 31]

they had been to each other. I recalled how, at their hotel, they were so absolutely in love with each other that, to the stranger not within their favor, it became a bit embarrassing. Could ambition have caused that rift?

AND as though reading my thought, Lubitsch went on:

"Two young folks, filled with ambition, are bound to forget the love that first brought them together. I don't know the underlying causes of the divorce between Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford. But you won't deny that both these youngsters are ambitious. Both have talent, a wealth of talent. And both want to give all of that talent to their fans as often as they can."

"But according to your way of thinking, there isn't a single Hollywood marriage that can be successful if both parties are of the stage or screen," I said.

"I didn't say that," replied Lubitsch. "What I mean to say is this:

"A Hollywood marriage, where both parties are young, ambitious and working, faces divorce. One or the other must quit an active creative career. But when one does leave ambition behind, to make the partner's career a lifework, that marriage is headed for success and for real happiness.

"A perfect example of what I mean is Freddie March. Florence Eldridge and Freddie are happy, very happy. But Florence gave up a promising stage career to further that of her husband. That she did a wise thing is evident. For he is succeeding in great measure and the two are able to weather marriage quite well!"

"I don't intend to get married again," said Lubitsch. "Since my divorce, the papers have had me getting married at least every other day. Some times it has been most embarrassing. Recently, they printed my engagement to a young lady and her friend immediately called up her parents in New York to congratulate them. But it was false, like most of those rumors.

"I haven't got time for marriage and, too, I'm too ambitious to make a good husband."

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All Over the Hollywood Lot

[*Continued from page* 29]

False Alarm

HOLLYWOOD is still chuckling about the great publicity fiasco which followed the announcement of Gary Cooper's engagement to Sandra Shaw. A mysterious telephone call from Las Vegas, Nevada, warned Paramount studio officials that Gary and his fiancée were enroute to Hollywood by plane. Instantly, pandemonium reigned.

When the plane glided down to a landing, two newsreel men and a flock of newspapermen were on hand. Imagine the consternation when the only two passengers, a lanky young mining engineer and his wife, emerged.

Untold Story

MANY tales have been told to explain the origin of the motion picture industry in Hollywood, but only one is true. And it has never been told. Hobart Bosworth is the man who started everything. In 1910 he came here for his health. He was then an established stage star and looked with scorn on the movies. But he couldn't find a stage rôle in Los Angeles and in desperation accepted work in a motion picture unit which had been sent here by the Seelig studio in Chicago.

When the picture was finished, the company was ordered to return to the Windy City. Bosworth, facing the loss of his job, wrote a letter painting a vivid picture of California glories. So it was that the first studio moved bag and baggage to the town now known as Hollywood.

Permanent Romance

THOSE two romantic newlyweds, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, have shown their ingenuity by demanding and getting amendments to their studio contracts to guarantee each a simultaneous vacation each year. Meanwhile they are keeping house in two rooms at Joel's ranch house while workmen are hustling overtime to complete the building.

Wanted: Chorus Girls!

BEN PIAZZA, Metro's casting director, reports that for the first time in Hollywood history there is actually a dearth of chorus girls. With seven filmusicals in production and four more scheduled, the studios are sending out alarms for more chorines. One of the casting office regulars has now worked sixteen straight weeks—which is a better record than most stars can boast.

Still an Attraction

IN THE Metro commissary a few days ago there was a flurry of excitement. Famous stars twisted about in their seats in order to watch the entrance of a gorgeously beautiful blonde. An undercurrent of whispers swept the room.

Anna Q. Nilsson may no longer be a star, but she is still more intriguing to Hollywood than anyone, with the exception of Garbo.

A Boy and a Girl were Dancing

It should have been the most beautiful, the happiest night of her life. She had looked forward to it for more than a week. But now she smiled only with effort . . . smiled through pain, worry, fear. The whole world seemed out of step.

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New Pictures

[*Continued from page 41*]

An interesting backstage view, showing Howard Lally, a new leading man, advising Wynne Gibson about her makeup between scenes on the set of *Sleepers East*

ROMAN SCANDALS—★★★★—Eddie Cantor in a grand musical comedy with Gloria Stuart and a host of other beautiful girls.—*United Artists.*

ONLY YESTERDAY—★★★★—Margaret Sullavan makes her auspicious début opposite John Boles. A great picture!—*Universal.*

DUCK SOUP—★★★★—Your chance to go crazy with the Four Marx Brothers.—*Paramount.*

CHRISTOPHER BEAN—★★★★—Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore. Nuff said!—*Metro.*

LITTLE WOMEN—★★★★—Katharine Hepburn starred in the fine old classic. Don't miss it!—*Radio.*

BLONDE BOMBSHELL—★★★—Jean Harlow does her finest work opposite the misbehaving Lee Tracy.—*Metro.*

DANCING LADY—★★★★—Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, pardon us, Franchot and Joan Crawford in a swelegent picture.—*Metro.*

HORSEPLAY — ★★★ — Slim Summerville, Leila Hyams and Andy Devine in a fresh burst of merriment.—*Universal.*

HAVANA WIDOWS—★★★—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell go gold-digging — *First National.*

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE — ★★★ — Ann Harding as a famous plastic surgeon. Pleasing.—*Radio.*

ESKIMO—★★★—Greatest adventure film ever produced. You must see it!—*Metro.*

HOOPLA—★★★—Clara Bow fans will applaud her in this one.—*Fox.*

FEMALE—★★★—In which Ruth Chatterton vamps her real husband before the camera. —*First National.*

COLLEGE COACH—★★★—Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak and Dick Powell in one of the better football pictures.—*Warner.*

A MAN'S CASTLE—★★★—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young in a nice little love tale.—*Columbia.*

I'M NO ANGEL—★★★—Mae West, all Mae West.—*Paramount.*

THE WOMAN SPY—★★★—Connie Bennett in a great performance.—*Radio.*

THE WORLD CHANGES—★★★—But Paul Muni doesn't. He's still the grand actor. Mary Astor is the leading lady.—*Warner.*

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—★★★—Kay Francis in a dramatic story of a Floradora Girl, with Gene Raymond and Ricardo Cortez.—*Warner.*

JIMMY AND SALLY—★★—Sweet romance between Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor.—*Fox.*

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—★★—Charlie Farrell opposite Marguerite Churchill. Farrell fans will like. — *Paramount.*

DARK HAZARD — ★★ — Edward G. Robinson as a hardboiled gambler. Genevieve Tobin comes back.—*First National.*

WHITE WOMAN—★★—Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard make a fair picture better.—*Paramount.*

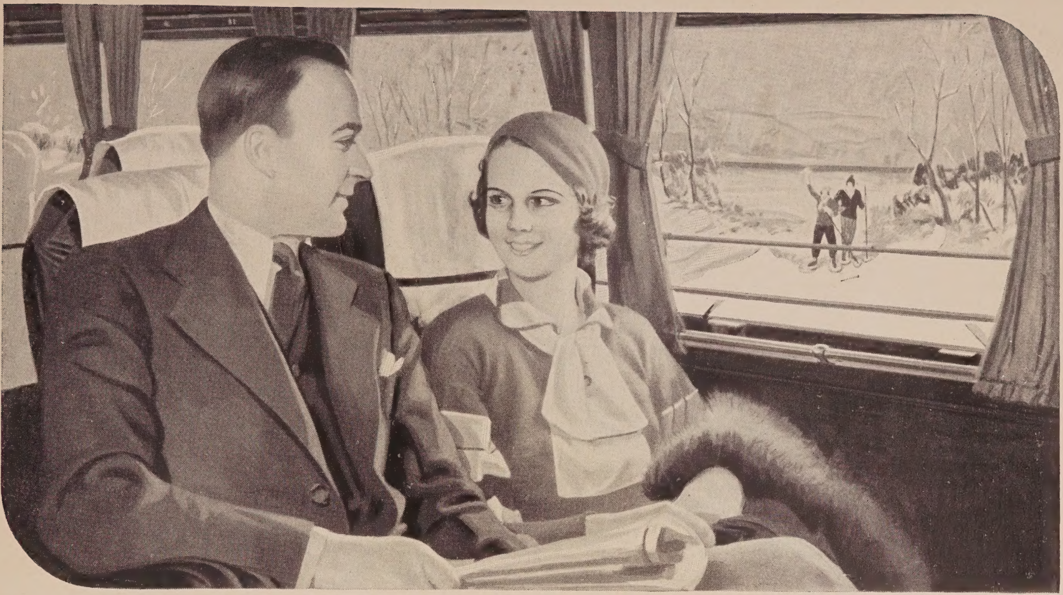
Don't Miss These at Your Neighborhood Theatres!

★★★★

The Bowery—Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper and Pert Kelton.
Footlight Parade—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, James Cagney, Dick Powell and Guy Kibbee.
The Invisible Man—Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart.
The Way to Love—Maurice Chevalier and Ann Dvorak.
My Weakness—Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres.

★★★

Prizefighter and the Lady—Max Baer, Walter Huston and Myrna Loy.
Broadway Thru a Keyhole—Paul Kelly and Constance Cummings.
Cradle Song—Dorothea Wieck.



"—must be zero outside, but isn't this warm and pleasant! From now on, I'll make all my winter trips by Greyhound"

WINTER OUTSIDE—
SUMMER INSIDE!

WINTER loses all its teeth, when you can travel by highway and laugh at the cold! It's great to lean back in deep cushions and watch a glittering white landscape roll by . . . *providing you are snug and comfortable, relaxed in a flood of clean warm air.*

Here's how a Greyhound bus takes all the chill and discomfort from cold-weather trips: Big Tropic-Aire (hot water) heaters, front and rear, keep the temperature just right, and provide constant ventilation. Protected plate glass windows shut out the searching fingers of zero weather.

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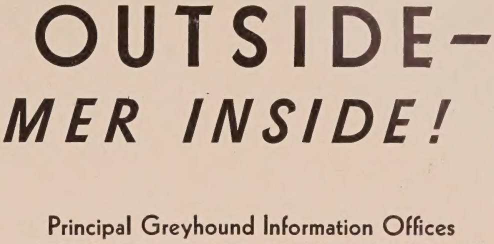

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YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

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The Private Life of Katharine Hepburn

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

March

15c in Canada

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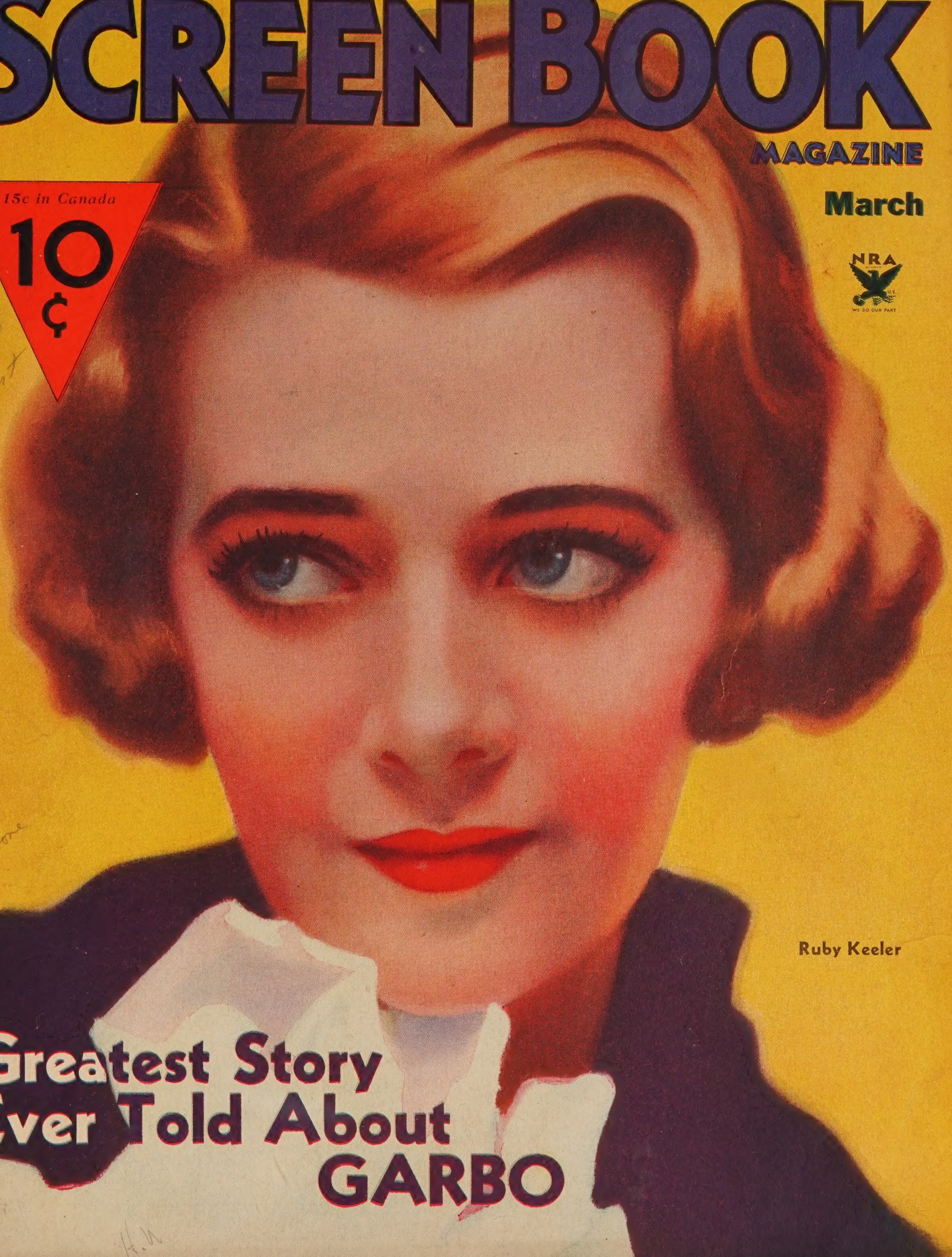
K. J

Mae West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WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

• • •

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear IT". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake? HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN
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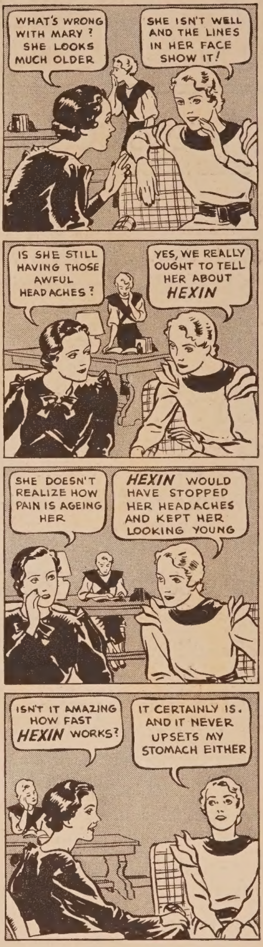
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
for HEADACHE NEURALGIA
HEXIN
Much Quicker Relief
100 TABLETS 5 GRAINS

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good"


WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY ? SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER
SHE ISN'T WELL AND THE LINES IN HER FACE SHOW IT!
IS SHE STILL HAVING THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES ?
YES, WE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT HEXIN
SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW PAIN IS AGEING HER
HEXIN WOULD HAVE STOPPED HER HEADACHES AND KEPT HER LOOKING YOUNG
ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW FAST HEXIN WORKS?
IT CERTAINLY IS. AND IT NEVER UPSETS MY STOMACH EITHER

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Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

Contents for

MARCH, 1934
Vol. XII No. 2

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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Looks like Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy are friends, but it's not so. Read the story on page 26

- Even Garbo will be surprised when she reads the story about herself in SCREEN BOOK this month. The editors believe it is the most intimate ever written about this glamorous star.

- There is no greater name on the screen today than that of Katharine Hepburn—every reader will be charmed by the story of her private life beginning in this issue.

- You can win a personal check from Jean Harlow in SCREEN BOOK'S $500 Cash Prize Contest! Read the announcement on page 56.

- The most interesting story Mae West will ever have an opportunity to read about herself is on page 30. Dr. Louis E. Bisch psychoanalyzed her and hastily left town.

EXTRA!

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Marlene Dietrich
in
"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)
directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Bing Crosby, who plays opposite Marion Davies for the first time in *Going Hollywood*, received more fan mail through "Handclaps and Hisses" than any other male star during the year

Clark Gable has a new leading lady in Claudette Colbert who vamps him in *It Happened One Night*. Write a criticism of this picture and win one of SCREEN BOOK'S cash prizes

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

$15.00 Letter

Pleasant Hokum, Please

THE remarkable box office success of such pictures as *Cavalcade, Lady for a Day, Henry the VIII* and *Little Women* certainly proves the falseness of the old theory that the movies must be sexy or silly in order to make money.

Furthermore, the wide variety of their themes—an historical pageant; pleasant hokum with a modern twist; homespun sentiment; and a brilliant character study—proves that one particular type of story or one particular type of actor is not necessary for both artistic and financial success.

The essential thing is quality—quality of story, cast and direction. The motion picture public knows what it wants and is no longer easy to deceive.—**J. E. H., 1440 Rhode Island Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

$10.00 Letter

What Hollywood Needs

IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden where rare and colorful plants from the world over are flowering.

It was the honorable head gardener's duty to watch the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell that tinkled as the breezes blew. This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine. Look this way and you will be fully repaid."

Hollywood needs a head gardener to tie "silver bells" on deserving movies. At present there are too many "colossal," "gigantic," "super" bells that are attached to inferior movie productions.—**Walter E. Johnson, 7414 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

$5.00 Letter

Paging Lee Tracy

WELL, Lee Tracy has "went and done it" and got "canned" for doing it. In our opinion the punishment meted out was much too heavy for the offense, if it was an offense—which we doubt very much.

Tracy is a fine actor and his natural, breezy portrayals have made him a favorite with thousands of fans. And I'm one of them. I'll bet a nickel to a doughnut that his studio will miss him when they examine their box office receipts.—**K. M. Smith, Box 201, Vinton, Virginia.**

$1.00 Letter

From One Of Millions

KATHARINE HEPBURN and her cohorts in *Little Women* come as a cool breeze on a torrid day as they interpret for us the wholesome, simple everyday life of the adorable Marchs. No jazz, no intrigues, no death-dealing blows to mar it. We heard someone say in some astonishment, "Why that shows daily life just as *we* live it!" We run into naturalness and simplicity so seldom that when we do the film becomes a sensation.—**L. J. West, Box 314, Princeton, N. J.**

$1.00 Letter

Love And No Hisses

WILL we exchange a Walt Disney colored picture for any other attraction? Certainly not—because Disney's offerings amuse us with harmonious songs, beautiful colored scenes and a fine story.

His pictures may be short but they are comical, musical and thrilling—perfect entertainment. We want more Disney pictures and we are sending cheers and handclaps for your productions. No hisses from—**Antonio L. Reyes, 1244 Tuberias, Manila, Philippine Islands.**

$1.00 Letter

Orchids To Miss Sullavan

RANKING along with the mighty *Cavalcade, Only Yesterday* is stamped on my memory as one of the greatest motion picture spectacles ever filmed. Such truly talented actors and actresses put into such a story of a real American decade are deserving of the highest praise. The true magnitude of *Only Yesterday* is difficult to conceive in a single mind. Permit me to say—many orchids to Margaret Sullavan. — **Harry Sivia, 513 Tennessee Ave., Palestine, Tex.**

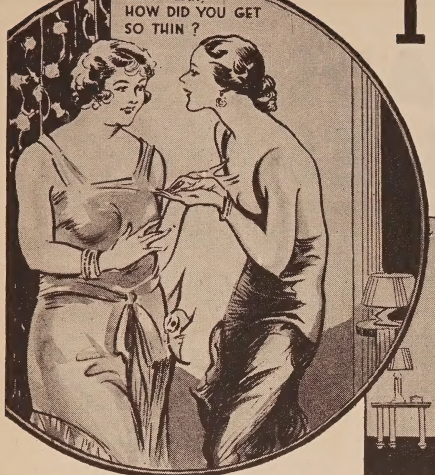
$1.00 Letter

Hysteria In The Darkness

THOSE Marx boys will be the death of me yet, with their *lèse-majesté*, their utter contempt of everything ordinary folks respect and hold sacred. Again in *Duck Soup* which occupies our main cinema forum they ruthlessly step on the tender toes of convention and jostle about the "sacred cows" of social usages until they are a worn and bedraggled herd. Three cheers for the four boys who have learned how to make us hysterical in the darkness of the theatre.—**Moses Sivitz, 2474 Harvey Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

[*Continued on page* 8]

TEST the...
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...For 10 Days at Our Expense!


WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

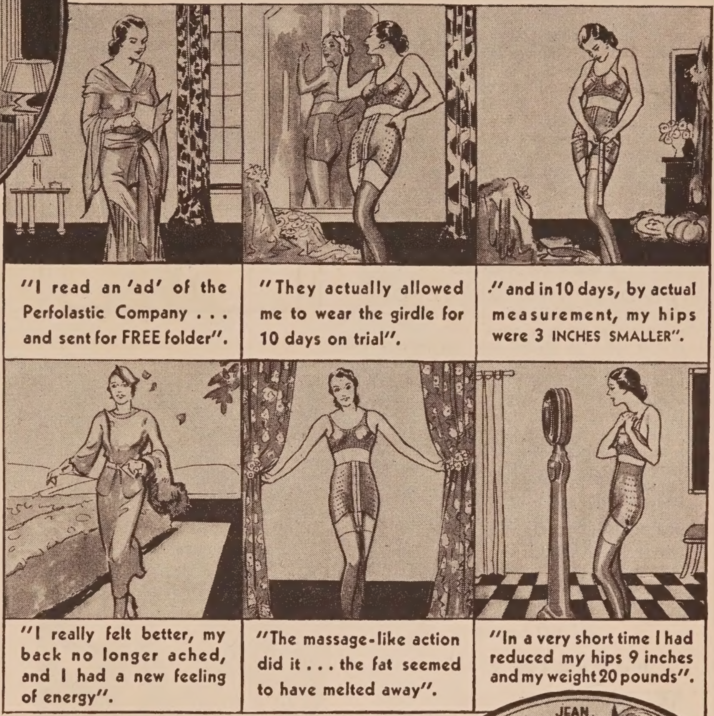
● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder".

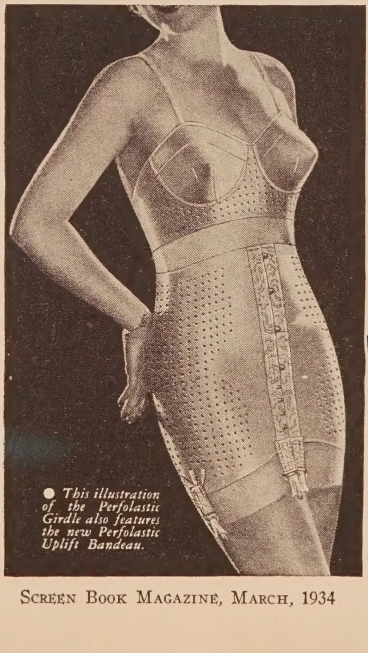
"They actually allowed me to wear the girdle for 10 days on trial".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".



● *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.*

JEAN, THAT'S WONDERFUL, I'LL SEND FOR MY GIRDLE TODAY!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 73, New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

HANDCLAPS AND HISSES

● Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters received from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to any letters considered of equal merit, and the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish the whole or part of any contribution is reserved. All letters must be signed. Mail your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

$1.00 Letter

"Just Plain Tough"

HUGE shoulders and fighting jaws are not my idea of femininity even if there are tantalizing curves (for men only). I like girlish women and girls.

The men may rave over such a character as Nira but the thoughtful person realizes that such boldness cannot go on and leave the world in fit condition, or should I say "in a fit." I call this non-angel just plain tough and I don't mean maybe.—**Mrs. E. Wambaugh, 718 E. Jefferson St., Goshen, Indiana.**

$1.00 Letter

Plea For Nudists

LEGONG, THE DANCE OF THE VIRGINS and the announcement of a picture featuring a nudist tribe in Brazil lead us to expect more pictures on nudism. Since this cult is spreading over the world with amazing rapidity it seems quite proper that movie audiences should have the subject presented them in a sane and healthy manner. At least, here's hoping that with this unlimited opportunity for displaying the human body skillfully and discreetly, the producers will be cured of their obsession for thrusting in scenes of the leading characters in the act of taking a bath. —**Mabel Kramer, 905 Lydia Ave., Louisville, Ky.**

$1.00 Letter

We Want Franchot!

WHY the extensive search for new leading men? What's the matter with Franchot Tone? He has plenty of good looks, a fine personality and is not conceited. Last, but not least, he can act. I met him in Dunhill's store when he was in New York with Joan Crawford. What an ideal couple they are!

Give Franchot Tone important parts and I'll wager that he will be the biggest drawing card of the movie industry today.—**Marg Morrill, Hotel St. Regis, New York City.**

Men Making Good

I CAN'T speak too highly of two coming personalities I have been watching since they first made their advent into pictures. They are entirely different types, yet personify the real type of American manhood—Robert Young and Gene Raymond! They are getting there by leaps and bounds, yet have kept that naturalness that makes them popular with movie fans. I don't miss a picture in which they appear and think they should both be given a great big hand.—**Elcy Oberdick, 305 Spruce St., Leavenworth, Kansas.**

Handclappers who appreciate the work of old favorites will be particularly delighted with the work of Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez in *The Wonder Bar*

Still For Garbo

MANY new stars have risen in Hollywood since Garbo went vacationing in Sweden, but she still holds her place in American hearts. It is something more than genius that assures her lasting fame. American men and women respect Garbo for her fine character and will remember her as a woman as well as an actress. During her long screen career she has kept her life free from sensationalism despite merciless publicity. Garbo has held to her standards of independence, thrift and self-respect and is one of the few who has the courage and consistency to live her own life and not let Hollywood live it for her.—**Elizabeth Porter, 1185½ Second St., Tucson, Arizona.**

Orchids For Freddie

HATS off to Fredric March, the most versatile actor on the screen! Those who fail to recognize real ability cannot fail to compare his acting with that of current feminine raves to the discredit of the latter.

One knows what to expect of Gable, Cooper, Cagney. They are good in their types. But March has a thrice dual personality. Art has a weak foundation when based on sex appeal, for the era is near at hand when people will demand something more for their money. Fredric March has that something—sincere acting. Ever natural and ever different.—**Mrs. R. A. Brooks, Gentry, Ark., RFD No. 3.**

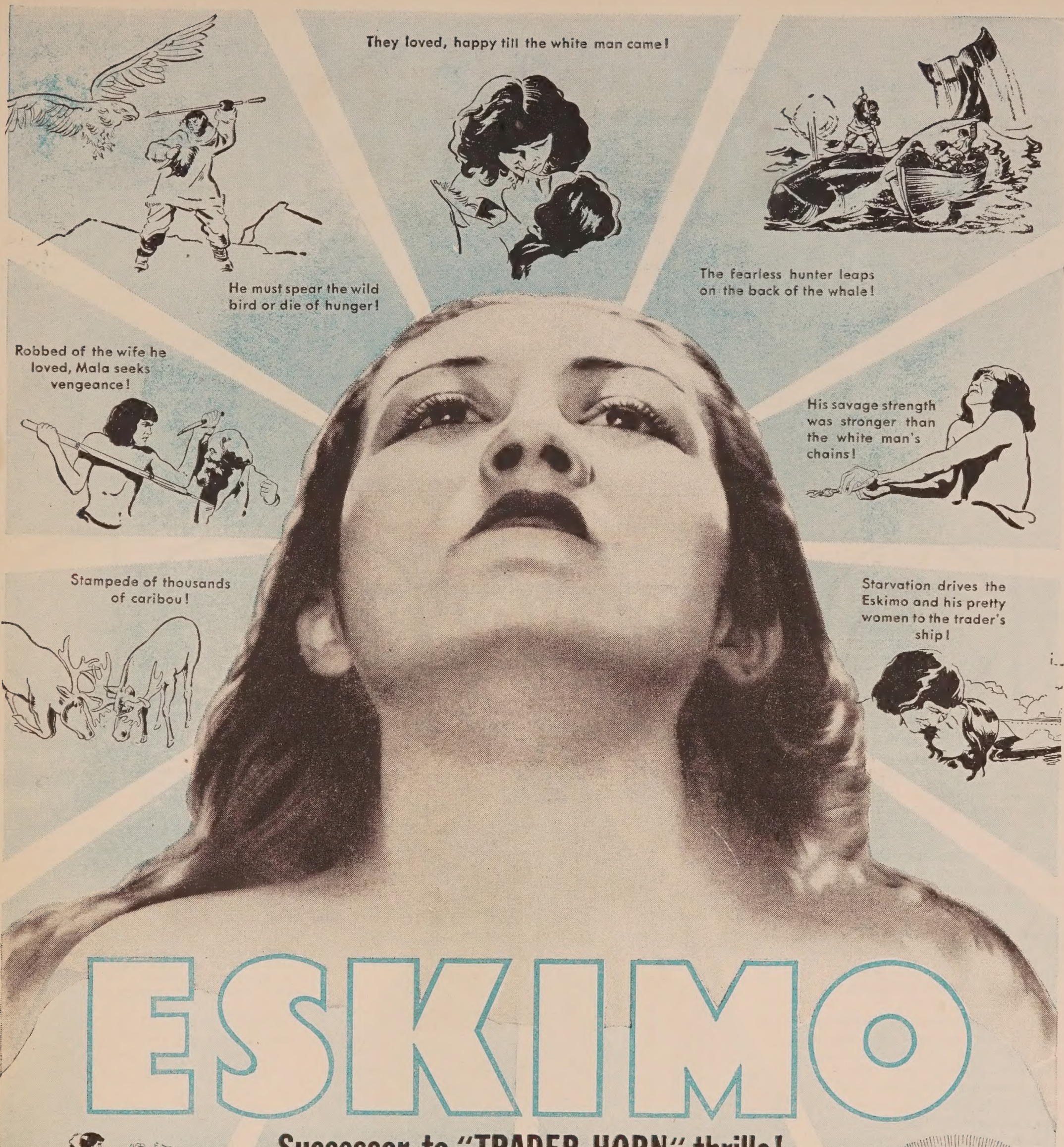
How About It, Hollywood?

WHY not offer a prize to the producer who gives us a war film which does not start with a newsboy running down the street shouting, "Extra;" a jungle picture in which the heroine does not use lipstick; a drawing room scene in which a long-haired gent is not crashing out a high-brow melody; a Western film in which the roads aren't dusty; a parade scene in which The Stars and Stripes Forever is not played; a gangster film in which a revolver is not fired 200 times without loading; a courtroom scene in which somebody doesn't faint—and a train scene in which the passenger climbs into the right berth.—**M. M. Adams, P. O. Box 521, Springfield, Illinois.**

An Urgent Need

IT IS Saturday and as usual when their appointed tasks are done my girls, twelve and fourteen, ask to go to a movie. We look in the papers to see what is on. An exciting murder mystery, a gangster film and a sophisticated sex play—surely nothing I want my girls to see. If we could only have more pictures suitable to girls in their early teens!

We are anxiously awaiting *Little Women* and *Alice in Wonderland*, and now if we could only have others of Louisa M. Alcott's *Five Little Peppers*, the *Little Colonel* series, and so many other well-beloved stories of youth!—**Mrs. R. V. Jones, 337 Walnut St., Twin Falls, Idaho.**


They loved, happy till the white man came!
He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!
The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!
His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!
Stampede of thousands of caribou!
Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!
ESKIMO
Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!
Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

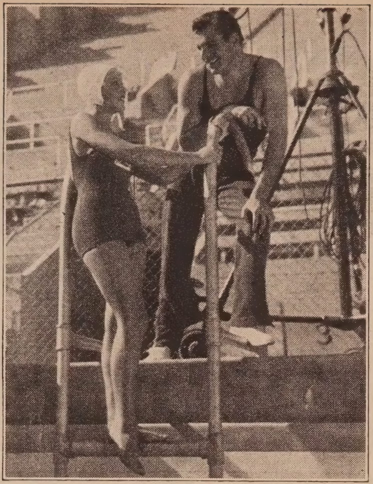
Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Ida Lupino with Buster Crabbe in the Los Angeles swimming stadium in which the latter broke thirty-five world records during the Olympics of 1932. Ida and Buster appeared together in *Search for Beauty*



Two champions met the other day in Hollywood when Victor Jory, former boxing titleholder matched gloves with the demonic Frankie Battaglia who holds the present Canadian middleweight boxing crown

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

FLASH! AT LAST GARBO IS REALLY STEPPINK OUT. SHE HAS BEEN SEEN DINING AT THE RUSSIAN EAGLE CAFE SEVERAL TIMES WITH ROUBEN MAMOULIAN. IT HAS BEEN RUMORED SEVERAL TIMES THAT THE TWO ARE CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

Mae West, deciding that home-owning is the bunk, is back to apartment life again, where a gal can relax in comfort on overstuffed furniture.

CAROLE LOMBARD, WEARING A HUGE SAPPHIRE RING EX-HUBBY WILLIAM POWELL GAVE HER, TOLD FRIENDS AT A HOUSE-WARMING RECEPTION THAT: "SENTIMENTALLY, THIS IS MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION."

Local (Hollywood) tough egg says that the mysterious automobile that has been following Genevieve Tobin's car everywhere, resulting in police protection for Miss Tobin, must be an "independent." That is, it isn't one driven for the gangster's union.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE ROBERT YOUNGS IS DOUBLED NOW WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN EIGHT POUND BABY DAUGHTER.

Hollywood celebrates weddings of three of its favorites this month. Wedding bells ring for Ricardo Cortez who wed Christine Lee at Phoenix, Arizona, and Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant also took the vows.

ANNA MAY WONG ONCE APPLIED FOR THE PART OF A CHINESE GIRL IN A PICTURE AND WAS TOLD SHE WASN'T THE TYPE. THE ROLE WAS GIVEN TO MYRNA LOY.

One of SCREEN BOOK's reporters ran into Lyle Talbot in a store on the boulevard, buying lingerie for some lucky girl, and he didn't appear to be a bit embarrassed about being caught at it.

—*Otto Dyar*

Among the movie newcomers there are none lovelier than Suzanne Kaaren, now under contract to Fox studios

CY BARTLETT IS THE ONLY MALE MEMBER OF THE MOVIE COLONY WHO WEARS A WEDDING RING. HE AND ALICE WERE MARRIED WITH A DOUBLE RING CEREMONY.

Dick Powell, who now has no intention of marrying anyone as he is having too much fun playing around, says that if Mary Brian had accepted him he would have married her in the early stages of their romance.

GEORGIE STONE HAS A GREAT FEAR OF POLICEMEN AND WOULD RATHER WALK AROUND THE BLOCK THAN ENCOUNTER ONE. GUESS HE'S PLAYED TOO MANY GANGSTER ROLES.

One of the reasons for the bust-up between Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is that she frowned on his practical jokes.

HERBERT MUNDIN HAS WORN THE SAME BUTLER'S UNIFORM IN FIVE SUCCESSIVE PICTURES FOR FOX. HE SAYS IT GETS SO THE PANTS GO TO MEET HIM EVERY MORNING AT THE STUDIO GATE.

The versatile Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has just sold a play to Radio Pictures Studio. Francis Lederer will be starred in the opus and it's called *What Manner of Men*.

GEORGE BARNES HAS GIVEN HIS WIFE, JOAN BLONDELL, A TINY ONE POUND PEKE TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE DACHSHUND THAT WAS KILLED BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER.

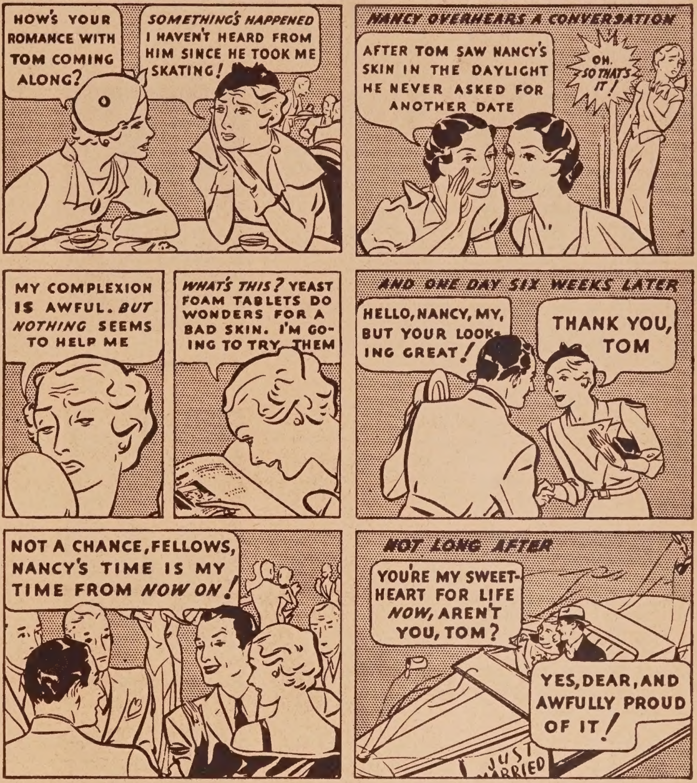
Lenore Ulric's first job in Hollywood was to take off ten pounds in excess weight. She decided this herself after looking at her screen test, and did it easily by having only fruit and coffee for breakfast. With no lunch and a daily massage, it was a cinch.

THE INDEX TO FUTURE PICTURES

An alphabetical guide to new films of the stars

Allan, Elizabeth—*Mystery of the Dead Police.*
Arlen, Richard—*Baby in the Icebox.*
Astor, Mary—*Upper World.*
Atwill, Lionel—*Beggars in Ermine.*
Barrymore, Lionel—*Carolina.*
Barrymore, Lionel—*It Happened One Day.*
Barthelmess, Richard—*Massacre.*
Bellamy, Ralph—*Transient Love.*
Beery, Wallace—*Viva Villa.*
Boles, John—*Disillusion.*
Brady, Alice—*Mademoiselle.*
Brian, Mary—*Ever Since Eve.*
Cagney, Jimmy—*The Poor Chump.*
Cook, Donald—*The Ninth Guest.*
Cooper, Gary—*Operator 13.*
Cooper, Jackie—*Cabby.*
Chevalier, Maurice—*The Merry Widow.*
Clarke, Mae—*It Happened One Day.*
Cummings, Constance—*Transient Love.*
Davies, Marion—*Operator 13.*
Dee, Frances—*Rodney.*
Dietrich, Marlene—*The Scarlet Empress.*
Dunne, Irene—*Transient Love.*
Dunn, James—*Hold That Girl.*
Eilers, Sally—*Baby in the Icebox.*
Evans, Madge—*Fugitive Lovers.*
Fairbanks, Doug, Jr.—*Success Story.*
Furness, Betty—*Beggars in Ermine.*
Gable, Clark—*Men in White.*
Garbo, Greta—*The Painted Veil.*
Gaynor, Janet—*Carolina.*
Harvey, Lilian—*Lottery Lover.*
Howard, Leslie—*Of Human Bondage.*
Huston, Walter—*Rodney.*
Jewell, Isabel—*Men in White.*
Karloff, Boris—*The Return of Frankenstein.*
Keeler, Ruby—*Dames.*
Kelly, Paul—*Transient Love.*
Kelton, Pert—*So You Won't Sing, Eh?*
Kruger, Otto—*Men in White.*
Lombard, Carole—*The Man Who Broke His Heart.*
Lowe, Edmund—*No More Women.*
Loy, Myrna—*Men in White.*
March, Fredric—*Good Dame.*
Marshall, Herbert—*Rip Tide.*
Merkel, Una—*It Happened One Day.*
Montgomery, Robert—*Mystery of the Dead Police.*
Moore, Colleen—*Success Story.*
Novarro, Ramón—*Laughing Boy.*
O'Brien, George—*Ever Since Eve.*
Pitts, ZaSu—*So You Won't Sing, Eh?*
Powell, Dick—*Dames.*
Raft, George—*The Trumpet Blows.*
Raymond, Gene—*Coming Out Party.*
Robson, May—*Old Hannibal.*
Shearer, Norma—*Rip Tide.*
Sidney, Sylvia—*Good Dame.*
Stuart, Gloria—*Beloved.*
Trevor, Claire—*Hold That Girl.*
Tracy, Spencer—*Bottoms Up.*
Ulric, Lenore—*I Loved an Actress.*
Velez, Lupe—*Laughing Boy.*
Venable, Evelyn—*Death Takes a Holiday.*
William, Warren—*Upper World.*
Wray, Fay—*Once to Every Woman.*
Young, Robert—*Carolina.*

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy


HOW'S YOUR ROMANCE WITH TOM COMING ALONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE TOOK ME SKATING!
NANCY OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION
AFTER TOM SAW NANCY'S SKIN IN THE DAYLIGHT HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANOTHER DATE
OH. SO THAT'S IT!
MY COMPLEXION IS AWFUL. BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP ME
WHAT'S THIS? YEAST FOAM TABLETS DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN. I'M GOING TO TRY THEM
AND ONE DAY SIX WEEKS LATER
HELLO, NANCY, MY, BUT YOUR LOOKING GREAT!
THANK YOU, TOM
NOT A CHANCE, FELLOWS, NANCY'S TIME IS MY TIME FROM NOW ON!
NOT LONG AFTER
YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FOR LIFE NOW, AREN'T YOU, TOM?
YES, DEAR, AND AWFULLY PROUD OF IT!
JUST MARRIED

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

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YEAST

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SPEAKING of PICTURES

By CARL A. SCHROEDER

WE LIKE to think that we know a good picture bet when we see one. And sometimes (not always, like Mr. Winchell) our guesses are pretty good. Our important money at present is on a lovely youngster by the name of Pat Paterson who walked right onto the Fox lot, practically unheralded but not at all unstrung, and wowed them into giving her a leading rôle in *Bottoms Up*. This girl is going right to the top—see if we're not right.

ADDED to our personal collection of famous last words: "Mr. Tracy, you'll simply die when I tell you the funny story I heard about your Mexican trip the other day!"

WE HAD a bit of that cobwebby feeling in the mental cavity the day we saw Bing Crosby in *Going Hollywood*—and so realistic was his portrayal of a terrific hangover that we promptly forgot all about our own sad state in feeling sorry for him. There is certainly nothing of the "ham" flavor in Mr. Crosby's acting. He is as natural as a coed with the shades pulled down—and a lot more interesting.

OUR sincere congratulations to the Laemmles, Junior and Senior, for filming a story exactly as it was in the stage play. Perhaps a contract with the author made them do it, but nevertheless the miracle took place. We saw it and so did you in that grand cinema triumph *Counsellor at Law.*

SHAME on you, movie producers! It was only two years ago, at a time when you were searching frantically for hit songs to weave into pictures, that a young man from Indiana came into your midst, bearing with him tunes over which he had labored mightily. But he was from a jerkwater town in Indiana—and not from New York—so you wouldn't let him pass the sacred portals.

In case you might want his name for future reference, the young man is Hoagy Carmichael, who wrote such best-sellers as *Star Dust*, *One Morning in May* and *Old Rockin' Chair*.

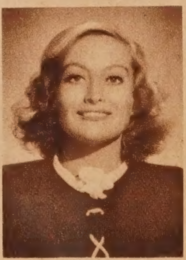
PERSONAL note to Francis Lederer: At a recent movie party a girl looking for dance music accidentally tuned in on a radio speech and exclaimed, "Goody, it's Marlene Dietrich!" An instant later the announcer said you'd been speaking. What we want to know is—are you doubling for Marlene or is it the other way around?

NEVER have we been so delighted over a comedian's work as with the dizzy portrayals of that so tired young man, Sterling Holloway. In *Going Hollywood* his capers were second only to the superb acting of Bing Crosby. Sterling, in our humble opinion, is the male ZaSu Pitts.

"Going right to the top"

He felt simply terrible

The male ZaSu Pitts



Joan never forgot

JOAN CRAWFORD has more good deeds to her credit than any other Hollywood star. When one of the studio workers became ill recently she provided him with the finest hospital and medical care that money could buy. He is the man who was on the set when she took her first camera test. Seeing how nervous and flustered she was, this sympathetic gentleman went into a tap dance routine and in a moment Joan had recovered her poise. Joan never forgot, and in a town which specializes in short memories that is something!

WORD comes to us that Dolores Del Rio's chow dog has boots for rainy weather and goggles for motoring. Are you still conscious?

YOUR editor has his office in the same building with a certain Mr. Smith—a tall, dark and handsome individual who has the appearance of a college halfback and must bend the scales at about 200 pounds. This Mr. Smith is a very conservative gentleman who dresses in quiet good taste and says nothing at all as he ascends the elevator to his office except "Good morning." There are a lot of people in the world by the name of Smith, but this man stands apart. He is Katharine Hepburn's husband.

JOHN BARRYMORE is going to do *Hamlet* for the screen and now there will be a landslide of gags about movie producers who would like to get Mr. Shakespeare on a writing contract. At that, Shakespeare is every bit as alive as some Hollywood authors we know who have been embalmed for years in very poor gin.

WE HAVE just run across one of Hollywood's strangest stories. It concerns a young man by the name of Walter Glass, who went to Hollywood not long ago to crash the movie gates. He broke into pictures easily enough, but only as an assistant in the chemical laboratories of a great studio. Finally, after waiting months to be discovered, he gave up in disgust and rushed to New York, literally into the arms of Mae West, appearing with that diamond decked lady in her last stage production.

Then Hollywood discovered him. Monogram Pictures signed him on the dotted line to star in *He Couldn't Take It.*

HAVE you a decided opinion about Jean Harlow? Turn to page fifty-six for the details of SCREEN BOOK's unique $500 Cash Prize Contest. Scribble your entry in longhand, or pound it out on a typewriter—you may be one of the lucky winners to receive a personal check from Miss Harlow. What do you think of that for a prize?

WHILE making *Good Dame*, Fredric March was slapped by a woman, completely doused by ice cold water, forced to sleep with a large snake, socked on the jaw and thrown in jail. Oh for the too, too easy life of a movie star!

SCREEN BOOK

MARCH, 1934

GARBO

Revealing a hitherto hidden chapter in the life of a great star

By ALVA BERG

EDITOR'S NOTE: An intimate friendship with those who know Garbo well enables Alva Berg to write accurately of this famous star's past life. The author offers this as the first of a series of articles based on remarkable new information garnered on her recent trip to Sweden to interview Garbo's family.

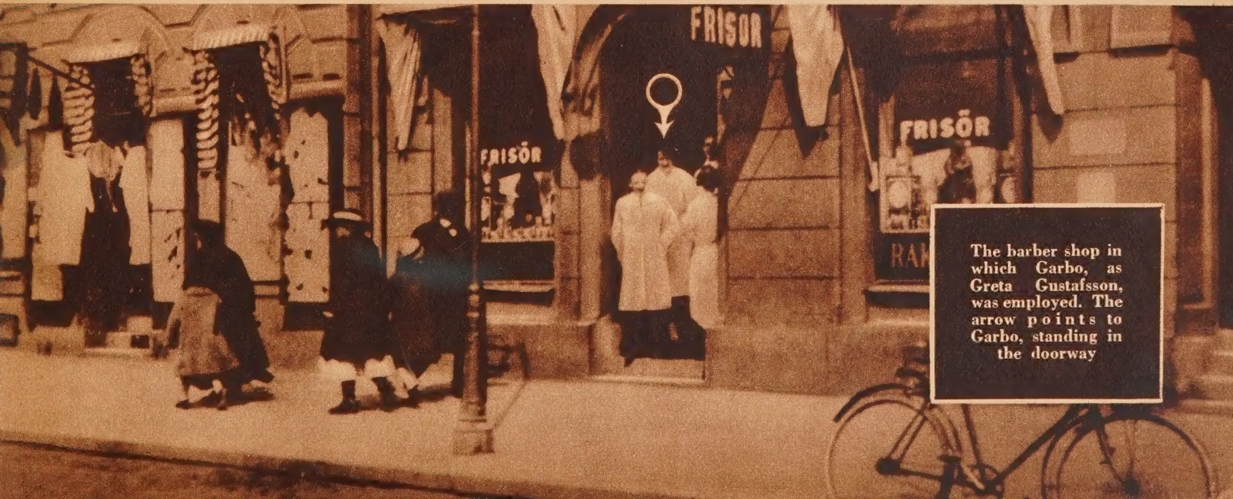
"SOMEDAY I will become a great actress," said the quiet little girl to the seamstress who was sewing on a plain little dress, "and then you will be proud to have made clothes for me."

This happened almost twenty years ago in Sweden, the land of strange folklore and fairy tales. And the little girl, who dreamed her own kind of dreams, looked like an elfin from an old saga, with her dark violet blue eyes and shining blonde hair.

Garbo had funny dreams even when she was very young. She sat for hours in a corner behind the white tile stove in her family's one room and kitchen apartment while her father entertained friends in another corner of the room. Only when her father called on her to "perform" did she wake up from her dream world. Then with an unusual childish warmth and charm—far removed from the studied tricks of the present day stage child—she sang little chants that brought hearty chuckles from the guests and a coin from her father. Then, happy in the knowledge that her songs were liked she'd go back to her corner behind the stove and let her strange little childish thoughts carry her away from the room to places and things she hardly understood.

That child, who generally refrained from going out with other children as they went looking for adventure, because the most glorious adventures happened in her own dreams, was known as Greta Gustafsson.

SHE hated school because everything there was so matter-of-fact. The only study that interested her was geography, which carried her to far off countries, and history, a medium in which she could lose herself in the glamour and glory of things long past. This, of course, was when she was a few years older. She imagined herself then walking in historic gardens as Cleopatra, as Lucrecia Borgia, as Marie Antoinette or Queen Christina of Sweden, who, as a child, had to take the reigns of the country in her hands when her father died.



The barber shop in which Garbo, as Greta Gustafsson, was employed. The arrow points to Garbo, standing in the doorway

GARBO—As She Appears Today

Arthur F. Ekengren was Garbo's employer in the barber shop where she first sought work to provide money for her needy family. In this article, Ekengren's mother tells of the dramatic development of the star's character

The Room Where Garbo Spent Many

GARBO'S liking for the make-believe world was fostered in many ways. A friend of her mother owned a small cigarette store. That lady went in for worship of stage favorites with much enthusiasm and had her back room filled with pictures of well-known actors and actresses. There little Greta could always fill her eyes and ears with the magic of the stage.

Another place was out in the country where her grandparents owned an inn, a haven for traveling circus performers who gave exhibitions of their skill when the big country fair was held once a year in the vicinity. At the age of ten, Garbo was convinced that she was going to learn to walk the tight-rope. Somehow, the lissome grace of the tight-rope walker appealed to her sense of beauty.

When winter came the girl who was destined for great things went back to her corner behind the stove and kept on dreaming. Suddenly, particularly when the family was entertaining guests, the room would become too small, and Greta would go out, silently closing the door behind her. She went for walks all alone, sometimes tramping for miles. Frequently she went to the Södra Teatern, where after many visits she became brave enough to stand inside the stage door and watch the actors and actresses in rehearsal.

There she had the first real glimpse of the Fairyland of her dreams. Those who saw her there night after night finally accepted her presence as a good luck charm—much as they did the theatre's cat.

The smell of grease paint intoxicated Garbo. It made her dream fantastic dreams which as time went on became more real.

Then came the war. Greta Gustafsson was jerked back into reality by times that taught her the grim lessons of privation. Sometimes food was scarce.

Sweden had sold its livestock, believing that the war would soon be over. Food was expensive—sometimes beyond reach of the poor.

Greta's family owned a small garden plot in the suburbs of Stockholm, and there the child did her share to keep the wolf from the door. She worked in the garden for hours, dressed only in a skirt, and nothing more. It was a grand sight to see her sun-tanned, plastic body in the rhythmic motion of planting and watering the little garden.

She had suddenly grown up—despite the fact that she was now only fourteen. She looked years older. As one man says who knew her well at the time, "She was a perfect sample of Germanic Scandanavian feminine beauty—pleasingly plump and gloriously healthy."

That Fall the cruel reality of life took Greta completely away from her dream world. Her beloved father became very ill, and the little family needed all irons in the fire to keep going. Her brother, Sven, and her sister, Alva, already had positions and contributed their salaries to the upkeep of the home. Suddenly the father died—only forty-eight years old. It was a terrific shock, particularly to Greta, who adored him in her silent undemonstrative way.

As is her habit when she is worried and distraught, she went out for a long walk and when she had returned was determined to find herself a job. She put all her beautiful dreams away back in her subconscious mind and went into

Garbo's father, whose death at the age of forty-eight years provided the tragic circumstances which led to Greta's early development. The resemblance between father and daughter is particularly strong

GARBO—At the Age of Fourteen

Happy Hours During Her Childhood

the cold, matter-of-fact world to help her dear ones in this new emergency.

THUS it was that she came to work in a barber shop. It was not disgraceful in the least, this first job of hers. And Greta went about her work just as would the ordinary girl.

Madame Mathilda Ekengren, the mother of Mr. Ekengren who first engaged Greta in his wig establishment, asked her son to let "that pretty Gustafsson girl" come and work in his barber shop. Greta did, gladly. The shop was near Greta's home, and she received one krona (about twenty-seven cents) more a week in salary.

Madame Ekengren herself, a white-haired, motherly woman, tells many interesting and amusing tales about Garbo's early life.

"All men liked her. Her type of beauty appealed to them. Of course, she was really too beautiful and distinguished looking to stay in a job like this for long. But Greta never for a moment thought so herself. Her utmost desire was to do her work properly, so that she might receive good tips and be of some help to her family.

"She never complained. Her hands were beautiful and delicate. I felt sorry for those little hands many times. But she never thought of them herself. She was perfectly grand and the least conceited girl I have ever employed.

"She had plenty of reason for conceit, too. All day long, the telephone rang, as customers asked if Miss Gustafsson would be there. Many men refused to make appointments unless she were there to prepare the lather for their shaves.

"Young students came—and wealthy business men. Her fame spread even to the haughty cadets of the military and naval academies. But she never accepted engagements and always hurried home right after work.

"Of course, she received very generous tips. She learned very quickly. Often when there was a real rush of business she even trimmed some of the customers' beards and gave them a smooth and beautiful shave.

"It was wonderful to have her, really. Although one felt that she was destined for better things. You see the shop is very well-known and it is an honor for me to have that type of girl work for my son. We have the best clientele in this part of town.

"She worked in my son's place over a year. I have never yet seen a girl who had a more gay and happy temperament. She laughed and sang much. She was like a sunbeam—and the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She was perhaps even more willing to help than would be the average, plain type of girl. Often she stayed after we had closed the shop to help clean up—just like a little Cinderella.

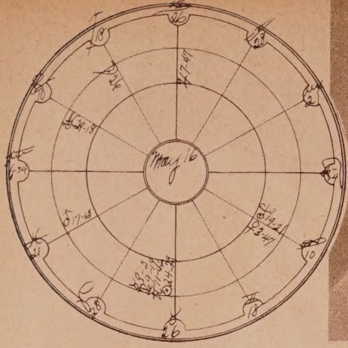
"GRETA had a crush on Carle (Calle) Brisson—you know, the handsome Dane who sang his popular songs at the Södra Teatern. She was wild about him and had the walls in her little dressing room filled with his pictures—most of them cut out of the papers.

"When she was in extraordinarily good humor she would pull me into her room and have me gaze at her idol while she looked on, filled with

[*Continued on page* 58]

How Fate Will Rule

Sensational predictions on the future of Hollywood stars by Nella Webb, Marie Dressler's personal astrologist



The circle above is an exact reproduction of the astrology chart made for Margaret Sullavan by Nella Webb. Of this new star the famous astrologist says: "Here is a girl who has the ability to accomplish anything she sets out to do"

Editor's Note: In 1924 a very discouraged woman by the name of Marie Dressler consulted Nella Webb, the astrologist. The two women had long been friends but Marie had been skeptical about there being any real truth in astrology. However, when she found herself practically broke and unable to secure a job, in desperation she asked her friend to cast her horoscope and see what, if anything, the future held for her. Miss Webb told her that she was then in a "rest period" and urged her to be patient because the best years of her life were ahead. She predicted that when Marie was fifty-six she would enter a new cycle and that during that period she would achieve her greatest and most outstanding success. In a profession where youth counts for so much and in a country which worships at the shrine of youth it was fantastic to believe that a woman approaching sixty could achieve any great success as an actress. But Nella Webb's prediction proved uncannily accurate. For the past four years Marie Dressler has been the greatest box office draw in pictures.

Of Miss Dressler, Nella Webb says: "She is the most powerful personality for good that I know of. She has a gift for swaying the public and no matter what profession she had followed she would still have been a tremendous power. Everybody is born with a different picture. But very few people are born with the opportunity for such success as Miss Dressler's chart shows. She was *destined* to have success before the public. Her talents made acting the best medium."

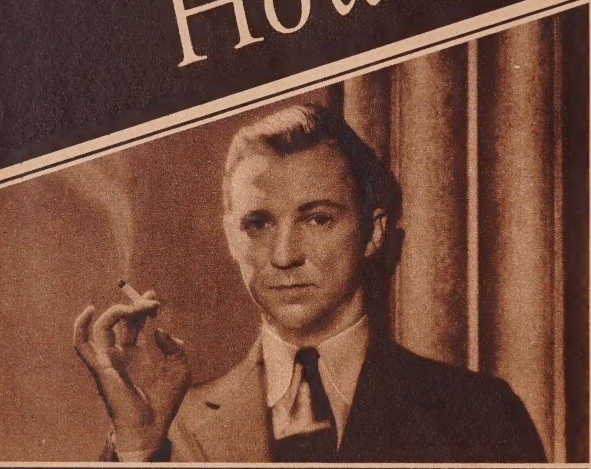
In this article Nella Webb tells Grace Mack what's ahead for Hollywood stars in the year 1934.

YOU movie fans might just as well get ready to welcome some new favorites for the year 1934 will tend to bring into prominence an entirely new set of stars. This will begin to be noticeable about June, and those who are fortunate enough to ride in on this crest will keep their hold upon the public for a period of seven years.

These new stars will not be of the exotic, foreign type. They will have glamour, to be sure, but they will very definitely bear a "made in America" label.

The planet Uranus which rules motion pictures, radio, television and the newer inventions will be largely responsible for this. Uranus always brings about sudden and unexpected happenings—good or evil, according to the planet to which it forms an aspect.

On June 19, 1934 Uranus begins its seven year jaunt through the sign Taurus. In case this sounds like so much Greek to you I will explain by saying that Taurus is an earth



"Never drink anything stronger than Coca-Cola!"

"She should not sign papers without securing advice"

the STARS in 1934

By
Nella Webb
as told to
GRACE MACK

sign. It has to do with the home and "home products." Consequently stories that deal with the home and the earth will gain in popularity.

During the time that Uranus is in the sign Taurus it will form favorable aspects to the mystic planet Neptune. This will have a distinct influence upon the tempo and style of pictures. They will have more rhythm. Some new invention having to do with the method of recording voices and musical instruments will make musical films increasingly popular.

It will bring about radical changes in women's clothing. Instead of the high-in-front, low-in-the-back gowns of the past year we will begin to see evening gowns which fall away from the neck and expose the curves of the bust. The drop shoulder effect, such as was worn in Colonial days, is likely to gain in popularity. We may have a slight epidemic of *pannier* effects on the skirts.

AS URANUS moves into Taurus it will begin to form aspects which will benefit those who were born under the signs Virgo, Pisces, Capricorn, Cancer and Taurus.

Taurus people (those born between April 21 and May 21) will be greatly benefited. It will depend, of course, upon certain aspects in their individual charts as to how much benefit they will receive but certainly it will widen their life's activities.

It should be a marvelous year for Bing Crosby, born May 2. I think he will come into greater success than he has yet known. The planet, Uranus, in his own birth sign, Taurus, which rules the throat and the voice, should give his singing an even greater lure. Neptune will give him inspiration in his interpretation of songs and you will find that Bing has an increased magnetism, both over the radio and in pictures.

It should also be a fortunate time for Gary Cooper, born May 7. Certainly his artistic and financial success will be worth watching. It didn't surprise me in the least that he announced his engagement. His chart clearly shows that during the latter part of 1933 he has been having the most serious love affair he has ever had. 1934 will bring definite changes into his life. The indications are that he will take on more responsibility and I should say that in his case it will be a wife. I do not know Sandra Shaw but Gary's chart tells me that she is a very different type of woman from those with whom his name has been linked in the past. I would say that she has a lot of common sense and that she will not crave the limelight for herself but will be content to make a home for Gary. That again is one of

[*Continued on page 67*]

"Arguments over stories and unpleasant disputes"

WHAT NELLA WEBB PREDICTS FOR THE STARS

Clark Gable will feel restless and discontented in 1934, but it will not affect his popularity . . . Strange influences will work on the life of Jean Harlow and she is warned to be careful . . . Loretta Young is cautioned not to marry between June and October . . . Bing Crosby will rise to undreamed-of heights in 1934 . . .

"Will fancy herself to be quite violently in love"

The Dames Have CAGNEY on the Ropes

"I've been used to dames socking me all my life," says Jimmy, the ex-champion

By Dick Mook

Hardboiled Jimmy Once Treated His Movie Gals Like This—

BELIEVE it or not, James Cagney, the tough guy of the screen—the guy who's known as the socker of women—the guy who goes around beating up everyone who crosses him—is not so tough as he seems. For every sock he's given he's taken two or three in return. And that goes for the dames, too. They don't take it lying down.

It all started as an accident when the script of *The Public Enemy* called for him to push a half grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face. That was the laugh triumph of the film. Probably every man has, at some time in his life, felt like doing just some such thing to his heart-interest. They cheered to the echo. And most women have felt that some other woman of their acquaintance needed just such a lesson. It served her right. So they, too, sat back with satisfied smirks.

If an audience drops a ton of lead on a producer's head—or even a couple of belly-laughs—the producer can usually take a hint. If a grapefruit in the face was good for a howl, a sock ought to be good for a spasm. And Cagney, according to popular conception, was off on a career as a socker of women.

He'd already taken a little punishment before that.

But here! I've got a better idea. Let's make a fight film of the pugilistic scenes in all Cagney's pictures and have them run off, round by round.

BUT NOW LOOK!

Margaret Lindsay has hard-boiled Jimmy groggy in *Lady Killer*, which shows the little tough guy in a new type of rôle

Round one—*Sinner's Holiday.* Neither of the combatants are well-known and the crowd is apathetic. They've got to be shown. What's this? *Oh-h* What a beaut! The defender, Lucile LaVerne, whom the wise guys thought was all washed up and finished, clips the challenger on the ear and knocks him reeling. What a blow! What a woman! 180 pounds of solid brawn and muscle. That's one Cagney will never forget and he still insists that when it comes to trading punches that old girl can make all the others he's come up against look sick! The round ends with the judges' score of points 1-0 against Cagney.

Round Two—*The Doorway to Hell.* Folks, if it's action you're craving, you'll get it in this round. A gang of cops third-degree him and *what* a rousting around they give him. He doesn't get in a blow himself and he takes *po-plenty.* The judges mark down another losing round for him and their pads show 2-0.

Round Three—*Other Men's Women.* A dull, dull round. Nothing happens and the judges mark down a draw.

Round Four—*The Millionaire.* Another dud. This round only lasts a couple of minutes as far as the challenger goes and, like everything else boasting the presence of George Arliss, is nothing more than a summer idyl. Another draw and the scorepads still read 2-0.

Round Five—[*Continued on page* 80]

Catherine the Great is reincarnated in Marlene Dietrich

Maria Dietrich, the tiny little princess of Movieland, appears with her mother and performs like a true daughter of royalty

Marlene Ascends *the* Throne

By

Marcella Burke

MARLENE DIETRICH was a young, shy German girl when she first came to Hollywood.

Today she is one of the few great screen actresses in the world. Her beauty is breath-taking, her aloofness, her complete disregard of the usual swirling gusts of gossip, her detachment, all contrive to make her one of the most alluring of all stars.

They separated Marlene from Josef von Sternberg for one picture—*Song of Songs.* It proved to be a regrettable mistake, for Dietrich and Von Sternberg are two great artists, perfectly attuned to each other.

Together they strike a rhythm, they are thoroughly continental in their viewpoints and in their reactions.

While Marlene smashed up bad pieces of statuary in *Song of Songs,* the sardonic young director, the exceedingly rich and humorous Von Sternberg went abroad. He was laughing up his sleeve all the while. And he was working out his magnificent plans for their next production, *The Scarlet Empress.* In this picture Marlene plays first the part of a young German girl, a frightened little bride, being deceived about her future husband, then her awakening, her love affairs, her popularity, her seizure of the throne, and her coronation.

In some respects this invasion of Hollywood is a story similar in many instances to the one she is making now. This picture is going to strike a strange new note in the cinematic manufacturing world.

Von Sternberg has been given limitless freedom to do as he pleases. Fantastic, modern sculptoring and paintings are used to tell a story in the background.

Marlene says practically nothing and works day and night. Costume pictures are "in again"—a year ago no producer would make one.

Historical characters can go leaping past the watchful Will Hays' office because they are historical.

Even an E. Hemingway couldn't write a modern story with such an abandoned heroine as Catherine the Great turned out to be once she discovered a secret stairway, a hidden passage and a handsome officer of the guards.

Besides, poor Catherine or Princess [*Continued on page* 75]

Not since her first American picture triumph has Marlene been so happy. Her *The Scarlet Empress* again makes her a first-ranking cinema queen

Janet
GAYNOR
Lionel
BARRYMORE
"Carolina"

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**

Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

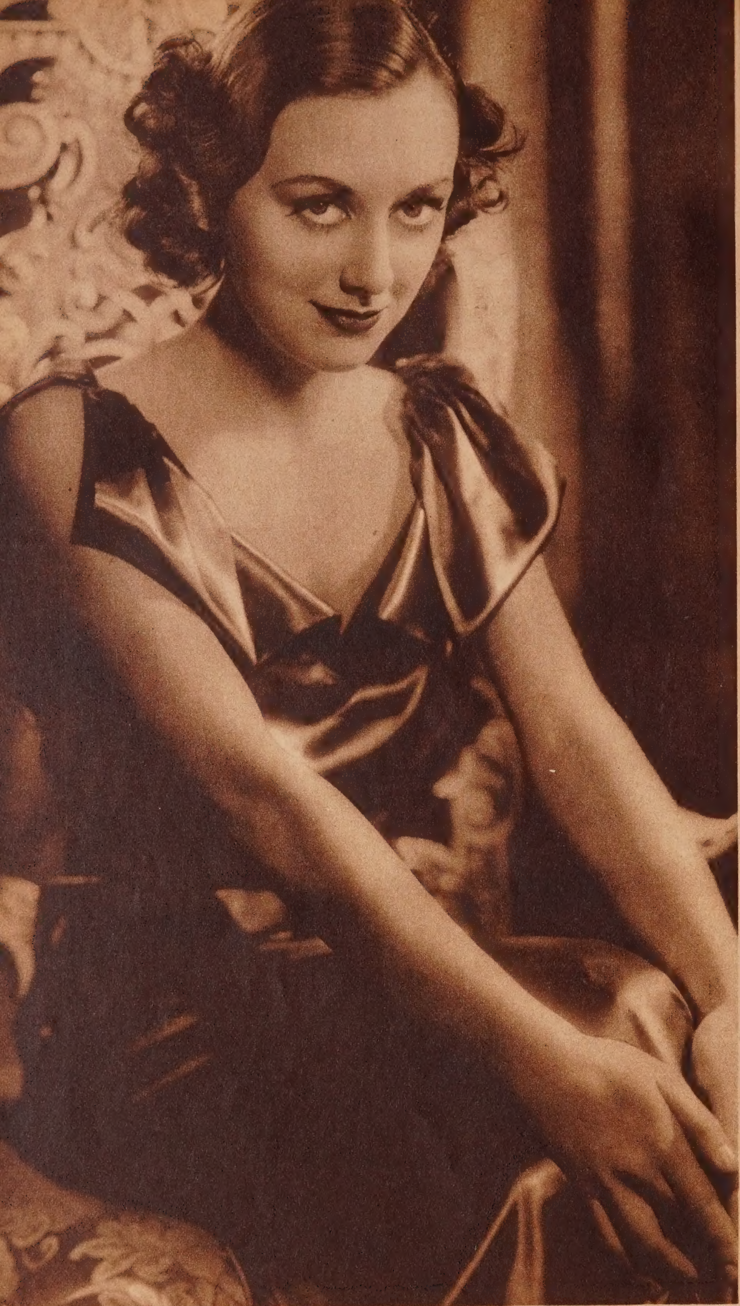
FOX

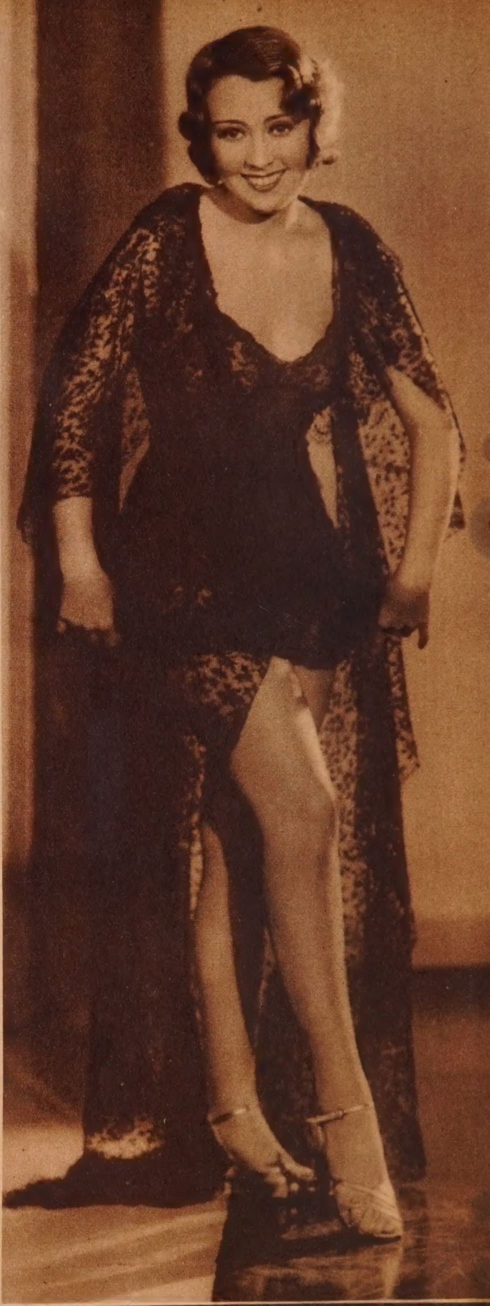
Screen Book's New Portraits

—Otto Dyar

Janet Has a New Love

With Robert Young as her new cinema sweetheart, Janet Gaynor brings another of her inspired performances to the screen in *Carolina*, a romantic love story of the old South. Supporting Hollywood's beloved actress in this remarkable picture are Lionel Barrymore, Richard Cromwell and Stepin Fetchit





Presenting Striking Portraits of Four Lovely Ladies of

—Elmer Fryer

ANN DVORAK was never able to convince moviemakers of her real worth until she deserted Hollywood for dear old Lunnon', where she became an immediate rave. Now she is back home again to display her talents in *Heat Lightnin'*. Ann, in case you haven't heard, is Mrs. Leslie Fenton in private life

—Elmer Fryer

JOAN BLONDELL is the rare type of actress who does not object to displaying both her dramatic talent and her lissome, girlish figure. In *Hell's Bells*, Joan is again the rollicking, wise-cracking gal, but none-the-less a perfect lady—and a biff in the jaw to anyone who says differently

the Screen Who are Hollywood's Most Popular Younger Actresses

—*Bert Longworth*

BARBARA STANWYCK is first, last and always a gallant trouper. Despite the fact that she still suffers from a severe hip injury incurred during the making of a picture, she insists that the show go on for *Gambling Lady*. It will be months before she is completely well again

—*Russell Bal*

FLORINE McKINNEY, one of Hollywood's prettier picture débutantes, is headed for stardom. Her small rôles in *Dancing Lady, Beauty for Sale* and *The Hollywood Party* have awakened studio bosses to the ability that has been hidden by her cloak of shyness.

Watch for Florine's name, in large electric letters

—Scotty Welbourne

JEAN MUIR

Meet a new favorite—Jean Muir, blonde, lovely and talented, who is making her debut as a leading lady in *As the Earth Turns.* She is seen above in her costume for the picture

PAT PATERSON

Accompanied only by her pet Scottie, Pat breezed into Hollywood from London to be met by Heather Angel (photo above) and was greeted with loud cheers by studio officials who presented her with a long-term contract

A Little Girl Grows Up

Gretchen Young, the child star, is now Loretta Young, the mature actress. Read what Hollywood has done to her

By J. Brien Chapman

"I entered pictures at the age of four and became Gretchen Young, the child star"

Loretta Young has had only one world—and that is Hollywood. She looks with awe upon people who live outside her sphere, even as the movie fan wonders and imagines what the lives of movie folk must be like

LORETTA YOUNG and I weren't waiting for a street car. No sir, this one is harder to believe than that one. We were waiting for a "snooping photographer."

Usually they pop up from behind davenports, camera, flashlight and all, and shoot before you know it. Or just sprout up from the ground, or drop from trees, say "Hey, you!" And when you look around at 'em, they shoot and run.

But this one was not only expected, he was keeping Loretta waiting!

"It's a good time to discuss your past, your future, your love life, or almost anything of yours," I pointed out. "For instance, can't you give me the *real* reason you prefer actors as matrimonial candidates?"

"That," said Loretta, "is a long story. To let you understand it, I'd have to reveal to you something of my life itself. My whole life, you see. Why—" laughing, "I'd have to confess my past, the dark, terrible past."

So we settled ourselves, and I prayed the photog wouldn't show up at all.

"You knew me when I was Gretchen, so I'll hide nothing!" smiled Loretta. "You'll agree, I suppose, that a four-year-old girl is pretty young to get much of an idea of the world. I entered pictures at the age of four, and, as you know, became Gretchen Young, the child star.

"That strange, glamorous, dazzling world *outside of Hollywood*, a world peopled by unnatural, God-like creatures I couldn't wholly understand, was a bit afraid of, but admired in a hero-worshipping way—that world I have never known since I was four years old. My world has been Hollywood."

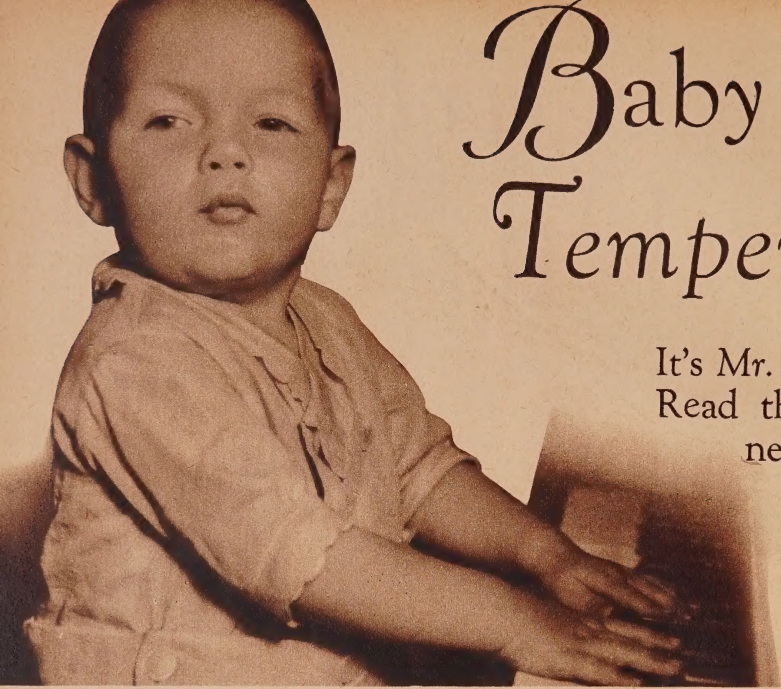
"You talk about the outside world as though it were as unreal to you as—well, as the movie world is to girls of your age outside of Hollywood."

"Yes. Maybe I'm dramatizing a bit, to make my meaning clear.

[*Continued on page* 63]

WHAT LORETTA YOUNG SAYS ABOUT HER FIRST MARRIAGE

"I made the mistake of romancing about Grant Withers, to myself. I was young and I guess all youth is romantic. I blinded myself to the possibility that he had faults, creating a standard that probably no one could live up to. To that extent I was to blame for a marriage that couldn't last."



Baby Goes Temperamental

It's Mr. LeRoy to you now! Read the lowdown on his newest tantrums

By

WHITNEY WILLIAMS

THE world's most famous baby ogled me calmly for a moment, puckered up his tiny rosebud mouth and proclaimed, suddenly and vociferously, "Wgglwps!"

With this admonition, he toddled across the gallery floor and attacked the electric light button, which responded to his youthful touch with a rapidity that seemed to delight his bambino heart.

I had gone to the studio with the intention of interviewing Baby LeRoy . . . and the above remark comprised his greeting. For the next hour, although I tempted him with fruity suggestions, he refused to seriously recognize my efforts.

Without hesitation or fear of contradiction I can say that in this tiny bundle, who entered public consciousness as a co-star in *A Bedtime Story,* is centered more popular interest than any other star in pictures exerts. When visitors arrive in Los Angeles, they immediately express a desire to see Baby LeRoy; visitors at the studio pass up Dietrich and Mae West for a glimpse of this eighteen-month-old infant; and whenever he makes an appearance in the studio restaurant for a bit of nourishment his table is mobbed, literally, both by the other studio folk and the waitresses.

His fan mail is tremendous and he can boast, not of one, but of two "stand-ins," one for the morning and one for the afternoon. A stand-in is one who resembles a star in height and build, wears the same kind of clothes as the star . . . and "stands in" for him while lights are set up and camera focused. No other star in Hollywood has more than ONE stand-in.

"MAMA!"

"BURP!"

"AW, NERTZ!"

During the interview, which lasted most of the afternoon, Baby LeRoy, whose last name is Winebrenner, displayed tendencies that may lead, later, to his becoming a great lover, a pugilist, an acrobat or a flagpole sitter. Bull-fighting also is open as a career and it would not surprise me if he turned diplomat, for the ease with which he wins people is uncannily astonishing. His mother wants him to be a doctor.

DURING the past year, his proclivities have indicated, on countless occasions that he will countenance nothing or no one he does not like. The respective temperaments of Garbo, Bennett and Mae Murray fade into insignificance in comparison to that of this whimsically amazing child. Maurice Chevalier felt the sting of his wrath first.

While *A Bedtime Story* was in production, one of the scenes called for the French star to approach Helen Twelvetrees, who was holding Baby, and go into a romantic closeup with her. For some reason, that remains even now shrouded in mystery, young Mister Winebrenner objected . . . so strenuously, in fact, that every time Chevalier would come near he would give the idol of Paris a tophole version of a Bronx cheer, or, to be more explicit, the razzberry.

Time and again Baby was convinced he wasn't the perfect little gentleman in doing this . . . but each time Chevalier put in an appearance he hailed Maurice lustily and rousingly, until the Frenchman threw off his coat and departed from the stage. Some accounts have it that Chevalier was angry; others declare his mirth so uncontrollable that he was in hysterics. However that may be, that razz-

[*Continued on page* 66]

The World at His FEET

Francis Lederer, the idol of thousands, intends to make use of his popularity in a strange way

By Dena Reed

"I am not trying to cure a sick world alone, but only to do my share"

THIS is a story of *The Man of Two Worlds*—in the flesh, not a motion picture! Hollywood, I am sure, has never had anyone quite like him. I do not know by what happy coincidence Francis Lederer's first picture got its title, but I do know that no matter how well it suits the picture, it is by far the best description I have found of Francis himself.

I do not mean only that having conquered the capitals of Europe, he is now seeking to do the same in the new world. I mean rather that Francis Lederer belongs to two amazingly different worlds—that of the glamorous theatre with its attendant personal triumphs, and the impersonal world of ideals where he takes pleasure in losing himself to further such gigantic projects as a world state and world peace. The impersonal Francis Lederer is always sitting in judgment of the personal one; he finds fault not merely with his work as an actor and the trappings accompanying it as so many others do, but he is highly critical of the race of men and particularly Francis Lederer, the example he knows best.

To get a good idea of him, it is best to go back to his childhood. He is a Czech, born in Prague. His father was a leather agent and Frantisek as he was named was the "middle" one of three children. When he was very young, his father and mother were divorced and he and his elder brother went to live with his father while the youngest was awarded to his mother. They were all very poor. Often Francis had no more than broth and brown bread to eat, but this did not mean so much to him as the separation of his family and the loss of maternal care. It was a blow from which he never recovered although an aunt and a grandmother tried to take the place of his own mother. The next great blow was the death of his elder brother in the war. It was this that fostered Francis' ideas of world peace.

"I formulated my ideas about the world and people when I was sixteen and they have not changed," he told me. "I believe that the world should be run by scientists and educated people. I myself am uneducated but I can at least make good at my job of acting and use what popularity I may gain to spread the ideas of the scientists."

FRANCIS at twenty-six has the world at his feet. He never dreamed of such a thing when as a simple country lad he began to work as an errand boy for a department store. For two dollars and a half he studied with an old actor and so great was the boy's talent that he won an acting scholarship at the Prague Academy of Dramatic Arts. After six months' of study he played his first important rôle. There followed engagements in stock companies throughout Central Europe in which he supported Berlin and Vienna stars. He took to acting as the proverbial duck takes to water. He played in Shaw, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Noel Coward—anything that was popular in municipal theatres.

Leading women began to notice, "discover" and coach him and soon he was playing Romeo to Elizabeth Bergner's Juliet.

Although Miss Bergner is one of the greatest stars of Europe, Francis was referred to as "the greatest Romeo of the German stage." Having learned two hundred rôles he became amazingly versatile and when he followed *Romeo and Juliet* with *The Wonder Bar,* he became "our singing and dancing Romeo," in short, the matinee idol of the Continent and finally of London. There he played in musicals, *The Cat and the Fiddle* and others

[*Continued on page* 65]

All Over the HOLLYWOOD LOT

By J. Brien Chapman

Life on the ocean wave is the new hobby for Warren William, who has just purchased a speedy new sailboat in which he skims about the San Pedro harbor. Mariner William laughs at luxurious yachts—he prefers to go down to sea in a hardier type of craft

IT IS NOW the fashion in Hollywood to be old-fashioned about romance. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, plus Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper have revived the old practice of having the match approved by the in-laws and letting the family in on all the wedding bell thrills.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are pretty proud of being old-fashioned and conventional honeymooners, too. The vogue is sweeping Hollywood—and it looks like a hard winter for Mexico and Arizona, where romances usually have a climax.

False Alarm

THAT ambulance call to the house where Heather Angel lives with her mother had neighbors all excited. But they found out later that it was just a ritzy veterinarian calling for Heather's pet Peke. He'd had a sudden alarming attack of something or other, but thank heaven, the crisis is past.

We Want to Know

IS IT TRUE that Stepin Fetchit turned down an offer to go to Paris in those lean days before his re-entry into films because that "laziest actin' colored man" thought it was Paris, Illinois?

The Big Bad Baer

IT IS SAID that five noted film femmes are pining away in Hollywood for Maxie Baer and didn't know their own (numerical) strength until the other day when they met at a Hollywood cocktail party and held an indignation meeting.

Want to Marry?

THAT New York professional matchmaker who offered Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell and Sally Eilers "handsome, polished and titled husbands," listing a real Hapsburg count and two Italian barons, should check up on the marriage news. All three girls have hubbies.

What a Scrimmage!

AS A PRELUDE to the famous East versus West football game at Pasadena this year, an intersectional battle between chorus girls occurred in the dressing rooms at Fox studios. Some New York beauties, sent out for George White's Scandals, *tangled with the Hollywood chorines. The West won by a black eye and two touchdowns.*

Betting Safe

A NOTED doctor says that Bette Davis' insurance company is playing safe in staking a $50,000 policy that Bette will never gain twelve pounds. The company pays Warner Brothers if Bette hits 120, but Doc says that Bette is doomed to stay slim all her life.

After saying goodbye to an annoying appendix, Joan Blondell says hello to the many friends who buried her with flowers to celebrate her jaunt to the hospital

One Woman's Opinion

EVERYONE in Hollywood except *Mae West keeps insisting that the alleged gangster recently implicated in that famous robbery of the stars' jewels is her ex-chauffeur. Well, Mae ought to know.*

Garbo Makes a Mistake

FRANCES DEE, honeymooning with Joel McCrea at the house Greta Garbo occupied for so long at Santa Monica believes she must have dreamed this. Or perhaps it really was Garbo who turned her car into the driveway in a moment of absent-mindedness, and from long habit stopped and alighted before she suddenly "came to" and hastily drove away.

Giving Toby a Ring

TOBY WING wears an engagement ring but the boy who gave it to her never gets mentioned in her conversation—which is all about another boy you know who hails from Paris. Let's see—the name is Chevalier.

Watch Your Step!

THERE may be a movie scout *incognito* in your town, looking you over as possible movie talent. The tip is that Paramount and Fox have many scouts out. It's all very secret, as producers have an idea that publicity ruins their chances of discovering real talent.

A New Cause

HOLLYWOOD'S WCTU, losing heart on the prohibition front, is out to prohibit nudism. It is said that a disguised spy sent to one colony to get a report on the terrible situation was converted by the airy health people.

Ex-Mates Now Pals

THE latest couple to pledge friendship after divorce is Sidney Blackmer and Lenore Ulric. Sidney's new girl friend, Mae Clarke, likes Lenore, too. Can't we find *anything* to fight about?

Boles in Training

JOHN BOLES is indulging in daily "secret practice" on the tennis courts. He is out to take the tennis championship from Gilbert Roland, who has held it for two years.

Mae Gets Even

YEARS ago a theatre manager fired Mae West, then a dancer in one of his shows, for her too enthusiastic shimmy. The other day she heard that this man was in Hollywood and needed a job. She found one for him at $75 a week. He had found another in the meantime and couldn't take it—but he's another person now who swears by Mae.

Iris Lancaster, a dazzling new screen beauty, is one of the many reasons why few will turn down the invitation to come to *The Hollywood Party*, a cinema celebration which boasts of a huge cast of favorites

"The girl nobody no's"

How Does Mae Get That Way?

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

As a psychologist of note, Dr. Bisch writes authoritatively in his study of the movies. Watch for his articles regularly and exclusively in SCREEN BOOK Magazine

AS YOU probably already know, if ever there was a branch of psychology that glories in bringing to light the hidden *whys* and *wherefores* of human character, it is *psychoanalysis*.

Small wonder, then, that psychoanalysis should want to have a look at Mae West!

Here, surely, is a personality to conjure with. Of humble origin, with no special educational or cultural background to help her, a record of struggle in the theatrical world, plus the jibes and jeers of dramatic critics who never have approved either of her histrionics or her skill as an author, even after she achieved Broadway—well, this glamorous lady at last not only forces her way into Hollywood but actually "runs away" with every film she appears in, to the extent that she makes of herself a national sensation.

To a person like that one must needs extend the hand and exclaim "Bravo!" During the long years of trying she must have tasted much bitterness. In overcoming defeat and opposition she must often have wondered whether the goal was worth the effort. After all, whether one approves of Mae West or not, one must admire the perseverance, the fearlessness, the confidence, the singleness of purpose with which she has managed finally to arrive.

For it takes courage to turn a trick like that. What is more, one must admit that Mae West now is exactly the same Mae West she was when, some years ago, the authorities closed her "legitimate" adventure, *Pleasure Man*.

To figure out why this actress has caught the popular fancy — even to the extent of setting a clothes fashion in imitation of her—is easier than to discover what makes her what she is. Mae West stands for frankness in sex—that undoubtedly is the outstanding feature of her success. And this honesty, which the audience represses according to its own individual conventional standards, at once appeals because she dares to say and do what most women would like to, but are afraid to say and do.

In her *I'm No Angel,* for instance, her acting embodies a philosophy of life that finds a ready response in the minds of the majority of the population.

As the protagonist she is clever, witty, sophisticated, materialistic and self-seeking. But with it all there is also tenderness and loyalty for the proverbial "right man." That's why she tears up the $25,000 check at the end of the story.

This seeming professional gold-digger, therefore, who in the film seems bent on nothing but money, jewelry, fine clothes and expensive apartments, turns out to be human after all!

I'm No Angel is the title of the film. Well, who in real life *is*? Is it not true that since woman can and always has been able to capitalize her sexual charms all women have more or less played with that very idea in their phantasies?

IN HER work, therefore Mae West is no better nor worse than the average of other women. She is just human. And she is not afraid to call a spade a spade even if, in order to bring out the point, she must needs exaggerate and call the spade a dirty shovel.

The advent of Mae West comes at a time, of course, that could not be more propitious for the type of thing for which she stands.

Nowadays the public is pretty well fed up on idealism, make-believe and

[*Continued on page* 55]

Psychology is suspicious of persons who continually pretend to be amorous, or who talk a lot about it. Psychology is suspicious of Mae West—this frank article tells why

"Seeing a Mae West play is a substitute socialized outlet for two of the most powerful instincts possessed by human beings—namely, SEX and EGO"

LADY *of the* HOUR

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

MYRNA LOY

NO ONE was more surprised than Myrna Loy at the thunderous applause inspired by her performance opposite Max Baer in *The Prizefighter and the Lady,* in which she deserted her vampish tactics for a sweet girl rôle. These portraits introduce a new Myrna Loy who is striding on to greater cinema fame in *Stamboul Quest*

EXTRA ★★★

SCREEN BOOK TABLOID

NEWS ★★★

MARCH, 1934

"I'll Show Them Now!"

says Sally Rand, "but not with fans," telling for the first time the exciting experiences of her remarkable comeback

By Jerry Lane

SALLY RAND has regained Hollywood through the boldest stroke ever made in its history. It cost her everything she had. It sent her to jail. Four times in a single day she was hauled before a judge in Chicago. They arrested her again in New York. But at last Hollywood has labeled her "a trouper."

For if it takes the unquenchable spirit that can stand brutal trials and heartache and successive bad "breaks" to make a trouper, then Sally Rand is one. Full-fledged—this girl who startled the world by fan-dancing her way back into the film industry.

"The idea for that dance was born of the blackest hour of my life," she said, her gray eyes smouldering with memory.

And what memories! From sleeping in the park to a suite at the Ritz—and then back to the park again. A Wampas Baby Star in 1927. A member of the bread-line in 1932. But if Fate has served out a couple of choice blows to Sally, she has hit back with equal fury.

She started it that Christmas in her home town, Kansas City, Missouri. For the first time in her fifteen years there were no presents under the tree. There wasn't even a tree. Only a sheriff's order to move. And did Sally moan and weep and fling her hands about at the thought of giving up the nice private school she'd been attending? Not this little Rand! She bought a bag of peanuts for her younger brother and announced: "There, that's from Santa Claus." Then she marched down to the Sheriff's office and gave that official a piece of her young mind. "Moving us out on Christmas. *You big bully!*" He hung his head—and gave her a permit to remain until the house was sold.

There remained the little business of supporting not only herself but the family. Clerking didn't pay enough. Dancing did. And she could dance . . . "I'll show you," she told the proprietor of a night club, not noticing a bucket left by a scrub- [*Continued on page 64*]

The girl who snatched at stardom through jail bars will give up her feathered fans after *Bolero* and show Hollywood that she is a talented dramatic actress

Doug Is In Love Again!

By B. F. Wilson

—Wide World

Gertrude Lawrence, the popular English beauty, is the lady who has taken Joan Crawford's place in Doug's heart

IN THE Hollywood Merry-Go-Round one gal's loss is another woman's gain, and, while the cinema world has been all agog for the past few months about Joan Crawford's romance with Franchot Tone, rumors have been flying thick and fast across the Atlantic concerning the new heart interest of Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

When he stepped off the boat after a four months absence in England, every reporter in New York asked him if he was going to marry Gertrude Lawrence. He refused to answer. He warded off all press persistence (than which there is nothing more persistent in existence) with the suavity of an old-timer. Each time her name was mentioned he discussed motion picture trade conditions abroad. To the thousand odd questions of his marriage, he talked about his new rôle in *Success Story,* with Colleen Moore.

In a secluded office high up in the towers of Radio City where his only escape from the writer of this article was to jump out of a twenty-second story window, he answered the question thusly:

"How can I tell?" he said with an engaging grin. "I'm not even divorced yet!"

"Did you hear that Joan and Franchot Tone were supposed to have been married on Thanksgiving Day in Harrison, New York?", I asked.

"Yes, I heard it," he replied. "But our divorce isn't legal until April, so I don't think it is true."

—Wide World

Doug, Jr., is not at all worried about Joan's interest in Franchot Tone. Wedding bells will be ringing soon for him

Elizabeth Bergner with Doug, Jr., in *Catherine the Great,* which stars Fairbanks for the first time in a foreign film

He fiddled nervously with a small gold object that he kept taking out of his coat pocket—and then putting it back. But one of the pet names of this scribbler is "Old Eagle-Eye." A gold cigarette lighter! I recognized the model. A love token! Why there was nothing to it! The thing was in the bag, as they say on Broadway!

"Come on now, how long have you known Miss Lawrence?"

"Well, I've known her for about eight years. She's a [*Continued on page* 57]

Sex Appeal *Plus!*

Otto Kruger didn't know that he had it until—! Read this exciting interview for facts about a sensational new star

By Ruth Biery

I THINK the most surprised man in Hollywood today is Otto Kruger. Surprised at himself, surprised at Hollywood but surprised mostly at the world in general.

At first, he was angry. Madly, desperately angry. So angry that he dashed into the office of producer Louis B. Mayer to tell him exactly what he thought—

It had happened at a private preview of *Gallant Lady*. The select audience of experts were raving about the excellency of the picture. "Ann Harding has never done such fine work." "Clive Brook is marvellous—"

A young girl sprang to her feet. "Well, you can have your Ann Hardings and your Clive Brooks but give me Otto Kruger. That man has sex appeal. He does something to you. Makes you thrill—"

It was when this was repeated to Mr. Kruger that he became apoplectic and hot-footed it to the producer. "I thought it meant I was a sissy—"

But when he emerged from that conference, there was bewilderment on his face. He reminded one of the little boy who went into the principal's office crying and came out gurgling over a huge stick of peppermint candy.

He had learned that the word "sex appeal" is the biggest stick of candy that can be handed to a motion picture actor.

And when I met him for luncheon the day this was written, he confessed that he had been a minute late because he had detoured via his dressing room to pick up his fan mail. His eyes were dancing with [*Continued on page* 62]

Otto Kruger was so afraid that his rôle in *Beauty for Sale*, in which he appeared opposite Madge Evans, was a failure that he didn't sleep for three nights. But that was before his "sex appeal" was discovered by movie fans

Sometimes there are poetic, slightly daring parties in the moonlight, but they are not for the likes of you, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public!

Private KEEP

Try crashing the gates of the stars' private paradise and see what happens!

THE telephone in the office of the Malibu Beach Patrol buzzed imperatively—and I had the receiver off the hook before the clamor of the first signal had ceased. Promptness is the key to permanence in serving Hollywood's stars, even at lazy Malibu.

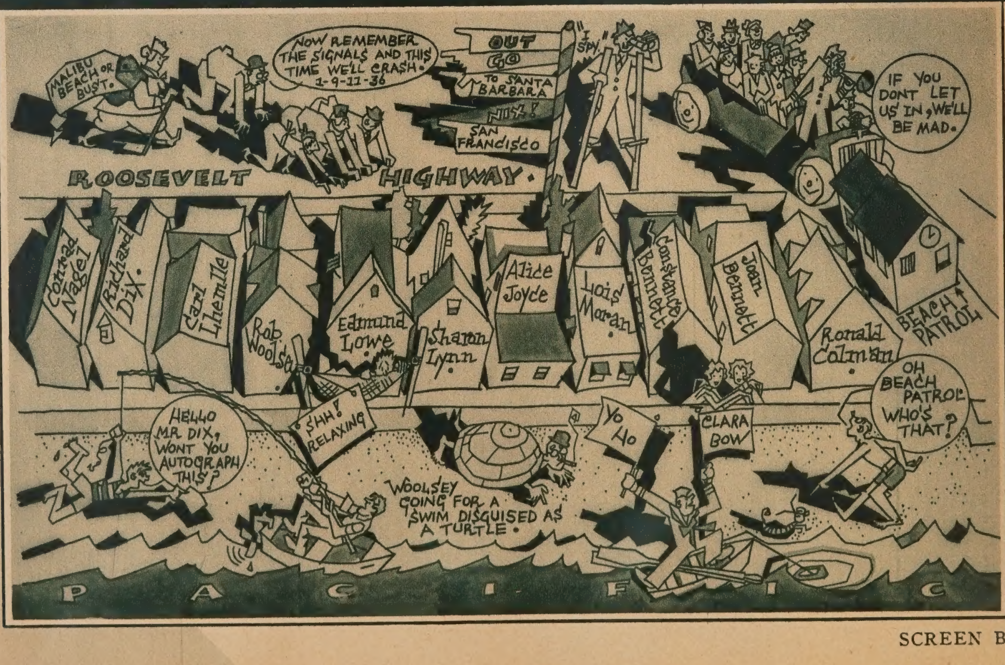
"Beach Patrol—Brooks speaking," I announced and, in response, heard a heavy masculine voice.

"This is Clara Bow's secretary. We're expecting a Miss Childers of London this morning about eleven o'clock, and we will appreciate it if you will direct her to the cottage. She's a stranger here and Miss Bow wishes to save her any possible delay or embarrassment."

"I'll take care of her," I promised—and meant it!

Not thirty minutes previously, I had talked to Miss Bow's secretary, who, at that time, was a woman. Still, faces change

YE FAMED CARTOONIST GIVES HIS OWN BIRD'S-EYE VIEW


MALIBU BEACH OR BUST.
NOW REMEMBER THE SIGNALS AND THIS TIME WE'LL CRASH. 1-9-11-36
OUT
GO
TO SANTA BARBARA
NIX!
SAN FRANCISCO
"I SPY."
IF YOU DONT LET US IN, WE'LL BE MAD.
ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY.
Conrad Nagel
Richard Dix.
Carl Laemmle
Rob. Woolsey
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Alice Joyce
Lois Moran
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
Ronald Colman
BEACH PATROL
OH BEACH PATROL WHO'S THAT?
HELLO MR. DIX, WONT YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS?
SHH! RELAXING
YO HO
CLARA BOW
WOOLSEY GOING FOR A SWIM DISGUISED AS A TURTLE.
PACIFIC

Property OUT!

By Floyd Brooks

so rapidly at Malibu that I thought it best to make sure.

A quick check revealed that Clara Bow had not employed a new secretary—and that she had never heard of "Miss Childers."

Shortly before eleven, an impressive limousine rolled to a stop in front of the Patrol office. A liveried chauffeur stepped from the car, entered, and announced that he was Miss Childers' driver. Would we please direct him to Miss Bow's cottage?

I stalled, for here was a pleasant break in the monotony of the day's routine.

"How long have you been employed by Miss Childers?" I demanded.

"Since last night."

"Whose car? Yours or hers?"

"Mine—I hire out by the hour."

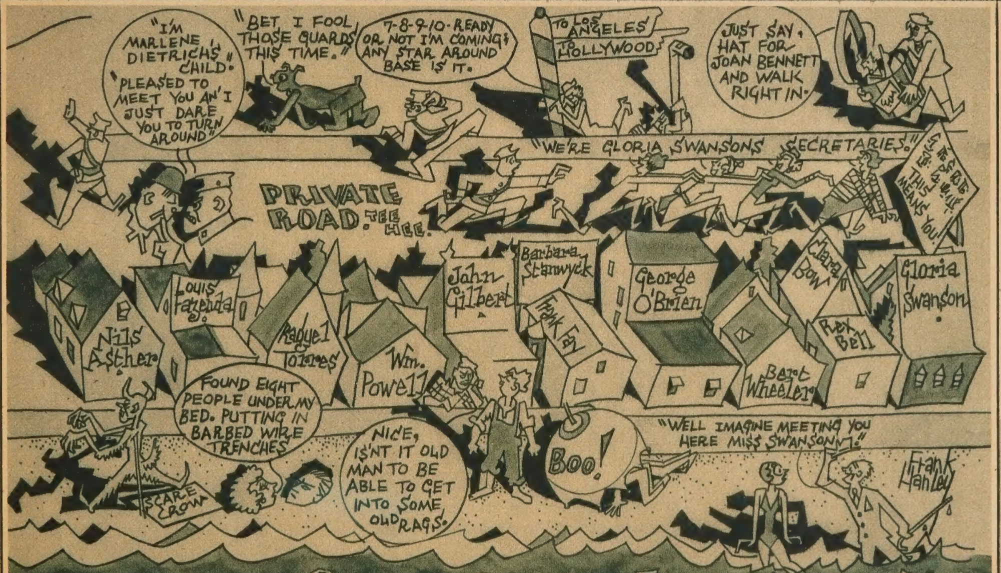
"Who did the telephoning this morning?" And, as I shot that question at him, I motioned for one of my patrolmen, who was sitting in the rear room of the Patrol building, to come to my desk.

By then, the driver was plainly

[*Continued on page 72*]

Florine McKinney poses high above Malibu, the sacred city of the stars, where none may enter without the magic, very secret password

OF THAT GREAT INVASION OF MALIBU, HOLLYWOOD'S PARADISE


"I'M MARLENE DIETRICH'S CHILD." "PLEASED TO MEET YOU AN' I JUST DARE YOU TO TURN AROUND"
"BET I FOOL THOSE GUARDS THIS TIME."
7-8-9-10-READY OR NOT I'M COMING; ANY STAR AROUND BASE IS IT.
TO LOS ANGELES
TO HOLLYWOOD
JUST SAY, HAT FOR JOAN BENNETT AND WALK RIGHT IN.
"WE'RE GLORIA SWANSONS SECRETARIES."
THIS MEANS YOU!
PRIVATE ROAD. TEE HEE.
Barbara Stanwyck
John Gilbert
George O'Brien
Clara Bow
Gloria Swanson
Louis Fazenda
Raquel Torres
Nils Asther
Wm. Powell
Frank Fay
Rex Bell
Bert Wheeler
FOUND EIGHT PEOPLE UNDER MY BED. PUTTING IN BARBED WIRE TRENCHES
NICE, ISN'T IT OLD MAN TO BE ABLE TO GET INTO SOME OLD RAGS.
BOO!
"WELL IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE MISS SWANSON."
SCARE CROW
Frank Hanley
O C E A N

Hollywood Via Broadway

By Edward R. Sammis

On the wings of that famous song, *The Last Roundup*, Joe Morrison is shooting to stardom

JOE MORRISON stood on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street in Hollywood and flipped a dime.

Joe wanted more than anything else in the world to take a crack at pictures. But discretion told him that he had better go back East where he was known and get himself a job.

So he flipped for it.

At that time only a handful of people knew who Joe Morrison was. If that dime had come down "tails" it is highly possible that Joe Morrison might be comparatively obscure today.

But it landed "heads"—discretion won the toss—and Joe headed back East.

As a result, before he has even appeared before the camera under his new Paramount contract to make three feature pictures a year, Joe finds himself not only famous in greater New York as the unknown lad who created a sensation during his four weeks' appearance at the Paramount Theatre, but well-known in the most remote farmhouse to boast a radio for his rendering of that haunting cowboy lyric, *The Last Roundup*.

Joe made the song. The song made Joe. And his meandering trip back East proved to be, after all, a short-cut to his heart's desire, a picture contract.

When he flipped the coin that day, Fate was not only smiling on him. She was fairly chucking him under the chin. Had the toss turned out otherwise, Joe might still be pounding at the studio gates, like many another unknown, in vain.

The story of his roundabout road to fame with its many and curious twists and turns is one of the strangest of any newcomer ever to crash Hollywood.

JOE MORRISON is a personable Irish boy with a mop of curly black hair, an engaging crooked smile and a rich tenor voice. Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1908, he studied for the priesthood.

"But I soon found out it wasn't for me," he said, lounging in a big leather chair in the office of his music publishers, rather shy and bewildered by his swift success, "The fathers were fine about it. They said: 'Joe, you've got a voice. You'll be happier if you do something with it. Go ahead.'

"There were some friends of mine back home had some connections with the RKO people, so they got me a booking on that circuit.

"I was eighteen then and I started out as a member of a quartet. But I was ambitious enough to want to sing alone. So I got a solo booking.

"I played up and down the country on the circuit, then I got a chance at the juvenile lead in *The Nine O'Clock Revue*. So I left vaudeville and took a whirl at it.

"I went to the West coast with the company and night after night while we were playing in Los Angeles I used to look out at the audience hoping there was a movie magnate somewhere in that sea of faces who would come backstage afterwards and offer me a job. But no one ever did.

"When the show closed, there I was in Hollywood, out of a job. Gee, how I wanted to stick around! But what chance did I have? I was just one more in the millions who wanted to try out for the movies.

"So I flipped that coin and made up my mind to stand by it. If it came heads I was going to hop in the old bus and drive back East. It did and I did.

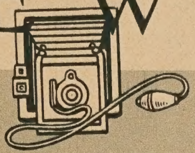
[*Continued on page 78*]

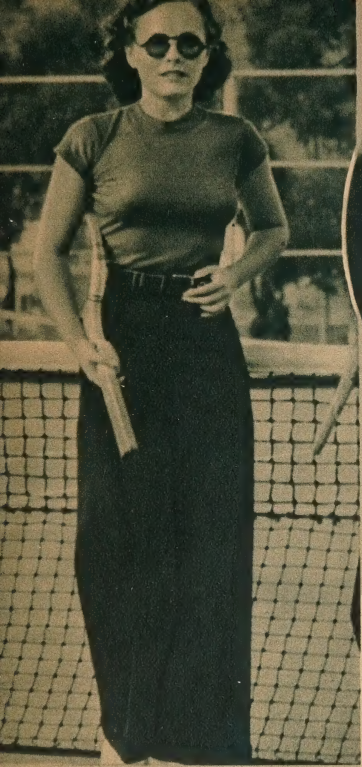
HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF BING CROSBY'S DANGEROUS NEW RIVAL

Joe Morrison was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1908. He later studied for the priesthood, but the lure of the footlights sent him into vaudeville at the age of eighteen. Stranded in Hollywood, he flipped a coin to decide whether or not to try movies. Instead he went to New York, where Fate, in the form of *The Last Roundup*, brought him Fame. Today he is under long-term contract to Paramount studios

How the Flip of a Coin Finally Brought Fame to Joe Morrison

Snapshot NEWS





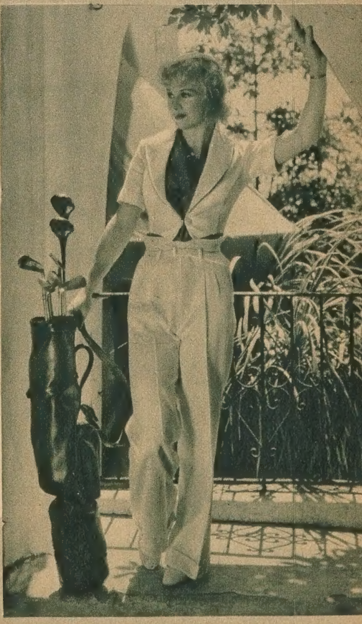
Disguised a la Garbo, Paulette Goddard trains for her rôle opposite Charlie Chaplin in his new picture

On location—Director George Archainbaud, Walter Huston and Frances Dee go into a huddle for SCREEN BOOK's cameraman on the set of *Rodney*

A new star, Nelson Eddy, who deserted the stage for pictures, takes a daily workout on the tennis court

Father and son—William Gargan and his six-year-old son pose on the front doorstep of their Hollywood home

Honeymoons are like this. Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have done nothing but bill and coo in the garden of their Hollywood home since the knot was tied a few months ago



The cameraman sneaked up on Ginger Rogers as she departed for her morning golf game and found her wearing this cute sport outfit

The

Love Scenes from TRIGGER, Hepburn's Newest Picture Sensation

PRIVATE LIFE of *Katharine Hepburn*

Beginning the remarkable, intimate story of the actress who over-shadows all others on the movie horizon

ONE afternoon less than two years ago a thin, angular, freckle-faced girl stepped off the *Chief* at the Santa Fé station in Pasadena. News photographers snapped routine pictures of her which appeared inconspicuously in the following morning's papers with a blurb to the effect that Miss Katharine Hepburn, Broadway actress and society girl, had arrived in Hollywood and would soon begin work on a picture with John Barrymore.

This bit of news excited nobody. Miss Hepburn might be a Broadway actress but Hollywood had never heard of her and certainly there was nothing about her looks, as revealed by the newspaper pictures, to indicate that the local beauties would have occasion to lose any sleep because of her presence. She was wearing a crazy little pill-box hat perched on top of her head and her red hair, twisted into a little washwoman's knot, was skinned back so tight from her face that it almost pulled her eyes out of place. She looked like a nice, wholesome girl but utterly lacking in glamour—as Hollywood interprets glamour.

It wasn't long, however, until amusing stories about the Hepburn girl began to circulate about the town. You've heard them all . . . how she came to the studio in a Rolls-Royce, dressed in an old pair of overalls with nothing under them but Miss Hepburn . . . how she flopped down on her stomach on the studio lawn and read a book, oblivious to the attention she attracted . . . how she "blew up" when a wardrobe woman charged her what she considered an exorbitant price for sewing a patch on the precious pants. . . . Hollywood smiled at all these stories. Having cut its eye teeth on publicity gags, it naturally regarded Miss Hepburn's eccentric behavior as being merely a new form of showmanship, to put herself in the limelight.

Katharine Hepburn first startled Hollywood by her nonchalance—spurning the traveling dressing room to apply her makeup in this informal fashion

Perhaps it was. Katharine Hepburn is the sort of person who thumbs her nose at conventions which she considers superficial and meaningless. She would not, however, defy a convention which involved a moral principle. She has never *followed* styles in dress. Instead, she has *created* her own style of clothing, regardless of what other people were wearing. She has always liked to wear comfortable clothes and she found her overalls comfortable. What Hollywood said or thought about it was wholly unimportant to her. She refused to attend parties, even when they were command invitations sent out by a studio executive. She didn't care for interviewers and when they tried to find out whether it was true that she was an heiress, she would neither admit nor deny it. She also refused to answer questions about her private life. Whereupon, the private life of Katharine Hepburn became Hollywood's most intriguing subject. Numerous stories—many of them pure myths—sprung up about her. And the public begged for more. In less than a year she has supplanted Garbo so far as public interest and curiosity about her private life is concerned. Today, she is the most talked of young woman in pictures.

By Grace Mack

TO UNDERSTAND this dynamic young firebrand it is necessary to know something of her heritage and the setting into which she was born.

She is the product of wise and happy parents. Her mother, who is known to her intimates as "Kate," is a New Englander. She graduated from Bryn Mawr, as her daughter was later to do. Thomas Hepburn is a Virginian, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He took his degree in medicine at Johns Hopkins. Following their graduation these two married and spent a year in Europe studying. It was there that Mrs. Hepburn became interested in the fight against organized vice. When she and her husband returned to America and settled in Hartford, Connecticut, she shocked the ladies of that city by lecturing on the white slave traffic. It was during the era when ladies did not speak of such things except in whispers. But somehow Mrs. Hepburn persuaded them to attend her lectures and something of the fire and sincerity which she put into her speech communi-

[*Continued on page* 60]

The New Pictures

Let the stars guide you to the best movies. SCREEN BOOK'S official picture-rating method tells the story in a glance: ★★★★Hit Picture.★★★Good Show.★★Average Movie.★Mediocre Offering.

BOLERO

★★★★

A most colorful presentation of a coal miner's rise to fame as a dancer with George Raft and Carole Lombard in the leading rôles. *Bolero*, also, serves to introduce a glamorous newcomer, Frances Drake. Both Miss Lombard's and Miss Drake's dancing with the star are performances to write home about, and Raft's stepping calls for your highest praise.—*Paramount.*

MASSACRE

★★★

Richard Barthelmess, an Indian, leads his people in their fight to better conditions on their reservation and gives the government agents a merry chase. Ann Dvorak portrays an Indian, too, and looks quite fetching as the girl in the agent's office, who tips Barthelmess off as to the white men's doings. *Massacre* offers highly dramatic moments.—*Warners.*

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

★★★★

Francis Lederer, romantic idol of the eastern and European stage, appears for the first time on the screen in *Man of Two Worlds*, and what an actor! He interprets an Eskimo who goes to London's Mayfair, only to return heartbroken to his own people. J. Farrell McDonald plays a sympathetic character and Elissa Landi is seen briefly.—*Radio.*

CAROLINA

★★★★

The tobacco industry in South Carolina lends the picturesque background for what will most likely prove to be Janet Gaynor's most popular screen effort. The scope of *Carolina* is tremendous and the performances of Gaynor and Young excellent. Lionel Barrymore, Richard Cromwell and Henrietta Crosman also give outstanding performances.—*Fox.*

MOULIN ROUGE

★★★★

Very clever and sensational. Constance Bennett assumes a dual rôle, as Franchot Tone's ugly duckling wife and as a glamorous entertainer from Paris, in *Moulin Rouge.* A very amusing situation occurs when the wife impersonates the Parisienne and finds her husband falling in love with whom be believes to be the star from Paris. —*20th Century.*

BELOVED

★★★★

A highly emotional picturization of the life and love of an Austrian composer. John Boles in his struggles to gain recognition and Gloria Stuart, as his wife, who braves hardship in his behalf, touch a new high in emotion. *Beloved* exerts a tremendous appeal for its human qualities and excites praise from public and critics alike.—*Universal.*

QUEEN CHRISTINA

★★★★

The screen's greatest lovers, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, are reunited in this outstanding cinema of the year. Surpassing all her previous efforts, Greta is superb as the Swedish queen torn between love and duty, and Gilbert, in the rôle of a Spanish ambassador, is seen in a characterization that will live. The Swedish court of the seventeenth century is the background against which this beautiful romance is set.—*Metro.*

I AM SUZANNE

★★★★

A very charming and intriguing story. *I Am Suzanne* is as light and delicate a piece of divertisement as the screen has offered in many a day, and Lilian Harvey, as the injured dancer who learns to be a puppeteer, gives a most beautiful performance. Gene Raymond is splendid with Miss Harvey, and also outstanding are Leslie Banks and Georgia Cane.—*Fox.*

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

★★★

Recording the adventures of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, civilized folk who are forced by an epidemic to brave the terrors of the Malaysian jungles. The entire cast, including Leo Carillo, give fine performances and you'll like the genuine jungle scenery. An entirely satisfactory picture.—*Paramount.*

FUGITIVE LOVERS

★★★

Something entirely new in the way of locale—a transcontinental bus. The important passengers are Nat Pendleton, a racketeer; Ted Healy, drunk de luxe; Robert Montgomery, escaped convict, and Madge Evans who has a difficult job in escaping the unwelcome attentions of her fellow passengers. The picture has its amusing side as well as its share of suspense.—*Metro.*

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN

★★★

Timely in theme and dramatically presented, *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen* strikes a responsive chord. It tells the story of a film actress' child being kidnaped. Dorothea Wieck portrays the distraught mother with conviction, Baby LeRoy gathers new laurels for himself as her son and Alice Brady handles a melodramatic rôle skillfully.—*Paramount.*

NANA

★★★★

At last, Anna Sten makes her American screen début, and it certainly was well worth waiting for. *Nana* depicts the glamorous Anna in the rôle of a Paris street walker who ascends the ladder of theatrical fame and is the darling of the boulevards. Richard Bennett and Lionel Atwill deserve much applause for their excellent support, and Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland add spice and brilliance. The spirit of the novel has been retained admirably.—*Goldwyn.*

Additional reviews on page 82

There's More Than One Way to Get a MAN!

In which Pert Kelton takes issue with Mae West on the fine art of sex-appealing

By Helen Pade

"Instead of occupying your mind with schemes and devices, think about love," Pert Kelton says. "Then your poses will respond and so will your men!"

Pert shows Jimmy Gleason just how a not too timid gal gets her man in *Once Over Lightly*, a new and hilarious comedy-drama

"D'YA want to mix the highballs for us and let me get comfortable?" asked Pert Kelton as we flounced into her gilded boudoir.

There was justice in that, for Pert had just come from a day's work at the studio and I from a refreshing set of tennis and a swim at another star's domicile.

"Besides, clothes make me jittery today," Pert hurried on as I invaded the bar and broke out some ice cubes. "Clothes or something. Did I tell you the new name they gave me at the studio? 'Jitters' Kelton."

Meanwhile she was stepping out of the pale green ensemble she had been wearing. Satin negligée trimmed with ostrich fluff replaced it; similarly trimmed mules substituted for the high-heeled shoes. Soon we were comfortably settled, cool glasses in hand. Pert curled up in the embrace of her favorite chair, while I stretched out on what she calls her "passionate" chaise longue.

"By the way, take home your copy of *Nana* when you go, will you?" she asked. "I'll never think to bring it to you and it's such an immoral book it's liable to go astray around here."

"Immoral?" I chuckled. "That sounds funny, Pert, coming from the screen's 'wickedest vamp.' I'll admit of course, that Zola is a bit outspoken, and that edition of *Nana* is a very literal translation. But—"

"It's the type that gets me!" Pert interrupted with an involuntary shudder and grimace. "Believe me, when I thought I was to appear in *Nana* on the screen, and read what Satin was in your book, I called up the studio and said I wouldn't play her."

AND that somehow led right into a conversation which was packed with the sort of advice any girl would like to get about men. That is, when it comes from an authority such as Pert, who proved on the screen in *Bed of Roses*, *The Bowery* and subsequent films that she knows the stronger sex's weaknesses. Here follows, much interpolated for the sake of brevity and clarity, our conference on ways and means of getting your men. I use the plural advisedly. As Pert says, you can always reduce it to the singular—if necessary!

"So many girls go at it all wrong,"

[*Continued on page* 74]

Let's Go Backstage

The camera crane cranes its steel neck at the chorus girls in a spectacular musical number for *Fashions of 1934*

A complete view of the sound stage, showing ladies of the ensemble ready to rehearse the fan dance number

Trick mirrors are only a part of the paraphernalia used to acquire unusual effects in *Fashions of 1934*

What Harpo Marx would give for a harp like this! Right: Bette Davis, the leading lady is crushed in the arms of an impetuous composer

An Advance Peek at Fashions of 1934, *starring Bette Davis and William Powell*

MOVIE EAVESDROPPING

By RADIE HARRIS

—Wide World

Good luck, newlyweds! Gary Cooper poses with his twenty-year-old bride, Veronica Balfe, just after the ceremony

—Wide World

Lookit our favorite prizefighter now! Maxie Baer and his gals practice for the fisticuffer's vaudeville act

"Ameing" High!

IF YOU happened to be visiting backstage at the Paramount Theatre a few weeks ago (and with Gary Cooper there "in person," you would happen to be!) you'd know that Raquel Torres' most frequent visitor was Stephen Ames, Adrienne's ex-it.

It would seem, however, that "ex marks the spot" has no meaning for Adrienne, for when her lovely sister, Linda, was so tragically killed in an automobile accident, it was to Stephen, NOT Bruce Cabot, that she turned for comfort. And Stephen, grand and generous soul that he is, would have flown to California had not his friends dissuaded him from re-opening a fresh wound.

Getting back to Raquel, this Torres Mex appealer tells me that her Beeg Romance with Charlie Feldman was *tout fini*, when she left Hollywood for London several months ago—and Stephen is her only "Ame" in life now!

Scooping Around

BUDDY ROGERS turned down $12,000 a week vaudeville engagements to be in New York with America's Sweetheart (Mary Pickford to you!) . . . as her wedding gift to Doris Warner and Mervyn Leroy, Mrs. Albert Warner, aunt of the bride, sent her interior decorator to California to furnish three of the rooms in the gorgeous estate Mervyn is building in Bellaire . . . and they say there ought to be a law against relations! . . . Margaret Sullavan was so anxious to return to Hollywood that she sailed on a boat that took three weeks! . . . the Ernst Lubitsch-Ona Munson fire isn't as cold as you think . . . now that Tallulah Bankhead is out of the hospital, the most popular rendezvous in town is her suite at the Elysee . . . Harvey Stephens stepped off the Twentieth Century and onto the rehearsal stage of Dark Victory *. . . Polly Walters, who all the film moguls passed up when she was in Hollywood, can write her own ticket at any studio now . . . she's THAT marvelous in* She Love's Me Not.

Greeting Doug Jr.

ANOTHER London arrival was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who came to town just two days after Joan Crawford left.

Looking oh so Bond Street, and perfectly fit again after the pneumonia siege which laid him low a few months ago, he good-naturedly sat cooped up in the RKO offices all afternoon, submitting to interviews, on the one day allotted him in New York.

He expressed great amusement when he was told that the rôle in *Success Story,* which lured him back to Hollywood, was the same rôle that Franchot Tone had created on the stage.

Mary and Buddy get together—No Divorce for Laura La Plante—Garbo Has a New Pal—Doug, Jr., Follows Franchot Tone's Footsteps

Ho hum, what with Franchot following Douglas in Joan's affections and Douglas following Franchot in his stage parts, methinks a much more appropriate title would be *Successor Story!*

Laura's Bill—And Cooing

FROM no less an authority than Laura La Plante herself, I hear that there is absolutely no truth to the rumor of her impending divorce from Bill Seiter.

Over the luncheon table during her one day stop-over in New York en route to Hollywood, Laura regaled me with news of her six months visit in London, where she made two British films and did NOT dance with the Prince of Wales!

Despite some very attractive offers to remain abroad for further picture work, Laura returned home to spend the Christmas holidays with Bill, who is still the Head Man—all other reports notwithstanding.

Young And Lovely

AFTER completing an important part in *Queen Christina* (yes, there's another good actress in it too, named Garbo) Elizabeth Young came East to spend the Christmas holidays in New York with her parents, Judge and Mrs. William Young.

But, despite the rousing homecoming given her by all the Social Registerites in town, "Libby" was THAT lonesome for Hollywood . . . which, just between ourselves, is another name for Dick Blumenthal.

Libby, by the bye, hit it off famously with the Great Garbo. On the last day of the picture, the Queen shook hands with her and told her that if she worked as conscientiously in all her future pictures as she did in *Christina,* she was headed for stardom.

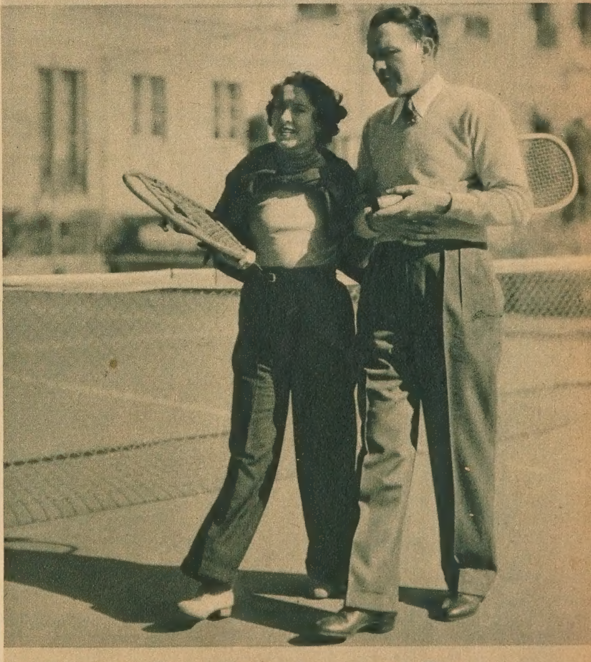
Thissa And Thatta

IF BROADWAY emulated Hollywood and gave an award for the best stage performance of the year, it would go indisputably to Laurence Olivier for his brilliant performance in The Green Bay Tree *. . . Ruth Harriet Louise (who is STILL my favorite photographer) accompanied by her adorable youngster has joined her husband, Leigh Jason at the Hotel St. Moritz . . . Dorothy Dwan, Nancy Smith's lovely daughter is wintering in New York . . . and Ralph Morgan's young hopeful, Claudia, may be a bride any minute now . . . Janet Gaynor didn't forget to wire her congratulations to Elizabeth Patterson on the opening night of* Her Master's Voice *. . . Paul Muni's desk at Delmonico's is deluged with play manuscripts . . . Charles Rogers, who came East on a talent scout, returned home without a single embryonic star . . . where are all you Cornells and Lunts hiding these days? . . . most of the available thespians in town were willing to accept bit parts in* The Lake *just for the privilege of working with Katharine Hepburn . . . "not for all the rice in China," but for Florence Rice, Grantland's booful che-ild, Phil Holmes is Manhattan holidaying.*

[*Continued on page 79*]

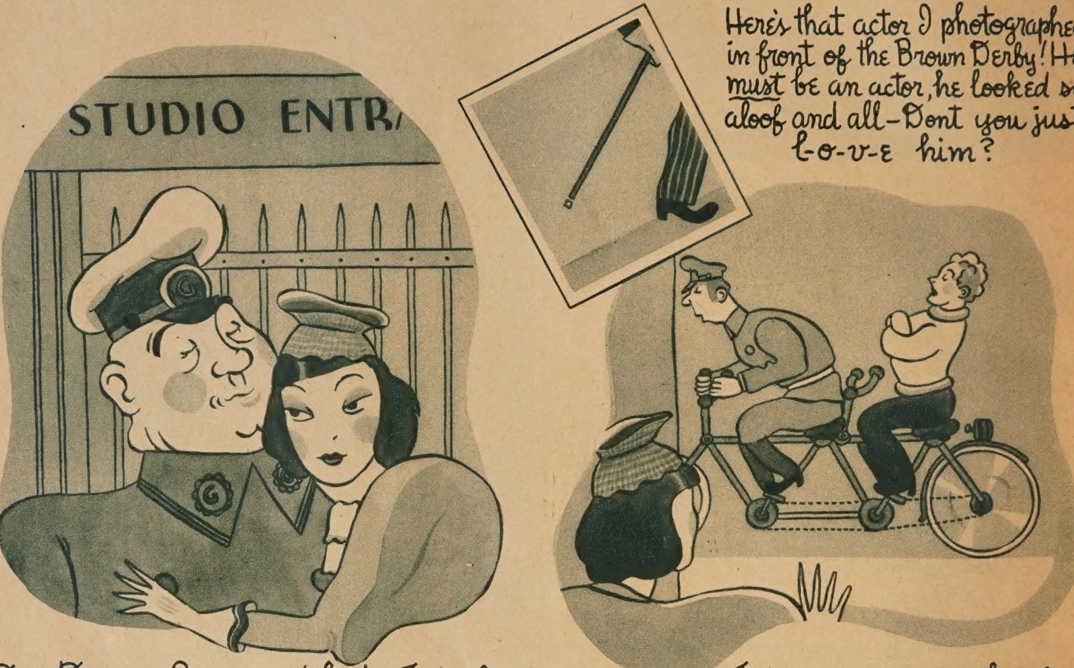
All aboard! After vacationing on Broadway, Leslie Howard heads home to begin work in *Of Human Bondage*

England has stolen two Americans for the movies. This is how Don Alvarado and Raquel Torres look in the British picture, *Red Wagon*



Nets to you, Gracie Allen and George Burns! These two funsters are now making a picture called *Six of a Kind*

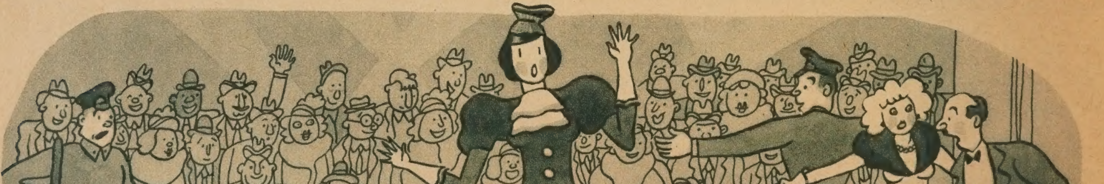
Alice in Movieland



Here's that actor I photographed in front of the Brown Derby! He must be an actor, he looked so aloof and all—Dont you just l-o-v-e him?

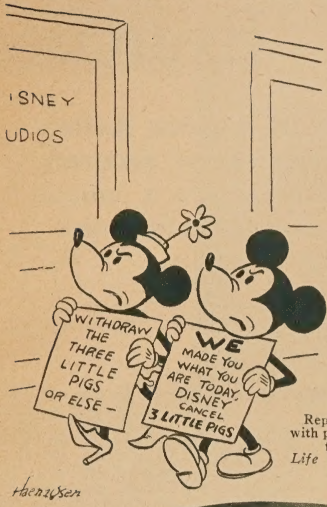
Dear Diary:- Progress at last! Today I met a big executive at the Trabble Studios. Soon I'll be a star and have divorces and things!!!

Today I saw none other than Johan Tarrybore! He looked terribly handsome exercising on his bicycle!



There was a big crowd at Graumann's Chinese Theatre. Such excitement! I walked right on the wet cement that Gerla Glamour was going to put her foot in—Was my face red?

The Laugh is on Hollywood


ISNEY
UDIOS
WITHDRAW THE THREE LITTLE PIGS OR ELSE –
WE MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE TODAY, DISNEY CANCEL 3 LITTLE PIGS
Haenigsen

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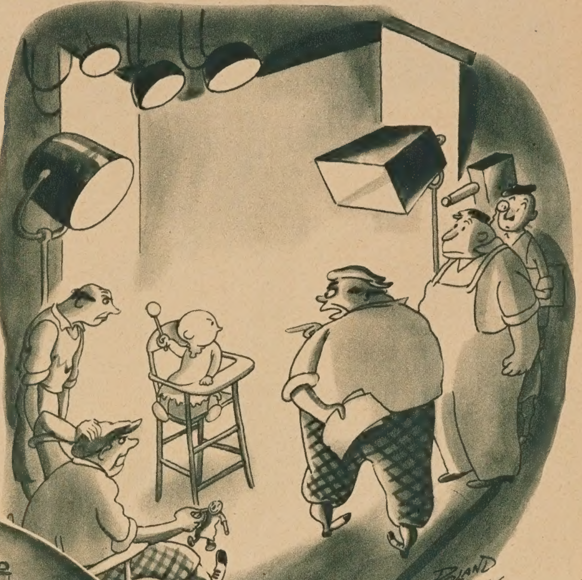
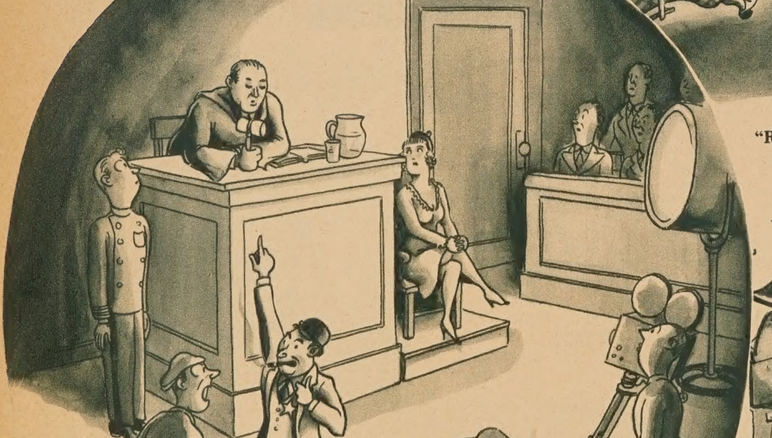
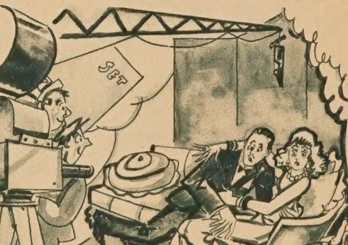
Life Magazine



"Remember, that contract of yours doesn't necessarily put us under your thumb!"



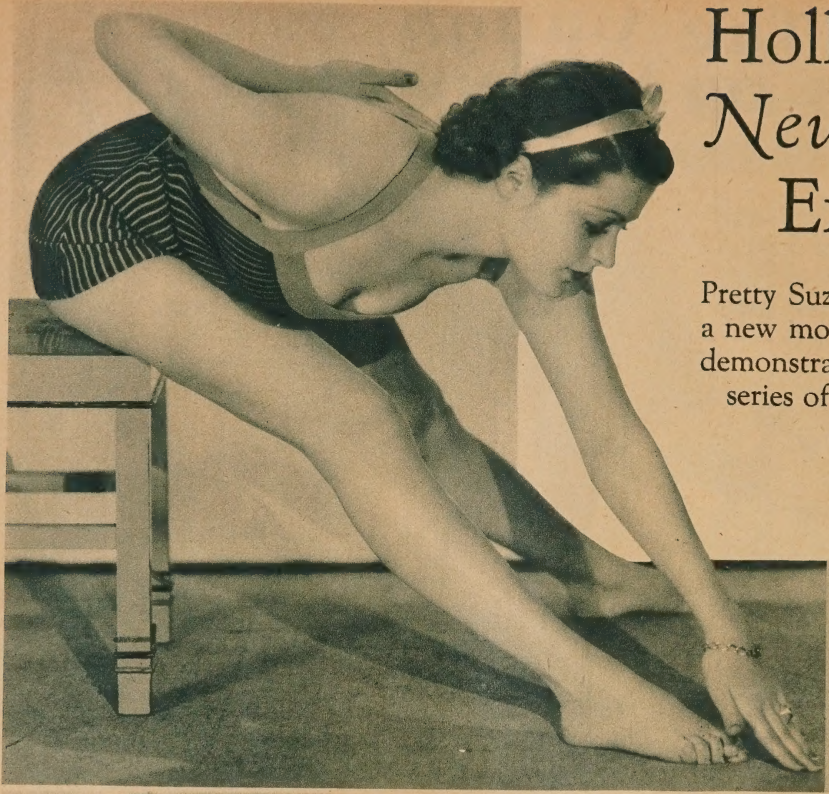
"Sorry, brother, that man's wanted back in Peonia!"


SET
DIRECTOR
Frank Hanley

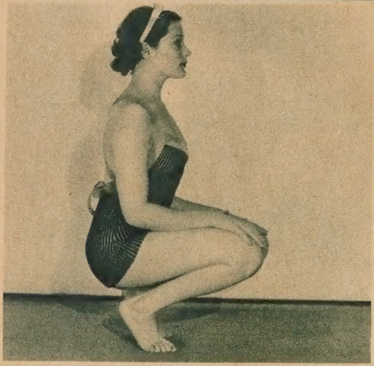
"Oh, I know the censors won't okay it, but do it just for me"

Hollywood's *New Beauty* Exercises

Pretty Suzanne Kaaren, a new movie discovery, demonstrates a unique series of calisthenics

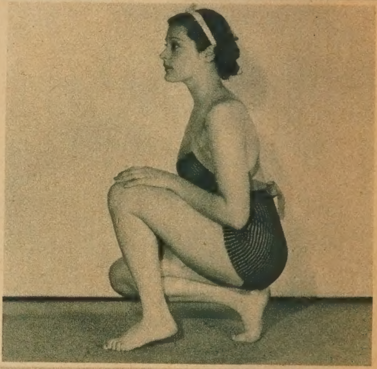


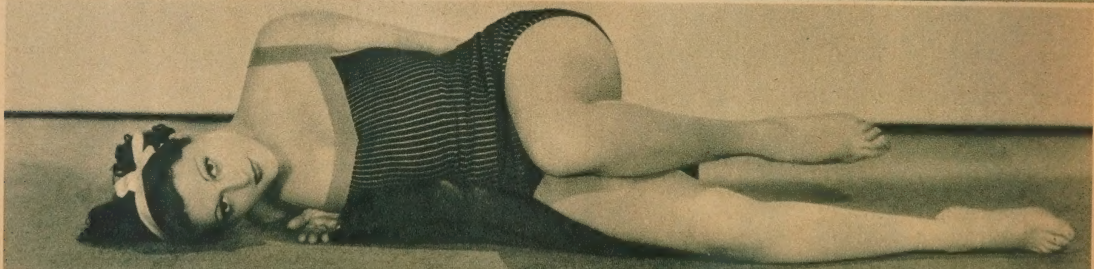
To develop graceful arms and shoulders, Suzanne Kaaren seats herself in a chair and stretches the right and left arm alternately to the floor twenty times each morning



Left: First position to be assumed for walking on the toes. The body is not raised from the floor as you walk on the toes only as illustrated at the right. This exercise is unusually effective in maintaining good health and a lovely figure

—Photos by Otto Dyar





Suzanne Kaaren recommends bicycling to trim off those extra pounds. Lie on your side with a pillow beneath the hips moving the legs in a "bicycle" fashion for three minutes each morning and evening

Gloria Stuart keeps her naturally blonde hair from becoming drab by using a harmless rinse or "brightener" after her weekly shampoo. Gloria does not believe in drastic bleaches

The STARS' HINTS on HAIR BEAUTY

Hollywood's method of bleaching the hair . . . and other valuable charm secrets

By Janet Lynn

JUDGING from some of the letters I receive, I think the average woman knows next to nothing about what actually happens to hair when it is bleached or dyed. But it seems to me that she *should* know certain elementary facts, and so I propose to take up the task of enlightenment.

There is no hokus-pokus magic involved in tinting or bleaching hair. Instead, there is a definite chemical reaction. To understand just what this reaction is, you must understand the structure of a single hair. Chemically, hair is of practically the same composition as the fingernails, with the addition of coloring matter or pigment, either brown, black, red or yellow. Hair that is very light blonde has comparatively little coloring matter; and the darker hair is, the more intensified is the natural coloring agent. White hair, of course, is completely lacking in pigment. To bleach hair means literally to rob it of most of its natural coloring matter. This is done by the use of peroxide (usually seventeen volume), and the longer the peroxide is left on the hair, the lighter in shade the hair becomes. Naturally, peroxide must be left on dark hair a long time to extract all the pigment.

Besides having color extracting properties, peroxide also has corrosive properties. That is, if it is left on the hair too long or in too great strength, it will "eat away" the hair itself. Gradually, of course, but none the less thoroughly. Hair that is over-bleached, you may have noticed, is weak, breaking off at the touch of a comb, and very dry, having been deprived of natural oil by the peroxide. Of course, it is quite possible to bleach drab blonde or very light brown hair without harming it much, provided the bleaching is done gradually and the hair is given weekly oil treatments to replace some of the lost oil.

ASK FOR A FREE PERSONAL LETTER ON YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS

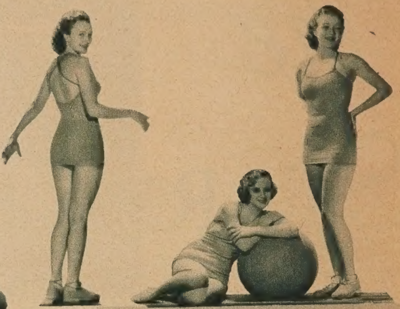
Janet Lynn will write free, confidential letters to all readers who seek her advice on beauty problems. Address her at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (U. S. Postage Only.)

BLEACHING should be done under the direction of a competent beauty operator who knows by experience just how much peroxide to use and how long to leave it on the hair. After hair is given the initial or "all over" bleach, the newly-grown dark portion near the part [*Continued on page* 70]

CHARM

Looking Ahead *to* Summer

A pre-season peek at bathing suit hints from the Southland



Linda Parker (standing) wears a ribbed knit suit with gilt buttons at the front and a low cut sun back. Florine McKinney (seated) models a yellow suit with "brassette" back

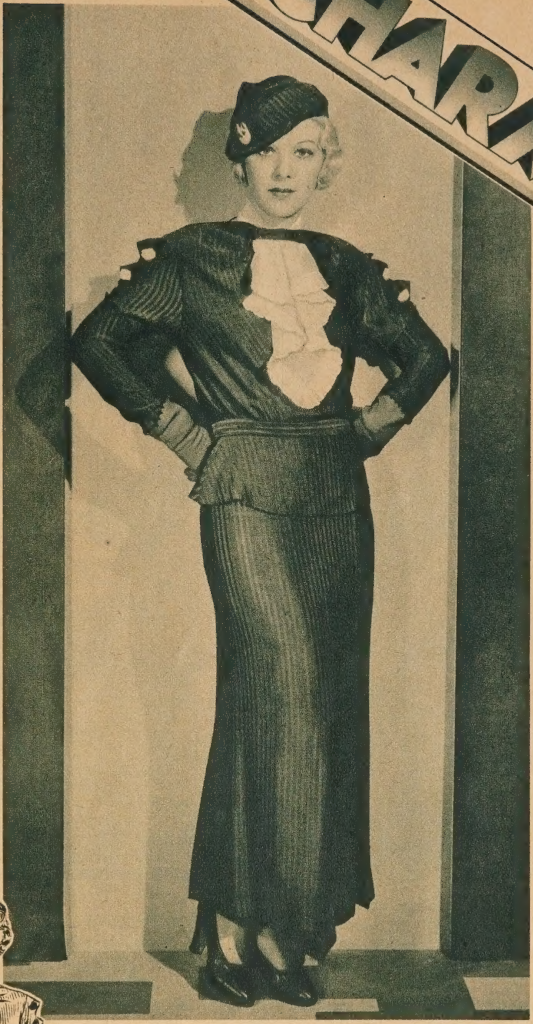
Muriel Evans is charming in a navy ribbed surf suit which features two wide white straps that tie in half-bows below the shoulders at the front. An ideal beach costume for the sun-bathing beauty

Jean Howard prefers a white waffle-knit suit with sun back to the waistline, a black and white waistline band and skirt scallops of red and black lastex

Pretty Kay English chooses a flashy red and black costume that boasts a back cutout to the waistline. A popular model at Southern resorts this winter

DRESS *the* Hollywood Way

Glenda Farrell wears this new frock in Hi Nellie. *You can have it for your own!*



GLENDA FARRELL offers SCREEN BOOK readers the pattern of her smart daytime dress, worn as she appears opposite Paul Muni in *Hi Nellie!* Glenda's frock does not depend entirely on its interesting fabric of Oxford grey satin striped crepe for its trickiness. The double peaks clasped with the large pearl buttons right below the shoulder are a very clever and new treatment of the wide shoulder fad. We may like them wide, but not too wide.

And then the peplum which certainly isn't new but is oh, so fashionable. For curves are in style again and this feature helps to bring them out. As to the jabot—you probably know how much *it* helps to give you that "dressed-up" feeling to have some fresh lingerie about the neck.

Glenda's frock is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric and ⅞ yards of contrasting material. As illustrated on the line sketch, the frock with short sleeves requires 3⅛ yards of 39-inch fabric.

Don't forget to order your copy of the new SCREEN BOOK spring pattern magazine. It's filled to the brim with chic creations!

Glenda Farrell is more charming than ever in this delightful daytime dress that is suitable for so many occasions. She wears it as she appears with Paul Muni in *Hi Nellie!* You may have a pattern of the same gown, designed with a slightly shorter skirt for practical wear

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed............send me the Glenda Farrell daytime dress pattern.

☐ No. B215 Size............ ☐ Spring Pattern Book.
(Place checks in squares to indicate your order).

Name ....

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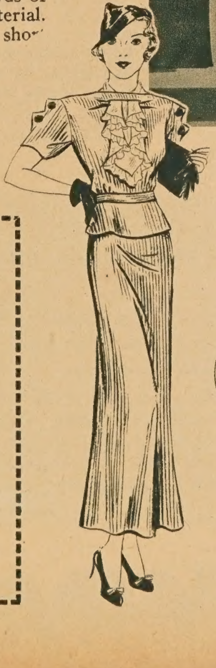
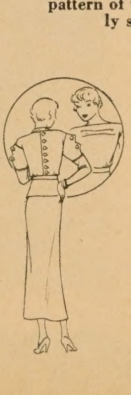
Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c





Left: An artist's sketches of the same frock shows the detail more clearly. As illustrated, this charming creation may be made with short sleeves to please those who reside in more summery climes. Send for your pattern today and enjoy the thrill of wearing the duplicate of a movie star's frock

A Hollywood Cocktail Party

For those who prefer liquid refreshment, Muriel Kirkland offers pertinent advice

By Jewel Smith

SPEAKING of repeal—and who isn't these exciting days—Muriel Kirkland, petite comèdienne, and our hostess for this month, offers some timely and valuable advice on the modern woman's most terrifying problem—correct wines, *liquers* and cocktails—where, when, and how.

"The matter of serving wine properly, in correct sequence and with harmonious dishes, is a subject on which volumes have been written and over which there is still controversy," says Muriel. "The fact, however, though embarrassing to admit, is that our generation is entirely ignorant of wine etiquette.

"I do not admit to being an Epicurean on the subject, but I have taken time to learn the safe, general rules which everyone may follow in the proper serving of alcoholic beverages.

"First of all, it must be remembered that incorrect temperatures of any wine may detract much from its quality and flavor. Old vintage champagne should be chilled to about forty-five degrees, while young vintages may be served at thirty-eight.

"Our modern age has a fetish for yanking the cork from a champagne bottle which invariably results in a large pop much to the satisfaction of the 'yanker.' This manner of opening a champagne bottle, naturally, is incorrect. The cork should be removed slowly in order to retain all the gas in the bottle.

"The regular solid-stem champagne glass is the only correct one for this rare wine. They should be sparkling clean, of course, and never more than three-fourths full. It is an old and fitting custom to serve the host first that he may test the wine before his guests. Champagne should be served with the last course of the dinner for its best effect.

"*Burgundy*—the richest of all natural wines—should be served with dark meats at about sixty-five degrees temperature. *White Burgundies* are correct to serve with fish, oyster or white meat at fifty degrees.

Dry Sauternes should be served with the fish course, also, at a temperature not below forty-two degrees or *Moselle wines* at forty-five and fifty degrees are correct for this course.

"With the entree, the lighter types of *Clarets* are favored, while the

[*Continued on page 76*]

TRY A HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD COCKTAIL!

Two parts dry gin
One part French vermouth
One part Italian vermouth
One part orange juice

Pour into a cocktail shaker—add cracked ice—shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. Place small slice of orange in each glass before serving.

How Does Mae West Get That Way?

[*Continued from page* 30]

all the rest of life's values that go by high-sounding phrases. First a war that surely did not turn out to be "a war to end war"; then the financial depression with homes snatched away, ambitions thwarted, even with hunger stalking the land. At a time like this people feel that the props of high-minded thinking and feeling which they were taught to revere and cling to are simply so much clap-trap. In short, they have fallen from the heights, and precipitously, plum down to the bottom—at least let us hope it is the bottom. Facts have become facts and nothing more; truth has replaced fiction; stern, stark reality has routed romance.

WHAT sort of personality, however, must such an actress like Mae West possess? Already barrels of printer's ink have been used in "writing her up," much of which undoubtedly is pure speculation. Mae West surely intrigues one's interest. What sort of person is she *really*? What light can psychology—specifically psychoanalysis—throw upon this alluring problem?

At once one arrives at a conclusion which, at first blush, appears paradoxical. That is, that the Mae West who on the stage appears so sexy, is not actually so sexy at all!

To corroborate this hypothesis one remembers that, according to report, she calls herself a "one man woman." One notes, besides, that despite her acknowledged beauty, both of face and figure, she still remains unmarried. Thirdly, by way of final corroboration, one must not forget that she is an actress.

Mae West apparently has escaped the tragedy of love that engulfs and destroys most women. And if it be true, as report has it, that once she *did* have a serious love affair which she was able to fight down, then surely she is either an unusually strong-willed female, or not so intense a one after all—or both.

Indeed, psychology is always suspicious of persons who continually pretend to be amourous or who talk a lot about it. Psychology declares they are doing this, not because they *feel* that way, but rather because they want others to *think* they feel that way.

NOW then, there is every reason why Mae West should want people to think she feels that way. I mentioned that we must not forget that she is an actress. As an actress she is eager to "give the public what it wants." And luckily for Miss West, she has an insight into this audience mechanism, this instinctive though repressed urge it possesses—a point already referred to in the beginning—an insight so keen, indeed, that it really amounts to genius.

In fact Mae West, in her way, bears many of the earmarks of genius. Perhaps this is why it took her so long to be understood, to find just the right niche for herself in the entertainment field. The history of all geniuses is characterized by periods of long waiting, made so because they were too different to fit in with current standards.

First of all Mae West is *distinctly herself*. She copies no one; she wears clothes that please her; she talks English in her own fashion; she conducts herself as she sees fit.

When one ordinarily thinks of genius, to be sure, names like Einstein, Edison, Sarah Bernhardt, Dusé, etc., come to mind. I have purposely named two scientists and two actresses because pure science and the acting art are so different.

The point to be emphasized, when one considers genius, is that each genius is so distinctly individualistic, so definitely different from everybody else, even from other geniuses. As regards Mae West, no actress has been like her nor is another likely to be like her. Mae West is Mae West and that's all there is to it!

THE father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud, has always maintained that geniuses are *narcissistic*.

Narcissism is derived from the Greek god, Narcissus, who, mythology says, was in the habit of admiring himself by looking at his reflected image in a pool of water. Finally, the story goes on to say, the gods changed him into a flower, the one, by the way, which today bears the name "narcissus."

Narcissism, in short—the term "narcism" is also frequently used—signifies self-admiration. But that does not mean that the self-admiration is merely conceit or that it is not justified.

For any individual to do something unusual he must needs have confidence in himself; he must harbor a well-developed ego; he must have respect for his ambition and his ability; indeed, it is necessary that he actually admire the thing he wants to do else he will not possess the endurance and fortitude to push it through, despite adversity, to completion.

If Mae West *is* narcissistic—and a psychoanalytical appraisal, based upon what one reads and hears about her would tend to corroborate such a conclusion—it merely adds another argument to the claim I make.

It may be argued in rebuttal that Miss West's work is not of the highest artistic order because it eulogizes selfishness, and stresses sex. Suppose it does?

Whether one likes or dislikes a certain character in a play one has to admit that the portrayal must be art if, in the first place, it is true to life and if, in the second, the characterization is honestly and skillfully drawn.

Surely the type parts that Mae West depicts exist. In fact, such types exist aplenty. And as already suggested, they exist in addition in the unconscious minds of many women as wish imaginings which they are afraid to express or even to admit to themselves. And as regards honesty and straightforwardness of character portrayal, without frills or subtleties, and acted with consummate skill—there is no denying that no actress has ever done it as well as "Diamond Lil."

Mae West's pictures, and the concepts of life she stands for, are actually valuable as forces for *culture*.

WOMEN, by far and large, cannot disport themselves as Mae West does on the stage, nor can men, by far and large, afford to associate with them. Social restrictions, sex repressions, family responsibilities and a host of other hemming-in factors force all persons to behave within the limits of a comparatively restricted cultural circle.

SCREEN BOOK's nomination for the title of Hollywood's Cutest Starlet is Mary Carlisle, whose most recent screen appearance is in *Once to Every Woman*

Nevertheless the instincts try to express themselves for all that. They seek escape. And if they cannot—and *usually* they cannot—express themselves in primitive fashion they "let off steam," so to speak, in a substitute way.

Seeing a Mae West play is such a substitute socialized outlet for two of the most powerful instincts possessed by human beings, namely sex and ego. Miss West's portrayals are unvarnished exhibitions of both. It gives the audience, both male and female, a vicarious thrill to behold such instinctive reactions and it decidedly benefits it emotionally.

Will the vogue of Mae West last? That, to be sure, is problematical.

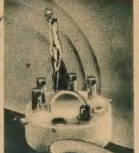
Screen stars do not, as a rule, retain their audience hold longer than five years no matter how excellent they may be. The picture life of a movie celebrity often flames suddenly but dies down just as quickly. People like change and, if the actress does the same sort of thing picture after picture, it stales and *she, too*.

Mae West is such an expert—such a genius, shall we say?—in her own special line that she must needs be careful not to overdo it.

She already has had two films on the same general theme, *She Done Him Wrong* and *I'm No Angel*. Three of the same type may prove the limit.

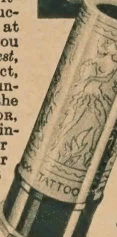
But Mae West is a unique figure in filmdom and it is more than probable that her resourcefulness will prevent her from giving too much of what might be termed "a good thing."

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



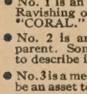
..and select your proper color by actual test on your own skin

TATTOO . . . is the new, entirely pasteless lip color that keeps lips evenly and excitingly red, invitingly smooth and seductively soft from dinner at eight 'till morn. And you can buy it by actual *test*, instead of by *guess!* In fact, the better cosmetic counters everywhere feature the TATTOO COLOR SELECTOR, illustrated above, and invite you to try all four shades of TATTOO on your own skin. Just apply it to your wrist as you would to your lips. Put it on... let it set... rub it off... only the COLOR stays! $1 everywhere.



TATTOO, CHICAGO

- No. 1 is an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."
- No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."
- No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."
- No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."



TATTOO FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS comes in the same four smart shades as TATTOO lip color... to give TATTOO users the advantage of perfect color harmony between cheeks and lips. You'll love the smoothness of this new, more interesting cream rouge, too. The price is 75c.

TATTOO

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Seventh to fifteenth prizes	autographed pictures of Jean Harlow

HOW TO COMPETE: Requirements for this big new SCREEN BOOK contest are simple. Merely write in 500 words or less your opinion of Jean Harlow, telling in your own language just what you think of Jean, her personality and her pictures. Your contribution may be written on typewriter or in longhand. Frank, unusual opinions are solicited, and literary merit is no consideration. The winner's article will be published, with Jean Harlow's reply, in May SCREEN BOOK. Jean Harlow will send her own personal checks to the first six winners in this month's contest. Next month a new star will be selected . . . send in your entry today to **The Contest Editor,** SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

THE RULES: Entries must be received before midnight of March 1st, 1934. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges and no entries will be returned. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All readers of SCREEN BOOK, with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, or their relatives, are eligible to compete.

Doug Is In Love Again!

[*Continued from page* 34]

very charming girl. She's playing in London now in *Nymph Errant* one of the biggest hits there. We've been very good friends, and lately, we've gone around together quite a lot. She has a grand sense of humor.

"Are you two engaged?"

"Isn't it customary for the lady in question to make the first announcement in such matters?" he retorted. "We couldn't get married if we wanted to before April—and besides, Gertie may change her mind about me by that time. You know, women have that privilege. She may not even like me tomorrow, no matter what she feels today.

"She's coming over here in February, I think, to play on the stage. I hope to be finished with my contract by that time, and expect to return to New York. Maybe then we will be in a position to give out more about our plans."

"HOW long will you be over here? You haven't given up Hollywood for good, have you?"

"Not at all," he replied. "All that stuff that came out in the papers was pure bunk. As a matter of fact, the studio where both father and I have been making pictures in London is a subsidiary of United Artists. The company is backed by American money, and has a large number of American stars and directors. The only difference is that the plan is to take more time in making pictures—and to give more attention to the making of really fine stories. You know, father has always been strong for the artistic side of motion pictures. We both feel that you can make just as much money by turning out a masterpiece as you can by giving the public trash. Do you know that *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, which is our first real effort in the London studio, will make over a million dollars? I think that *Catherine the Great*, which I've just finished with the great star, Elizabeth Bergner, will make a lot of money," he added.

"I want to do a play. A really good play. I've acted out West for several years, and now I hope to act in New York and London. I have several plays under consideration, but I haven't quite made up my mind as yet. If everything works out the way I hope, when I get back to New York maybe I'll start rehearsals then. But as I'm tied up with a picture first, and also doing some writing, I can't say definitely now whether I will act first, finish a book, or go back to England to make my next picture with father."

IF THE present Gertrude Lawrence becomes the second Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the latter's Hollywood friends will find something of a surprise in the situation. Miss Lawrence is the exact opposite in both type and character to Joan Crawford. She has been on the stage for years and is an international star known in both America and England as an excellent comédienne. She has enjoyed a huge success in New York having come over here first several years ago in the Charlot's Revue in which she co-starred with Bee Lillie. Gertrude Lawrence is a woman of the world—sophisticated to her finger tips, and with

[*Continued on page* 59]

WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS
—*double quick!*

Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run down people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

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But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.

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Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

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Address__________

Heart Trouble *for* Greta Garbo

An early photograph of Carle Brisson, who will soon be seen in American pictures, on whom Garbo had a crush when she was but fifteen years old. The inset shows Brisson being mobbed by his many admirers

Garbo

[*Continued from page* 15]

intense admiration at the mere sight of his picture.

"One day she came in, blushing to the roots of her hair. She had met Brisson in the narrow passageway at the stage entrance to the theatre. She had forgotten her reserve completely—in fact, she had thrown her arms around him. Now she was as shy as any school girl, wondering over and over again, what he must think of her.

"Of course, Brisson was handsome. No one could blame her. Of the 300,000 women in Stockholm, at least 299,999 agreed with her and would have done just what she did that day if they had dared.

"I distinctly remember her last little demonstration of the Brisson-craze, which was very funny. I gave my daughter and Greta tickets to see him—to sit in the audience for the first time and watch him perform. He sang a new song that night—and the audience went wild. But everyone forgot their enthusiasm when they saw a tall, blonde girl stand up and shout: 'Bravo! Bravo! Calle!'

"Of course, that girl was Greta Gustafsson. During the rest of the performance the audience looked more at her than they did at the great Brisson. My daughter was terribly embarrassed. Greta only blushed and smiled to herself.

"A little later she left us and got a job at Paul Bergstrom's department store, but I will always vividly remember the months she worked for me."

But "that Gustafsson girl," even during this time of hard work, kept on dreaming—a fact that is definitely proven by the seamstress who made party dresses for her and her sister, Alva. The seamstress herself says:

"Sometimes Greta would have one of Alva's dresses made over for her—just as young sisters the world over do. She always tried to make me give her a special low price for sewing her things. I asked her why. You should have seen her then! She looked at me with a funny, haughty little face and said: "Lina one day I will become a great actress. Then you will be proud to have made dresses for me." *Now the world knows how right she was.*

Doug Is In Love Again!

[*Continued from page* 57]

the poise and self-assurance of one who has been accustomed to mingle with celebrities both social and professional. She is several years older than Douglas Fairbanks, and has been married and divorced and reported engaged so many times even city editors have lost track. She has a daughter about twelve years old.

When Doug is married to Gertrude Lawrence he will move into an entirely different atmosphere than he had with Joan Crawford in Hollywood. The cinema ruled the lives of Joan and Doug. Their work was in the movies; most of their friends were motion picture people; they talked, ate and breathed celluloid. Miss Lawrence has been a social pet on both sides of the ocean for a good many years. She is interested in a great number of things outside the stage. Her work before the camera up until now has been practically nondescript, but according to Doug Jr. she has joined the group of players which will be featured by the new London venture in which both the Fairbanks have become interested.

"Will you make more than one movie over here now?" I asked, taking up our chat where it had been interrupted by a young lady who had come in to have him look at some papers.

"I don't know, yet. I think not. You see, despite what you hear to the contrary, a star actually receives three or four times the money over in Europe for his work than he can get in Hollywood. Also, he has a chance to last a much longer time. We plan on making at the outside only eight pictures a year. That means that I will do two each year. At that rate, instead of the public growing tired of me in three or four year's time, I can go on and work perhaps for ten years and still hold my following. Over there, they don't seem to get tired of an actor or actress as quickly as they do here in America. The same players that packed the theatres ten, fifteen years ago, draw full houses today. The woman I played with in my last picture, for example. Elizabeth Bergner has been a star for years. She is one of the greatest actresses I have ever seen. They call her 'The Modern Dusé.' She is not a young girl, but the public is just as enthusiastic about her in Europe today as they were when she made her first success.

"Well," he said with a flash of his white strong teeth, "I've got to dash. I'm going to rush home and change, grab Mother and take her out to dinner, and then we're going to the theatre. A friend of mine is giving an imitation of me in one of the shows in town that they say is more like me than I am myself. I've got to see that. He even has reached the point where people think it is really Doug Fairbanks, Jr., on the stage, and I heard about it in London. As I only have this one night, and he happens to be my best friend, you can imagine that I simply must see him."

"Goodbye—and congratulations!" I said as we shook hands. "I hope you will be very happy in your next matrimonial venture."

He actually flushed. And his grin was as broad as that ocean which at the moment lies between him and his love. "I'm pretty sure I will be," he said, and laughed happily.

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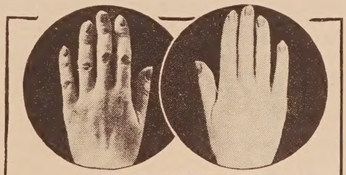

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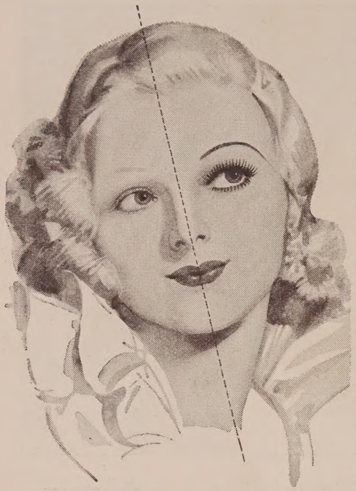

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The Private Life of Katharine Hepburn

[Continued from page 41]

cated itself to her listeners and aroused them to wage a fight against vice conditions in Connecticut.

Later, Mrs. Hepburn became President of the State Suffrage Association. The fire and brilliancy which characterized Mrs. Hepburn's speeches, we see repeated in her daughter's work on the screen. From her mother Katharine also inherits her love of outdoor sports. Mrs. Hepburn has always participated in the same athletics that her children indulged in. And at the age of forty-five she learned to do a double jack-knife dive and to do it as expertly as her youngsters.

THE Hepburn children were not brought up to believe that the stork left babies at the door. When a new baby was due to arrive it was openly discussed and the event of its birth was looked forward to. The children were taught to be especially kind and considerate of their mother during the months when she was carrying the baby close to her heart.

There were six children in the Hepburn family. Thomas and Katharine, born two years apart, were the oldest. Then came Richard and Robert, Marion and Margaret.

Wherever they have lived, the Hepburn home has always been a real home in every sense of the word; a place where the children always had a better time than anywhere else.

Katharine spent the first twelve years of her life in a charming old house on Hawthorne Street in Hartford. It was surrounded by a lovely garden with lots of trees—just such a home as the one in which the *Little Women* of Louisa Alcott's story lived. Of course it had an attic and this was a rendezvous for all the children in the neighborhood. Everything from a play to a circus was produced in this attic, with Katharine always in the rôle of ring-leader. The scene in *Little Women*, in which she coached Joan Bennett for the rôle of the fainting heroine in their home talent play might easily have been a chapter from her own life.

The tea hour has always been an institution in the Hepburn home. Wherever the children were, whatever they were doing, they always hurried home at tea time. There was nothing compulsory about it. They came because they wanted to. More often than not they brought their playmates with them. Dr. Hepburn arranged his work so that he could be home for a cup of tea and a hot scone.

IF IT was winter there was always a big fire blazing in the fireplace. And the youngsters would rush in from skating or tobogganing, their cheeks apple-red and their eyes as bright as stars. They were usually followed by various and sundry dogs with wagging tails. Katharine always curled up in a little seat by the fireplace, toasting her back against the fire. The tea time conversations covered a wide range of subjects. Sometimes it had to do with art or music. Sometimes they talked of books and the children were encouraged to express their opinions. Often there were friendly debates. A friend who is close to the family told me of an occasion when they spent three hours arguing about religion, Katharine being on one side and all the other members of the family allied against her. I don't need to tell you that she held her own against them. Before she was in her teens she had learned to think and talk in adult terms.

The tea hour in the Hepburn home illustrates more than any one thing the spirit of the atmosphere in which Katharine Hepburn grew up. Is it any wonder that with a background like this she should have seemed to Hollywood, who is more accustomed to the Cinderella background, a stalk of "alien corn?"

For her children Mrs. Hepburn created an atmosphere in which they were permitted to develop their personalities as few children have an opportunity to do. She encouraged each of them to regard themselves as individuals and to make their own decisions. As a result each one developed self-reliance and grew up unhampered by inhibitions.

KATHARINE'S idol was her brother Tommy. The two were inseparable. It was because she wanted to be with him that she gained the reputation of being something of a tomboy. She was just naturally athletic and she liked to play the games that the boys played. She could shinny up a tree faster than most of the boys and when it came to swimming or diving she could duplicate anything the boys could do. All the praise she wanted was for Tommy to say she was as good as the boys.

Because of her worship of Tommy she insisted in having her hair cut very short so that she would look more like him. They both had red hair and freckles. She also persuaded her mother to let her wear the same sort of clothes that Tommy wore. Her mother wisely indulged her, realizing that this was just a phase which she would outgrow.

A few years later she went feminine and wanted to wear frilly dresses and have her hair curled. She had very odd ideas about the style of her dresses. The principal thing was that they must express Katharine Hepburn. It made no difference to her what other girls were wearing. In fact, she usually chose to wear just the opposite. When all the girls wore their hair bobbed, Katharine immediately let her's grow long and pulled it straight back and twisted it in a tight knot. Katharine's clothes, developed from her own designs, were sometimes quite startling to behold. Mrs. Hepburn, wise mother that she was, refrained from making any comments that would have caused her daughter to be self-conscious about her clothes.

THE foregoing explains much about Katharine Hepburn, the girl. It does not explain Katharine Hepburn, the artist. What is the answer to her uncanny power to make an audience feel the emotion she portrays; to lift them to the gaiety, the spontaneity of her mood, or to make them suffer, vicariously, when she suffers.

All true art, a great man once said, is born of suffering. When Katharine

Hepburn was fourteen she plumbed the very depths of tragedy and sorrow. The person whom she worshipped, who had been her constant companion from babyhood, who meant more to her than anything in life—her brother Tommy—met a sudden and tragic death. It was Katharine who found his lifeless body. For a dazed moment she could only stare in shocked horrow at this unbelievable thing that had happened. Her beloved Tommy dead? It simply couldn't be. Only yesterday they had been so happy together.

She did not go into hysterics as most children would have done. From early childhood she has always had a shyness about showing any deeply personal emotion. With a calm rare in one so young she went into the house and quietly told the family. Not until she was alone did she give vent to her grief.

It is probable that never again will anything ever touch Katharine Hepburn quite as deeply as did the death of her brother. Out of that suffering came understanding and a certain philosophy about life—and death. While I do not know this to be true, I have a very definite feeling that it was only when she was able to believe that death had merely taken Tommy's body and that his spirit would be close to her always, that she was able to surmount her grief. If true art is born of suffering, then certainly it was during this period when she walked through "the valley of the shadow" that the true artist in her was born.

DO YOU remember the scene in *Little Women* in which the family is reunited for the first time after the death of Beth? How *Jo* stood in the hallway and spoke to Beth as if she were really there . . . *"It's fun, isn't it, Beth, for us all to be together again?"* Do you remember the almost mystical light in Katharine Hepburn's face as she spoke those words? Someone who has known her since childhood, in speaking of that scene, said to me: "That was the sort of thing she might have whispered to Tommy, after he had gone."

The private life of Katharine Hepburn has not been punctuated by numerous romances. She has always had numerous men friends but they were always "good pals" rather than sweethearts. And then she met Ludlow Smith. "Luddy," as the Hepburn family call him.

NEXT MONTH--

Continuing her intimate story of the star's private life, Grace Mack writes "When Love Came to Katharine Hepburn." Don't miss it in April SCREEN BOOK.

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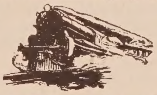

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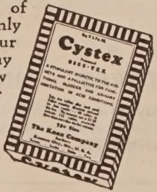

Sex Appeal Plus!

[*Continued from page* 35]

excitement. "I love it. They're about sixty a day now. I've got today's in my pocket. I read every one. They all say the same thing. And I was the perennial lover on the New York stage *ten years ago*!"

And now he's the *new* screen lover! He's being starred like Clark Gable or Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman. *The Come Back* is his first starring vehicle as the new Hollywood *heart-smasher*.

"And I fought to play character parts!" He leaned forward and half-gasped the statement. "In fact, I didn't want to come into pictures at all. I fought them for fifteen years. I had a conspicuous position on Broadway and I was crazy about it. I lived for the audience reaction, the pat on the back. I admit ego. It is part of the actors' disease.

"LAST year, between the first of August and the middle of December, I read 104 plays. They begged me to make tests. I'd always been told not to make a test in New York. That it was a blackball in Hollywood—gave an actor a bad name. Just when I couldn't find a good play, Columbia wired me. 'We want to make a test of you. If you refuse to do it in New York will pay fare and expenses to make it in Hollywood.'

"I was nervous. My family urged me to take a vacation in Hollywood at Columbia's expense. It was just that! I had my vacation, took my test and refused the offer. Within a week, I had accepted one from Metro. Put myself in jail for seven years. But I still had one foot on the train—

"I realized no one knew what to do with me. The writers didn't know what to write for me. The studio wasn't familiar with the stage." His eyes twinkled. "I felt I was just a bum.

"I happened to own the coast (Pacific) rights to *Counsellor At Law*. I thought if I staged it out here that I'd probably be slated to play a lawyer the rest of my life. At least, playing a lawyer might give the writers a lead on what to do with me. They might even think I could play some other kind of an old man.

"My release was for four weeks. At the end of each week, I'd ask for one more. And finally, when I'd shown them the kind of old man parts, *character rôles*, they could write for me—they wanted to *star* me in romantic rôles. They argued that I'd been a star on the stage—

"I argued that if the president of a catsup factory wanted to become president of a bank, would they make him president of a bank before he had banking experience? So they gave me a choice of three parts and I took a small one in *Turn Back the Clock* because it had two gorgeous scenes. One in which I was drunk and one in which I kicked Lee Tracy. I thought it would be a great opportunity for a newcomer to kick a big star out of a house. When the picture was released *both* scenes were cut out! I had heard of that happening out here but thought that it could never happen to *me*. They'd cut the scenes I had chosen to prove I was a *character* actor.

"They slipped me into *Beauty For Sale*. Because I had proven I could play an old man, they were determined to make me play a young one. Apparently all the lounge lizards were busy when they cast the picture.

"I didn't want to see it when it was finished. I refused to look at it. Mayer forced me to. It was shown in Thalberg's projection room. I ran out of the door when I saw the end coming. I didn't sleep for three nights. That's an *actual fact*!" He leaned forward to emphasize it. "I was a lost soul on earth, I knew it was the end and when Mayer sent for me, I was *certain* it was the finish.

"He said, 'Do you see that you were wrong and I was right?'

"'What do you mean?'

"'You're a screen lover; not a character man.'"

"I thought, 'Are you *crazy*?' I'd seen my own work. I—

"AND then that girl talking about sex appeal. I was furious. Then the mail started to pour in after they released *Beauty For Sale*. I love it. It's marvellous. But I can't understand. Tell me, does some one person start a story 'He has sex appeal'—and does it spread or how does it happen?"

I laughed aloud. I tried to explain that all great screen lovers have been accidents. I went back to Valentino and Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. I reminded him that no one expected these men to scoop the women of a nation unto their screen bosoms. I told him that he was the first one I knew whom producers had *foreseen*—

He became wistful. "Well, of course, I've been falling in love all my life. I'm always in love. I couldn't imagine not being in love. That would be death. One woman and then another. I've been married fourteen years and yet I'm always falling in love—"

"Mrs. Kruger must be a wonderful woman." I fear my tones were dry.

"She is!" He was immediately enthusiastic. "She understands. Of course, she knows other men, too. She used to bring them to the house—I don't care for the type of men—" He broke off shortly.

My roar of laughter must have caused the sudden hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. What man had ever approved of a wife's admirers? What man did not expect a wife to approve of his?

He was smiling again. "But anyway, she understands. A man must keep falling in love—"

I HOPE that the people who read this will understand. Will comprehend that he is that rare combination of eternal youth and mature charm. His impulses are as staccato and genuine as those of a boy of twenty; his insight and understanding as sharp as a man who has lived to be a hundred. He is never quiet for a second—even when he's talking with singular intelligence upon the subject of psychology—which he has made a life-long study.

Otto Kruger is a unique man in Hollywood and a matchless actor. He'll go far, mark my words.

A Little Girl Grows Up

[*Continued from page 25*]

Do you know where I got the words to describe my feeling about the world and people away from all this?"

"They sound familiar. But I've no idea."

"I got them from fans. Girls from Kansas and Iowa, Kentucky and North Dakota. They write to me about Hollywood, and Hollywood men, and life in the movies, in those terms. The way they feel about the movie world—that's the way I feel about theirs. Their lives, their work, their men!

"Girls have written to me about marrying movie-actor husbands. 'I adore some of those handsome he-men stars, but the thought of marrying one is a bit terrifying,' one girl wrote. I think I'm quoting nearly her exact words. She went on to say, 'You see, as lovers or husbands, they'd seem to me like men from Mars. I'd be a little afraid of them. At least I'd feel *strange* with them.'

"She couldn't have expressed my feeling about *her* world better, if she'd been writing about it. What's unreal to her is real, every-day to me. What's unreal to me, is unreal, glamorous but a little frightening to her. Do you understand? And if you write this, will *she* understand?"

"BUT, Loretta, hold on!" I protested. "That's all very well to say. Unlike the girls who write such things in your fan mail, however, you've been exploring in this other world, in which you don't live. They haven't been in yours—movie studios. Haven't known actors—"

"Some of them have!" Loretta interrupted. "Why, I've chummed with some of them, who live right here in Hollywood. Enjoyed their hospitality, met their friends, and returned the compliment. Yet we couldn't enter each other's worlds.

"You see, the geography of it makes no difference. Hollywood, the Dakotas or the Carolinas, girls who haven't grown up in the movies, as I have, aren't any closer to my world, nor can I get any closer to theirs.

"You'll say this is all imagination. It *is*, insofar as it is something inside me, and of my mind. Just as a girl's vision of god-like movie stars and a glamorous, unreal life inside studio walls is imagination. Why, I've known girls who worked in clerical positions in studios, and even actresses, newcomers to the screen, who regarded the movie world around them just as fancifully as one of my fan mail correspondents from Missouri regards it—and as I regard the life the little Missouri girl. Is all that clear?"

"I'm still a little puzzled, Loretta," I confessed. "Tell me this. Do all actresses of your tender years feel the same way?"

"Oh dear no. Only a few of us have grown up so totally in the movies, in Hollywood, in studio atmosphere. A new generation of screen children is entering the same cycle, but I'm one of the few all-movie girls who have been so reared. Why, I not only talked and thought movie and Hollywood from infancy, but my sister, Sally Blane, was starred just before I broke in again as Loretta, after quitting for a while during my 'gawky' age. And sister Polly Ann has been working in films consistently.

"MY EARLY schooling was by tutors, with dressing rooms and studio sets as class rooms. Then I was sent to Ramona Convent to 'grow up and get more larnin'.' Can't you see that what some people would call the make-believe world has been my world, my *real* world—and the outside's my make-believe realm?

"A girl somewhere in the East asked me this question in a fan letter: 'If I had the good luck to marry an actor, do you think he'd ever seem *real* to me?' I've forgotten how I answered that query, but I thought as I was doing it, 'If I married a New York lawyer, or a Tampa doctor or a Chicago broker, would *he* seem *real* to me?' "

Loretta, as you all know, married an actor, Grant Withers. She was still in her 'teens, and her family did not approve of the marriage, nor did her studio, but all hands became reconciled and began wishing the couple happy days. If you know Loretta, you can't wish her anything but the best, no matter what she does—and that marriage to Grant, evidently, was just the necessity for newborn love to find expression.

IT DIDN'T last. As Loretta said: "My romantic conception of life and Grant's practical experience in it were so far apart they did not permit readjustment. I made the mistake of romancing about Grant, to myself. You know, in this business we are forever working in an atmosphere of romance, and I *was* young, and I guess all youth *is* romantic. I idealized Grant. I blinded myself to the possibility that he had faults, creating a standard that probably no one could live up to. So to that extent I was to blame for a marriage that couldn't last."

Now suppose she *had* married a real estate man from Kokomo, a dentist from Denver, or anyone else outside her profession? First, would the marriage have been any more permanent? Second, would she have entered, through her non-movie husband, his world that seems so remote to her now, even though it is right around her, outside studio walls and the film colony homes, eating places and other professional rendezvous? And, as Loretta and her girl correspondent of the "fan mail" both wondered, would the husband from an alien world ever seem *real*?

Gossips are now saying the reason Loretta's next husband is to be an actor is one Spencer Tracy. Personally, I don't think the reason is an individual one. "Outside" men would seem to Loretta too much apart from her world, just as they seem to her glamorous and romantic figures, some of them. Captains of finance, builders of bridges, aviators, athletes.

Can you stretch your imagination so far as to understand that a movie actress thinks *your* world strange and glamorous, just as you may think her world is mysterious, exciting, romantic? *My* imagination finally did the trick.

Not all movie actresses, of course. Just a few others and Loretta, the girl whose world is Hollywood.

MAE WEST says:
"I like a man what takes his time . . . . but there's a limit to everything!"

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(25c in Canada)

"I'll Show Them Now!"

[*Continued from page 33*]

woman. Her exhibition ended in a sharp "ouch!" and spilled water. "Dancer? *Gott in Himmel!*" snorted the proprietor. "But maybe you do as a cigarette girl." She did very well indeed. The tips grew more and more generous with Sally's smiles. The manager of a local stock company noticed her. Came the offer to be general understudy in his theatre. By fall she was the leading ingénue. By January she had followed the New York urge and was storming Broadway, without Broadway being the least bit aware of it.

So Sally went west again. To Chicago this time. During the day Sally earned the extra money to send back to Kansas by posing as a model at the Arts Institute. Posing very much *as is* minus even a wisp of chiffon. It taught her something—the impersonal conception of the human body that the artists around her had. There wasn't anything cheap about it—anything to be ashamed of. That is why years later, with the police sirens shrieking after her . . . But wait.

SO MANY amazing events led up to that moment. Prepared her to cope with it.

There was that second New York episode, for instance. Sally Rand is the only girl on record who has been star of an elaborate Broadway production—and used a park bench as a boudoir at the same time!

"No money, no room" was the landlady's dictum and Sally moved over to the wide open spaces. You learned a lot there. You used public wash rooms to pretty up in and begged apples from the old man on the corner. The streets teach you a shrewdness that nothing else can . . .

The fourth day Sally walked into a job. In the chorus at the Belasco theatre. But of course no salaries are paid during rehearsals so she kept the bench.

Lou Leslie, the noted producer, was putting on an impressionistic revue called *The Cabinet of Terpsichore*. And having trouble. The leading woman hadn't caught the mood of the thing. The temple scene was terrible. It was a harassed man who stopped beside the music stand one morning.

"Did you know," a slip of a chorine remarked casually, "that a flute solo is missing in this Aphrodite score?" He stared.

"*You* know the music?"

"Very well," said Sally. "I worked over it for months at school."

Because she had no place else to go she had been getting to the theatre early each day and interpreting that temple dance for her own amusement. Now she did it for him . . .

When she left that night her practice clothes were hanging in the star dressing room—and she had only the dark sky as covering for her tired young body.

If this were the usual "success" tale Sally should have trotted around in ermines after that. A brilliant opening. Good notices. In fact, the Rand future *did* look pretty glowing—until that day in California when they carried a white, stricken girl from the stage and put her in an ambulance. For five months she lay in a hospital, fighting for her life.

"Would you loan me ten dollars?" she asked the doctor the day of her release. The doctor would. With that munificent sum she charged upon Hollywood, the light of conquest in her eyes. It took her last nickel to get out to the Sennett studio. Then Fate relented. They put her in a mob scene. Sally left the studio that night knowing all the Hollywood "ropes"—and every knot in them!

COMEDY training. Hadn't Gloria Swanson risen by that route? Whoops! and the little Rand went to hurling custard pies via a Hal Roach contract. One with Christie followed. Then Sally considered that part of her screen education finished. What had Gloria done next? Oh yes, C. B. De Mille had seen her walking across the lot. Sally walked right under his nose—and nothing happened. She climbed through the window into his office and put those New York press notices on his desk along with thirty pictures of herself. The great C. B. paid attention. She was the first one he put under contract when he opened his own studio.

But it was drama Sally wanted. Life gave her plenty—Hollywood gave her none. It cast her in ingenue rôles and there she stayed. Hoot Gibson's leading lady in six pictures. A little innocent in *Women Against the World* and in *The King of Kings.*

The 1933 Sally Rand is saucy, assured, notorious. *Then* she was just "sweet." You know? She couldn't even make the producers believe she was wired for sound when the talkies came in. So she went out by way of the vaudeville exit.

A good enough exit it was too—at two thousand a week! It gave her the chance to do a dramatic skit and instead of running the originally-planned twelve weeks it ran for seven months. All the while Sally kept a dainty ear open for the message calling her back to Movieland. While she was playing in New York she attended a special course in diction at Columbia. One had to be prepared . . . But the message she hoped for never came. In its place another arrived. All her carefully saved money, which amounted to a small fortune by that time, had been swept away by a bank failure.

For the third time in her life Sally Rand sat on a bench in Central Park absolutely broke. She just sat there for a while in a state of dazed numbness wondering vaguely why the Chrysler building didn't fall on her or something. Then the old trouper instinct took hold. Work. That was the solution. Work until she was so tired there wasn't any feeling left. Sally Rand had been packing 'em in at $2,500 a week less than a month ago. Sally was a *star*. The public must keep on thinking of her as such. But there was no money left to start a new vaudeville skit. So "Norma Lee" stepped into the last row of the chorus at the Capitol doing five shows a day, unrecognized, unknown. And late at night when she dragged herself up to a dingy bedroom there wasn't a vestige left of the glowing Sally . . .

She only came to life again through an accident. A former friend hailed her before she could slip out of sight. A newspaper man from Chicago. "Why, Sally, this is my lucky day! Got anything very hot on the fire? Because I've written a play. Going to produce it in September in the little old Windy City and *you're* the girl for the lead!" It sounded too good to be true. It was—

The play lasted a fortnight before giving up its slim ghost.

IF SHE could only draw the public fancy . . . But how? She was passing the Arts Institute . . . thinking . . . and suddenly she had it. The *Idea* which was to swing open the gates of Filmdom for her. Daring, yes, but done beautifully she could get by with it.

On the flush of that first enthusiasm she sought out the owner of a struggling night club. And sold him the Idea. In a week the club wasn't struggling any longer. It was sailing along smoothly on the high wave of success. "There's a girl there. Boy, can she dance! She does an impressionistic number . . . something about the flight of a bird . . . and when she raises those wings! Hot flash!" Thus was born the fan dance that rocked a nation.

It rocked gentle old N'Orleans right out of its lavender scented past last New Year's. Sally, you see, had decided to burn up the south for the winter! Miami came next. Then back to Chicago in May. If a Century of Progress was in the offing, little Miss Rand was going to progress right along with it . . .

She did. From the moment she rode out of the Paris concession of the World's Fair, clad only in a nice coat of white clay, on a white horse *a la Godiva*—

Theatre offers poured in on Sally. "I want a contract with Paramount. So I'll sign up with their theatre here." Splendid logic. Only she had reckoned without the heavy hand of the law. The new political party in office saw a chance to make a name for itself. Instead, they made a name for Sally.

"Dancing in the nude" was the charge against her after that opening performance in the Chicago Theatre. Four times she heard the police cars clang after her that day. The last time Sally shrugged. "They're kind of expensive taxis, if you ask me. Here goes the tail end of my salary!"

Sally was scheduled to play a week. She played nine. Between the Fair and the theatre she danced before fifty thousand people a day—and managed to do with less than four hours sleep. "How is it all going to end?" she found time to wonder feverishly. Adolph Zukor, Paramount potentate, settled that. He himself came to see her. "If you can draw that many people *here* . . . well, we'll see what you can do in the movies!" And he pushed pen and paper towards her.

Sally Rand had won out. She had Fate down for the count of ten.

The World at His Feet

[*Continued from page 27*]

and then he went into the play which brought him to America, *Autumn Crocus*. In three weeks he became the matinee idol of New York and was signed for pictures. His off-stage and on-stage personality seem to be the same. I have seen no other actor who has been so at ease while playing a part, for the simple reason that he never seems to play a part but instead lives it.

In spite of the fact that he says he is uneducated, he speaks several languages, is an accomplished and all-round athlete and has a marvelous grasp of world affairs.

He has never lost sight of his idea of world peace. Having known the direst poverty in his youth, and later riches and fame, having appeared in large countries and small and known all sorts of people, having been the idol of shop-girls and the esteemed friend and leading man of the feminine stars of Europe, he knows his values, and as he says, they haven't changed from those he formed naturally when he was sixteen.

THERE are Francis Lederer fan clubs in Europe and now in America but to Francis they mean more than a gauge of his own popularity. He goes before these clubs and talks to the members and always he manages to bring in the subject of world peace.

"My fans are girls who will some day be mothers. If they refuse to subscribe to war and will teach their children only peace, even if they do it because they like my acting or even my looks, I'm furthering the cause of the educators. I do not believe in nationalism and I tell them so," he said. "We should all be Citizens of the World. If the women of the world refuse to let their men fight each other, no statesman can cause another war and say he represents the people. If every star took his fans seriously and used them for the good of the world rather than for self-glorification, think what a tremendous force this fan mail would be!"

"Stars might lose their popularity, if they preached," I suggested.

"I do not think so," he retorted, his piercing eyes bright as they always are when he is on his favorite topic. "I do not preach although I have talked everywhere on the subject, even in churches. I have talked as seriously with my fans as I have with Einstein who does not believe in war either. It is not enough that five million people do not believe in war—(that, I think is the approximate number who think as I do) no one must believe in war. I know from my own experience that fan clubs can be used for something as serious as this. I know that if another war were suggested, every member of my clubs would demand the right to vote for or against it, and they would of course vote against it.

"I AM not trying to cure a sick world alone, but only to do my share. I know we must all eliminate our personal lives for the common good and I know how far I fall short of this ideal. There should be no sickness, or poverty or war, but there are because the world is sick from laziness and people let themselves be led. Well, if they must be, let the scientists and the great educators lead them and let people like me do what we can not just to make them forget their sorrows but to help the educators prevent future sorrows."

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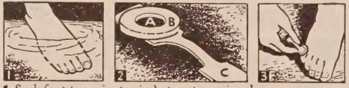

1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
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Baby Goes Temperamental

[*Continued from page 26*]

berry episode cost the company in the neighborhood of $15,000, for that scene could not be replaced with another and this amount in overhead was wasted.

After the completion of *Tillie and Gus,* in which that estimable pair, Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, were co-starred, Miss Skipworth was heard to say, "I have worked with scene stealers all my life . . . but never again will I appear in the same picture with that child." The *raison d'etre* for this statement lay in "that child" neatly wrapping up every scene in which he appeared, even with such old troupers as the two stars, and tucking them in his three-cornered panties.

W. C. FIELDS, too, was destined for his share of punishment. Whenever he came in the immediate vicinity of the baby, LeRoy would cry. Constant observation revealed that he objected to Fields' bulbous red nose and the cigar that ever protruded from his mouth.

Rachel Smith, state representative in charge of the welfare and education of minors at the studio, under whose tutelage Baby LeRoy basks and who is the apple of his eye, went to the comedian and said, "How do you expect LeRoy not to cry when he sees you in that get-up? You only go near him when the scene is called . . . he doesn't know you. Get acquainted with him."

"Okay," replied Fields, and at frequent intervals during the day he would go over to LeRoy. For fifteen minutes at a stretch the two would stand silently, hand in hand, Fields immersed in his thoughts . . . and Baby, his small lip trembling, trying valiantly not to cry. Fields was getting acquainted!

IN *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen,* Dorothea Wieck plays his mother, as a motion picture star whose child is kidnaped. Miss Wieck, a cold personality who did not warm up to Baby, although her efforts to captivate him were most laudable, incurred his displeasure . . . and whenever she would attempt to enact a tender scene with her young son he would pop her in the eye. So often was she rebuffed in this manner that the event became embarrassing for everyone but Baby. He stood on his rights and refused to be intimidated.

Baby LeRoy knows what he wants and when he wants it, whom he likes and when he likes them . . . and woe betide anyone who crosses him. These boisterous capers of his, however, are not the cropping up of a bad temper but more of a childish intuition.

"Of all the children I have ever handled in my nine years in the studio," Miss Smith says, "I have never had one with so even a temper as LeRoy, and I have contacted them all. He is the most natural, the most easily photographed baby I have seen, and very seldom does he cry. Any outburst he may have is simply a degree of spirit, certainly not any evidence of bad temper.

"He isn't spoiled because we have never permitted him to be fondled or catered to. When it is time for him to take his nap, he takes his nap. His eating hours are regular and in every way he leads the life, insofar as hours are concerned, of the average, normal child of his tender years.

"BECAUSE he was born and raised until the age of six months in the Salvation Army home, he naturally acquired a liking for people. Whether his mother was always present or not, there were plenty of other persons about, so he became accustomed to crowds and as a consequence was entirely unafraid. Where other children are brought up within the confines of a sheltered home, seeing only a few people and unhappy if they cannot be with them, LeRoy can be contented with anybody he likes.

"When he was seven months and a half old, Dr. Metfessle, head of the psychology department of the University of Southern California, adjudged him two years old in the development of social instincts. This is due, of course, to his earlier training."

Around the studio, LeRoy wears cute little rompers. He's getting to be a big boy now and the days of the three-cornered undies are a thing of the past. One of the delights of his life is a small leather jacket and aviation helmet. Then watch him strut!

His knowledge of language is still limited but he seems to drink in all that is said and is a natural-born mimic. He will try to emulate anybody and everybody both in manner and speech, and his favorite sayings are "Mama, Doggie, Bow and . . . NERTZ!"

The only way you can induce him to cry on the set is to blow his nose! A woman visiting the set, seeing Miss Smith go through this procedure, circulated the report that he was pinched to cry!

AS A rule, he arrives at the studio about ten o'clock, but seldom works before eleven, and then for never more than an hour. He is permitted to work under the lights only two hours during the day. After lunch, he has his bottle of milk and sleeps until two-thirty or three. At four he starts working again, but never later than quarter till six.

After the labors of the day have ceased, he has his dinner at the studio, is undressed and small pajamas slipped on and the homeward trek of an hour's drive started. Long before he reaches home he is fast asleep . . . and when the car drives up before his house he is whisked into bed and into the realm of dreams.

Of all the stars in Hollywood, he is the only one who does not participate in its life. His home is some miles distant, and neither his mother nor his grandparents even know a single soul in the colony.

So it will be some time at least before young Mister Winebrenner can "go Hollywood," even if he wished.

Before I took my leave, Baby LeRoy and his mother and myself had visited the baby doctor, where it was discovered he had gained two pounds and had added an inch to his diminutive height. As I left mother and son in the car, LeRoy, MY PAL, started to go with me, grinned and said, just as plain as anything, "Gglumps!" What it meant is a secret just between the two of us.

How Fate Will Rule the Stars in 1934

[*Continued from page* 17]

the "home" effects which I mentioned in the beginning. There are also indications that Gary will take a long journey during 1934. Perhaps it will be a honeymoon trip.

MARGARET SULLAVAN, born May 16, is another who will ride to great success during this period. Here is a girl who has the ability to accomplish anything she sets out to do. I would caution her, however, to beware of overwork and of undertaking more than she can carry out. During 1934 her life will expand enormously. And when I say enormously I mean just that. She could be just as successful in radio as pictures. The spring of 1934 should be momentous for her. But I would caution Miss Sullavan about transient emotions in April and May, also in October, November and December. Those are periods when she will be particularly susceptible to the tender passion. It will not interfere with her success but it might easily upset her peace of mind.

THE year 1934 will affect the marital affairs of those born under the signs Leo (July 21 to August 21), Scorpio (October 21 to November 21) and Aquarius (January 21 to February 19).

People born under these signs will begin to feel restless and want a change. Those who are unmarried will feel the urge to marry and those who are married are likely to have the fever to get unmarried.

Those who were born under the sign Aquarius will also have to contend with the stern and chilling planet Saturn passing through their Sun sign.

It has been this particular aspect which has affected Clark Gable's health. In fact he had this to combat all during 1933 and I hope, Clark, that you learned a lesson from it. After June, when Uranus starts through Taurus, you may feel a disturbing element which will greatly affect your emotions. This will be noticeable between June and October but you will not get the full effect until 1935. During 1934 you may feel restless and possibly a little discontented. I am glad to say however that this will not affect your popularity with the public. It might possibly take you back to the stage and if such an opportunity presents itself it would be wise for you to take advantage of it. A short journey and a trip to Europe are indicated for you. Between March 24 and April 11 would be a good time for the trip.

THE position of the strange and mystic planet Neptune may have a peculiar effect upon Jean Harlow. It might cause her to be hypnotized by an individual—or an idea. She will be particularly receptive to the romantic and the adventurous and will be drawn toward the erotic and exotic rather than the sane and the sensible.

Take a word of advice from me, Jean, and watch your step. Make an effort to associate with people who have sane, normal common sense ideas. If you should permit yourself to succumb to the above influence it would have a

[*Continued on page* 77]

ETHEL SHUTTA

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SCREEN BOOK'S Inquiring Reporter

Where Movie-goers Fire Questions at the Stars

DO YOU BELIEVE THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF PROFESSIONALIZING SO-CALLED AMATEUR FOOTBALL IN OUR LARGE UNIVERSITIES FOR THE SAKE OF BIG REVENUES IN GATE RECEIPTS WILL DO HARM OR GOOD TO OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM?

Richard Dix

"I DOUBT if college football is really professionalized to the extent that many believe," Richard Dix states. Even if a number of athletes are getting the benefits of a college education through the gridgame, I fail to see where that does anyone harm, and it certainly helps the man concerned. The public is responsible for the present popularity of football. The game brings real joy to millions of persons every Fall, and thus exercises a tremendous beneficial influence. Football receipts have built many educational halls, and by financing minor sports they have helped thousands of students. I cannot see where the game has hurt the educational system in any way—and I do see very tangible benefits it has brought."

WHY, IN YOUR OPINION, IS, OR ISN'T A COLLEGE EDUCATION NECESSARY TODAY?

Lyle Talbot

"MAYBE I'm prejudiced, for I've seen very little of it myself — hardly more than a start. But if a man is so geared that he'll get on in the world, he certainly will do so whether he's been to college or not. I suppose it's like a man who has to choose between a Cadillac and a Ford. With either one he'll make good time, but the Cadillac offers him a little extra in upholstery! A college education is a fine advantage for those who can afford it. I don't deny that for a minute, but the stage is an education too—a wide and liberal one. It means travel, it means contact with all sorts and conditions of people. Often it means a solid grounding in the classics. If I had it all to do over again, I'd still take the stage. After all, a man who has lived in two different towns, of whatever size, has seen more of the world than the man who has lived in only one—even if the one happens to be New York."

DO YOU THINK THE CURRENT NUDISM PICTURE, ELYSIA, WILL ULTIMATELY INFLUENCE A NEW TREND IN MOTION PICTURES?

Kay Francis

"YES, I think nudism will have its effect on motion picture making. Pictures reflect modern life and conditions. The nudists—right or wrong — are pioneers, and without pioneering there is no progress. Nudism will liberalize thought and action, and some of these days we may wonder why we were shocked. Pictures are much more liberal now than they were a few years ago simply because the industry had pioneers who dared defy conventions and silly restrictions."

DO YOU THINK FOREIGN-MADE MOVIES ARE LIKELY TO RIVAL AMERICAN FILMS SOON IN ANY BUT ISOLATED CASES SUCH AS THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL HENRY VIII?

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"FOREIGN films are not apt to rival American pictures, and European producers are making no attempt to usurp Hollywood. Good, and in some instances great pictures are being made abroad. There is room for good pictures, however, whether they are made in Hollywood, Europe, or Greenland. Some films, such as *Henry the VIII*, naturally, can be made better in Europe than in Hollywood because of backgrounds, atmosphere and research facilities. The question is not one of rivalry but of improved product. We need good pictures from Europe just as Europe needs the best we can produce."

DO YOU THINK IT GOOD POLICY FOR WELL-KNOWN STARS TO REMAKE SUCCESSFUL SILENT PICTURES AND SUFFER THE INEVITABLE OF COMPARATIVE PERFORMANCES?

Richard Barthelmess

"SOME silent pictures," says Dick Barthelmess, "would make excellent talkies. I would like, for instance, to do *The Patent Leather Kid* and *The Noose* with dialogue, and believe they would be better than they were as silents. Others I wouldn't remake for any amount of money. *Broken Blossoms*, say. I know I could never recapture the qualities I had fourteen years ago to do the good job people said I did then."

DO YOU THINK YOUR MARRIAGE (HUSBAND AND WIFE LIVING APART) IS A STEP AHEAD IN ADAPTING THE OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE SYSTEM TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF MODERN LIFE?

Claudette Colbert

"IT IS impossible for me to say whether the separate-establishment marriage is a solution for modern matrimonial problems or not," Claudette Colbert tells the Inquiring Reporter. "In fact, I would hesitate recommending it for everyone—as some men and some women would be utterly miserable under such an arrangement. For example, I do not know where my husband is unless he chooses to tell me. He has his own establishment and lives exactly as most bachelors live. Neither interferes in any way with the household management of the other. If we consult one another on financial or business matters, it is purely optional, not a duty. Most women, even actresses, do not want complete freedom, and they certainly are not willing to have their husbands free to come and go as they please. No, I don't advocate our method for everyone—but for Norman and me it is quite right."

Ask Your Favorite Star a Question

If you want the opinion of a Hollywood star on some outstanding question of current interest, write to The Inquiring Reporter, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. Answers will appear each month in SCREEN BOOK.

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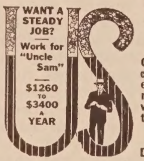

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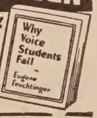

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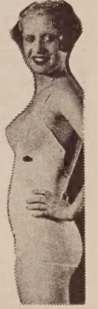
Would You Dare Ask this Girl for a Date?



SHE is very pretty—and look at her stunning figure! Suppose *you* should meet this lovely girl—would you dare ask her for a date? Or would you be self-conscious about your appearance? Would you be ashamed of your poor physique in comparison with her perfect beauty? Would you say to yourself, "What could a beautiful girl like that see in me? Why, she'd laugh at my skinny, funny-looking body! I'd look like a scarecrow alongside of her!"

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The Stars' Hints on Hair Beauty

[*Continued from page* 51]

will have to be retouched or re-bleached; but it is important not to retouch the already bleached hair. Otherwise that part of the hair will become dry and brittle. Most operators, in retouching hair, give what is called a "white henna" pack. This is a misnomer, however, for the "white henna" powder is merely magnesium carbonate, which has no action whatever on the hair. This white powder is mixed with seventeen volume peroxide to form a paste simply to prevent the peroxide from "running" onto the already bleached hair.

Many blondes, although they want to keep their hair light, do not like to risk actual bleaching so, after each shampoo, they use one of the harmless vegetable rinses or brighteners which merely heighten the natural sheen of the hair.

As for hair dyeing, there are numerous methods, most of them harmful. One of these, which is widely used, probably because it is easy to apply at home, is the hair "restorer." This is a liquid that merely paints or coats the hair. This coating covers up white hairs, it is true, but it also covers up the glistening surface of each hair, leaving it with a lusterless, "dyed" look. This type of hair coloring is not permanent. As a result, it must be applied again and again and with each application the hair grows darker and more brittle. It is impossible to have a successful permanent wave on hair tinted with a "restorer" for the chemicals used in the waving process are antagonistic to those in the tint.

MANY women who, in their late twenties or early thirties, notice a few white hairs scattered here and there, start having henna packs in an effort to hide them. Instead of hiding the white hairs, however, the henna turns them a pinkish orange! Pure vegetable henna used once or twice on normal (not white) hair can cause no harm, but its continued use makes the hair coarse and stiff, and deepens the characteristic henna red to purplish tones.

However, I do not want you to infer, from all these gloomy statements, that drab or grey hair cannot be successfully dyed. There is a reliable liquid dye on the market that never fails to do the trick. It is an organic, non-metallic coloring matter that does not merely coat the hair surface. It actually penetrates into the hair shaft, distributing the pigment evenly throughout each hair, just as Nature does. This dye is obtainable in such a wide range of shades (eighteen, to be exact) that the most natural effects can be achieved with it. Once applied, it need not be renewed, except on the new hair growing in. You can treat hair dyed with this preparation just as you do undyed hair—wash it in hot, cold, hard, soft, salt or fresh water, steam it, marcel it or permanently wave it—and it remains the same color and texture.

Although it is advisable to have your hair tinted with this dye at a good beauty shop, it can be done at home. If you are interested in learning the trade name of this dye, write to me. It is just the thing to use if you have bleached your hair and are sick of it—and yet cannot bear the thought of letting it grow out naturally. Just have the bleached hair tinted your natural shade and there will be no line of demarcation between the new hair as it grows out and the old!

THERE is a new line of creams and cosmetics to tell you about this month. I am really all agog over the skin nourisher. Nourishing and tissue creams rarely contain more than thirty or forty per cent lanolin (wool fat), the only substance known that is really absorbed by the skin to any extent, but this "honey" contains eighty per cent! Because of this high lanolin content, you need only a tiny bit of the cream at a time. If your skin is dry and flaky—or if it is a more or less normal skin that is beginning to tire a little after covering your bones for twenty-five years or more, and is showing signs of wrinkling around the eyes, forehead and throat, then you should by all means get some of this cream and apply it at least once a day. It peps up the saddest skin, I have found.

I am so enthusiastic about this skin nourisher and what it did to my incipient crowsfeet that I am forgetting about the rest of the line! All very fine preparations, too, made from formulas that belonged originally to a Viennese dermatologist. They were handed down to his son, a professor of chemistry at one of our large universities, and a few years ago he had some of the preparations made up for his coed niece. When the niece found that every girl in her dormitory was making inroads in her cosmetic jars and bottles, she told uncle to have a large batch made up, and she would try to sell them. She did it without trying, and now the line is very popular among college girls. The preparations are being offered to the consumer public for the first time, and my guess is that they will be welcomed. An introductory kit of preparations for oily or normal skin contains liquefying cream, special astringent, skin nourisher, liquid powder base, blended powder and cream rouge. For the dry skin, a rich cleansing cream is substituted for the liquefying cleanser and a mild tonic for the astringent. The price of each preparation is around $1, but this kit is priced at $5. The items can be bought separately, of course. That skin nourisher is $1.25.

PERHAPS you have been reading newspaper accounts of the injurious effects of "eyelash beautifiers" as reported by one Professor Tugwell in his energetic campaign against cosmetic "rackets." As a result of your reading, you may have had misgivings about your own lash beautifier. If you are using a reputable mascara, let me assure you that you have no need for fear!

The professor in assailing "eyelash beautifiers" failed to distinguish between *mascara* and eyelash and eyebrow aniline *dyes*. His statement that some of these aniline dyes have proved harmful is quite true; but he really owes an apology to the makers of standard mascaras. One of these mascaras, in particular, has been the mainstay of millions of women's makeup kits for more than fifteen years, and there is yet to be recorded a single instance of harmful effects! It was always as harmless to the eyes and lashes as water, but recently, emollient oils were added that make it actually beneficial to the lashes, keeping them soft and silky. If you want the name of this mascara, write to me.

Admirers of Mae West (and box office receipts indicate that they are legion!) will be pleased to learn that Mae's personal perfume is now being marketed to the public at large. This scent, which is all the tempting, seductive and voluptuous odeurs rolled into one, was originally blended for Mae years ago by a French perfumer. It is now obtainable in several sizes, priced as low as sixty-five cents. That much money buys one dram, while $1 purchases an ounce.

The search for the perfect lipstick has come to an end, as far as I am concerned, for I am now the proud possessor of the world's smoothest lip tint. It stays on for six hours, by the clock. And I can't see why anyone should want lipstick to stay on longer than that. Life would be too monotonous! I have used other lip rouges that show great adherent qualities, but they turn bluish when applied and usually are extremely drying. Not so, this paragon. It remains a true, luscious red and, because it is made with a number of essential oils used in face creams, keeps the lips soft and pliable. The companion cream-blend rouge has all the nice properties of the lip rouge, you will be glad to know. The containers are very pretty, to my notion, in their gay red and white and silver. The price of lipstick and rouge is $1 each. I shall be glad to give you the trade name.

We Nominate for the MOVIES

—G. Maillard Kesslere

BETZE BEATON

Hollywood prays for glamorous ladies and scours Europe to find them. Let us introduce you to Betze Beaton, an enchanting American lady whose lovely blonde tresses and alluring face are sure to be her fortune. Betze is a Follies girl, but she shouldn't be. Who'll make a bid for her services?

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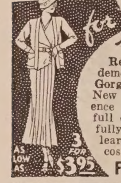

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Private Property, Keep Out!

[*Continued from page 37*]

apprehensive. "I telephoned—at her request," he admitted.

I left him in the care of Mac, my patrolman, and stepped out to the car for a chat with the lady. And was she English! Her hair was severely combed. She wore rough tweeds and—as the English express it—heavy boots. In one eye was a jaunty monocle and one hand fumbled nervously with a box of London-made cigarettes.

"Miss Childers" was like a jig-saw puzzle—the pieces were all there, but they didn't fit in. She was an English peeress from a ten-cent novel.

I asked her a few immaterial questions to put her off-guard. Then, I suddenly turned "hard."

"I'm going to take you in," I threatened. "No doubt the judge will enjoy hearing about your attempt to impersonate the daughter of the British ambassador . . ."

My only intention was to frighten her into telling the truth—and I certainly succeeded. Between sobs, she poured out her story.

She was just a sales girl from one of the large department stores, a victim of screen ambitions. She had saved her nickels and dimes for more than a year to finance her adventure, hoping that she might see Clara and impress her with her ability, and that Clara would intercede in her behalf with the powers-that-be in the studio.

Needless to say, there was no arrest. That poor kid had already done a year's stretch.

HARDLY a day passes that the Malibu Beach Patrol is not confronted by a similar attempt to "crash the gates" of the most exclusive of movie colonies. When driven by the goads of ambition, curiosity or celebrity-worship, John Public is a very determined animal!

And, on Malibu, the stars demand *privacy*, twenty-four-hour-a-day protection from the same public interest and adulation which, basically, is responsible for their stardom. Apparently John and Jane Public have never been able to understand the paradox. Yet it is very understandable. Human nerves can stand the spotlight of public attention just so long without shrieking for seclusion and privacy. It has been my observation that *every* star is possessed by an exhibitionist complex. His acting is not confined to the time that he spends before the cameras. He is "working" every minute that he is before the public. And he finds his only "rest" in the society of his fellow stars. Naturally, he is almost frantic in his desire to guard the privacy of his home. Hence, Malibu—and hence, the Malibu Beach Patrol.

When you are sitting in an easy chair, reading a magazine, would you care to glance up and see some stranger's face pressed against your window pane? Would you care to slip into a bathrobe and step out on your lawn in search of the morning paper, only to be greeted by a demand for an autographed picture? Such questions will not seem ridiculous to anyone who knows his Hollywood.

TIME after time, my patrolmen and I have been offered bribes to point out the homes of the various stars—and time after time we have heard John Public damn the Malibu dwellers for their attempt to guard their privacy. With a very few exceptions, they're not high-hat or snobbish—they're merely human beings driven to desperation by the stares of the crowd and by the army of vultures who attempt to prey on them. Gold-brick salesmen, insurance men, promoters and pan-handlers swarm at the gates of Malibu. Tales of the stars' fabulous salaries and jewelry hoards have made them logical prey for burglars and kidnapers. No wonder, then, that they have built a "refuge" at Malibu.

One morning, as I was looking over the report sheets left by the night patrol, I heard a gentle, quavering voice.

"Could you bleeze tdel me vitch houze Mary Pickford liffs in?"

Looking up, I saw an old man of perhaps sixty-five years standing in the office doorway. There was no mistaking his ancestry. His appearance was pathetic. The entire top of his hatless head was bald and sunburned to a lobster-red. He wore a dingy, collarless shirt which once had been white, a pair of frayed, baggy trousers and broken, run-over shoes. Behind his three or four days' growth of beard, it was easy to see that pitiful look, so common to aged persons whose intellect has begun to slip.

"Miss Pickford does not live on this beach, dad," I replied.

"I know, mine frendt, you moost say dot, you are paidt for saying idt, iss idt nodt? Howeffer, idt iss imbortandt dot I shooldt see her."

"Old timer," I assured him earnestly, "I'm telling you the truth, *Miss Pickford does not live on Malibu Beach!*"

The old man drew closer, until he was at my very side. Glancing about to make doubly sure that no one could overhear him, he motioned for me to lean over so that he could whisper in my ear.

"My poy," he hissed. "I vill a secredt tell you. I am Mary's papa. Surely you vill nodt keep a papa from his childt."

Within an hour, through the aid of the Missing Persons Bureau of the Los Angeles Police Department, we had placed him as missing from the Jewish Old Folks' Home in East Los Angeles.

ONE girl tried to crash the gates of Malibu at least a dozen times, and, from being a pest, finally became a menace.

On her first attempt, she tried to gain admittance by faking a call from a certain studio, saying that a Miss So-and-So (whose rôle she would assume on her arrival at the beach) was delivering a manuscript to Director Blank and that we were to pass her through the gate.

It didn't click, for we knew that the studio invariably called the director, whose secretary, in turn, called our office. Furthermore, the studio would send a man, in uniform, on such an errand.

That ruse failing, she tried repeatedly

to slip past the gateman. Next, she tried to bribe the various patrolmen. Then she tried to vamp them.

Her last attempt was rather vicious. She came into the Patrol office late one afternoon and insisted on speaking to me personally and privately. Despite her objections, I insisted on Mac staying in the room as a witness.

"All right," she said sullenly, "it's his reputation, not mine. When Mr. Blank (the same noted director) was over in Utah, filming a picture, I met him . . ."

And she went on to tell, with full-blown dramatic flourishes, the old, old story of the innocent country girl and the bad seducer from the big city.

"I don't know whether I love him or hate him," she sobbed. "But he shall do this, if nothing more. He shall give me a part in some picture so that I may have a chance to make good or I shall expose him for what he is to the whole world!"

She was too dramatic! Her "lines" were those of an old-fashioned, yellow-backed novel—or of an early day screen thriller.

Had we been outsiders we might possibly have fallen for her story. But even the dumbest of the dumb cannot keep guard over the actors, directors and producers who live at Malibu without growing "blackmail-conscious."

Our patrol passed Director Blank's house every seven and one-half minutes of the day and the night, rain or shine, three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. We saw and knew, by name at least, every person who entered or left his home. His devotion to his wife was a matter of common knowledge to everyone on the beach.

Moreover, we knew that, while the newspapers and fan magazines had announced that Mr. Blank was to direct the picture which the young lady named, there had been a last minute switch and another director had been given the assignment.

For the good of the film community at large, we should have dealt severely with that girl. However, we had dealt with Hollywood too long not to realize that, no matter how innocent a celebrity may be, no matter how much evidence there may be to vindicate him, there are always the Doubting Thomases who give credence to the slander and take delight in shouting it from the house tops.

Without going into details, we convinced the would-be blackmailer that the jail doors were yawning for her arrival. She was smart enough to know that the game was up and readily agreed to leave Hollywood on a one-way ticket. And Director Blank does not know, to this day, of the incident—and neither does his wife, which is just as well, for, despite her husband's devotion and despite her knowledge of Hollywood tactics, she is incurably jealous.

Take a tip from me, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public, if you are coming to Hollywood, don't plan to see Malibu Beach from the inside unless you have a personal invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Star. It just can't be done!

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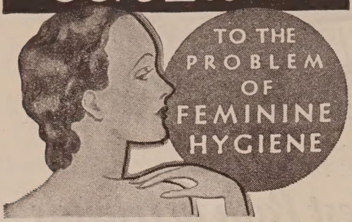
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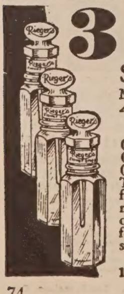

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There's More Than One Way to Get a Man

[*Continued from page* 44]

mused Pert, referring to man-hunting. "It's all obvious, outward, clumsy! You know. They bank on their curves, dress and war-paint. They think they can pose alluringly and attract a man. They let their minds dwell on *devices.*"

"Like letting their victims get a flash of what the profession calls *gams?*" I suggested.

"Sure. And what does that do when it's merely planned, artificial mechanics? A flash of legs as you say or a curve-emphasizing pose might have done its stuff in the old days, because the *intention* behind it would have interested the gentlemen oglers. But today girls are casually exposing so much that such tricks have lost their punch.

"Instead of occupying your mind with schemes and tricks and devices, think about love. Then your poses will respond—and so will your men!

"For instance, here's a street scene. Two women dressed nearly alike are going down the Boulevard. You and I, although walking some distance behind 'em, can tell at a glance that one of them is man-hunting, and the other is thinking about her bridge losses or what to cook for hubby's dinner. And why? There isn't any difference in their curves, or how daringly they're dressed, and the dame that's broadcasting the romantic SOS doesn't invite masculine attention by the slightest look or gesture words can describe."

"We'd pick her by instinct, I suppose," I suggested.

"Yeah, and so would the men!" Pert retorted. "The other woman wouldn't get a tumble, but our vamp would get plenty. And why? Because she's *thinking* men. No mechanics, you see. Just thought, so strong it shows in her walk, poses and gestures a block away. That is if she's a good broadcaster."

"LIKE yourself?"

"Me? Sure, I'm a strong sender. They can get me on almost any wave length. But now let's suppose our broadcasting lady encounters a particular victim. Maybe he's met her before, but she didn't especially attract him then, because she wasn't in a *sending* mood.

"Her voice, when she greets him, reflects in sound that same intensity her appearance reflected to the eye. It's a message to him and he gets it, even if the words are just 'How do you do?'"

"You mean that regardless of how innocent her words are, her voice carries suggestion, like Mae West's famous 'Come up and see me sometime?'"

"Sure! Those words of Mae's had been spoken a thousand or a million or a billion times before and didn't mean a thing. But when Mae said 'em she was holding a thought. The thought sounded in her voice, and you knew she didn't mean an invitation to tea."

"So you think sex appeal is a question of mind over matter?"

PERT giggled. "Well, a girl's mind can certainly make her matter more interesting! But that's not all she must use her brains for. There are a lot of 'do's' and 'don'ts' that sense and experience can teach her about handling men."

"Hold on, Pert! How does your successful gold-digger steam herself up emotionally when she's making a play for a man who's so unattractive to her that she can't enthuse over him?"

"You mean if she must make up to some fat old stuffed shirt for his money? Why she simply thinks about *someone else*! Didn't *you* ever kiss one man and imagine you were kissing someone else?"

"Sa-ay, who's giving this interview, you or me?" I sparred.

"Now the rules a girl can learn," Pert went on unheedingly, "are something like this. First, as I've said, keep your mind on men and your emotions at broadcasting pitch. Don't depend on come-hither poses. If you're trying to be nice to someone you don't altogether like, mentally clothe him with the glamour of your favorite boy-friend.

"Never be a gloom. And don't annoy your men with trivial feminine problems, or quarrel with them; *wives* do that! Also, strive to put a man at ease, if you wish to attract him. Even the most smug and conceited man is secretly uneasy and on his guard around the average woman."

"That's where you don't agree with Mae West," I remarked. "She says she 'takes the conceited fellows down a peg,' and plays up to the vanity of self-effacing men only."

"That so? Well, opinions differ—but try *my* method and see if it doesn't work! I think man's weakest point is his masculine vanity. He loves to have it fed and flattered. And he thinks the woman who does that is just about *right.*

"ANOTHER thing, don't dress with the idea of making women envy your smart clothes if the current vogue is one men don't like. Dress to get the men and the women will envy your power to attract 'em. Out-sex appealing them is more of a triumph than out-dressing them. Plan your whole appearance to please men, if you're out after 'em; you can't hope to please everybody or you get out on a limb like the man, boy and donkey in the fable.

"Be yourself. Above all, don't imitate movie heroines, particularly girls whose type is different from yours. And don't *change* your type. If you're a slow silent sort like Garbo, don't try to be a Lupe Velez. If you're a vivacious and witty brunette don't bleach your hair and mope around trying to imitate Greta!

"Be nice even when you're naughty, but don't be coy. That's old-fashioned and modern men despise it as an affectation, even when it may chance to be a girl's natural characteristic. And learn when to weaken! Like being coy, sales resistance is somewhat out-moded and makes men impatient with you. It's a rapid-transit age!

"Then, of course, there are many minor rules. Men like in women a certain man-like dependability that we moderns are cultivating. I mean dependability in *minor* things. For instance, never be late for a date—"

Pert paused. Her mouth opened wide. So did her eyes. She gave a hasty look at her wrist watch, leaped out of the chair with a single bound, and ran toward her clothes closet.

"Good heavens," she shouted over her shoulder, "*I've* got a date—and I'm half-an-hour late already!"

Marlene Ascends the Throne

[*Continued from page* 19]

Sophia hadn't had any fun since she started out to be a girl.

Her mother, Princess Johanna, commenced right away to prepare her for marriage to royalty.

MARLENE used her beautiful little daughter, Maria, to play the rôle of Princess Sophia.

Marlene's ire was aroused the day Maria was on the set. Whenever a child is working in a picture in Hollywood, a Child Welfare lady is notified and out she pops to act as teacher and guardian during the day.

Learning comes first, acting second, in Hollywood. That is, when you are very young. Well, there was a great to-do about the child being there in the first place. Dietrich idolizes her little daughter. They are rarely separated.

Three years ago when the baby was in Germany and Dietrich here, she told me of her agony, her longing for the child. Then when the first little baby tooth came out, her husband sent it to Marlene. She kept it in her mouth all day. There is something primitive and moving in her idolization.

But to get back to the set of *The Scarlet Empress*. Everybody went around silently—if they spoke it was in hushed whispers. Von Sternberg is an extraordinary tyrant on his sets.

AS REHEARSALS started, the Welfare lady arrived. If she had been a bomb exploding in the place, there couldn't have been more of an upheaval. With horrified indignation, Miss Dietrich explained that her child had a German and a French tutor—that the task of working all day on a motion picture set was enough. Her child would be exhausted if she had to study in between camera shots, etc. But the Welfare lady, frightened almost out of her wits, had to stay in spite of her own obvious desires to escape. Young Maria paid not the slightest bit of attention to anyone except her beautiful mother and to Josef Von Sternberg.

She might well be a princess with the luxury, the bodyguards and the fabulous attention which is lavished on her.

Maria, already intolerant of strange people, gave a perfect performance in the sequence during which her dolls and toys were taken away from her by a politically ambitious mother. Then Marlene whisked her child home in their black shining town car, and as far as Marlene is concerned, that will end her daughter's career for some time to come.

SAM JAFFE, the famous New York actor who played Kringelin in *Grand Hotel*, plays the imbecile Grand Duke, Peter of Russia. His performance will make your blood run cold—he is superb.

Handsome John Lodge, from Boston, has been given the break of his lifetime, with the rôle of the clashing Count Alexiel.

Marlene is ecstatic. She feels the entire production is an artistic *tour de force*. She is no longer lethargic. She is crystal and fire—Marlene is happy.

And, imagine if you can, what the ghost of Catherine the Great feels to be reborn with Dietrich's beauty.

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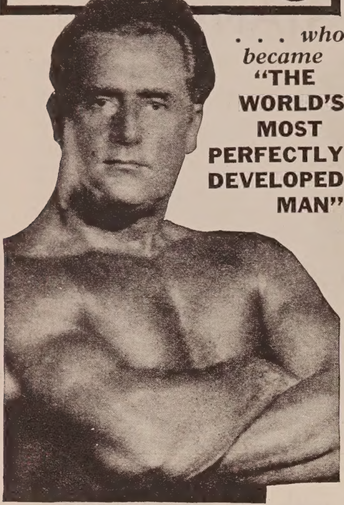

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A Hollywood Cocktail Party

[*Continued from page* 54]

heavier bottlings are best with the roast. *Clarets* should be at room's temperature.

"*Sherry* should be served as an *aperitif,* or with the soup course, also at room temperature.

"*Port,* the most wholesome of all wines if well-aged, is a delicious treat with the cheese course at room temperature.

"*Madeira,* an excellent appetizer, is generally served with the soup course.

"Two important rules to remember: Never serve a cocktail before a wine dinner. Sherry and Bitters are the only possible *aperitif* for a wine dinner, and where one of these has been served, it is perfectly good taste to serve no other wine until the principal dish—then Burgundy is sufficient to the end of dinner.

"Now for the cocktails which necessarily come into their own at four o'clock 'tea parties,' before dinner when wines are not served, and after-theatre parties.

"Here are recipes for a few, appropriate for any of the above occasions.

(Light Cocktails)
BOULEVARD

⅔ dry gin
⅓ French vermouth
⅓ Italian vermouth
⅓ orange juice

Pour into cocktail shaker—add cracked ice—shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. Place small slice of orange in glass before serving.

BRONX

⅔ dry gin
⅓ French vermouth
½ teaspoonful orange juice

Pour into cocktail shaker—add cracked ice—shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. Place small slice of orange in glass before serving.

MARTINI

⅔ dry gin
⅓ French vermouth
Dash of orange bitters
Dash of Vodka (if available—not necessary)

Stir—don't shake. Place small green stuffed olive in glass. Serve.

Incidentally, the new electric orange squeezers are indispensable for simplifying cocktail-making.

(Heavy Cocktails)
ALEXANDRIA
Also Called ANGEL'S KISS

⅓ Creme de Cocoa
⅔ dry gin
1 teaspoonful heavy cream

Place in cocktail shaker and shake until cream is nearly whipped. Serve.

CLOVER CLUB

⅓ grenadine
⅔ dry gin
White of one egg
½ teaspoonful lemon juice

Pour into cocktail shaker with cracked ice and shake until egg white is whipped and foamy.

Wet the rims of cocktail glasses and twirl in powdered sugar. The sugar will adhere to the glass rims like frosting. Pour cocktail into glasses and garnish rims with mint leaves.

ASTROLOGY

My 1934 Readings

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J. T. E.—My husband who got a divorce from me last summer wishes now for a reconciliation. What would you advise?

Ans.—If you loved him I would advise a reconciliation, but since you don't why jump out of the frying pan into the fire?

R. V. N.—If I marry the boy that I am engaged to will I be happy? Is he the one for me?

Ans.—According to your birthdate you will get along very well together and will be happy in your coming marriage. However, it will be to your advantage to not give in so much to his every little whim.

L. S. T.—Will I win my breach of promise suit?

Ans.—Apparently you will. I will also say that you will be married to a party with the initials of J. S. T. whom you will meet next July.

R. D. S.—I recently inherited a large sum of money. What would you advise me to do with it?

Ans.—As you have no business ability and this coming year does not promise to be overly fortunate for you, I would advise you to put it into good government bonds. Do not buy the oil stock that your friend is trying to interest you in.

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How Fate Will Rule the Stars in 1934

[*Continued from page* 67]

disastrous effect upon your work. June of 1934 begins a period which should give you increased popularity and you should be careful not to do anything which might upset the applecart.

LEE TRACY is another who has excellent aspects for 1934 but he, too, is strongly influenced by Neptune. The planet Uranus, favorable to both Neptune and Venus, has brought him great popularity with the public. But during the latter part of 1933 Saturn, the taskmaster, stepped in and gummed up the works by making an adverse aspect to his radical Mercury. The result was the Mexican trouble.

You see Lee has Neptune in a fire sign. With an aspect like that he should certainly never drink anything stronger than Coca-Cola—that is, if he wants to keep out of trouble.

Now, and all during 1934, Joan Crawford will fancy herself to be quite violently in love. But Joan will get over it and when she reviews the romance in retrospect she will doubtless conclude that it was just another romantic interlude—pleasant while it lasted but leaving no permanent scars. No man will ever be more important to Joan than her ambition.

If the birth date which I have for Katharine Hepburn is correct then she will have Jupiter, the great benefic, going through her Sun sign from October, 1934, to the end of 1935, which should give her an even more sensational success and greater popularity with the public.

Norma Shearer should find an increased ability to create interesting and glamorous characters in 1934. It will be a good year for Helen Hayes. She will probably do a lot of traveling during 1934. It will bring Clara Bow back into renewed popularity but I doubt if it will be of long duration. Loretta Young should enjoy added success and personal popularity but if you have any intention of making a trip to the altar, Loretta, I would suggest that you watch your step, particularly between June and October. A marriage entered into during that time would certainly turn out to be a flop.

JANUARY, February and March show great popularity for Mae West in both pictures and radio. But it may bring arguments over stories and unpleasant disputes.

I would advise Warner Baxter to be careful about making any changes during March and April without first carefully considering the possible result of such a change.

Fredric March will be more popular than ever during 1934. Garbo, too, should do bigger and better things than she has ever done. For some of the stars who have heretofore been favorites the new year will not be so kind.

Astrology is a road map which shows the little detours along the way, the places where the road is "rough, but not impassable" and where the road is wide and smooth. We wouldn't dream of making a long motor trip without a road map to guide us. Shouldn't a road map for life itself be just as important?

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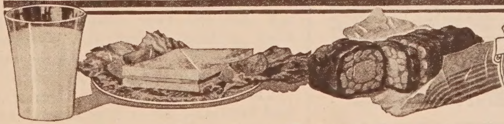

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33x4	**2.95**	.85
34x4	**3.25**	.85
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Hollywood Via Broadway

[*Continued from page* 38]

"I was pretty blue going East, turning my back on Hollywood that way. But I thought I could get something to do in New York to tide me over, anyway. The first night I hit old Broadway, a friend wanted me to sing at a benefit the Elks were getting up. After the show that night a man introduced himself and said he wanted me to sing over station WOR. Did I grab the chance! Shortly afterwards George Olsen heard me singing on WOR and invited me to come with him."

A FEW weeks after he had joined the band, Olsen was wandering around in a music publisher's office when he picked this song, *The Last Roundup*, off the shelves. The song was as obscure then as Joe Morrison. It had been gathering dust there for six months. It had been peddled around New York for a long time and nobody seemed to want it.

"George gave it to me to try out," Joe said, "I sang it for the first time last March. It didn't seem to go over very well. But George had faith in it. He kept on trying it."

Even so, nothing might have come of it, had it not been for a lucky error. Joe Morrison had never been on a horse. All he knew of the West was what he had seen through the window of his sedan driving through. Cowboy jargon was Greek to him.

So when he sang that song over a Chase & Sanborn Hour one Sunday night, he sang it, "Git along, little doggies, git along . . ."

Immediately he was flooded with letters from irate cowhands, pointing out that it shouldn't be doggie, but dogie, and suggesting that Joe correct himself.

That bothered Joe. So he looked up a cowboy friend of his in New York and asked him what a dogie was.

"He explained to me that a dogie was an undernourished yearling steer," Joe said, "He told me how when a cowboy had to round up the dogies it [redacted] playing a night club in Pittsburgh. I persuaded George to let me sing *The Last Roundup* in a new arrangement.

"It was a funny thing about that night. Right away I had a feeling that the crowd was with me. Then I noticed that they had all stopped dancing and were standing around listening. That was the biggest thrill I ever had. Nothing that has ever happened since, not even getting signed for pictures has compared with it. The patrons kept me there, singing encore after encore."

Later in the summer George Olsen and his band got a four weeks' engagement at the Paramount Theatre in New York. Wisely, the band leader decided

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR** Tablets **(Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists'—only 25c.

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EUNICE SKELLY (Dept. G.)
Park Central, 55th & 7th Ave., New York City.

to feature Joe Morrison singing *The Last Roundup*.

JADED Broadway has known few sudden sensations such as Joe Morrison created with that song. Bored reviewers sat up, rubbed their eyes and wrote rave notices about the charm of the young Irishman. In less than a week's time he had shot up from the slough of obscurity to the pinnacle of fame.

Joe passed his screen tests with flying colors. The same richness of his personality that drew crowds to the Paramount Theatre registered on the celluloid.

And what kind of pictures will he make?

"Probably some Zane Grey westerns," Joe said, "I think that would be swell. And will I sing *The Last Roundup* on the screen? Well, all I know is that Paramount has purchased the screen right to the song. You can put two and two together. That's all that I can do."

By the time this appears in print, Joe will be in Hollywood before the grinding cameras. His treasured ambition, screen success, will be within his grasp, —all because a flipped coin fell right side up.

◆

Movie Eavesdropping

[*Continued from page* 47]

Scene In A Day

FRANCES FULLER, Douglas Montgomery, Lois Moran, Alexander Kirkland, Linda Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whiting at the Algonquin Supper Club . . . Laurence Olivier, Jill Esmond, Grace Menken, Bert Lytell, Marie Saxon, Jack Pearl, Lilian Bond, Stanley Smith, Ona Munson, Estelle Brody and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan at a Hollywood Reunion in New York cocktail party . . . Gary Cooper, Sandra Shaw, Norma Talmadge lunching at La Rue . . . Charlotte Henry pouring for the press at the Waldorf . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a front row seat at *As Thousands Cheer*, applauding Clifton Webb's amusing impersonation of him . . . Judith Anderson, quietly slipping into the Rivoli Theatre for the first glimpse of herself on the screen in *Blood Money*.

Palming Off Kay

TWO years ago at a Hollywood party, Beth Brown, who writes books-that-turn-into-pictures, began to liven up the evening by reading the palms of all the intrigued guests.

When she came to the artistic hand of Kay Francis, who only a short time previous had taken unto herself a third husband, yclept Kenneth MacKenna, she announced, "You will marry four times."

Kay, who was ecstatically happy at the time, laughed it off with the retort that she had just moved into her honeymoon house, where she had taken a life-long lease.

It wasn't until a month ago that Kay partially fulfilled Miss Brown's forecast by announcing that she and Kenneth had reached an amicable parting of the ways.

And now, I'm wondering who the fourth husband is to be?

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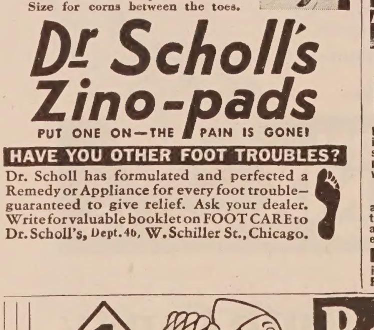

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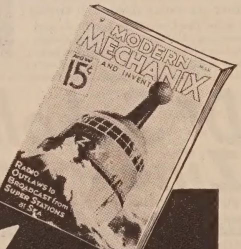
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The Dames Have Cagney On The Ropes

[*Continued from page* 18]

The Pubic Enemy—Ah! At last! Things are picking up. This looks like a set-up. The challenger is finally showing something. You've been wondering what all the shouting was for. So've I. The place is a bedlam. Cagney pushes a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face and she's down for the count! But things haven't stopped happening yet! He lands a punch on Mia Marvin (an easy-on-the-eyes blonde) and the round ends with the judges marking down a 2-2 on their cuffs.

Round Six—*Smart Money*—What a round this is! *What* a round! Almost before the echo of the gong has died away Cagney leaps from his corner and connects with Evalyn Knapp in a way that sends her sprawling. She's out like a light as far as any more fighting goes. But the round isn't over. Not by a helluva—not by a long sight. Edward G. Robinson steps into the ring and gives Cagney an unmerciful beating. And *that's* not all! Don Cook takes him on and gives him a trouncing that sends Cagney to the dentist (when the fight is over) with a broken tooth. The place is a bedlam! I don't even know if I can make you hear me over the din. 4-3.

Round Seven—*Blond Crazy*—What this? Blast my timbers! Polly Walters, a little baby-talking blonde lets Cagney have it—and how! And she doesn't draw her punch. Nor does she even get a tap in return. Oh-h-h!!! Polly has hardly left when Joan Blondell steps in and what she doesn't do to Jimmy! Two wallops at different times during the round and *what* wallops. And she comes through unscathed. 7-3 the judges have jotted down on their tablets.

Round Eight—*Taxi*—Thank heavens Cagney redeems himself a little in this round. Things were *too* one-sided. He slaps some sense into Loretta Young and does it in such a way the round is over almost before it starts. Loretta doesn't forget, either, and a couple of years later she and Cagney still have not got around to forming any mutual admiration society. 7-4!

Round Nine—*The Crowd Roars*—Ann Dvorak teaches him that a gent can't go around socking ladies indefinitely and she lands one on the kisser that shows him how it feels. And Eric Linden—no less!—gets in a couple *I* wouldn't like to be on the receiving end of. And that, ladeeze and genlmun, makes it 10-4. The crowd is going wild! Cagney is bloody but shows no signs of tiring. Can that kid take punishment!

Tenth Round—*Winner Take All*—Cagney isn't fighting fair! He gets Virginia Bruce into a corner but he fouls her! Well not exactly a foul. He kicks her in the—the—well, you know where people usually get kicked. He sends her sprawling! But chivalry isn't dead. There are three (count 'em—three!) separate fight sequences in that picture and Jimmy takes a drubbing in each one. He still maintains those pugs laid enough leather against his face and torso in that picture to make up for everything he ever has done—or ever will do—to anybody in pictures—and then some! 13-4, including the field goal he kicked.

Eleventh Round—*Hard to Handle*—His feminine vis-a-vis is Mary Brian and you don't go around slapping Mary—not even a Cagney. But, just to keep things from becoming dull, Matt McHugh hangs one on his chin and brings the score to 14-4.

Round Twelve—*Picture Snatcher*—Alice White lands a beautiful right that sends Cagney staggering. He's down! No! He's up but he's groggy. All he can manage is a half-hearted slap that hurts her feelings worse than her body. What's this? Oh, my! What a blow! Ralph Bellamy has just stepped into the ring and plants one on Cagney's jaw that floors him. The round ends with the challenger in a position Canvasback Cohen might well envy and the score is 16-5.

Round Thirteen—*Mayor of Hell*—(Mebbe so, mebbe so. But the challenger is tiring). Madge Evans gives him a back-handed flip and he goes reeling into his corner and can't even come back to retaliate. All he can do is clinch. What fight! *What* a night! The place is in an uproar. 17-5.

Round Fourteen—*Footlight Parade*—A sad affair. He manages to give Barbara Rogers a shove that sends her through the door but it doesn't hurt any. A draw.

Round Fifteen—*Lady Killer*—Another wash-out! Not a blow struck. The only thing enlivening the round is when the challenger manages to grab Mae Clarke by the hair (when she's down) and drag her across the mat and throw her through the ropes—without doing her any harm. Any referee would call this round a draw and the fight ends with the score still 17-5 against Cagney.

BACK in his dressing room after the fight, the challenger looks pretty worn and drawn. He's too weak to say much but what he does say is short and to the point. "I'm not a fighter by nature. Every one of these fights was forced on me—either by some dame doing something that got my goat and called for a show of physical violence on my part—or by hitting me first. I've been used to dames socking me all my life—my mother used to whale h— out of me—but I've been able to accustom myself to taking it. I always feel an impulse to hit back. All I can say is I haven't done nearly as much socking as you'd expect from the reputation I've got. And even with the momentary satisfaction that comes from hooking one on to some bim, I wonder if it's worth what I've had to put up with afterwards.

"Once, not long after *Enemy* was released, my wife and I were sitting in a restaurant in New York. A friend on the opposite side of the room, had the waiter bring over a half grapefruit to me. Other people in the room had recognized me, although none of them recognized my wife. So they all had their waiters bring over grapefruits and pretty soon there was no room on the table for anything else. Then they waited expectantly. My wife was terribly annoyed. *She* prefers pies!"

◆

Playing Safe

GENE RAYMOND continues to protect his bachelorhood by appearing in public with bevies of women, rather than just one. He lunched at Sardi's the other day with Claudette Colbert, Fay Wray and Ann Sothern. But think of the luncheon check!

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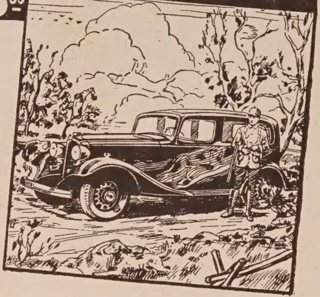

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Can YOU Find 4 Dogs in Picture at Right?

Some are upside down. Some sidewise. Can **you** find 4 dogs? Mark the dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick—or write on penny postcard how many dogs you find. **Many have already won** thousands of dollars in other advertising campaigns conducted by men in this big company. Above are pictures of a few. Now comes **your** chance. Maybe this great opportunity sounds like a **dream** to you—but I'll be happy to send you $2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00 the minute you win it. Rush your reply.

Not One Penny of Your Money Needed

All these thousands of dollars in prizes are being given **outright** to winners. You don't need to put in a penny of your money now or ever to buy **anything**. This is not a lottery—no luck or skill needed—nothing to write. Imagine the joy of receiving a letter from me with $2,500.00 in it! Oh, boy, what a thrill! Hurry—get started quick by finding 4 dogs.

$10,000.00 REWARD

We will pay $10,000.00 cash forfeit to any worthy charity if anyone can prove that we do not really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes—or that all the money to pay these prizes is not now deposited in the bank waiting for the happy winners—or that we do not fulfill every guarantee we make.

You Are SURE to Win

a Cash Reward If You Do As I Ask

I don't care how many people are rewarded. The more the **merrier!** You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. But I want **quick** advertising—**quick** action. **First active, first rewarded!** So hurry. Think of all the happiness $2,500.00 can bring you! A new start in life. Pay bills. Marriage. Education. Travel. New clothes. New furniture and other things you long for.

All Prize Money Now In Bank

All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

$1000.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay $1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt—a Buick and $1,000.00 (or $2,500.00 if all cash is preferred). Do **you** want it? Act NOW! Not only **one** person, but **hundreds** will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

RUSH COUPON

Many who won prizes in other campaigns like this thought they didn't have a chance. Imagine their surprise when they won! Mark dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick with coupon below—or write on a penny postcard how many dogs you find. **Don't send a cent.** For replying I will tell you how you may **also** share in thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards and win $2,500.00 too. Nothing for you to lose—**everything** to gain. Answer NOW! Tell me which you desire to win—$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and $1,000.00.

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Mgr.
Dept. 3522, Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL THIS NOW

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Manager,
Dept. 3522, Des Moines, Iowa.

I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

Name..............................

Address..............................

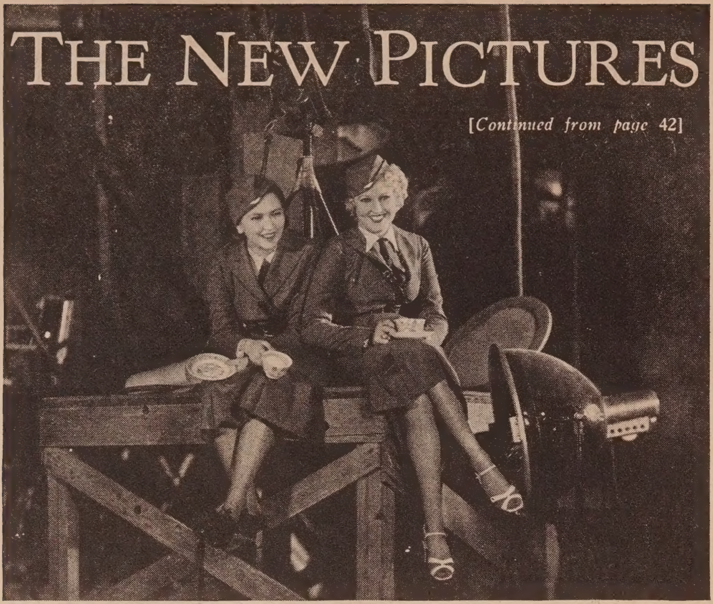
City..................State........

(Mark which you would prefer to win)

☐ **Buick & $1000.00 or** ☐ **$2500.00 Cash**

THE NEW PICTURES

[Continued from page 42]



Look who's here! Patsy Kelly and the lovely Thelma Todd are being featured together in a hilarious new series of Hal Roach comedies

Reviewed in February SCREEN BOOK

Flying Down to Rio—★★★★—Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond in a sparkling musical comedy.—*Radio.*

Alice in Wonderland—★★★★—Unique screen entertainment no child or adult should miss. Charlotte Henry, Gary Cooper, W. S. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Louise Fazenda and Cary Grant in leading rôles.—*Paramount.*

Going Hollywood—★★★★—Bing Crosby and Marion Davies in a super-excellent musical.—*Metro.*

Advice to the Lovelorn—★★★★—Lee Tracy wisecracks his way through a grand story to the fadeout with Sally Blane.—*20th Century.*

Lady Killer—★★★—Jimmy Cagney gets hardboiled as he rises from theatre usher to big shot crook.—*Warner.*

By Candlelight—★★★★—Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas, as servants, imitate people of quality in an amusing cinema tale.—*Universal.*

Gallant Lady—★★★—Ann Harding scores a fine triumph in a powerful story of mother love and sacrifice. Otto Kruger and Dickie Moore also appear.—*20th Century.*

Should Ladies Behave?—★★★—Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore have a huge problem on their hands with a daughter who doesn't know but soon finds out.—*Metro.*

Counsellor at Law—★★★★—John Barrymore was never more impressive than as the brilliant lawyer who rises from the slums to find success an empty thing.—*Universal.*

Trigger—★★★★—Katharine Hepburn becomes a wild mountain gal in a powerful story which rates above her previous picture achievements.—*Radio.*

Sitting Pretty—★★—Fans of Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers and Jack Haley will find this tale of two song writers who invade Hollywood interesting.—*Paramount.*

Convention City—★★★—A comical take-off of the show at Atlantic City, made a fine picture by the work of Adolphe Menjou and Joan Blondell.—*Warner.*

Other Interesting Current Pictures

★★★★

The Bowery—Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper and Pert Kelton.

Footlight Parade—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, James Cagney, Dick Powell and Guy Kibbee.

My Weakness—Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres.

★★★

Horseplay—Slim Summerville and Leila Hyams.

Hoopla—Clara Bow's latest.

Female—Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

College Coach—Ann Dvorak, Lyle Talbot and Dick Powell.

A Man's Castle—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

Prizefighter and the Lady—Max Baer, Walter Huston and Myrna Loy.

Broadway Thru a Keyhole—Constance Cummings and Paul Kelly.

Cradle Song—Dorothea Wieck.

Looking at the New Ones

Wild Birds—★★★—Jean Parker and Tom Brown in a simple little love story that's worth seeing.—*Radio.*

The Poor Rich—★★★—There's not a dull moment in this comedy fiesta with Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver—*Universal.*

Sleepers East—★★★—Wynne Gibson and Preston Foster entangled in a gang slaying, political war and romance.—*Fox.*

I Like It That Way—★★—Night club stuff with Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor and Marian Marsh.—*Universal.*

Orient Express—★★★—Romance, intrigue, crime and mystery abound on the *Orient Express* as it hurtles through the night. Heather Angel, Norman Foster and Ralph Morgan.—*Fox.*

Madame Spy—★★—An almost impossible spy story made semi-interesting by the work of Fay Wray and Nils Asther.—*Universal.*

Cross Country Cruise—★★★—Lew Ayres and June Knight fall in love on the trip from New York to California, with amusing complications.—*Universal.*

Women in His Life—★★★★—Otto Kruger leaps to stardom in the story of a brilliant criminal attorney who is disbarred for failing to defend a client on a murder charge. Isobel Jewel is excellent in the feminine lead.—*Metro.*

The Shakedown—★★—The phoney drug racket exposed through the acting of Bette Davis, Charlie Farrell and Ricardo Cortez. Uninspired.—*Warner.*

At Your Neighborhood Theatres

Roman Scandals—★★★★—Eddie Cantor in a grand musical comedy with Gloria Stuart and a host of other beautiful girls.—*United Artists.*

Only Yesterday—★★★★—Margaret Sullavan makes her auspicious début opposite John Boles. A great picture!—*Universal.*

Duck Soup—★★★★—Your chance to go crazy with the Four Marx Brothers.—*Paramount.*

Little Women—★★★★—Katharine Hepburn starred in the fine old classic. Don't miss it!—*Radio.*

Blonde Bombshell—★★★—Jean Harlow does her finest work opposite the misbehaving Lee Tracy.—*Metro.*

Dancing Lady—★★★★—Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, pardon us, Franchot and Joan Crawford in a swelegent picture.—*Metro.*

The Right to Romance—★★★—Ann Harding as a famous plastic surgeon. Pleasing.—*Radio.*

Eskimo—★★★—Greatest adventure film ever produced! You must see it!—*Metro.*

I'm No Angel—★★★—Mae West, all Mae West.—*Paramount.*

Beautify Face and Hands As Hollywood Does

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY
Stimulates Nature's own skin softening action

Softens entirely without sticky after-effect—
Dries in 15 seconds!

Lila Lee and Muriel Kirkland
Posed especially for Talia, Inc.

HOLLYWOOD is now acclaiming an utterly new way to soften skin. A way that protects against harmful effects of air, sun, water, and cold. Thus permitting the natural oils to soften the skin—nature's way. Over 100 prominent movie stars started using this as soon as it was announced.

Women everywhere are now adopting it. Will you accept a generous bottle free to try?

The name of this great discovery is Talia. A noted scientist spent years in bringing it to perfection. Talia does not soften the skin by greasing it. Instead, it covers it with an invisible film that protects the skin from the harsh or drying effect of air, sun, and water. This protection allows the natural oil of the face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness. Hence hands and face soften themselves.

Even hands chapped to bleeding roughness respond instantly to the healing unguents in Talia. And Talia is aided in healing as well as softening by the natural oils of the skin. The reddest roughest hands are thus quickly restored to natural white loveliness.

The instant you apply Talia, notice this: In 15 seconds you cannot see it. In 30 seconds you cannot feel it on your hands or face. Yet it gives hours of protection to the oil ducts of your skin. Enabling them to reclaim the smooth skin of babyhood.

Blended with this marvelous discovery is a perfume of exotic charm. Now you may have this new miracle of beauty science. A lotion that does what none has done before. There is only one drawback. The supply is limited. We can supply dealers in only a few communities. We will, however, send free to all who apply at once a trial bottle containing enough Talia for thirty applications. Send 10 cents to cover packing and postage. See coupon below.

Accept this offer and this marvelous discovery at once. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

MAKE MONEY SELLING TALIA

We want to give employment to one hundred people. There are limited territories available for those who want to make money. Send name today—get the facts free.

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 50c (coin, stamps, or money order) to Talia, Inc. 820 N. Michigan Ave., Building, Chicago, Ill.

Lotion of Loveliness

TALIA

TALIA
Lotion
FOR LOVELINESS OF FACE AND HANDS

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE TRIAL

TALIA, Inc., 820 N. Michigan Ave. Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage for free trial supply of Talia Lotion.

☐ Check here and enclose 50c for beautiful full size bottle in lovely boudoir container.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Druggist's Name ....

BIG
5¢
VALUE
CURTISS
5¢
Butterfinger
SENIOR
SUGAR-PEANUT BUTTER-CHOCOLATE-MILK
NRA
WE DO OUR PART
A CURTISS PRODUCT

Also
Generous Sizes
in 2 for 5 and 1¢ Bars

CURTISS CANDY CO. OTTO SCHNERING, *PRESIDENT* · CHICAGO

SECRETS THAT TORTURE THE STARS

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10c
15c in Canada

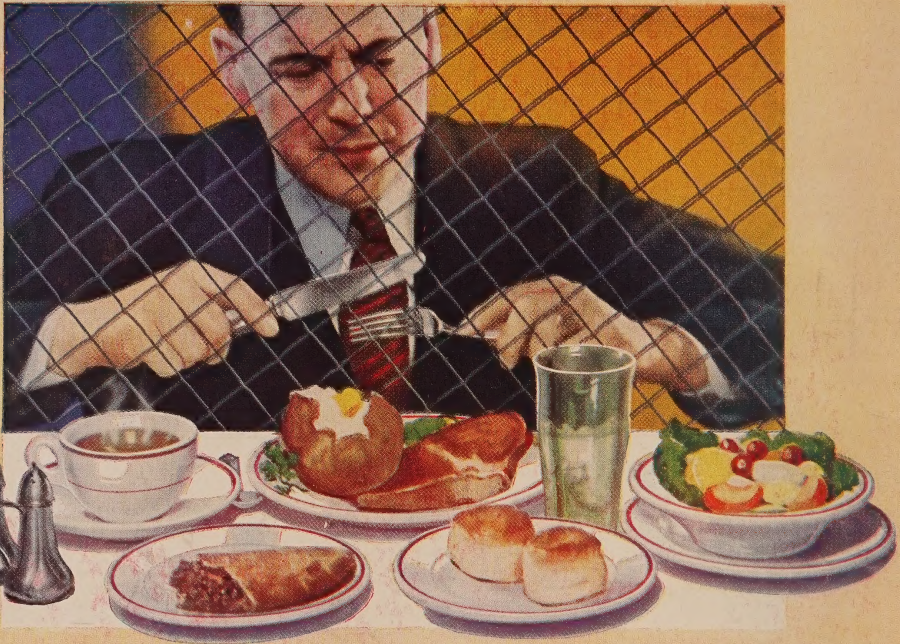
April

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

Heather Angel

Exposing Hollywood's ALIMONY RACKET

Are Your Favorite Foods Barred By Fussy Stomach?



Tums Bring Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion..

Sour Stomach... Gas... Heartburn!

DO you often have to pay for eating a good meal—by having a sour, upset stomach? Do the very foods you like best sometimes bring on heartburn, unpleasant gas or belching? Thousands of people are finding they can now eat what they like without bad after-effects, thanks to a new candy-like antacid mint called TUMS.

Simply munch three or four TUMS after meals—or when smoking, or excesses of eating or drinking cause trouble, You will be surprised how quickly the excess acid is neutralized and the "Fussy Stomach" relieved. Carry a convenient roll in pocket or purse wherever you go. Be prepared for instant relief when indigestion is brought on by nervous strain, eating too fast, exercise after meals, train and auto rides, change of water or diet. Learn the joy of eating your favorite foods and smoking whenever you like without upset stomach. Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples* **TUMS** *and* **NR**—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DH-29, ST. LOUIS, MO.

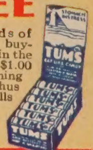
QUICK RELIEF

Carry Tums in your pocket or purse for quick relief whenever hasty eating, wrong food combinations, particular foods, excessive smoking, cause sudden distress.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS
TUMS
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
EAT LIKE CANDY
10¢

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

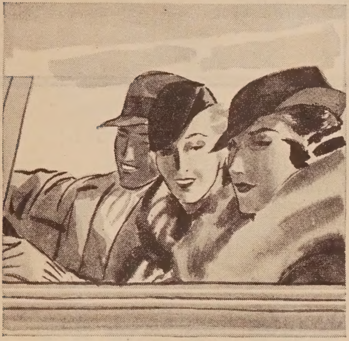
Thousands of people are buying TUMS in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



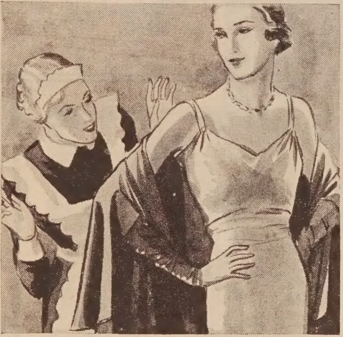
P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Isn't It A Shame!

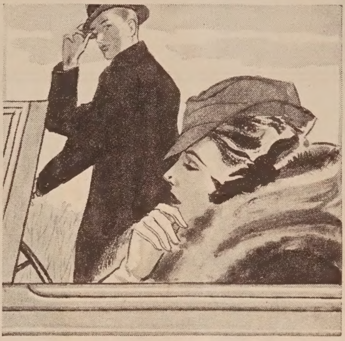
A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



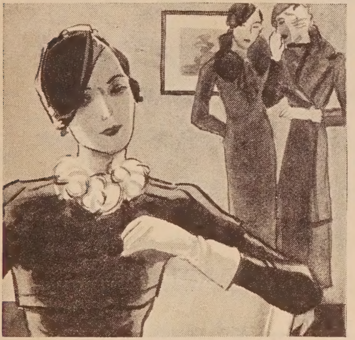
You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!



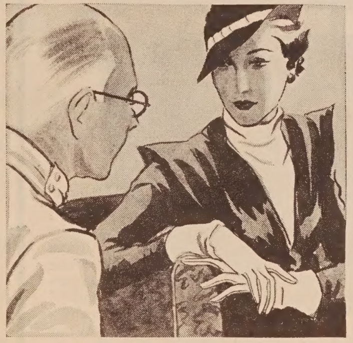
When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.



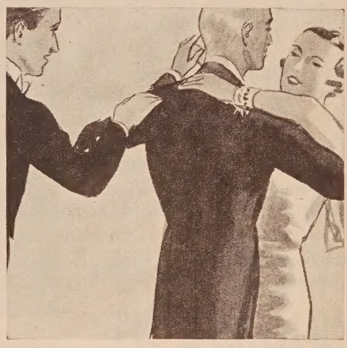
Men ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.



Why doesn't somebody tell Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?



Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.



If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a *dentist* about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

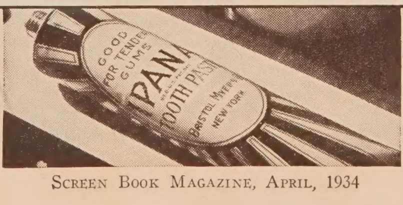
But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to *stimulate* your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-44
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

Contents for

APRIL, 1934

Vol. XII No. 3

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

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CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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Newspapers are putting Katharine Hepburn on the spot. Does she fear the attack? Read her story on page 30

Can You Answer These Questions?

● What is President Roosevelt's favorite movie? . . . Is there any truth in the rumor that Rudy Vallée and Alice Faye are in love? . . . How did Irene Rich win another screen opportunity when she was "through?" . . . What is Bing Crosby's recipe for success? . . . What happened when news photographers tried to "steal" a picture of Katharine Hepburn? . . . Why was Mae West once sent to Welfare Island? . . . What is the truth about Garbo's "elopement?" . . . What new screen favorite reveals the previously unknown fact that she has an ex-husband and child? . . . Does Lew Ayres intend to marry as gossip predicts? . . . How did it happen that the studio didn't use Lilian Harvey's voice in certain of her pictures? *Read the answers to these unusual questions in this issue!*

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PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences

$15.00 Letter

What's The Answer?

WHY has Hollywood sold Jean Harlow in terms of sex only and neglected her exquisite gift for comedy? WHY must Joan Crawford continually wear that "I have suffered" look? So have we all, Joan, so have we all. WHY can't Hollywood's writing talent supply a different story for Maurice Chevalier? WHY complain about the movies when 1933 has given us the best pictures ever filmed with some of the finest casts ever assembled?—**Mrs. Bernice Jackson, 520 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky.**

$10.00 Letter

Superlatives Of 1933

THE most inspired performance: Katharine Hepburn in *Morning Glory*. The player most deserving of stardom: Nils Asther. The most human actress: Helen Hayes. Players with the most personal magnetism: Mae West and Baby Le Roy. The most dependable actor: Walter Huston. Stars most in need of good stories: Ruth Chatterton and Maurice Chevalier. So much for 1933. The new year is here with *Queen Christina*!—**D. H. Chapman, 1532 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.**

$5.00 Letter

The Great Lewis Stone

I SHOULD like to say a good word for the man who deserves the title of The Gentleman of the Screen. I refer to Lewis Stone. Besides being a gentleman, Mr. Stone is an *actor*. His versatility knows no bounds. He can take a seemingly unimportant bit part and do marvelous things with it. This courteous, unassuming actor can more than hold his own in a picture with any star. And, thank the Lord, he has never been known to clout a lady behind the ear.—**Booth Mooney, Box 411, Decatur, Texas.**

Handclaps and Hisses

$1.00 Letter

Pretty Hard To Swallow

DANCING LADY was very good and very interesting, BUT did you notice that after confessing that she took a job in a burlesque show because she was down and out, Joan Crawford goes home, dons a SATIN nightie and leisurely retires. A starving burlesque entertainer and a satin nightie simply do not agree.—**Ruth Steffey, 1612 S. 12th St., Lawrenceville, Ill.**

$1.00 Letter

Praise For A Newcomer

THIS is my first letter written in 1934 and I would like to write it in honor and praise of the screen's greatest actor, Otto Kruger. His acting is so natural that you just live the story with him. His name is on the lips of hundreds of movie-goers today. Please let us see more of Otto Kruger during '34.—**Lucille Fretenburg, 1827 S. E. Oak St., Portland, Ore.**

$1.00 Letter

Split Second Descriptions

MAE CLARKE—In the clean wind on a high hill. Clark Gable—On the road of adventure that leads far East. Joan Crawford—Beside a forest pool rimmed with dark violets. Marlene Dietrich—By a slow stream meandering through a white clover pasture. Warner Baxter—Companion for an evening's ride. Wallace Beery—Over the stable door. Carrying a child pick-a-back. Jean Parker—I looked over a high hill and came face to face with youth. Aline MacMahon—Gingham clad in calico, bringing laughter and comfort to the sick.—**M. M. Mullin, 2440 N. E. 47th Avenue, Portland, Oregon.**

"The screen's greatest actor," writes a Portland, Oregon fan of Otto Kruger

$1.00 Letter

Hurrah For The Battle!

THREE rousing cheers for the war on Hollywood scandal! The public is just as "fed up" on these stories as the stars themselves. Some reporters it seems are loath to give our movie actors and actresses credit for being human beings or to consider the fact that movie magazine readers are sometimes intelligent people who recognize the handiwork of Madame Grundy.—**Mrs. L. A. Sullivan, Shirley Apts., Augusta, Georgia.**

$1.00 Letter

Airing A Peeve

I ENTER a vigorous protest against the billing of the picture, *Going Hollywood*: "MARION DAVIES (large letters) with Bing Crosby." Bing Crosby is so popular he doesn't have to appear "with" anyone. Not only on the radio but on the screen as well Mr. Crosby is tremendously popular and it seems wrong to submerge him in any picture. Please give Bing a headliner's chance.—**I. F. Boynton, 407 Ellington Apts., Cleveland, Ohio.**

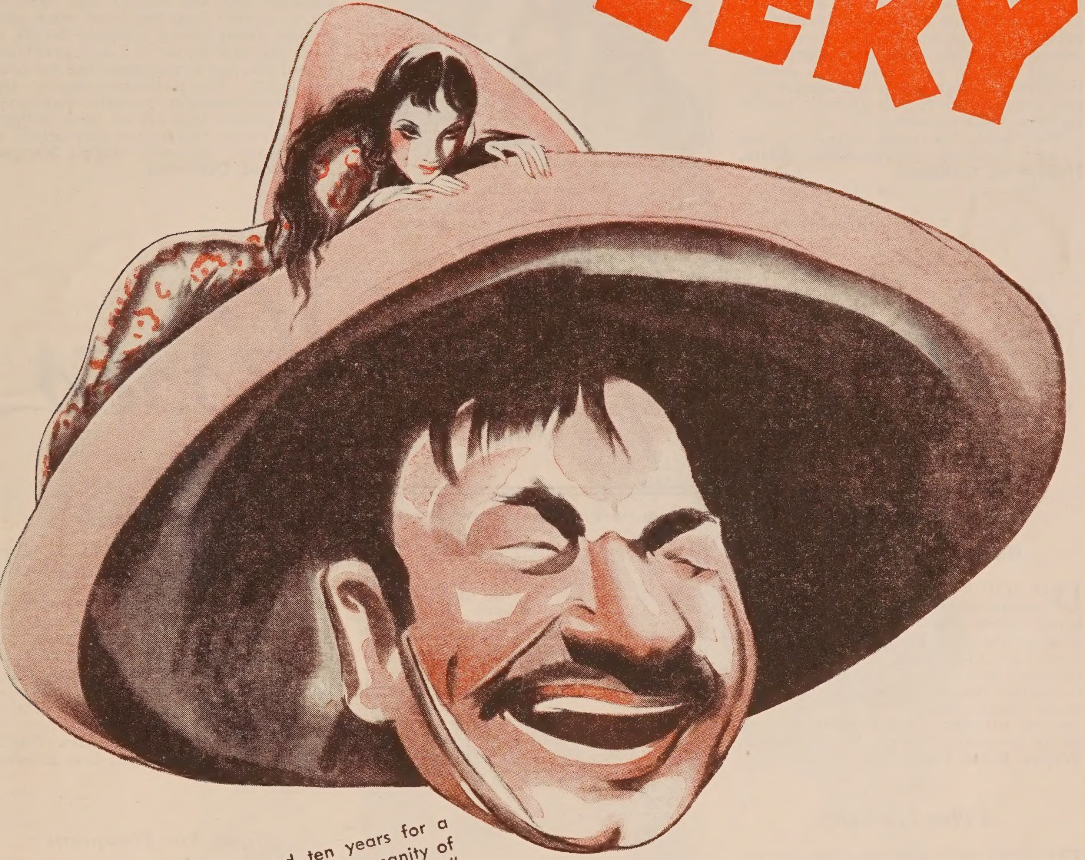
$1.00 Letter

The Woman Speaks

ANYONE who says Mae West is not to their liking have that gal all wrong. My husband *was* among that disillusioned group. I finally got him to see her emoting in *She Done Him Wrong*. He now admits that she is superb in her own way. I am glad that he has finally come around to my way of thinking on *that* subject at least.—**Mrs. Helen MacDonald, 112 Locust St., Winthrop, Mass.**

[*Continued on page* 8]

Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure . . . in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

★ STAR LETTER—

From Alice White

MAY I express my sincere thanks to you for your sympathetic and understanding article, which appeared recently in SCREEN BOOK. It is, of course, unfortunate that people in professional life are subject to many annoyances, but the most amazing and worth while part of such trials and tribulations is the sympathy and understanding a person receives from the motion picture public.

Will you be kind enough to convey through your magazine, my sincere appreciation to my friends and my thanks for their loyal support.

With kindest personal regards to you, I am, sincerely yours—**Alice White, Hollywood, California.**

Many fans are anxious to know whether or not Billy Barty, seen above with Baby LeRoy, is a midget. The answer is—NO!

★ STAR LETTER—

Ralph Morgan Applauds

THE article which recently appeared in your publication, SCREEN BOOK, entitled, "Why Tragedy Haunts Ralph Morgan" was brought to my attention. And I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the ingenius, clever and dignified way the subject was handled.

One cannot help but have some misgivings about giving intimate details of one's life to a writer and it is gratifying to find that one's confidence has not been misplaced. The distinctive dignity and good taste shown in the above-mentioned article proves that artists have nothing to fear when they place themselves in your hands. Sincerely—**Ralph Morgan, Hollywood, California.**

Handclaps and Hisses

$1.00 Letter

Hissing the Producers

DO YOU know that practically every picture shown glorifies sex, war or beer? Why don't the wise producers give us YOUTH that is refreshing and new? Do they think the public is entirely sex mad? *Little Women* has played to packed houses everywhere, which is proof enough that suggestive titles are not as enticing as the producers are prone to think.—**Ralph Mazar, 804 E. Wayne, South Bend, Ind.**

A Plug For Toby

PLEASE see if you can get a part for Toby Wing in the near future. The few little bits she has played have fascinated and intrigued me. She has the same sort of appeal I felt for Clara Bow long before she attained stardom. I think Toby can be made into an even more fascinating star than the great Clara Bow and should be given the opportunity to prove it.—**Leroy Thomas, 311 North Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.**

Boo! Boo!

WHY the talents of such an utterly charming actress like Miriam Hopkins should be wasted on such a poor and impossible picture as *Design for Living* is beyond me. An earnest, sterling actor like Fredric March deserves a more sensible story also, and Gary Cooper was badly miscast in this frivolous production.—**Mrs. Joe Niller, 620 North Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.**

● Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters received from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to any letters considered of equal merit, and the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish the whole or part of any contribution is reserved. All letters must be signed. Mail your handclaps and hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Many beauty experts choose Fay Wray as the loveliest actress in Hollywood. Her next picture is *Firebrand,* with Fredric March and Connie Bennett

Greatness Passes

BLANCHE FREDERICI is dead! The screen has lost a very capable actress. People who only attend the movies occasionally won't remember her by name because she was neither young nor a star. But we who know our movies knew Blanche. She alone could enact the part of the bitter, hard, tight-lipped woman. Her rôles were unsympathetic but she made them unforgettable. I know it is going to be difficult to replace her on the screen.—**Mrs. Phyllis Cooch, 1475 Cardiff Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.**

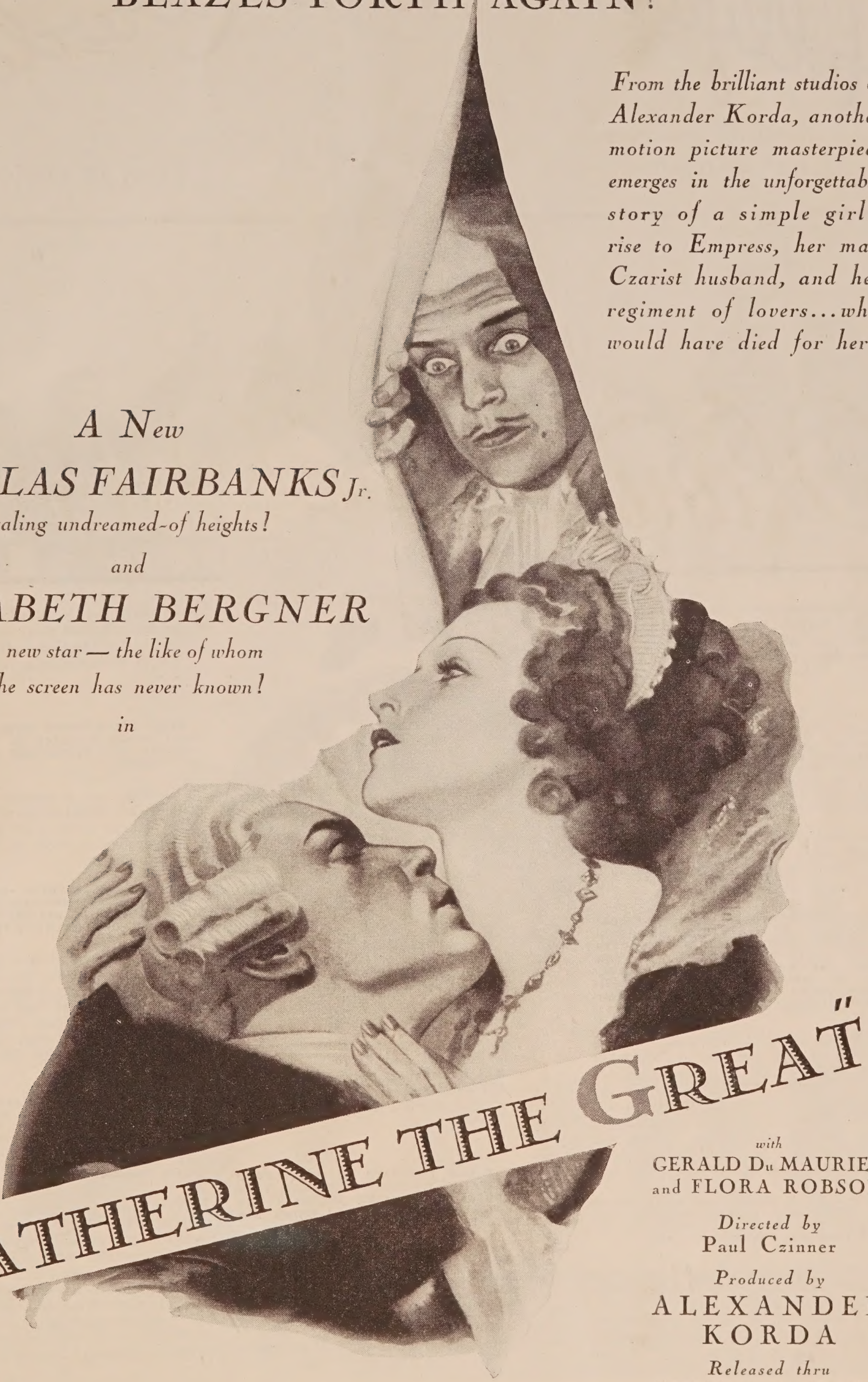
Hisses For Europeans

WE HAVE some half-baked notion that greatness can come only from Europe, utterly oblivious of the fact that if some of these foreign marvels were *really* so wonderful they'd stay right at home and set the world afire. We get nothing but second-raters. The real European favorites stay in Europe and remain top-notchers, just as our stars do.—**Irene M. Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.**

Mae Has a Rival

YOU think Mae West has curves? You "ain't seen nothin' yet" until you've seen Dorothy Granger. She has plenty of these and those, and what's more they're natural—not padded. Watch out, Mae West! Dorothy is in comedies now, but just wait until she appears in feature length pictures!—**S. L. Pinsker, Kingston, Pa.**

THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!



From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!

A New

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.

scaling undreamed-of heights!

and

ELIZABETH BERGNER

a new star — the like of whom the screen has never known!

in

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

with

GERALD Du MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
ALEXANDER KORDA

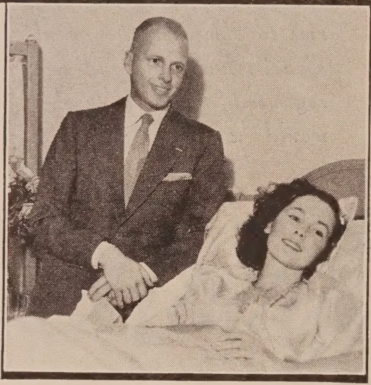
Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Presented by
LONDON FILMS

Hollywood Lowdown

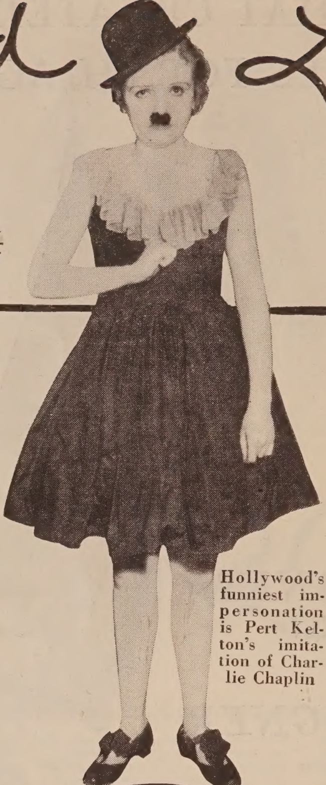
Exciting notes from a movie reporter's cuff

By
Don Beverly



—*Wide World*

The handsome blonde gentleman is Johnny Farrow, who visited Maureen O'Sullivan daily at the hospital to speed her recovery from an appendicitis operation



Hollywood's funniest impersonation is Pert Kelton's imitation of Charlie Chaplin

Goodbye, New York! Fredric March and his wife sail away to Hollywood via the Panama Canal after their first real vacation in several years

—*Cosmo-Silio*

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are still romancing, but insiders insist that wedding bells will never ring for the pair

REPORTS THAT MAE WEST HAD FOUR BODYGUARDS SUPPLIED BY POLICE DURING THE RECENT JEWEL ROBBERY TRIAL WERE FIFTY PER CENT EXAGGERATED. REPORTERS MISTOOK MAE'S FRIEND, JAMES TIMMONY, AND AN EQUALLY HUSKY FRIEND OF JIM'S FOR PLAINCLOTHES "COPPERS."

Clark Gable is alarmed by his almost "sissified" rôles. He wants to get back to those he-man parts he played when he first electrified screen audiences.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS IN NEW YORK ARE ALL "BURNED" AT KATHARINE HEPBURN WHO REFUSES TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SNAP HER. THEY CAN'T FIGURE WHY, CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT SUCH FAMOUS PEOPLE AS MAURICE CHEVALIER, MARIE DRESSLER, NORMA SHEARER AND JOAN CRAWFORD ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO CO-OPERATE.

A reporter spotted Garbo in a department store recently and after watching her purchase some skiing trousers asked her for an autograph. "I am sorry, I never give autographs," she said. When he told her about a story he had once written about her, she thanked him, saying, "That was very nice." Then he asked her to say a word for publication and she promptly fled.

EDMUND LOWE IS MAKING BIG MONEY SINCE REPEAL WENT INTO EFFECT SHOOTING THE VALUE OF 2,700 ACRES OF GRAPES HE INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER SKY HIGH.

Did you know that Kay Francis still drives the same coupe she bought when she first came to Hollywood? That June Knight couldn't stand on her feet at the age of five, at which time doctors predicted she would never be able to walk? That Charlotte Henry's nickname is "Chotsie"?

CLARK GABLE EMERGING IN THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION ON HIS VISIT TO NEW YORK WAS MOBBED BY FEMININE ADMIRERS AND REQUIRED A POLICE ESCORT TO BRING HIM SAFELY TO HIS HOTEL.

Ringside report from the first "dinner out" given by Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw since the preacher pronounced them man and wife: Swell time had by all at the affair, held at the Cocoanut Grove—and at the nearest table outside the party were Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe. Tee-hee!

PAUL KELLY WENT HOME WITH A TUMMY ACHE WHILE WORKING IN "FUR COATS." HE HAD TO EAT SEVENTEEN BANANAS IN ONE AFTERNOON.

England has a popular cigarette called "The Carl Brisson cigarette," named after the popular actor, Carl Brisson, who has just arrived in Hollywood under contract to Paramount.

MARY ASTOR STUDIED PHOTOGRAPHY FOR TWO YEARS SO THAT SHE COULD TAKE MOVING PICTURES OF DELICATE OPERATIONS HER HUSBAND, DR. FRANKLYN THORPE, PERFORMS.

Joe E. Brown always has a red-headed property man on the set during the shooting of his pictures. Some years ago Joe had a long run of bad luck until a red-headed property man joined the company. He was convinced that the red head had something to do with this sudden turn of luck.

MEXICAN MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES MAY BE CONSIDERED PRETTY SHAKY BY THOSE HOLLYWOODIANS WHO GOT 'EM, BUT ADOLPHE MENJOU PICKED A COUNTRY THAT'S STILL SAFE FOR MATRIMONY IN CHOOSING SPAIN AS THE LOCALE FOR HIS ALTAR LEAP WITH VEREE TEASDALE.

The wisdom of George Raft's much discussed act of turning down the part Jack La Rue played in *Temple Drake* now becomes apparent to a lot of sceptics. La Rue scored a big hit in the rôle, but it fatally typed him, and at this writing Paramount failed to take up his option. George is going stronger than ever. And maybe you don't think his nimble brains analyzed that rôle opposite Mae West in *It Ain't No Sin*.

[*Continued on page* 12]

HEPBURN
in
Completely and daringly different from anything she has ever done.
SPITFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production   Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

Among the lovely chorines who may win stardom as a result of their work in George White's *Scandals* is Edna Callahan, a petite youngster who started her career in the ranks of Hollywood extras

[*Continued from page* 10]

CLARK GABLE IS AN EXPERT WHITTLER AND CAN BE SEEN AT THE STUDIO BETWEEN SCENES FASHIONING WOOD CHAINS AND LITTLE FIGURES.

Those low-down rumors that a film couple in Hollywood couldn't get a divorce because they'd never been married caused wiseacres to name five couples as *the* ones, so it's getting to be the fashion now to carry one's marriage license along, like a driver's certificate. Legal sharps say the discussion is silly; that there are plenty of places on the globe where a split can be arranged without presenting any evidence that there had ever been a splice.

MORE SWANKY HOLLYWOOD FOLK TURNED OUT FOR THE TILDEN VS. VINES TENNIS MATCHES IN LOS ANGELES THAN FOR THE FINALS OF THOSE AMATEUR EVENTS CONSIDERED THE THING BY FILM CELEBS, THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST CHAMPIONSHIPS. PRACTICALLY ALL COURT-SIDE TICKETS WERE SOLD TO STARS AND STARESSES.

Sat next table to Rudy Vallée and Alice Faye while they had lunch together at the studio café. *Of course* your reporter wasn't eavesdropping, but he couldn't help overhearing everything. And what he heard was all as good a job of coaching for a movie career as you ever heard. Strictly business. Tie that in with what you read in the papers!

ISABEL JEWELL SHOWS SIGNS OF WEAKENING ON HER STAND THAT LEE TRACY AND A CAREER WOULDN'T "CLICK." AN ALTAR PARADE MAY BE IN ORDER YET.

Jack Oakie says the reason he suspects Marlene Dietrich of having stolen that clarinet from his dressing room wasn't because his tooting annoyed her, but because she wanted to play it herself.

NOBODY IS MORE PLEASED BY THE HIT SCORED BY WILLIAM CAGNEY IN "PALOOKA" THAN BILL'S LITTLE BROTHER, JAMES CAGNEY. REPORTS THAT JIMMY DIDN'T WANT A CAGNEY WHO SO CLOSELY RESEMBLED HIM IN FILMS ARE UTTERLY FALSE.

Michael Visaroff, famous Russian stage and film actor, writes us that friend Harpo Marx is a tremendous success in Moscow and other points Sovietsky.

ANNA STEN QUIETLY AND WITH NO ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE THAT I'VE SEEN, RE-MADE CERTAIN PARTS OF "NANA" IN A STYLE SUITABLE FOR SHOWING IN SOVIET RUSSIA, HER HOMELAND WHERE SHE FIRST REACHED SCREEN FAME. THESE, INCORPORATED INTO THE "NANA" WE HAVE SEEN, TOGETHER WITH RUSSIAN DIALOGUE, WILL MAKE A PICTURE EAGERLY AWAITED BY SOVIET FANS.

A real tri-national combination stepped off the train the other day, bosom pals after the transcontinental ride to Hollywood and films: Maurice Chevalier, of Paris and U. S. A., Carl Brisson, noted Danish actor and friend of Greta Garbo, and Charles Boyer, from Germany.

PROBABLY THE MOST DECEPTIVE APPEARING STAR IN PICTURES, AS FAR AS HEIGHT IS CONCERNED, IS JOHN BARRYMORE, WHOSE HEIGHT IS ACTUALLY FIVE FEET, SEVEN INCHES, AND LOOKS INCHES TALLER. HIGH HEELS ARE THE ANSWER.

Carole Lombard marries again! But this time, it is even less binding than a Hollywood altar tour. Raymond Milland is the husband, who took Carole as his bride for the picture, *Bolero*

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy while walking down the aisle in the wedding scene in *Men in White* were suddenly stopped by the shout of "cut" coming from the director, Richard Boleslavsky. A pair of scissors in hand he advanced on the transfixed couple. Picking up the train of Myrna's gown he deliberately snipped two yards from the wedding dress. With 'nary a word he ordered the scene to be filmed without offering any explanation. Tie that.

KAY FRANCIS, WHO WAS RECENTLY NAMED AS ONE OF THE TEN BEST DRESSED WOMEN IN THE WORLD, APPARENTLY WAS UNABLE TO PLEASE HER HUSBAND, KENNETH MacKENNA, IN THE MATTER OF COSTUMING. ACCORDING TO KAY HER HUSBAND CONSTANTLY OBJECTED TO THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE ATTIRED HERSELF.

Norma Shearer will play the leading rôle, that of Elizabeth Barrett, in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* which will go into production soon. Metro had been holding this play in reserve for a long time hoping to obtain the services of Katherine Cornell. But Hollywood greenbacks (we can't say gold anymore) didn't work its usual magic, so Norma will get this juicy assignment.

UNDERWORLD THREATS HAVE BEEN ADDED TO MAE WEST'S MANY WORRIES. SHE HAS BEEN THREATENED SEVERAL TIMES WITH UNSIGNED NOTES SAYING THEY WILL DISFIGURE HER FACE PERMANENTLY FOR TURNING IN THE THIEF WHO ROBBED HER RECENTLY. BODYGUARDS AND POLICE HAVE BEEN ADDED TO HER RETINUE TO GUARD AGAINST ANY ATTEMPTS THAT MAY BE MADE.

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR" • "WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS" • "VIVE LA FRANCE"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY **FRANCIS**

GUY **KIBBEE**

DICK **POWELL**

AL **JOLSON**

HAL **LEROY**

HUGH **HERBERT**

RICARDO **CORTEZ**

DOLORES **DEL RIO**

FIFI **D'ORSAY**

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!
A First National Picture

Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up'n'see me sometime" lure

NOW *YOU* can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.

PARFUM
Mae West
BY
Gabilla
PARIS · FRANCE

If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.
Enclosed find money for ( ) 65c. size ( ) 1.00 size
Name F-2
Address ....
City .... State ....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement — this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

"WIN *a* Personal Check *from* Me!"

No.
HOLLYWOOD CALIF.
Jan. 19 1934
$ 50.00
DOLLARS
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
SCREEN BOOK'S FIRST PRIZE CONTEST WINNER
FIFTY DOLLARS NO CENTS
16-135 HOLLYWOOD MAIN OFFICE 16-135
Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
HOLLYWOOD CALIF.
Mae West

Says Mae: "Anything you say about me is okay!"

SCREEN BOOK will offer another cash prize contest in the May issue

$100 *in* CASH PRIZES *for* Honest Opinions *of* Mae West

First	$50.00
Second	25.00
Third	10.00
Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, each	5.00
Seventh to fifteenth prizes, autographed picture of Mae West	

HOW TO COMPETE: Write in 200 words or less your opinion of Mae West, telling in your own language what you think of Mae, her personality and her pictures. Your contribution may be written on typewriter or in long hand. Frank, unusual opinions are solicited. Literary merit not considered. The first prize winner's article will be published with Mae West's reply, in June SCREEN BOOK. Mae West will send her personal check to the first six winners in this month's contest. Send in your entry today to THE CONTEST EDITOR, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.

THE RULES: Entries must be received before midnight of April 1, 1934. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be sole judges. No entries will be returned. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All readers of SCREEN BOOK with exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, or their relatives, are eligible to compete.

Jean Harlow Contest Winners to be Announced in the May Issue of SCREEN BOOK

THE INDEX TO FUTURE PICTURES

An alphabetical guide to the stars' new films

Angel, Heather—*Murder in Trinidad.*
Arlen, Richard—*Come On Marines.*
Arliss, George—*The House of Rothschild.*
Astor, Mary—*Upperworld.*
Ayres, Lew—*Let's Go Ritzy.*
Barrymore, John—*Twentieth Century.*
Barrymore, Lionel—*This Side of Heaven.*
Barthelmess, Richard—*Modern Hero.*
Baxter, Warner—*Odd Thursday.*
Bellamy, Ralph—*Transient Love.*
Bennett, Constance—*The Firebrand.*
Carlisle, Mary—*This Side of Heaven.*
Chevalier, Maurice—*The Merry Widow.*
Clarke, Mae—*The Man Who Broke His Heart.*
Colbert, Claudette—*Cleopatra.*
Colman, Ronald—*Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back.*
Cooper, Gary—*Operator 13.*
Crawford, Joan—*Sadie McKee.*
Crosby, Bing—*We're Not Dressing.*
Cummings, Constance—*Glamour.*
Davies, Marion—*Operator 13.*
Del Rio, Dolores—*Green Mansions.*
Dietrich, Marlene—*The Scarlet Empress.*
Dix, Richard—*Stingaree.*
Dunne, Irene—*Stingaree.*
Durante, Jimmy—*Strictly Dynamite.*
Eilers, Sally—*She Made Her Bed.*
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—*Success Story.*
Farrell, Charles—*Manhattan Love Song.*
Foster, Preston—*The Man Who Broke His Heart.*
Gable, Clark—*Streets of New York.*
Gaynor, Janet—*Manhattan Love Song.*
Harvey, Lilian—*George White's Scandals.*
Hopkins, Miriam—*All of Me.*
Kelton, Pert—*The Meanest Gal in Town.*
Kruger, Otto—*Crime Doctor.*
Landi, Elissa—*Sisters Under the Skin.*
Lloyd, Harold—*The Cat's-Paw.*
Lombard, Carole—*We're Not Dressing.*
Lowe, Edmund—*No More Women.*
Loy, Myrna—*Men in White.*
Lukas, Paul—*Glamour.*
MacDonald, Jeanette—*The Duchess of Delmonico's.*
MacMahon, Aline—*Fur Coats.*
March, Fredric—*Firebrand.*
McCrea, Joel—*Green Mansions.*
Montgomery, Robert—*Rip Tide.*
Moore, Colleen—*Success Story.*
O'Sullivan, Maureen—*Tarzan and His Mate.*
Parker, Jean—*In Old Louisiana.*
Powell, Dick—*Hot Air.*
Raft, George—*The Trumpet Blows.*
Robinson, Edward G.—*Napoleon.*
Rogers, Ginger—*Finishing School.*
Rogers, Will—*Merry Andrew.*
Shearer, Norma—*Rip Tide.*
Sidney, Sylvia—*Thirty Day Princess.*
Stuart, Gloria—*Left Bank.*
Tracy, Spencer—*Bottoms Up.*

Together for the First Time

CLARK CLAUDETTE

Gable and Colbert

in

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns

. . . An unforgettable entertainment . . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers.

A FRANK CAPRA Production

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams

SCREEN PLAY BY

ROBERT RISKIN

Watch for JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century" with CAROLE LOMBARD

COLUMBIA PICTURES

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

SNAPSHOT News of Hollywood

Alice Faye, the exquisite torch singer who formerly was with Rudy Vallée and has now started a movie career with the leading feminine rôle in *Scandals* had the movie males ga-ga the first day she appeared in her working clothes. But Alice isn't open for dates just yet

What ho, the mighty hunter returns! John Wayne, after finishing work on *West of the Divide*, hiked for the duck ponds and returned with this impressive booty

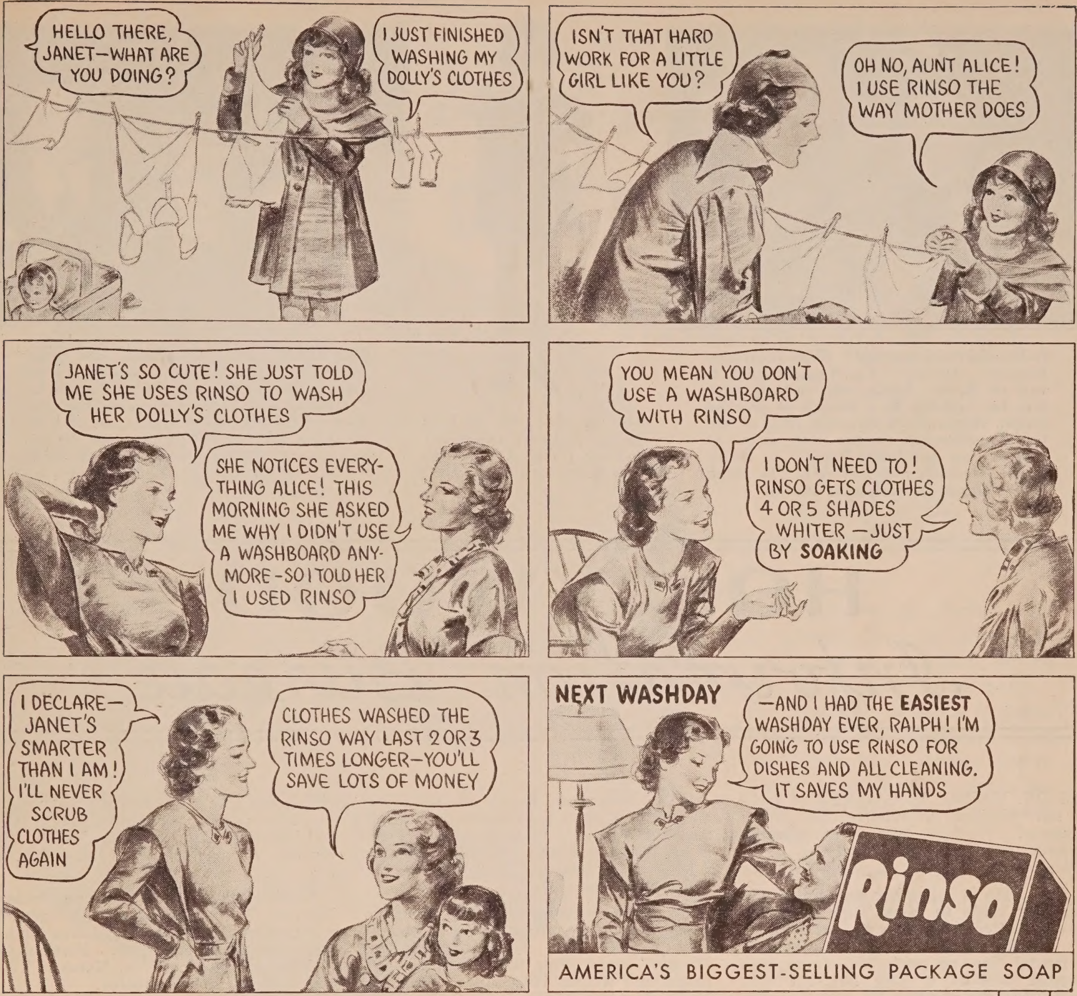
Garbo? No. Connie Bennett? No. Anna Sten? Yes. It's a habit with these gals—we mean the idea of wearing glasses and hiding from cameramen

—*Wide World*

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were ready to divorce, but frantic efforts of friends for a reconciliation have them cooing again—perhaps permanently

—*John Miehle*

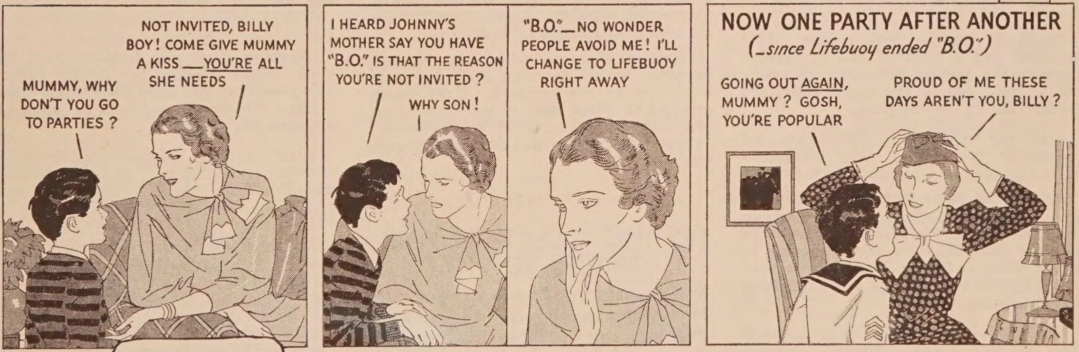
"Blub! Blub!" Such was the interesting comment of Mr. Leslie Howard Gargan, when he learned that his dad had named him after a famous actor

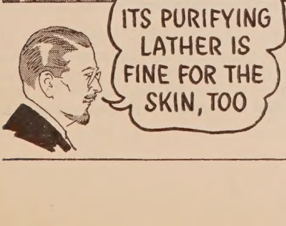

HELLO THERE, JANET—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I JUST FINISHED WASHING MY DOLLY'S CLOTHES
ISN'T THAT HARD WORK FOR A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU?
OH NO, AUNT ALICE! I USE RINSO THE WAY MOTHER DOES
JANET'S SO CUTE! SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE USES RINSO TO WASH HER DOLLY'S CLOTHES
SHE NOTICES EVERYTHING ALICE! THIS MORNING SHE ASKED ME WHY I DIDN'T USE A WASHBOARD ANYMORE-SO I TOLD HER I USED RINSO
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T USE A WASHBOARD WITH RINSO
I DON'T NEED TO! RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER —JUST BY SOAKING
I DECLARE—JANET'S SMARTER THAN I AM! I'LL NEVER SCRUB CLOTHES AGAIN
CLOTHES WASHED THE RINSO WAY LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—YOU'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY
NEXT WASHDAY
—AND I HAD THE EASIEST WASHDAY EVER, RALPH! I'M GOING TO USE RINSO FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING. IT SAVES MY HANDS
Rinso

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER NOW

NRA
WE DO OUR PART


MUMMY, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO PARTIES?
NOT INVITED, BILLY BOY! COME GIVE MUMMY A KISS — YOU'RE ALL SHE NEEDS
I HEARD JOHNNY'S MOTHER SAY YOU HAVE "B.O." IS THAT THE REASON YOU'RE NOT INVITED?
WHY SON!
"B.O."—NO WONDER PEOPLE AVOID ME! I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY
NOW ONE PARTY AFTER ANOTHER
(—since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")
GOING OUT AGAIN, MUMMY? GOSH, YOU'RE POPULAR
PROUD OF ME THESE DAYS AREN'T YOU, BILLY?


ITS PURIFYING LATHER IS FINE FOR THE SKIN, TOO

ITS quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is *extra cleansing.* Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Warm spring days, watch out! For even on cool days we perspire at least a quart. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *deodorizing* lather, abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft, gives real "B.O." protection.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

—Wide World

Is Donald Cook married? What is his next picture? Answer: Yes, Donald Cook is wed to Maxine Lewis, who recently sued him for $100,000 in a breach of promise action. Her attorney, however, acted as Dan Cupid and brought the two to the altar. At present they are living happily in Hollywood. Donald's new picture is *The Ninth Guest*, for Columbia studios

Who is the little girl in Mickey McGuire comedies? Answer: The little lady's name is Shirley Jean Rickerts

—Wide World

Who is Carl Brisson? Please give some facts about him. Answer: Brisson is the popular Danish star recently imported by Paramount studios to be groomed for stardom. He is a friend of Garbo and of Jack Dempsey and his wife, with whom he appears above. Brisson once held the Swedish amateur heavyweight boxing crown

HOLLYWOOD
Information Bureau

IS DR. HARRY V. CAGNEY of Jackson Heights a relative of Jimmy Cagney? We have been so informed by friends and wondered.—*Harry U. Lee, Flushing, L. I.*

Yes. He is a brother and Jimmy on his few visits to New York spends a great deal of his time at the Dr.'s home. It was through his efforts that Jimmy's financial flare-up with his studio was settled without a long hold-out that seemed in the offing.

Is Dorothy Jordan married and is she a southerner by birth?—*Dorothy Steckler, Roanoke, Va.*

Decidedly yes on both counts. Her husband and a devoted one is Merian Cooper, the studio executive. Socially she is right out of the top drawer, the Jordan family of Virginia.

Whatever happened to that lovely and enchanting personality, Lily Damita?—*B. M. Horn, New York City.*

At present Miss Damita is appearing on the London stage in a C. B. Cochran production, *Here's How*. During the summer and fall she was engaged in screen work in Paris. Expects to return to the California sunshine some time this coming spring.

Was that George Bancroft that I saw in the Biltmore lobby recently?—*George Haller, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Probably. George has been in New York for the past month looking for a vehicle suitable for his return to the New York stage, and also taking in the various prize fights about town.

Would you please answer the following questions in your next issue of SCREEN BOOK? Is Francis Lederer married? What is his height and weight? Where would a letter reach him?—*Mrs. E. W. DeWitt, Portland, Oregon.*

No, he is not married but is reported to be unusually interested in a young lady named Steffi Duna, a Russian "flicker" star. Five feet ten inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. Address: Radio Pictures, Hollywood, California.

Is Herbert Marshall expected to return to the Hollywood front in the near future, and is he married? If so, to whom?—*An Admirer, Kansas City, Mo.*

Herbert Marshall will make his appearance within the very near future in a picture as yet untitled. Very much married to Edna Best of the New York and London stage. They were "blessed evented" recently with a fine baby daughter.

TRY THIS QUESTION AND ANSWER SERVICE!

What would you like to know about Hollywood and its screen favorites? Address any questions that interest you to Hollywood Information Bureau, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. The answers will be published promptly on this page.

Can you give me the height and weight of Jackie Cooper, his present salary, likes and dislikes? Is Norman Taurog the director his uncle?—*James Aswell, Chicago, Ill.*

Jackie's height is fifty-one inches. Weighs 73 lbs. Reported to be getting a salary of $1,300 a week. Likes tennis, airplanes, and geography. Particularly dislikes arithmetic. Yes, Norman Taurog is his uncle and mentor.

Is that reputed bitter rivalry between Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo an actual fact, and does Russ have operatic ambitions?—*Eileen Shoreham, Pelham Manor, New York.*

Nothing could be further from the truth. Russ attended the Crosby christening recently and gave the gossips quite a turn. Opera, Russ hopes to make his ultimate life's work.

What in your opinion was Katharine Hepburn's greatest fault in her Broadway play, *The Lake*? Will her supposedly poor performance affect her movie career?—*Winifred Gilbey, Milwaukee, Wis.*

To our mind Miss Hepburn's greatest fault was a throw-back to her recent screen ventures, namely that of "mugging" the audience instead of looking at her fellow players. But this difficulty has been overcome and she is now giving a performance worthy of her outstanding reputation.

No, her movie career will not be affected as there will be comparatively few of her followers who will have the opportunity of seeing her while in New York and the show will not go on the road.

Why did they say this?

"DON'T RUSH INTO MATRIMONY"

FACTS
for
WOMEN

Learn all the facts
This book is free

Blind to the changed conditions of today, some mothers still look at their young daughters a little sadly and apprehensively. Girls of twenty, in love, will *not* listen when they are advised "to wait a little longer" before they marry. They never have. They never will. They have never understood why their mothers tried to hold them back.

Women did have cause for worry

The matter of feminine hygiene was probably in these mothers' minds. That used to be a terrible dilemma. Poisonous compounds—or nothing at all? That was the only choice.

Doctors were sympathetic. But they could not advise the use of cresol and carbolic acid on sensitive tissues. There was no such thing—*in those days*—as a non-poisonous antiseptic that was powerful enough for the purpose.

Now Zonite—powerful, non-poisonous

One of the great new benefits to womankind is the modern antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*. Every woman should know about Zonite. How safe it is. How gentle it is. How *strong* it is.

Zonite is a truly *personal* antiseptic, designed and prepared for use on the human body. It provides surgical cleanliness with complete *safety*. It cannot burn or sear. It cannot cause any of those tragic happenings so likely to mar a woman's life. As to strength and effectiveness, even compared with the poisons, Zonite is outstandingly strong. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.

Use Zonite for feminine hygiene. Powerful and safe—it is ideal. Tell other women about Zonite. Surely you will not see them continue to use poisons when you are using Zonite yourself.

Both in liquid and semi-solid form

Zonite (the liquid) comes in bottles. You will find it in every drug store in the country: at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00. Then there is another form (semi-solid)—Zonite Suppositories. These are dainty, white forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. They are individually sealed: at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Some women prefer this semi-solid form. Others use both.

Send today for the much-discussed booklet, "Facts for Women." You will be impressed by its straightforwardness. You will profit by its teaching. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME...
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CITY.................................STATE...........
(*In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.*)

SPEAKING of PICTURES

By The Cinema Stooge

REMINISCENT of the days when Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri gave studio bosses gray hairs with their tantrums is the feud between two new favorites. When Dick Arlen's six-months-old tike replaced Baby LeRoy in *She Made Her Bed* because the latter was too old for the rôle, an effort was made to have the two shake hands. Instead of taking to the idea gracefully, Master LeRoy let fly a "sucker" punch and caught young Mr. Arlen square on the schnozzle. The feud is still on.

BLUE BOY, the famous porker featured in Will Rogers' *State Fair,* died recently. Like all cinema-actors, he left several grieving widows.

WHEN Margaret Sullavan disappeared for two days recently, later to show up with a "shiner" which she explained away by saying that she had fallen down while fishing, there were a lot of old meanies who questioned the veracity of her statement. They didn't seem to know how it is when a pickerel or a haddock flaps its flippers in one's face. We mentioned the incident to Jack Pearl, whom you know as the Baron Munchausen, and he mumbled something about amateur competition getting too stiff for him. But we believe you, Margaret. We believe you.

HOLLYWOOD stars who are suffering from pernicious attacks of inflated ego can take a lesson from Bing Crosby. Bing makes more money than most of them and there are few who have his natural talent. Further, Bing is not averse to letting his fans know that he considers himself just another human being—he swears, smokes, drinks, and doesn't mind being interviewed. The story on page 24 of this issue is typical of the man, and we recommend it to be taken straight, or with a chaser, by stars who have chronic cases of self-admiration.

NEVER have we witnessed a more delicious bit of comedy than the episode which took place in front of the Martin Beck theatre where Katharine Hepburn was appearing in *The Lake.* At SCREEN BOOK'S request, a villainous cameraman lurked in the shadows to snap a photograph of La Hepburn entering the stage door. It wasn't long before a big, black limousine rolled up to the curb. Cautiously, the chauffeur stepped out, peered furtively up and down the street and then opened the door, from which Kate's maid emerged and repeated the ritual—after which she beckoned to the depths of the back seat and the star herself hopped out.

Aforementioned villainous cameraman jumped from his hiding place, aiming his infernal machine at Kate, who shied like a frightened young steer and scurried for the stage door with her coat held high above her head. (See picture page 31.) Later, the cameraman, hoping to get a better pose, laid for Kate when the performance was over. But the actress, who faces cameras eight hours a day in Hollywood, sent word that she'd stay in her dressing room until doomsday rather than give the news camera a break.

"Sucker" punch victim

How *did* this happen?

Mama doesn't mind

"He buried a pal"

Meanwhile, in Washington, D. C., another Hepburn, Mrs. Thomas Norvell, the militant fighter in behalf of birth control, gladly posed for cameramen. To have her picture in the paper is good business—that's why Mama doesn't mind. It is good business for Katharine, too, only she doesn't know it—yet.

RUDY VALLEE'S hidden microphone may have helped him to bring his marriage farce with Fay Webb to a satisfactory conclusion, but we're wondering just how often the next Mrs. Vallée, when and if there is one, will want to use the telephone.

JOHN GILBERT, we suspect, takes his newspaper clippings a bit too seriously. When critics say that he is "the Gilbert of old," we agree emphatically. That is if they are speaking in terms of marriage failures and tempestuous temperament. A few months ago there was not a movie reporter in the land who wouldn't sprain both wrists on his typewriter hammering out glowing praise for the man whom they felt had been dealt a Joker by Fate. Today we can count them on our thumbs.

We are hardly in position to speak with authority concerning just where the fault lies for his split with Virginia Bruce—and it really is none of our business—so we'll stop right here. Otherwise, we might be tempted to say what we *really* thought of his performance in *Queen Christina.*

PERSONAL to Mae West: Are you going to let Maxie Baer get away with what he says about you on page 48 of this issue? Our guess is that you won't and we are promising our readers your reply in May SCREEN BOOK. Come on, Mae, lets see you deliver the sock that will send Maxie to the showers a much tamer gentleman!

RECENTLY in New York a shoe-string play producer by the name of Earl Simmons heeded the final curtain call. At his death, Simmons, who had been up one minute and down the next through his picturesque span of life, was penniless. Only one among all those he'd helped along the road remembered and came to the rescue. SCREEN BOOK is happy to reprint the words of Paul Gerard Smith, who commented on this episode in Rob Wagner's *Script:*

"One guy who knew him when volunteered. One guy told them to give him the best and he'd pay the freight. An actor, a guy who had worked in one of his flops; an actor who, in his crazy exuberant way, slipped one time recently, and the great gods of the movies thumbed down on him. But he came through like a gentleman. He buried a pal; *he* didn't forget. The guy's name is Lee Tracy."

SCREEN BOOK

APRIL, 1934

What About Censorship?

Questioned by a SCREEN BOOK reporter, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt asks a New Deal for the movies

By
Everetta Love

"NO! CENSORSHIP is not necessary."

The First Lady paused long enough in the busy routine of her White House duties to give me her ideas on that subject.

"I am opposed to censorship in any form," she said. "I think improvements should come about naturally. If left to itself, I believe the public will eventually reject what is worst in the movies, radio, or any field of entertainment, and select only the best.

"It is the duty of any art to elevate," she continued, "instead of 'playing down' to what is believed to be the public taste. But it can't be done consciously and through the use of censors.

"People always resent being reformed or educated, if you make a point of it," she said. "I think it can best be done in an indirect way.

"Even as we learned in the prohibition era that you can't make people quit drinking by forbidding them to, so, in the movies, or any other entertainment field, you can't make the public accept only the best things because the bad elements have been struck out by censors."

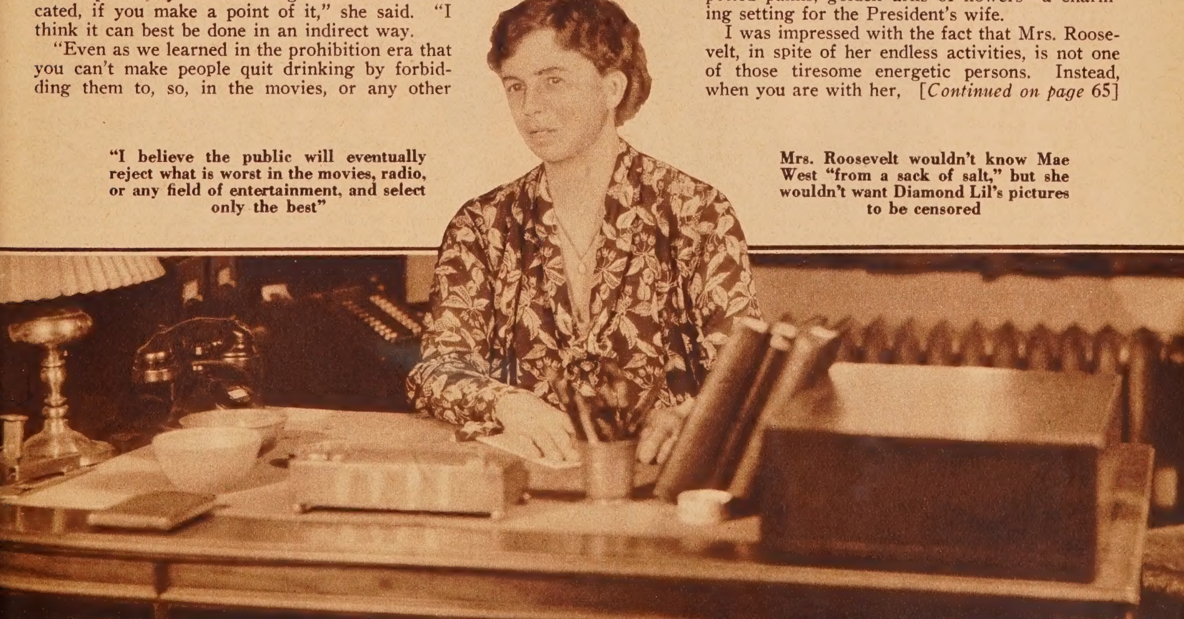
Leave the public alone to make it's own decisions about what is good and bad, and it will, after a time, select what is good and reject the bad, is Mrs. Roosevelt's belief.

There were Puritans and many blue-law promoters among her ancestors, no doubt, but she is modern to her finger-tips —this First Lady of ours—and tolerance is one of her shining virtues . . . tolerance and a deep faith in the distinctive dignity of America.

SHE is dignity incarnate, I thought, as I talked with her—and yet she is so delightfully informal—puts one instantly at ease.

We were in one of the small reception rooms on the first floor of the White House. It was a red room with white-panelled walls, a marble fireplace, potted palms, golden urns of flowers—a charming setting for the President's wife.

I was impressed with the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt, in spite of her endless activities, is not one of those tiresome energetic persons. Instead, when you are with her, [*Continued on page* 65]



"I believe the public will eventually reject what is worst in the movies, radio, or any field of entertainment, and select only the best"

Mrs. Roosevelt wouldn't know Mae West "from a sack of salt," but she wouldn't want Diamond Lil's pictures to be censored

"I Am NOT Jane Doe!"

Alice Faye and Rudy Vallée as they appear in George White's *Scandals.* Lovers on the screen—good friends only in private life

Presenting the first exclusive interview with Rudy Vallée's discovery, Alice Faye

By *Lew Garvey*

Fay Webb and Rudy Vallée just before the crash of their romance which started a headline spree that led eventually to the discovery of a lovely new screen star in the person of Rudy's charming young blues singer

AFTER being swept up in a flurry of headlines and whirled across the nation to Hollywood and a job in the movies, pretty twenty-one-year-old Alice Faye was still bewildered when she faced this writer to grant the only exclusive interview concerning her part in the famous Rudy Vallée-Fay Webb divorce battle.

"I am not the 'other woman' in this divorce case," Alice insisted. "It had to be someone, of course, and so it happened that someone had to be me. When a real name is lacking, 'Jane Doe' usually fits in, and there is not a particle of truth in the newspaper talk that I am one of the 'Jane Does' mentioned in Fay Webb's alimony action."

The blue eyes of Alice Faye flashed fire as she labeled the landslide of newspaper stories that are feeding a scandal-hungry public as "cruel publicity." Alice is actually just a child, an eighteen-year-old-girl born and reared on Twelfth Avenue in New York City. Her interest in Rudy Vallée is wholly one of real gratitude for it was he who believed she had real talent, he who gave her her first real chance, signed her to a personal contract and saved her from making the heart-breaking [*Continued on page* 56]

Threatened Bankruptcy — Blackmail — Secret Marriages

Secrets *that* Torture *the* Stars

Hollywood has a new commandment to protect its family skeletons

By Eric L. Ergenbright

THOU SHALT NOT LOSE FACE!

That is the eleventh and most important of Hollywood's commandments—the one unwritten law that every star must and does obey!

If you are a screen star and. . . .

You have a family skeleton in the closet of that Beverly Hills mansion . . . or your finances are dwindling and you can't find a job . . . or your husband is seeing too much of that seductive blonde next door. . . .

KEEP FACE! Wear a debonair, all's-right-with-the-world smile and guard your secret from the thousands of prying eyes and the thousands of wagging tongues in this most inquisitive, most gossipy of towns. You're a public idol—and the public jeers just as promptly as it applauds! And remember! You're not the first Hollywood star who has walked in terror of a secret.

Hollywood, itself, worships success more abjectly than does any other community on earth. Every rising star is trailed by his swarm of sycophants and "chisellers." Every falling star is left to fall alone.

The Movie Colony is easily impressed, over-prone to judge its members by external appearances. Johnny Doe drives a gold-plated Rolls, rents a fourteen room house, has his clothes tailored by the right tailors and week-ends in Palm Springs; ergo, Johnny must be a successful actor. It is quite possible, of course, that John is listed with every collection agency in Southern California, but that makes no difference.

Even the studio executives, who theoretically at least, are hard-boiled business men, kowtow to a show of prosperity and award their favors to those who maintain the best "front." Consider the amusing experience of Irene Rich. . . .

Several years ago, after being "between engagements" (Hollywood's own term used to dodge that humiliating expression, "out of work") for many months, Irene was summoned by one of the studio czars. A good part was in prospect.

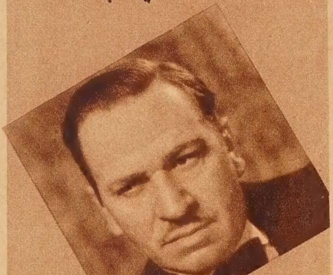
Knowing her purse-conscious Hollywood, she invested—on credit—in a new and very luxurious wardrobe, assumed her most complacent smile and swept like a princess on parade into the producer's sanctum.

The "conference" soon touched the dangerous shoals of salary, and Irene, concealing the secret of her desperate circumstances by an heroic effort, named a figure higher than she ever had received.

"But you've been out of pictures for months!" the producer objected scathingly.

"I've made several hundred thousand in real estate," announced Irene with fine disdain—and got the rôle at her own price!

What secret once terrified Gloria Swanson?



What did Wallace Beery do about blackmail?

Did Ann Harding fear a secretary's threats?

GLORIA SWANSON, wading knee-deep in attachments and foreclosures, apparently "through" in pictures, may have walked in terror of a secret—between trips in a $16,000 limousine to Hollywood's most exclusive shops—but Cinematown never saw her without a self-assured smile and all the outward evidence of unbounded prosperity.

Instead of retrenching, she increased her staff of servants, bought new furs and jewels, gave more prodigal parties than before, incurred a new host of debts — and Hollywood, completely dazzled, returned her to stardom. Hundreds of other stars, encountering terrifying set-backs, have pursued the same course. You're never whipped, in Hollywood, until you, yourself, admit it. Hollywood accepts people at their own appraisal.

Every star, knowing that the public loves to tear down the idols it has erected, dreads adverse publicity and scandal as he would death. And in that dread lies the blackmailer's strangle-hold on Hollywood. Blackmail has swept the colony like a plague. So prevalent has it become that Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles County, has [*Continued on page 77*]

Extortion Plots — Divorce Scandal — Impostors — Hidden Love Affairs

BING Says a Mouthful

He didn't know he was talking for publication. That's how Bing Crosby happened to reveal this remarkable story

By J. Brien Chapman

ONCE I wanted Bing Crosby to give his army of film and radio admirers some advice on success in either field. Rules for becoming a public idol, or something of the sort. Did I get to first base? No!

"Listen," says Bing, "I'm not that egotistical. I don't even know how I got wherever I am, let alone how anybody else would get anywhere."

Sort of final, eh?

Then, quite by accident, I got something from Bing that seems to me to be something far more illuminating; something from which young men and women can glean both information and inspiration.

I happened to stroll past him the other day, but he was engaged in such an earnest conversation with Stuart Erwin that I wouldn't have butted in, if Stu hadn't called me.

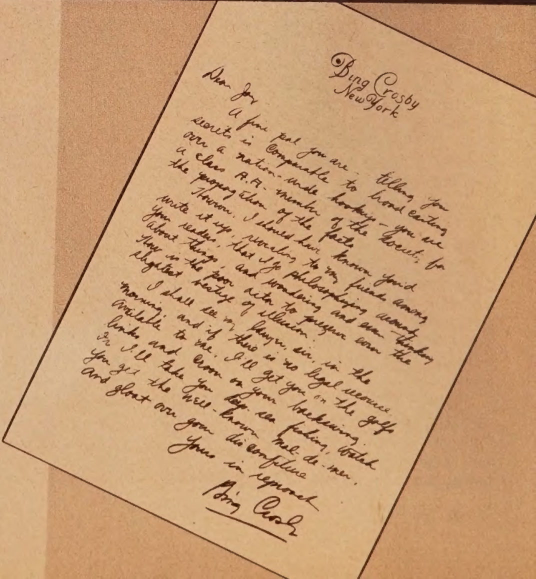
"Hey, are you a small town boy?" he asked.

"It's not a gag. We want to know," added Bing.

When I pleaded guilty as charged, they slapped me on the back and nodded triumphantly at each other.

"You see, you can tell 'em," Bing declared. "They're different. Take this mug as Exhibit A. Years of newspaper work on big-town papers haven't disguised his country origin. And you, Stu, got your individuality from that California

[*Continued on page* 78]



Bing Crosby
New York

Dear Jay
A fine pal you are, telling your secrets is comparable to broadcasting over a nation-wide hookup—you are a class A.A. member of the Society for the propagation of the facts.
However, I should have known you'd write it up, revealing to my friends among your readers, that I go philosophying around about things, and wondering and even thinking. How is the poor actor to preserve even the slightest vestige of illusion.
I shall see my lawyer, sir, in the morning, and if there is no legal recourse available to me, I'll get you on the golf links and crow on your backswing. Or I'll take you deep sea fishing, watch you get the well-known mal-de-mer, and gloat over your discomfiture.
Yours in reproach
Bing Crosby

Hollywood News in Portraits

JEAN PARKER

As "Mazie" in *Two Alone,* Jean proved that she has talent far beyond her years. Now the orders are to give her bigger and better rôles at her home studio, M-G-M.

HOLLYWOOD'S *Newest* SCREEN LOVERS

CLARK *and* CLAUDETTE

Clark Gable is again the swaggering he-man in *It Happened One Night*. And Claudette Colbert is the beautiful heroine with whom he falls suddenly and violently in love after their chance meeting on a cross-country bus journey. To this pair of celluloid lovers, SCREEN BOOK awards the month's prize for the most feverish of current camera romances

TWO JEANS *Surprise* HOLLYWOOD

JEAN CONNERS

Just sixteen years old, Jean Connors is already on the way to movie fame, having amazed studio bosses with her work in *Blonde Poison*. She is in the front rank of Hollywood's younger generation of players

JEAN HOWARD

Another Jean who has promise of a fine future is the lovely Miss Howard, who prepares for her first day's work at M-G-M studios by taking a brisk morning canter through Hollywood's hills

SCREEN BOOK'S *New* DISCOVERIES

Shirley Ross and Ann Sothern

Above: Demure Ann Sothern, who attracts much attention in *Let's Fall in Love.* Left: Once a blues singer with Gus Arnheim's band, Shirley Ross has won a movie contract and appears on the screen for the first time in the technicolor short, *Reformania*

LOVE is the BUNK!

—that's what Adolphe Menjou thought, but he's changed his mind now. Read why!

By
MARCELLA
BURKE

Hollywood's newest lovers, Adolphe and Veree, are headed straight for the altar

WHEN Adolphe Menjou fell in love with Kathryn Carver, several years ago, Hollywood was surprised. Matrimony had never seemed quite in Adolphe's line, and as things turned out the dapper sophisticate's marriage did fail as generally predicted. And from this heart disaster Adolphe emerged, embittered and according to his own statement a poorer man. "Love," he said quite emphatically, "is the bunk!"

But let me tell you what has happened to the man who only recently swore that he would never marry again. Just a few months ago he met Veree Teasdale, and from the moment of their first meeting Adolphe became a different person. His eyes lost their bitter expression of cynicism. His conversation became less violent. He was head over heels in love, and that was that.

But he refused to talk about it to anyone. He didn't have to. It was apparent to the world that Menjou had found his ultimate dream.

I lunched with the crazy happy couple one day at the Vendôme. Their happiness and lively idiotic glee was contagious.

Veree Teasdale was in a powder-blue light woolen suit. Her hat was the same color. She wore a bunch of fresh violets which matched her eyes. She was radiant.

Adolphe had already ordered clam chowder for the two of them. I was three minutes late. He roared at me.

"You've practically ruined my day for me.

[*Continued on page* 62]

Miss Teasdale, the Sophisticate's Dream Girl

Putting Hepburn

Did Katharine Hepburn really fail on Broadway? Why all this "secrecy" about her husband? Will news sleuths break down her reserve? Will she go up or down now that she is a great box office star? Read the answers in this final instalment of Hepburn's private life story

Katharine Hepburn as she appeared in her much-criticized New York play, *The Lake*

How the Critics Razzed Her

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following criticism of Percy Hammond, writing about Katharine Hepburn's performance for The New York Herald Tribune, is one of the more gentle "pannings" flung at her by theatrical critics.

"It is a fierce light that beats on Broadway thrones exposing their occupants to examination by the most eagle-eyed of the so-called drama jurists. Possibly Miss Hepburn, young, recently graduated from Bryn Mawr and blinded by Hollywood's magic lanterns, did not know this when she selected *The Lake* as a springboard for her talents and ambitions. . . . The principal fault in Miss Hepburn's ascent is not so much her inefficiency as an artist as it is her inability to know a feeble ritual from a strong one . . ."

"*MY PRIVATE life is my own!*" maintains Katharine Hepburn. And the stormy petrel of the RKO lot has made every effort to keep it so. She has steadfastly refused to answer any questions about her husband or her marriage. In fact, she is likely to become slightly rabid when an attempt is made to scale the wall which she has built around her personal life.

Just before she left Hollywood for New York a reporter asked her: "Is it true that you are going East to divorce your husband?"

"*What* husband?" she asked disdainfully.

She insists that she doesn't want to be publicized and absolutely refuses to cooperate with the studio publicity department.

"Some day I may beg you for publicity," she tells them quite frankly, "but right now I don't want it."

If anyone dares to approach her with routine questions about the kind of perfume she uses, beauty hints, her favorite sport or hobby, the answers to which furnish grist for movie magazines, she either turns on her heel in disgust or makes some scornful or unprintable reply.

Just before she made her last flying trip to New York someone in the publicity department had the bright idea of taking out a half million dollar insurance policy on her life. It would have been a good news story and, in view of her value to the studio, legitimate. But when the matter was put up to Hepburn she said disgustedly: "NERTS!" Her contention was that such a story would make her look ridiculous.

And yet, inconsistently enough, she was quite delighted when the papers got

on the SPOT

By
Grace Mack

This comic picture of Katharine Hepburn was snapped by a SCREEN BOOK cameraman who ambushed her outside the theatre where the star was appearing in *The Lake.* Katy is peeved at the lens hounds and refuses to pose for them

—Bachrach

"How can I be ecstatic unless my toes are free to curl?" Thus Katharine Hepburn explains why she seldom wears shoes while emoting before the camera

How Hepburn Took It

TO ONE and all of her New York critics, Katharine Hepburn frankly admitted that her play *The Lake* was not the success she anticipated, and that although the production gave her much valuable experience she never would have attempted it had she known what the result would be.

But towards newspaper reporters, Katharine still maintains a hostile attitude, despite all the threats and pleas of influential scribes who demand that she "tell all" about her private life.

That she can take "razzing" with a grin is shown by her intense amusement at the impersonation of a night club performer who characterized her as "Society talking through its nose." Katharine, sitting in the front row on the evening of this episode, applauded the performer with genuine appreciation.

hold of the story about her attending the Hollywood preview of *Little Women.* No one knew she was in the audience and just before the lights went on she slipped out through a side exit, unnoticed. The exit opened on an alley. It was pouring rain and rather than face the crowd which was coming out of the theatre she hid in the alley in the rain for half an hour.

This story would certainly seem to make Miss Hepburn appear considerably more ridiculous than the story about the insurance policy would have done. But not, apparently, in her opinion for when she read the story she said: "Now I like stories like that about me."

Those who have observed Hepburn "on the spot" as it were are convinced that her attitude regarding publicity is all a part of a carefully conceived plan to arouse the public's curiosity about herself.

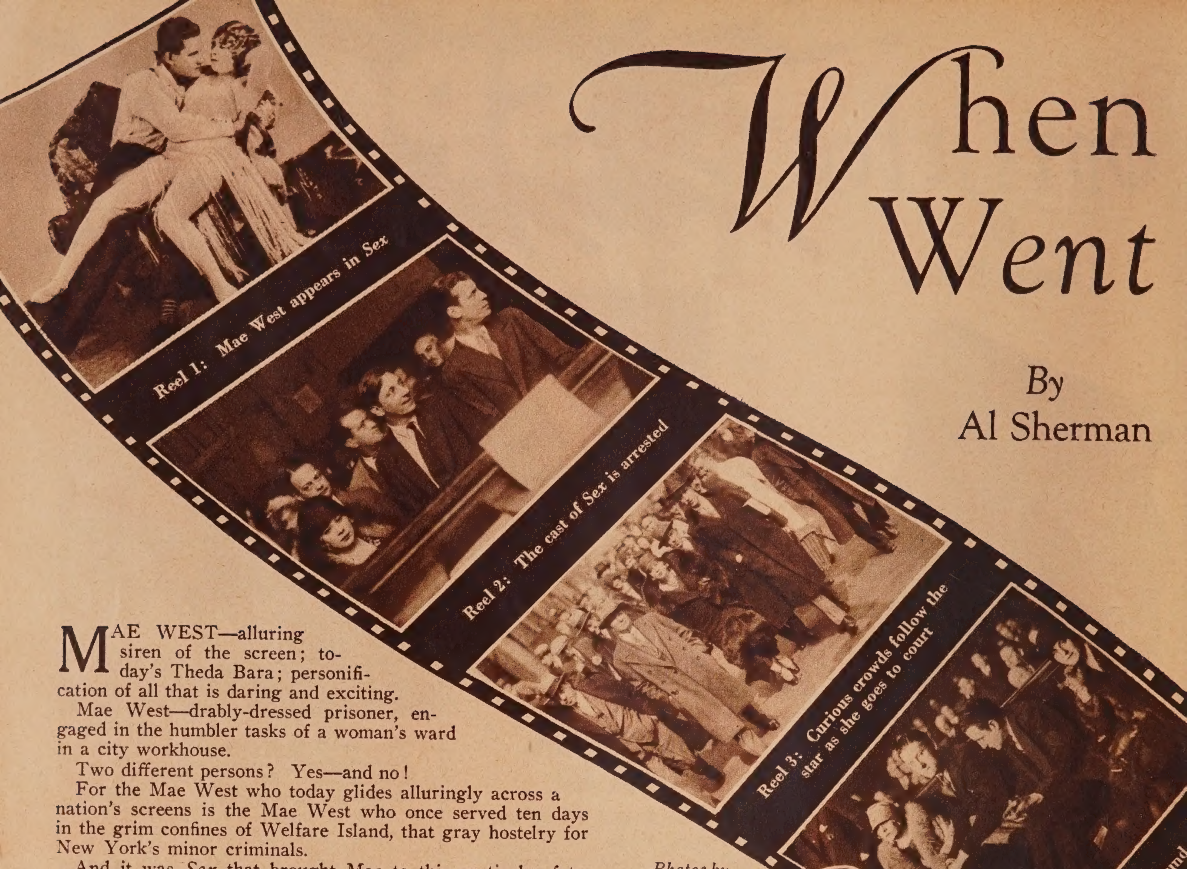
Her reluctance to talk about her marriage and her husband, however, goes deeper, I think, than this.

From one who has known her intimately since she was a leggy little freckle-faced kid I learned that she has always had a shyness about showing any deeply personal emotion; and that even as a youngster she would pretend to be casually indifferent about things which touched her closely, in order to hide her real feelings.

Actually, [*Continued on page* 74]

When
Went

By
Al Sherman



Reel 1: Mae West appears in Sex

Reel 2: The cast of Sex is arrested

Reel 3: Curious crowds follow the star as she goes to court

Reel 4: Mae is found

MAE WEST—alluring siren of the screen; today's Theda Bara; personification of all that is daring and exciting.

Mae West—drably-dressed prisoner, engaged in the humbler tasks of a woman's ward in a city workhouse.

Two different persons? Yes—and no!

For the Mae West who today glides alluringly across a nation's screens is the Mae West who once served ten days in the grim confines of Welfare Island, that gray hostelry for New York's minor criminals.

And it was *Sex* that brought Mae to this particular fate. *Sex,* a play that ran for nearly a year, before a District Attorney decided its tawdry drama had implications tending to corrupt the morals of those minors who might have seen the play. And this, mind you, many, many months after the play had kept its long cast busy reciting their lines in the moth-eaten hall then known as Daly's 63rd Street Theatre, once one of New York's better-known homes of the drama.

I can remember the trial, early in 1927, that made Mae West the victim of an outraged populace. I remember it well, for at that time, working for a theatrical weekly, I was an interested spectator. That trial had drama and comedy; laughter and tears; it proved Mae West to be a thoroughbred in more ways than one, even if her family never boasted a listing in the Social Register and her name does not head those mentioned in society columns.

But before I go into a further study of Mae West, the prisoner, I'd like to go into a little history.

The Captive, that play from the French, which had for its theme the morally-uncertain story of woman's love for woman, had its appearance on Broadway late in 1926. Its arrival on the Broadway scene was the signal for the expected uproar from reformers, clergymen, professional objectors and others. The play closed, but public outcry, raging against *The Captive,* turned to *Sex,* a bold tale of a maiden who loved well, but none too wisely.

Mae West was credited as author and star of this particular dramatic episode which had for its producer one C. William Morgenstern and as his associate the James Timmony who today is Mae's best friend, severest critic and financial guardian.

The public and the district attorney, looking for a scapegoat, found it in *Sex.* "Here, here," they cried, "you can't put such naughty stuff on the stage. Why it's disgusting, outrageous, against all public morals and decency!"

Photos by Wide World and International News

During the sensational trial Mae is visited by the late Texas Guinan

Mae West to JAIL

For the first time! The dramatic story of the episode which sent Mae West on the road to Fame

Mae West today—charming, lovely and gracious, at the top because she learned to be a trouper when trouping was the hardest and public opinion was most severe

So, forthwith, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Miss West, Messrs. Morgenstern and Timmony, and the members of the cast, some twenty-odd. And, on February 16, 1927, more than a year after *Sex* had had its fling on the stage of Daly's 63rd Street Theatre, Mae and her associates were arraigned in West Side Court in Manhattan and then held for General Sessions for trial by jury.

The specific charge was giving an immoral performance and maintaining a public nuisance.

And, in March 1927, Mae went to trial. The courtroom was crowded. That grapevine telegraph which warns us all of interesting events to happen saw to it that attention was focused upon the dingy courtroom which housed this year-late travesty on justice.

JUST picture the scene: The crowded courtroom throughout those stormy March days which make life in New York so miserable during that month, Mae, blonde and unperturbed, seated beside Morgenstern and Timmony and their counsel. The other defendants in benches behind them.

The young assistant district attorney, aware that the eyes of a city were upon him, was calling witness after witness. Some were serious; some were amusing—all told their stories quickly or slowly, under the goading lash of the prosecutor.

One day on the witness chair, we find Al Rigali, stage manager of *Sex*. Listen to what he had to say about Mae and her performance in the show:

"There's no real kissing on the stage. The art of makeup contributes to the delusion that the players actually kiss."

And then Rigali went on to explain that Mae's dancing in the play was just the common garden variety of syncopation; that there was nothing suggestive in the manner in which she wiggled her hips or arched her body during a dance routine.

One of the defense attorneys, determined to put in a good word for his client, compared her work with that of [*Continued on page* 68]

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION N.Y.

Reel 5: Jail doors yawn

Reel 6: Mae prefers to ride in the "Black Maria"

Reel 7: Mae says goodbye to her good friend, the warden

After reading this story, you'll know why the author turned a deaf ear to Rosemary Ames' plea

"Don't Write Anything About My Baby!"

By Dorothy Spensley

"All I ask of life is the right to work hard!"

AN EX-HUSBAND and an adored daughter, aged five, in Chicago; a current husband in London; and the mingled feelings of motherhood thwarted and love denied. These are the things that Rosemary Ames, Hollywood's newest dramatic discovery, is trying to forget by the simple expedient of hard work.

And Hollywood looks, wonders, and says she "lives like a nun."

"Please, please, don't write anything about my baby," she said to me, tears rising to meet the grey-blue of her eyes. "By the time she is old enough to know about things, I shall either be a very, very old actress—or dead."

At Fox Films little is said about the marital status of this tall (five feet six inches), golden-haired actress. Listed as a likely candidate for stardom, following her first American film *I Believed in You* with John Boles and Victor Jory, the off-screen heart interests of Rosemary Ames remain almost as mystifying as on the October day in 1933 when she stepped from the transcontinental train at Los Angeles, eluded the news photographers, had to be captured at the curb and returned to the train platform for the camera-hounds' benefit.

Few Hollywood people realize that under her cool, entirely urbane exterior, and her light bantering conversation, Rosemary Ames is fighting the age-old battle of a mother who longs for her absent child. Divorce gave her first husband, Ogden Ketting, Chicago broker, the right to rear their little daughter. The heartaches that surrounded the occasion of this marital shipwreck, when so much was at stake, are left untold. The only witnesses to the tragic break-up are the facts. After three years of matrimony, Rosemary Ames Ketting, born and reared in Evanston, Illinois, secured a divorce in Grasse, near Nice, France.

Two years ago, after having launched upon an English theatrical career, she married Bertie Meyer, London theatrical manager. It was not a "rebound"

[*Continued on page* 71]

Is Mary *Still In* LOVE?

In which Mary Pickford talks about new freedom and unconsciously reveals her heart's secret

By B. F. Wilson

Today—**Mary, blaming no one for love's failure, is trying to regain her happiness**

WHEN the whole world woke up one morning recently to read in glaring headlines that Mary Pickford had filed suit for divorce against Douglas Fairbanks every other important news story was crowded from the front pages.

Mary and Doug—the ideal couple of Hollywood splitting up! It was inconceivable! They had represented everything that was fine and decent in the movie industry for so many years. Married twelve years ago under the most romantic circumstances, it seemed utterly impossible that these two could now face separation.

The very opposite character of the two had seemed to be a fundamental bond between them. That she worshipped him was obvious in all their life together. That he loved her was taken for granted by the world at large. But of recent years, to her intimate friends, it became apparent that the two were drifting apart. Douglas seemed to find it necessary to make long voyages to distant lands. Mary found herself quite alone in the huge echoing thirty odd rooms of Pickfair. I am quite sure she never uttered a single word of reproach when he returned from these trips. I know for a fact that more than once, when the many-headed monster of gossip started galloping on the wind due to Doug's long absences, Mary made trips of her own to stifle these rumors, [*Continued on page* 76]

Ten Years Ago

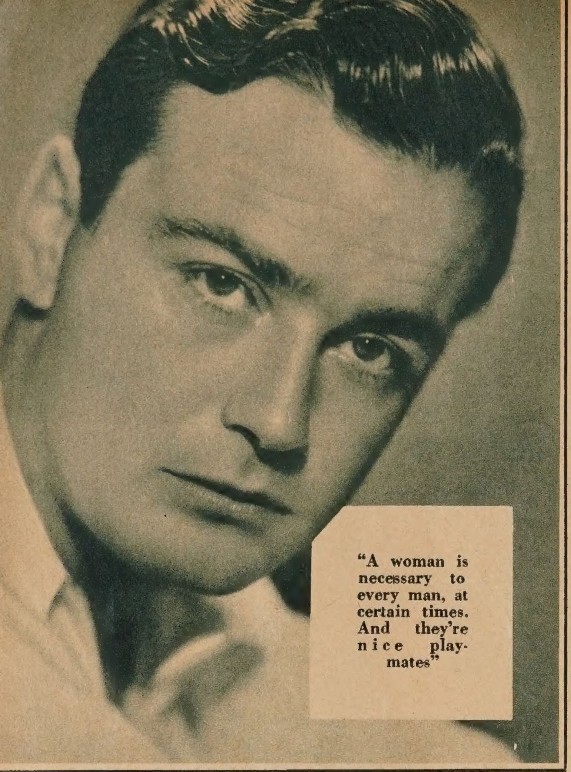
Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks were the pride and joy of Hollywood

During 1931

Doug's frequent jaunts around the world began to shake the pillars of their happiness

And then in 1933

Doug, Jr.'s divorce was closely followed by the sudden, unexplained separation of the famous family's elder members



"A woman is necessary to every man, at certain times. And they're nice playmates"

"You Can't Marry Me Off!

Lew Ayres gets cagey on the subject of marriage

By Frank R. Walsh

HOLLYWOOD can certainly put an actor in a tough spot when it says he's going to marry this or that girl. As one star once put it, a fellow practically *has* to marry the girl, even though he may scarcely know her, to save her honor!

Anyway, that's probably the reason why Lew Ayres has so consistently refused to talk for publication about Ginger Rogers, with whom Hollywood gossip has him "practically married."

Lew, being a gentleman, doesn't want to affirm or deny in public. Anything he says might be wrong. And talking about such a really good friend as Ginger Rogers, of whom he unquestionably is very fond, makes the matter doubly delicate. You just can't explain Hollywood gossip except by marrying the girl or publicly jilting her, or having her jilt you, and when neither party has any intention of making an "honest man" or "honest woman" out of the other, the only refuge is silence.

Privately, though, to folks Lew knows will understand him, he declares he will not marry again.

"I do *not* plan to try another marriage," he told one very good friend. "A woman is necessary to every man, of course, at certain times. And they're nice playmates. But that's as much as they mean to me now. When I seek real companionship, I want to be with men."

Very well, Lew. That settles the matter—except for one very important little question. Do you mean it?

To one who knows Lew, there's a subtle note of flippancy in his statement. "Nice playmates!" "Necessary to every man, at certain times!" It makes one think that Lew is laughing when he says such things; laughing at himself.

It bespeaks of a mental reservation. He may not have made a resolution to marry Ginger Rogers or any other girl just at this time, yet he knows he's kidding himself, if no one else, by being so positive about it. There's an inner voice that tells him: "Now you know, old son, that's a lot of bunk. You're just the sort who might take the leap again tomorrow, and have to face a lot of kidding from your friends to whom you said you'd never marry again."

LEW, let us make clear, has a thin brittle coating of carelessness that cloaks the soul of a romantic sentimentalist. Just because he *is* the one thing, he assumes a defensive crust of the other. Despite a marriage and divorce, he's still boyishly afraid of being considered sentimental.

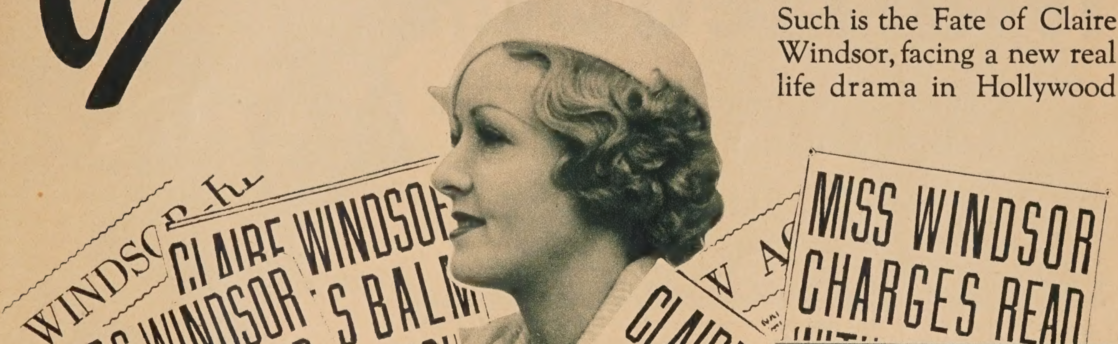
His romance with Lola Lane was [*Continued on page* 64]

About Ginger Rogers, to whom he is reported engaged, Lew Ayres says little, and the less he says the more Hollywood insists that the two will wed soon

Extra
SCREEN BOOK TABLOID
NEWS ★★★
APRIL, 1934

Too Beautiful!

Such is the Fate of Claire Windsor, facing a new real life drama in Hollywood



By Welford Dickson

IF THE crowding of the court's calendar does not move the case too far head, Claire Windsor, the girl who is "too beautiful," will again be facing a judge and jury by the time you read this.

In case you're not familiar with the details of the sensational alienation of affections suit brought against Miss Windsor by Marian Y. Read, now scheduled for re-trial, here are the facts in a nutshell:

1. Mrs. Read last spring sued Miss Windsor for allegedly stealing the affections of her husband, Alfred C. Read, broker, amateur boxer and socialite. She placed the value of her husband's regard for her at $100,000.

2. The trial, held in September, 1933, before Superior Judge Joseph P. Sproul and a jury of twelve in Los Angeles, lasted three weeks. At the end, the jury awarded Mrs. Read the verdict, granting damages against Miss Windsor of $75,000.

Claire Windsor finds her career at a standstill until she can clear herself of charges that she stole the affections of Alfred C. Read, Jr.

Claire with Deputy District Attorney Bonner Richardson, preparing new steps to reverse a verdict which she and friends claim was handed down because she was too beautiful

3. Claiming the verdict was awarded by a jury "under influence of passion and prejudice," attorneys for Miss Windsor immediately asked Judge Sproul to set aside the verdict. A stay was granted.

4. Failing to have the verdict set aside, a motion for a new trial was made, and the date set for a hearing.

5. Miss Windsor charged Read, who had been her witness during the trial, with the theft of $11 from her purse. When the hearing came up, Read was found guilty and sentenced to 30 days in jail, which he began serving December 8, 1933.

6. Meanwhile, on November 10, 1933, Judge Sproul granted the plea for a new trial, remarking officially: "Under all the circumstances disclosed by the records in this case, I am constrained to hold that the verdict in the sum of $75,000 is so excessive and unreasonable as to raise the presumption of passion and prejudice."

So much for the case as it appeared in the public print. But behind it was a skein of

[*Continued on page* 64]

Is Garbo Married?

A news sleuth reports on the latest Garbo mystery

By Don Harris

GARBO'S HUSBAND? Rouben Mamoulian won't tell reporters

THE Scandinavian Sphinx of Hollywood has friends who are not nearly so reticent as Greta Garbo herself, but even these swear they are ignorant, at this writing, of the star's marital status.

Is Greta married to her director, Rouben Mamoulian?

Was her trip to Arizona and New Mexico with him a honeymoon? Or was it, like a similar trip Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw took, a pre-honeymoon tour? Is she doing a Fifi D'orsay "trial honeymoon" on us?

"Greta was never more in love in her life," I am told by someone who is close enough to the star to know whereof she speaks. "The Gilbert affair, you know, was in some respects a rather child-like one. Gossip to the contrary, Greta's relationship with the director who brought her to this country, Mauritz Stiller, was distinctly a platonic one. Stiller was her guardian, sponsor, mentor, and father-like friend.

"The famous Garbo-Gilbert romance, therefore, was like a first-love dream to Greta. This with Mamoulian is different. It is the wise, thoughtful but all-powerful love of a woman emotionally mature. But marriage? Who knows? If they were taking these trips together, going everywhere together in Europe, I'd say without hesitation that there would be no marriage. I think they both distrust the institution. But here in America it is different. People in the public eye are almost forced into marriages by sheer pressure of such rumors as those which now pursue Greta and Rouben. Even those who are not so obviously in love.

So that may happen to these two, despite the fact that so far, Greta at least has succeeded against all odds in living her own life here in her own peculiar way.

"No, all of Greta's friends here are as much in the dark as I am about her plans for marriage, if any. As you know, I am in one group or clique that has little contact with another group with which she is intimate, yet we do meet, and inevitably have exchanged views on the subject of this romance. I can assure you they are as ignorant as ourselves.

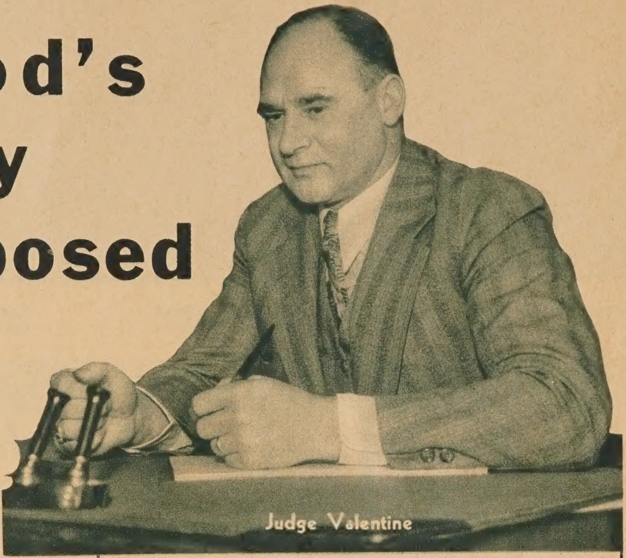
"Greta and Rouben may have been married in Arizona. They may have been married in Mexico on a trip taken before the [*Continued on page* 70]

MARRIED? Garbo isn't talking

Hollywood's Alimony Racket Exposed

Celebrated attorneys deplore heavy alimony money paid by Hollywood husbands

By Eric L. Ergenbright



Judge Valentine

A Famous Jurist Criticises Greedy Movie Wives

California alimony laws are often harsh and unjust, in the opinion of Judge Dudley S. Valentine, who reviews hundreds of divorce cases each year. The threat of jail, even though reversals of fortune may make it impossible for a divorced husband to pay, is branded as unfair by this justly popular judge who is frequently forced to pass decisions with which he is not always entirely in sympathy, due to the laws of the state.

THAT ancient bromide, "It's the woman who pays and p-a-ys," may be a humorous gag to the rest of the world—but to the alimony-ridden males of Hollywood, it's justifiable cause for homicide, insult added to grievous injury, a crimson flag waved in the face of a goaded bull!

Hollywood is an alimony mine, a twentieth-century Golconda which every year yields a golden horde to its fair miners—and how those beauteous ladies, given a lawyer, a champagne taste, a sensation-hungry newspaper and the public's attention, can dig! It's no secret in Hollywood that, on numerous occasions, they have dug their erstwhile mates right out of lucrative jobs and, finally, out of the picture industry.

The average screen star occupies a unique position. His earnings—for a few peak years—are tremendous, and then, professionally, he dies. With his stardom passes his earning power—but not his alimony bills. Like "Ol' Man River," they go on and on forever.

Alimony almost wrecked the career of Director Marshall Neilan

Alimony trouble is one reason James Hall faded out of stardom

Theoretically, of course, the law provides for a reduction of alimony on presentation of proof-positive that the payor's income has dwindled. Actually—what with crowded court dockets, contradictory testimony and the ex-star's own justifiable and business-like horror of admitting his professional decline, the amputation is usually performed too late to save the patient.

Take, for example, the case of Marshall Neilan, one of the best directors who ever flourished a megaphone or wore puttees. According to Judge Dudley S. Valentine, who presides in the Department of Domestic Relations of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, alimony was the reef on which Neilan's career, already adrift, was completely wrecked.

At the time of his divorce, Mickey's salary was considerably more than $1000 a week, every week, and the amount of alimony which he should pay was fixed accordingly.

But the wheel of fortune spins with giddy rapidity in Filmtown and, two years or so later, the Neilan earnings had dropped to such an ebb that he could no longer keep up his alimony payments. His ex-wife being adamant, he found himself confronted by two alternatives; either to go to jail for contempt of court—and stay there

[*Continued on page 72*]

Goal! Dorothy Lee, a mean little skating champion, shows two hockey stars at Hollywood's indoor rink how it's done

Funnyman Charlie Butterworth with his wife and their two aristocratic dogs—wire-haired Jerry and Otto, the Dachshund

ALL OVER THE HOLLYWOOD

BY - J. BRIEN CHAPMAN

Jeanette MacDonald is visited by Lily Pons, the opera star. Captain, Jeanette's prize sheep dog, insisted on being in on the picture

JUST for fun your reporter quietly followed Will Rogers for several blocks along Hollywood Boulevard to see if anyone would recognize him. The crowds rushed right by with nary a glance at Will—except one man who shied off as though he expected to be touched for a handout. But at the corner two small boys spied him and whooped their recognition.

"How did you know I was Clark Gable?" Will demanded. But the youngsters shouted him down, and the last I saw of the trio they were sipping orange juice, the treats being on Will.

JACK LARUE, the big bad man of the movies, fainted the other day when he had to smoke a cigar in front of the cameras. It seems that Jack had never been able to conquer the weed, and when he had to puff on a big black one under hot studio lights for ten minutes he turned green and toppled over.

IF SANDRA SHAW is responsible, she will be given a vote of thanks by the citizens of Hollywood. Meaning that Sandra must have been the one to convince Gary that he should paint that eye torturing yellow and green car of his a modest gray.

JOSEF VON STERNBERG may tell Marlene Dietrich just how to act, but he can't do the same with Sam Jaffe, the famous Broadway actor. It is said that Sam walked indignantly off the set of *The Scarlet Empress* as a protest against Von's coaching in the histrionic art. And as he left, he hurled over his shoulder the scathing words: "Who taught *you* drama? Hitler?" Maybe that's just a rumor.

INSIDERS report that Professor Emerson Venable's recent trip to Hollywood from the East was for the purpose of conferring with his daughter about her famous "kissless contract." The result is a lifting of the ban. The popular Evelyn now asserts that hereafter her lips won't be padlocked—that is if art wants to part them.

An intintimate snapshot reveals W. C. Fields, Gracie Allen and Mary Boland studying their scripts for *Six of a Kind*

That's how you look, darling!" A studio worker shows Jean Connors the result of her work in *Blonde Poison*

LOT

Where SCREEN BOOK'S *ace reporter reveals unusual facts about Movieland's celebrities*

DO YOU remember that much publicized cupid door knocker that adorned the Crawford-Fairbanks love nest? Well, 'taint there any more. If and when Joan Crawford trips to the altar with Franchot Tone, maybe it'll be taken out of moth balls.

REX BELL (with applause from Clara Bow) turned down a six picture contract to star in Westerns, and declares he'll work for nothing if necessary to get a chance in straight dramatic or romantic leads. He is a good, versatile actor, but is in danger of being "typed" by too many cowboy meller-drammers.

THE inside dope on the reason for the arrival of Jean Muir's mother in Hollywood is that Jean was on the verge of developing a bad case of temperament. If her mother were in Hollywood instead of her comfortable New York bookshop the studio would have a much easier time coaxing Jean back to work.

DO YOU remember Seena Owen, who used to be a D. W. Griffith star many years ago? Seena is now on the writing staff at Paramount studios and says she loves her work.

ALTHOUGH it is being vigorously denied, there is a persistent report around that Mary Pickford will wed Buddy Rogers as soon as her divorce from Doug Fairbanks becomes final.

BABY LEROY is the most favored actor at Paramount Studios. He is the only one who is permitted to enter Dorothea Wieck's dressing room unannounced. Mae West lets him play with her perfumes and powders. Marlene Dietrich totes him around on her back. And he won't eat his spinach at lunch time unless a pretty actress feeds him.

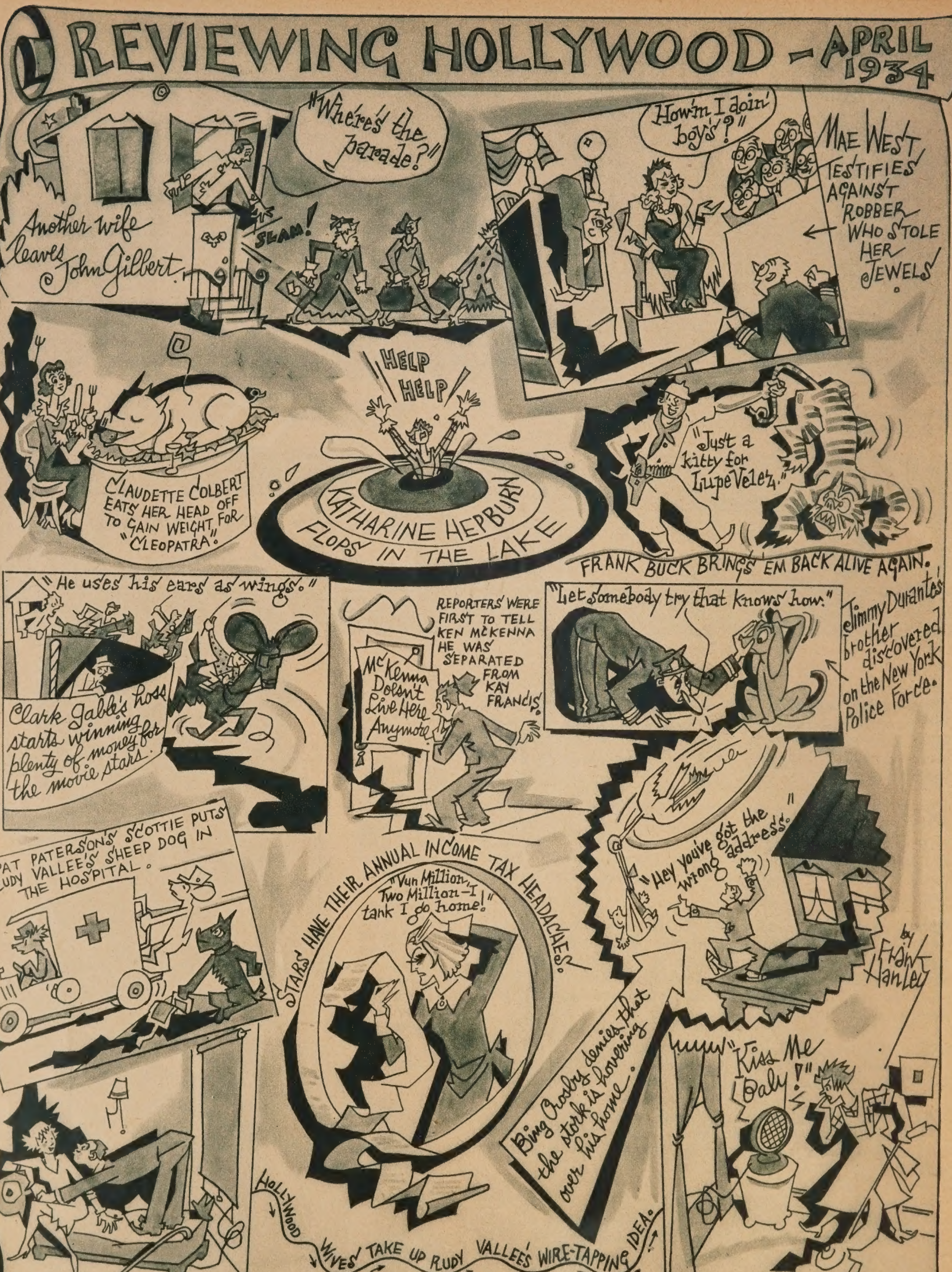
CAROLE LOMBARD is so nervous while driving an automobile that she has to sing, whistle and talk incessantly to keep her mind occupied. Several years ago Carole was in a bad auto accident and they thought

[*Continued on page* 79]

After she finished work in *Hit Me Again*, Joan Blondell scurried away to the Mohave Desert to enjoy a long rest. The star is seen here wearing the new red-striped shorts which will be the feminine rage during the coming summer

—*Welbourne*

REVIEWING HOLLYWOOD - APRIL 1934


Another wife leaves John Gilbert.
SLAM!
"Where's the parade?"
"How'm I doin' boys?"
MAE WEST TESTIFIES AGAINST ROBBER WHO STOLE HER JEWELS!
CLAUDETTE COLBERT EATS HER HEAD OFF TO GAIN WEIGHT FOR "CLEOPATRA."
HELP HELP
KATHARINE HEPBURN FLOPS IN THE LAKE
"Just a kitty for Lupe Velez."
FRANK BUCK BRINGS 'EM BACK ALIVE AGAIN.
"He uses his ears as wings."
Clark Gable's horse starts winning plenty of money for the movie stars.
REPORTERS WERE FIRST TO TELL KEN McKENNA HE WAS SEPARATED FROM KAY FRANCIS.
McKenna Doesn't Live Here Anymore
"Let somebody try that knows how."
Jimmy Durante's brother discovered on the New York Police Force.
PAT PATERSON'S SCOTTIE PUTS RUDY VALLEE'S SHEEP DOG IN THE HOSPITAL.
STARS HAVE THEIR ANNUAL INCOME TAX HEADACHES.
"Vun Million, Two Million—I tank I go home!"
"Hey you've got the wrong address."
Bing Crosby denies that the stork is hovering over his home.
by Frank Hanley
"Kiss Me Daly!"
HOLLYWOOD WIVES TAKE UP RUDY VALLEE'S WIRE-TAPPING IDEA.

A celebrated humor artist pokes fun at the latest events in the lives of Movieland's famous stars

Movie males are wild about Toby and Pat Wing

Two Angel Wings *for* HOLLYWOOD

By Jewel Smith

Maurice Chevalier has his heart set on the beautiful blonde Toby Wing, and a wealthy New Yorker recently rushed Pat to the altar in a whirlwind romance

BLONDE or brunette — chocolate or vanilla—moonlight or pretzels—the Wing Sisters have it. You must come up and see 'em sometime. But on second thought, just skip it. Like ducks need water-wings, that's how these Wings need more boy-friends.

Right this way, folks. Meet them. Hollywood's most popular sister-team. As different as bread from jam, but the same delicious combination. Pat—brunette, blasé, beautiful. Toby—platinum, pert, pretty. Same height, same weight, (perfect) thirty-sixes by five feet five inches! Pat likes only one. Toby likes them all. Pat smokes. Toby doesn't. Pat doesn't cocktail. Toby does. Pat likes sport clothes; Toby prefers fluffs. Pat goes for reds. Toby dotes on powder blues.

Is it any wonder date-time at the Wings' resembles nothing less than a line-up for a Mae West picture, and Papa's thinking of putting in swinging doors?

It's a cute story, these two-home-town girls who have grown up as much a part of Hollywood and the motion picture industry as you and your mother's sewing circle. Albeit, while your early recitation efforts were being listened to with patient condescension by mama's friends, Pat and Toby's cute sayings were noted, applauded, and even encouraged by such well-known directors and stars as Ralph Ince, Ernst Lubitsch, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray.

Daughters of [*Continued on page* 81]

The Story of Those Puzzling Sisters, Pat and Toby

MILLION DOLLAR

BLONDE and handsome Gene Raymond smilingly thrust out his hand to Jesse Lasky, famous film producer. Lasky smiled in turn, and grasped the extended hand.

"An agreement between gentlemen, eh?" chuckled Raymond. "Isn't this the first time it's ever happened without a scrap of paper to record it?"

"The first time in all my experience," Lasky agreed.

That, my friends, constituted a movie contract. A gentleman's agreement that both star and producer subsequently declared more binding, and in a way more restricting despite the absence of terms and stipulations, than pages and pages of legal script.

Another producer and another actor were out on the desert, or perhaps in the mountains. They signed a contract with each other. It was simply a scrap of brown paper they found nearby, with a few words scrawled on it with a stub of lead pencil.

That also, dear reader, was a movie contract.

As I write this, I have on my desk a clutter of documents, all star's contracts. One is the standard form, a printed affair called "Minimum Contract for Artists." It contains a few thousand words of terms and clauses, in very small type. Bound to this are sixteen typewritten pages of additional stipulations, terms and clauses. Stop! That isn't all!

Written on the margin of the typed and printed pages alike are notes in ink, many of them, each initialed by the parties to the contract, and the witnesses thereof, hereby, hereinbefore and in consideration of—and what have you!

In that mess of confusing legal word-gushing you have another star's contract.

It's the human side of movie contracts, the happiness they bring, the tears they cause, the unexpected effect they often have on human fate, that interests me. So let's dodge the dry legal angles, and merely remember that behind each and every one is the clumsy, creaking, ancient machinery we still call law, with its lawyers and judges to enforce the terms of contracts.

Actually, a movie star's contract is simply the agreement of the star to work for the producer, and of the producer to employ the star.

THE new contract Warner Brothers have just offered Dick Powell contains a remarkable clause binding him not to marry until January 1, 1935. Joan Blondell found she didn't have a name-changing right in her contract; she wanted to become "Joan Barnes," taking her husband's last name. On the other hand Ginger Rogers and Radio are both looking for a new name for Ginger, but when and if it is found—

Lee Tracy: "Listen boss, you can't fire me like this! I've got a contract and you can't get around that!"
Producer: "Is that so! Have you read clause five? You aren't on the payroll anymore Mr. Tracy, you're on the outside looking in."

Strange things, these movie contracts! Read how Hollywood stars find their lives ruled by legal documents

Scraps of Paper

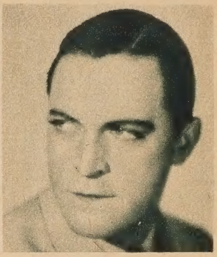
By J. Brien Chapman

A handclasp is Gene Raymond's only movie contract

Bette Davis lives in fear of gaining more weight

Mae West's contract is all in favor of Mae West

Lilian Harvey insisted on using her own voice



Chester Morris once was owned almost "body and soul"

probably by the time this reaches print—a new clause must be written into Ginger's contract.

Lilian Harvey recently had a row with Fox over her contract, and the complexity of the problem involved had legal sharks for both parties knitting their brows. The trouble was this: an ordinary contract usually contains a clause wherein the player agrees to let the studio "dub" into versions of their film for foreign showings the voices of someone who speaks the foreign language needed. Fox had been "dubbing" Lilian's voice in French and German versions of her films. Lilian protested that she should do this herself, since she knows and speaks perfect French and German, and has many fans in those countries who would recognize her voice, and so detect the substitution of another voice for her own!

Some compromise, not made public, was affected. I have no copy of Lilian's contract at hand for reference, but here is the more-or-less standard form covering such emergencies, copied from another star's contract:

"The producer agrees that it will not 'dub' or use a 'double' in lieu of the artist, except under the following circumstances: (a) when necessary to expeditiously meet the requirements of foreign exhibition; (b) when necessary to expeditiously meet censorship requirements, both foreign and domestic; (c) when, in the opinion of the producer, the failure to use a 'double' for the performance of hazardous acts might result in physical injury to the artist; (d) when the artist is not available, and (e) when the artist fails or is unable to meet certain requirements of the rôle, such as singing or the rendition of instrumental music or other similar services requiring special talent or ability than that possessed by the artist."

Covers a good deal of ground in favor of the producer, doesn't it? And this contractual clause winds up thusly:

"The artist does hereby agree that under either or any of the conditions hereinabove . . . (described) . . . the producer shall have the right to 'double' or 'dub' not only acts, poses, plays and appearances of the artist, but also the voice of the artist, and all instrumental, musical and other sound effects made by the artist, to such an extent as may be required by the producer."

These printed, "standard form" contracts, however, are usually supplemented by reams of typewritten special stipulations in which occurs this legal phrasing, quoted here directly from still another star's contract:

"The following typewritten pages supplementing the standard contract form attached herewith are hereafter called and referred to as 'Exhibit A.' In event that, and wherever there is any inconsistency or conflict between the provisions of the standard contract and 'Exhibit A,' the latter shall prevail."

It's in "Exhibit A" that all the freaks occur, such as Clara Bow's famous contractual promise to "maintain at all times a standard of private-life moral conduct adjudged by prevailing standards decent and ladylike." In "Exhibit A" the producer is warned not to make Evelyn Venable kiss or warmly embrace her leading men, or be kissed or warmly embraced by them. In "Exhibit A." young Powell agrees not to get married during 1934! "Exhibit A" in Ruth Chatterton's contract gives her the right of final Okay on all her stories.

Mae West's bulky supplementary contract calls for all sorts of rights as to story selection, choosing of directors, cast and so on. She becomes, in it, practically both parties to the contract; that is, producer and star!

BETTE DAVIS'S contract was recently juggled around for two reasons. One is an oddity that has to do with her recent $50,000 insurance against gaining weight. Once the document contained no weight clause; now the producer, despite the fact he stands to gain $50,000 if Betty, now 105, hits the 120-pound mark, is protected from the obligation to employ her if her weight becomes excessive.

The second clause in Bette's agreement sounds

[*Continued on page* 70]

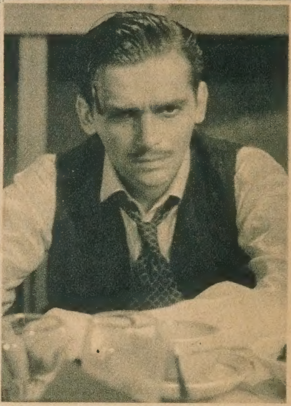
The New Pictures

Let the stars guide you to the best movies. SCREEN BOOK'S official picture-rating method tells the story in a glance: ★★★★ Hit Picture. ★★★ Good Show. ★★ Average Movie. ★ Mediocre Offering.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

★★★★

This remarkable cinema drama reveals the secrets of the famous family that became the unofficial kings of Europe's gold empire. George Arliss takes the rôle as the powerful financial genius, with Loretta Young and Robert Young in the romantic leads. Boris Karloff and Alan Mowbray have important rôles.—*20th Century.*



SUCCESS STORY

★★★

In this dramatic cinema tale, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the young man from New York's tenement district who decides to gain material success no matter what the cost. Opposite Fairbanks, Colleen Moore and Genevieve Tobin deliver excellent performances, with Frank Morgan also contributing a fine bit to the picture. Very much worth your while.—*Radio.*

STRANGE HOLIDAY

★★★

The famous play *Death Takes a Holiday* comes to the screen under a new title with Fredric March and the lovely Evelyn Venable in leading rôles. Several other fine troupers including Sir Guy Standing make the story fantastic though it is in telling of Death's visit to earth, a convincing reality while one is under its spell. — *Paramount.*

WONDER BAR

★★★★

The celebrated Broadway show which brought instantaneous fame to Al Jolson comes to the screen with the famed performer in his old rôle, plus the dynamic personalities of Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio and Dick Powell. Expert direction, a fine story, gorgeous settings and beautiful new tunes make this a picture never to be forgotten.—*Warners.*

HI, NELLIE

★★★

Paul Muni fans will be delighted with him in this portrayal of the managing editor who is demoted to handling an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column. Kidded unmercifully and called "Nellie" by his associates, Muni solves the mytery of a missing banker and gets his old job back. Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell head a fine supporting cast.—*Warner.*

MEN IN WHITE

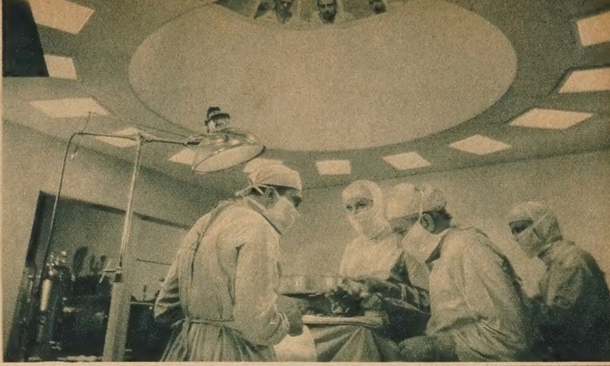
★★★★

Clark Gable steps into the leading rôle of *Men in White* and makes it a film worthy of comparison with the fine stage play. The story deals with the dramatic adventures of interns in a big city hospital and is capably acted by Otto Kruger, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Wallace Ford and Ruth Channing.—*Metro.*

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN

★★★

Excellent entertainment achieved through a well plotted story and excellent work from a fine cast. Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray, Walter Byron, Mary Carlisle and Ben Alexander do fine trouping in this story of a metropolitan hospital, and drama revolving around a dangerous operation. The high point of the film is reached in a dramatic operation scene that carries a decided punch. By all means don't miss this exceptionally fine picture.—*Columbia.*



SCARLET EMPRESS

★★★★

A costume picture featuring the fascinating Marlene Dietrich as Catherine the Great of Russia. As a German princess, single and unsophisticated, she becomes empress and through woman's wiles and intuition becomes a great queen. Splendid supporting cast including C. Aubrey Smith, Louise Dresser and Sam Jaffe. —*Paramount.*

BEGGARS IN ERMINE

★★★

An unusual drama with Lionel Atwill, as the man who is crippled and ruined by an enemy who robs him of his business, wife and daughter, organizes the country's beggars and cripples in a campaign that sweeps him back into power. H. B. Walthal, Betty Furness and Jameson Thomas round out a superb cast in this fine film production.—*Monogram.*

SIX OF A KIND

★★★★

Whether or not six comedians should be six times funnier than one comedian, that's about how much funnier is *Six of a Kind* than the average feature-length movie comedy. And what a half-dozen funsters! Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Burns and Allen, W. C. Fields, and Alison Skipworth offer six different kinds of mirth provocation.—*Paramount.*

WESTERN UNION

COMING OUT PARTY

★★★

A time worn plot intelligently handled. Frances Dee has never appeared to such great advantage as the wealthy girl whose parents worship family and financial station. Players you will particularly enjoy are Gene Raymond as the love interest, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce and Gilbert Emery. Excellent acting and direction.—*Fox.*

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

★★★★

While this picture plot revolves around the old situation of a father who is trying to force his daughter to marry a man she does not love, treatment, incident and dialogue make *It Happened One Night* highly entertaining. You'll particularly like Clark Gable as the newspaper man who saves Claudette Colbert from her unhappy situation, and fine performances are also turned in by Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns. The dialogue is snappy, humorous and human.—*Columbia.*

Additional reviews on page 82

ME *and* MAE West!

"I think I could show Mae a thing or two!"

"We'd knock 'em dead at the box office!"

Modest Maxie Baer, the demon lady-killer, will be looking for the author when he sees this rib-tickling interview!

By Fred Rutledge

"I'M GOING to make a million dollars easy in 1934 and I'd just as soon make some of it with Mae West, if I get the right billing."

That was Max Baer's answer when he was offered a part in a picture as Mae West's leading man.

"It won't be long before I'm the next heavyweight champion of the world, but why not pick up some money on the way?"

So there is a man after all who can be nonchalant when Mae West's name is mentioned! Hard to believe, but there it is. The new IT man of Hollywood had more to say on the subject, however.

Cornered on his way to dinner between shows at the Metropolitan in Brooklyn where he gave a week's performance, the heavyweight challenger admitted he had been approached by Mae West's manager.

"Sure he was anxious to have me as her leading man. Boy, what a build-up it'd make! Me and West! Why we'd knock 'em dead at the box office! Only I've gotta consider the money angle."

He refused to say any more until he had a thick steak in front of him. Then he allowed himself to be questioned while he settled himself at his meal.

"Would I do my stuff opposite Mae?" Baer swallowed and grinned from ear to ear. "I'd do it same as I do with all the rest of the girls."

"But listen!" Here he waved a huge fist in the air and made sure that two waitresses hovering about were close enough to hear him.

"I want some clever lines, see? I don't want Mae to have 'em all. Just give me a few to work on, that's all. If I don't get that, I don't make the picture. I can go on the radio instead, if I want to. Had an offer already."

It isn't hard to understand Max's tremendous popularity. Even when he is admitting complacently how good he is, he has a broad smile on his face and a twinkle in his black eyes.

Did they have a story in mind for a picture, if it was made?

"Yeah. I'm supposed to be a marine on the make, see? But I don't give West a tumble. I go after all the girls, though. Always getting into jams. I guess I'm just supposed to be natural."

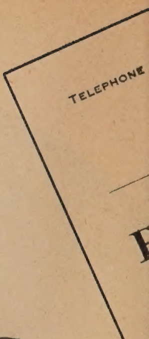
[*Continued on page 67*]

Screen Book Offers You Sincere Congratulations

Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio

No news should be more cheering to movie fans than the latest word from Hollywood to the effect that Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio are back at the top of the heap by virture of their fine work in *Wonder Bar*. Ricardo is being hailed loudly as Valentino's successor and Dolores is on the road to finer parts. Below are two scenes from the picture, showing Dolores with Dick Powell and Al Jolson

MOVIES Are GOOD MEDICINE!



Those who are so completely dissatisfied with their lot in life that they are unable to work efficiently should see *Beggars in Ermine*. The plight of these actual veterans of the World War will make any hardship seem small

Bebe Daniels, appearing in *Registered Nurse*, will lift you out of that mental depression

ABOUT a year ago there came to my office a young lady who burst into a flood of tears the instant she started talking.

"I'm so miserable!" she finally managed to say between sobs. "And the worst of it is, I don't know why."

A love affair, I must confess, was the first thought that occurred to me. But no, I was wrong there.

"I'm depressed for no reason at all," my patient went on to say. "I have a good job; I earn good money; I am well-liked and I go out a great deal. But somehow—*why*, I can't make out—I've begun to pity myself. It's become so bad that today the idea of suicide popped into my mind. That's why I came to you, Doctor. I thought it was high time I consulted a psychiatrist."

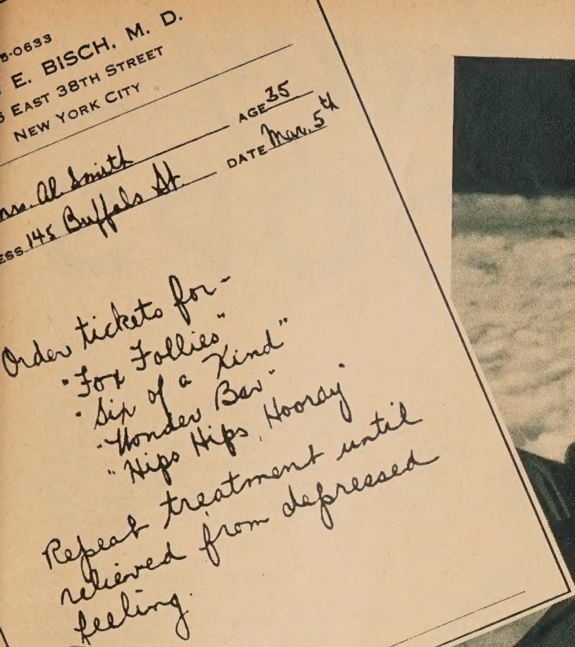
On the face of it, a case of this kind would seem difficult to cure. No adequate reason for such a marked depression; no organic disease of any kind; a perfectly healthy and normal girl in every other way!

Yet how do you suppose a cure *was* effected and quickly, too? Merely through the expedient of recommending a moving picture! It was as simple as that. The movie I chose at the time was *Maedchen in Uniform*. After witnessing *that* my patient was as one reborn.

"You surely made me feel thoroughly ashamed of myself," she said to me on her next visit. "When I saw how that poor girl suffered—actually hungering for even the slightest sign of love or affection—I saw clearly all that I have to be thankful for. I don't know what other treatment you intended to give me, Doctor, but the way I feel right now I sure don't need any at all!"

It happened, of course, that *Maedchen in Uniform* fitted my patient's condition perfectly. Or perhaps it would be better to say that the theme of the picture was exactly what she needed by way of contrast, in order to enable her to obtain a true and impartial perspective of herself.

The rest, of course, was easy. The necessary adjustments which she had to make in order to overcome her depression —a result which a medical psychologist might have had to work months to attain—occurred automatically when the proper emotional stimulus was experienced. In one hour,


5-0633
E. BISCH, M. D.
5 EAST 38TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

rs. Al Smith AGE 35
ESS 145 Buffalo St DATE Mar. 5th

Order tickets for -
· "Fox Follies"
· "Six of a Kind"
· "Wonder Bar"
· "Hips Hips, Hooray"
Repeat treatment until relieved from depressed feeling.

Have the "blues" ruined your appetite, spoiled your disposition and brought the doctor to your door? Burns and Allen are better than any crate of apples you can buy. See them in *Six of a Kind*

Are you depressed mentally? Do you suffer from insomnia? Are you tired, love-sick or nervous? Let a famous psychologist prescribe a sure cure to be taken painlessly in the darkness of the theatre

By Dr. Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

plus the expenditure of fifty cents, it is probable that a life was saved!

In the last analysis, an absolutely healthy and perfectly-adjusted individual is a rarity. It is no exaggeration to state that all of us are only more or less fit; that each and every one of us could be more fit than we are.

THE stress and strain of modern life—and surely these wearing-down effects have been tremendously heightened since the depression—*does* things to us, mentally and physically, and to a degree that we do not always experience as such. Nevertheless, when the urge for entertainment and distraction is strong and we feel we want very much to visit a picture show, it may be put down as inevitable that at such times our system needs diversion and giving way to that impulse is decidedly good for us.

In recommending *Maedchen in Uniform* to the young lady already mentioned I followed a custom of several years' standing. Thus last year I sent many of my patients to *Grand Hotel*, *Trouble in Paradise*, *Another Language* and films in which Garbo, [*Continued on page 66*]

If you have jaded nerves, put away the medicine bottle and go to see these lovely damsels, who perform with Jimmie Dunn and Claire Trevor in *Hold That Girl!*

Broadway SCOOPS

By Radie Harris

Katharine, The Great

WHEN Katharine Hepburn played Juliet to Douglas Montgomery's Romeo for a radio broadcast recently, she appeared at the rehearsal, dressed in slacks—her hair all tousled—and utterly devoid of make-up. As she went through the famous balcony scene, she might have been playing Jo in *Little Women,* so boyish was her appearance, so direct her manner.

BUT . . . a few hours later, when she made her entrance for the broadcast itself, what a different picture she presented!

Dressed in a trailing black velvet hostess gown, with long, flowing sleeves, her strangely beautiful face in perfect stage makeup, she was the loveliest Juliet that ever appeared on a balcony—utterly feminine—and completely glamorous!

Thissa And Thatta

LAURA LA PLANTE, who sailed for London with a Warner Bros. contract in her valise, denied that she plans to divorce William Seiter . . . isn't it ironical that Mrs. Charles Mack, who always scolded her husband for driving as fast as 100 miles an hour in his fifteen cylinder Marmon, was at the wheel, driving at forty-five, when he was so tragically killed? . . . Tallulah Bankhead, looking "too, too divine" again, after her protracted illness, is being deluged with scripts in her Elysee apartment—but she hasn't found one worth Guthrie McClintic's producing . . . no sooner had the Howard Hughes-Lillian Bondfire died down than a new flame started immediately, his name is Sidney Smith, Lily Damita's ex "it" . . . and it looks as if he and his new "Lily" are altar-bound . . . by the time this reaches print, Gloria Swanson may be Maurice Chevalier's, Merry Widow . . . and speaking of Monsieur Maurice, he devoted an entire press interview to eulogizing his fellow compatriot, Charles Boyer, now under contract to Fox . . . at a Waldorf party, I caught a preview of Carl Brisson, in person, NOT a motion picture, and did my heart throb! . . . he's the new Danish actor Paramount has imported from London and he's tall, blonde and handsome—with Max Baer's physique and Clark Gable's dimples . . . don't say I didn't warn you!

Broadway lost one of its cutest darlings when Dixie Dunbar went coastward to become one of the pretty exciters in George White's *Scandals.* SCREEN BOOK predicts Hollywood won't let Dixie escape now

Freddie Marches On!

FREDRIC and Florence March, who arrived in town on their first Gotham holiday in three years, spent all their days shopping for the new 20 room house they are building in the exclusive Holmsedale section of Beverly Hills. After hearing Freddie describe the plans, it sounds "too, too lovely!"

The room that intrigues me the most is the playroom—which instead of the conventional bar, will be a French kitchen, with gleaming copper pots and pans. But the wing that I hope I'm "invited to come up'n see sometime" is the nursery, where baby Penny and her playmates, including another sister and brother that Freddie and Florence plan to adopt, will serve milk and crackers every afternoon!

Posterity Around The Corner

WHEN the Marguerite Churchhill-George O'Brien "blessed event" arrives in May, Marguerite hopes it will be twins!

"They run in my family and they've skipped one generation already—so it's my turn next!" says Marguerite.

How does George feel about it? He just grins and says he can "double-take it!"

Do You Know?

THAT Binnie Barnes, who was SO lovely as Kathryn in Henry, the VIII, can't be lured to Hollywood "on account of" she refuses to leave her husband, one of the finest bookdealers in London?

That Douglas Fairbanks pre-

Brisson, the new heart throb . . . Another Hollywood Blessed Event . . . Paul Muni heads for Russia . . . Nothing but the truth about Garbo

sented Maurice Chevalier with a stunning gold cigarette case as a *bon voyage* gift?

That Patsy Ruth Miller, who has a real flair for writing, is turning out a collection of short stories, based on her recent three month's visit to Budapest?

That Tullio Carminati refutes the rumor that Constance Bennett is the least bit difficult to work with?

That Wesley Ruggles hopes he can borrow Paul Muni for the leading rôle in *Yonder Lies Jericho*?

That Ralph Morgan's daughter, Claudia, and Jimmie Lewis of the Social Register like Tea for Two?

Paul Russias Off!

WHEN Paul Muni, accompanied by his wife, sailed for a three month's visit to Russia recently, they refused to take advantage of the many letters of introduction offered them.

"Half the fun of visiting new countries is discovering them for yourself. You get a much better insight into places and people when you travel that way," Muni claims.

And in anticipation of the thrilling adventures he expects to find for himself, he is going to keep a diary for the first time in his life. Who ever heard of a hardboiled cinema hero doing that?

Ever see a more darling youngster? Allow us to introduce Shirley Temple, the four-year-old tyke who makes her first bow in *Fox Follies*

Feminine hearts have skipped uncountable beats since Carl Brisson, who once was greatly admired by none other than Greta Garbo, arrived to make his first picture in Hollywood

Nothing But The Truth

JOHN S. COHEN, JR., one of the better movie critics, tells of a dialogue that occurred at the première of *Queen Christina* between Noel Coward and Walter Wanger, supervisor of the picture.

At the end of the first reel, Mr. Coward, a stickler for historical truth, turned to Mr. [*Continued on page 73*]

—Wide World

Look at the love light in his eyes! Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young are billing and cooing everywhere these days

—Vandamm

Broadway's most important actress this season is Helen Hayes who shows them all a thing or two in *Mary of Scotland*

—Clarence Sinclair Bull

Sadly missed by all New Yorkers —Alice Brady who, having conquered Hollywood, likes it and may never return to the stage

The Month's Loveliest Screen Heroine

Loretta Young

in

The House of Rothschild

In the stirring drama Loretta shines like a jewel. Never has the young star been so exquisitely charming as in her love scenes with Robert Young

It's a breach of fashion . . .

if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!

Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: *"Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."*

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now.* If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—*a genuine Eugene permanent wave,* preferred the world over.

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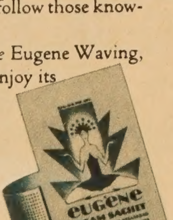

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

What Alice Faye *says* *about* Rudy Vallee:

"There is neither romance nor marriage for us. Vallee is simply a friend and business associate who has me under personal contract, and if further evidence of relationship is needed surely the fact that he contracted me to Fox for several years supplies it."

Left: The wedding scene from *Scandals*

"I am NOT Jane Doe!"

[*Continued from page* 22]

rounds of booking agents in New York in an impossible struggle to convince them that she had real talent.

Alice is homesick as this is written. She is almost on the verge of a nervous collapse as a result of "tabloid persecution." Hollywood is cold in its attitude toward newcomers. Alice cannot join the social life of Cinematown through fear of being misunderstood. If she were to be seen in public with a man a new burst of headlines promptly would fill the daily papers.

"The one place I have been since coming to Hollywood," she told me, "is Bill Hart's ranch. There I met the few people I have come to know since I arrived. Such lovely people as Billie Burke, and others.

"I am terribly lonesome and would much rather be back in New York right now broadcasting during Rudy Vallée's hour. But then, I guess I shall have to forget all about that. You see, I have a contract with Fox studios, and Rudy before he left continually reminded me of my obligations. He insisted that the studio was giving me an even greater opportunity than he had been given and that I just had to live up to everything in my contract."

Rudy and Alice are lovers in George White's *Scandals*, but not off-screen. If you want to make Rudy fighting mad, just insinuate that his friendship with Alice Faye is not entirely platonic

AT THE time Rudy Vallée was preparing to come to Hollywood to star in the cinema version of George White's *Scandals*, he arranged with the sponsors of his broadcast hour that his program would continue from Hollywood. Alice Faye, who appeared with Rudy on the hour, naturally had to go along.

Before they started out the Fox studio executives suggested to Rudy that, inasmuch as Miss Faye would be on the coast as a featured singer on the broadcast, she could also be utilized to do a special number in the picture, entitled, *Oh, You Nasty Man!* And that is how Alice happened just by accident to win her chance on the screen.

Executives who viewed the "rushes" which showed her on celluloid for the first time agreed that she showed a rare and unique personality as well as ability and beauty. Thus it was that Alice eventually won the rôle that was meant for Lilian Harvey.

Alice Faye comes to the screen with a background of singing and dancing experience that is abundant despite her youth. Her voice is trained for microphone work and she has already gained great popularity among the 11,000,000 people who listen to her weekly during the Rudy Vallée hour.

Those who do not believe everything they see in the headlines will realize that there is a great deal more imagination than truth in the stories of a love affair between Rudy and Alice. They will suspect, quite rightly, that newspapers chose her for a headline carnival mainly because she was young and lovely, and that Fay Webb's suit for more than $7,000 a month for separate maintenance has little to do with the girl who, because she happened to be Rudy's leading lady before the microphone, could hardly help but be

[*Continued on page* 63]

REDUCE

WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!

NOW... YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF
... without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
New York City

"I REDUCED MY HIPS FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"
writes Miss Brian

"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 185 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

We want you to try THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *at our expense!*

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
DEPT. 74, 41 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREEBOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ____________________

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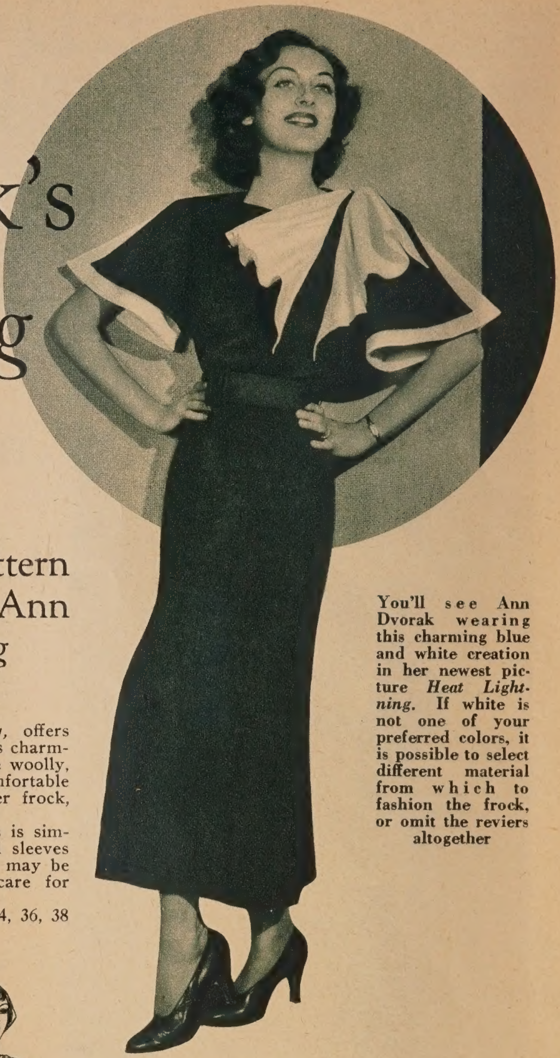
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Pennu Post Card

Wear Ann Dvorak's New Spring Frock

Make your own frock from a pattern of the delightful new creation Ann introduces in *Heat Lightning*



You'll see Ann Dvorak wearing this charming blue and white creation in her newest picture *Heat Lightning.* If white is not one of your preferred colors, it is possible to select different material from which to fashion the frock, or omit the reviers altogether

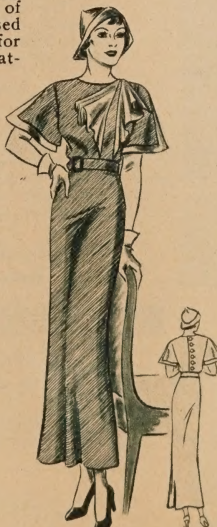
ANN DVORAK, appearing currently in *Heat Lightning,* offers SCREEN BOOK readers the first breath of Spring in this charming crêpe dress. What a delight it will be to shed those woolly, bulky clothes of winter and don this delightfully cool and comfortable frock. Ann chose blue crêpe and white waffle pique for her frock, for as you probably know, blue predominates this Spring.

It is smart to dress simply and this ultra, ultra smart dress is simplicity itself in line, depending entirely on those wide slashed sleeves and reviers for its chic. The undersleeves and flaring reviers may be made of any contrasting color or pastel if you do not care for white.

Ann's frock is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch fabric and 1⅜ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

Have you ordered SCREEN BOOK'S interesting new Spring Pattern Book, which includes a host of delightful new pattern creations? You will be pleased with this valuable publication which may be had for only 15c—25c will bring you both Ann's dress pattern and the Pattern Book.

Right: An artist's sketch which shows front and back detailed views of the frock. Send for your pattern today and enjoy the thrill of wearing an exact duplicate of an original gown that is now a favorite in Hollywood



Charm

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed............send me the Ann Dvorak daytime dress pattern.

☐ No. 216 Size............ ☐ Spring Pattern Book.

(Place checks in square to indicate your order)

Name ....

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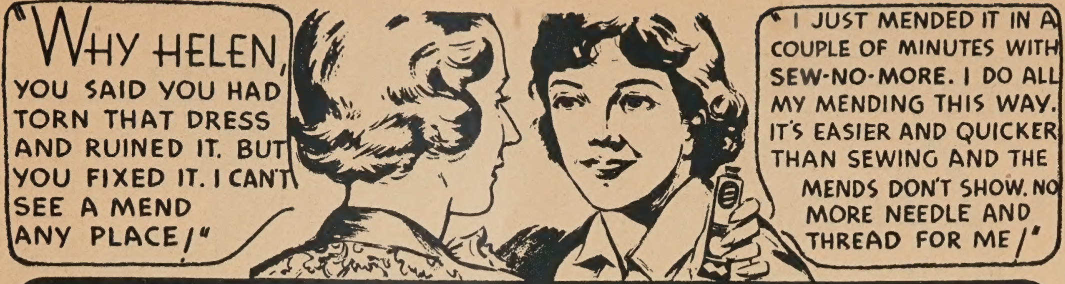
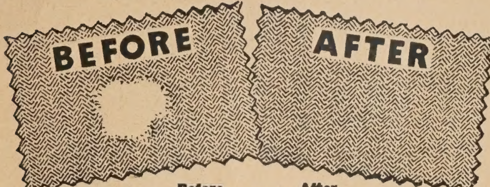
City ....State ....

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c


"WHY HELEN, YOU SAID YOU HAD TORN THAT DRESS AND RUINED IT. BUT YOU FIXED IT. I CAN'T SEE A MEND ANY PLACE!"
"I JUST MENDED IT IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES WITH SEW-NO-MORE. I DO ALL MY MENDING THIS WAY. IT'S EASIER AND QUICKER THAN SEWING AND THE MENDS DON'T SHOW. NO MORE NEEDLE AND THREAD FOR ME!"

SEW-NO-MORE

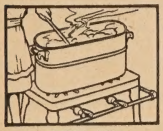
IT MENDS WITHOUT SEWING



Before Using Sew-No-More **After Using Sew-No-More**

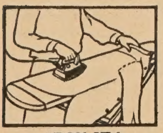
MENDS WILL NOT COME OFF

Repairs made with Sew-No-More wear as long as the rest of the garment. They can be laundered hundreds of times. They can be boiled, washed and ironed—they will not come off! Sew-No-More repairs are PERMANENT, LOOK BETTER and are STRONGER than mends made with needle and thread. The family mending can be done with Sew-No-More in one-tenth the usual time.



BOIL IT!

WASH IT!



IRON IT!

6 Repairs for 1c

Repairs with SEW-NO-MORE are amazingly inexpensive. The large size regular tube contains enough for scores of quick, easy mends. As many as six repairs can be made at a cost of about one cent. SEW-NO-MORE is so simple and easy to use that even a child can make perfect mends in clothing, hosiery, etc.

What Users Say

"You're right, Sew-No-More does away with the old needle and thread. It's a wonderful product in every way."—Mrs. John Michalski, N. Y.

"Sew-No-More is a fine invention. It does everything you claim for it. It is a pleasure to recommend it to my friends and neighbors."—Charles B. Hixon, Pa.

"For quick, neat mends that last, Sew-No-More can't be beat. Fabrics I repaired with it have been washed and ironed—even rubbed hard on a wash board, and they don't come off."—Mrs. Henry Picher, N. Y.

3,164 USES!

MENDS dresses, suits, hosiery, lingerie, aprons, umbrellas, overalls, shirts, blankets, curtains, boys' clothing, etc. **MAKES** quilts, towels, pillow covers, aprons, dresses, hems, curtains, etc.

PAYS AGENTS

UP TO $2.00 AN HOUR

Sew-No-More is the amazing product with which a hole, rip or tear in any cotton, wool, silk fabric can be mended so perfectly that you can hardly find the mended place. Keeps anything made of cloth in perfect repair wthout the drudgery and eye-strain of old-fashioned needle and thread. Simply spread a little SEW-NO-MORE around edges of the hole or tear, place a piece of the same material over it and press together, and the mend is complete. It becomes part of the article itself—boiling, washing, ironing, rough handling and wear won't hurt it. For housewives and mothers SEW-NO-MORE is just the thing to keep clothing neatly mended and without hard work. Bachelors find it a boon for making repairs without troublesome sewing or outside help.

"Enclosed is my fourth order. SEW-NO-MORE rescued me from 'fumbled finances.' I'm mighty grateful."
Mrs. J. L. Lewis, Colo.

Repairs Don't Show

SEW-NO-MORE is a scientific, stainless cream with powerful adhesive qualities. It is easy to use. Anyone can make repairs that are neat, permanent—practically invisible. Even striped material or material with checks or patterns can be mended so that the repair doesn't show. Every tube is sold under a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION.

Saves Fine Garments

SEW-NO-MORE saves money because it mends fine garments and other valuable articles that would otherwise be ruined through a rip, tear, burn or moth hole which could not be darned or mended by the old-fashioned, ugly way. In stockings and socks a Sew-No-More mend is smooth—no lumps to hurt the feet.

PAYS 217% GUARANTEED PROFIT

SEW-NO-MORE pays tremendous profits—up to 217%—to agents and distributors. EXPERIENCE IS NOT NECESSARY. Just showing it and demonstrating how SEW-NO-MORE works like magic and saves hours of time and dollars of money brings big, quick, easy profits for you. We supply you with FREE samples that do all your selling. Just let women see the wonderful, neat, clean and practically invisible repairs they can make with SEW-NO-MORE and they'll order from you again and again. SEW-NO-MORE lets the housewife do all the family mending in one-tenth the usual time without tedious, eye-straining work. Orders and repeat orders are waiting in every home. Send this coupon for free sample and full details of money-making plans.

"SEW-NO-MORE surely is amazing and sells easily. Am working for exclusive rights in my county."
Emma C. Winter, Wisc.

$5,000.00 A YEAR for this Salesman

"This confirms my telegram for another 36 dozen Sew-No-More. I should be able soon to dispose of at least 100 dozen a week. I am starting out sales crews in various towns. I have set my goal as $5,000.00 a year PROFIT and I am after that $5,000.00." B. N. Waterhouse, Pa.

HURRY! Get Your FREE SAMPLE Now

See for yourself the wonderful, quick, easy mends you can make with SEW-NO-MORE—how it saves eyes, time, money. Send this coupon right now for FREE ACTUAL SAMPLE which proves all our claims. Also get FREE OUTFIT and Exclusive Territory offer. Get in on ground floor with this red-hot money maker. NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED. Send no money. Just mail coupon.

Sells 12 out of 16 Calls
"I have just started—haven't put in full week yet and have sold 256 tubes. When I received my first shipment I made 12 sales in 16 calls."
Chas. F. Shull, Iowa

SEW-NO-MORE CO., **Dept. T-747, MADISON ROAD Cincinnati, O.**

GOOD FOR FREE SAMPLE

R. R. Bollman, Pres. SEW-NO-MORE Company, Dept. T-747, Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Yes, I am interested in SEW-NO-MORE. Send me at once FREE Sample to prove your claims, FREE outfit and territory offer. Also, tell me how other men and women are making up to $2.00 in an hour.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....State ....
Territory interested in..........................

Hollywood's Perfume Secrets

SCREEN BOOK'S *Beauty expert reveals dainty theories of the stars on feminine charm*

By Janet Lynn

Adrienne Ames, like other movie favorites, has made a careful study of the perfume problem, and applies her scents with judicious care

IF YOU are determined to make this Spring a memorable one, romantically speaking, you can do nothing wiser than read up on one of the greatest aids to romance—perfume. Although he would probably never admit it, the average man can be quickly and hopelessly ensnared by an elusive fragrance. . . . If it seems to you that I am going too far in that statement, then let me put it this way: Given two personable girls, one wearing a lovely scent and the other scorning such subterfuges, the average man will, with very little deliberation, choose the one who uses scent!

You will hear that the thing to do in selecting a perfume is to choose one that matches your red hair or your green eyes. Some advisers even go so far as to entreat you to have a dozen varying scents for as many moods. Now, just because you have midnight eyes and hair and olive skin, you are not necessarily of the much ballyhooed "exotic" type. In reality you may be as innocuous as Janet Gaynor, and it would be silly for you to choose an exotic perfume. Similarly, not all blondes are of the Lilian Gish type. Witness that notable exception, Jean Harlow!

Forget all such impossible advice and follow this simple rule: If you are the smart, exotic, worldly type, choose a sophisticated perfume. If you are on the "home girl" order, fond of pretty clothes rather than severe *Rue de la Paix* models, then choose a simple perfume. If you feel, after some thought, that you are a happy combination of both the exotic and the unsophisticated, then you can use both types of perfume, one for informal daytime occasions and the other for formal evening affairs.

Although many wealthy women, among them several movie stars, have large cabinets filled with expensive perfumes, I do not believe it is wise for the average woman to have more than one (or two, if she is the "dual type") perfumes at the same time. In fact, I wish that lots of women would discard their numerous bottles of cheap perfumes and buy one phial of really *good* scent. There is danger when you have a number of perfumes at your disposal, of using one on top of the other and permeating your clothes with so many conflicting fragrances that no one of them is predominant. As a matter of fact, the movie stars who have so many different kinds of rare perfumes, have them only for their own personal delectation—so that they can sniff the various scents in the flacons whenever they feel in the mood. But they usually cling to one or two carefully chosen perfumes for actual use.

The most important rule for you to observe in using perfume is not to be too lavish. Reverting to the romance angle—while men are susceptible to perfume, they want it to be elusive, tantalizing, not obtrusive and pungent. How do you apply your perfume? Do you wait until you hear your young man's ring at the door and then grab your atomizer and spray great clouds of scent all over yourself?

YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS SOLVED FREE!

To all SCREEN BOOK readers, Janet Lynn offers a free, confidential letter service. Simply write to Miss Lynn, explaining your own personal beauty puzzle. She will reply quickly and in strictest confidence. Address her at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. (U. S. Postage Only.)

Charm

If you do, you'll smell like a perfume factory all evening. The correct way to apply scent is this: Immediately after your bath, when your skin is dry, spray the perfume lightly but adequately on your shoulders, at the nape of your neck, in your hair. Then dress and make up and arrange your hair and by the time you are ready to answer the doorbell, your perfume will have become a *part* of you, toned down just enough to enchant.

THERE is only *one* modern and perfectly satisfactory method of applying perfume and that is by means of an atomizer. When perfumes are sprayed on, the alcohol in them evaporates more quickly leaving only the real scent. Then, too, if the atomizer is held some distance away from the article being sprayed, only the finely diffused rays of fragrance reach it, instead of a stream that drenches it in spots. Besides spraying perfume on the skin and clothing, it can be put to many other subtle uses. Saturate little squares of kid or flannel with your perfume, allow them to dry and then sew them in hat linings, around the hem of a frock or in a girdle. Place them in your bureau drawers with your lingerie and hankies.

If you have difficulty in choosing a suitable perfume, write to me describing yourself and I am sure I can help you. I can tell you about a very delicate bouquet perfume that is ideal for the young girl or unsophisticated woman and several devastating odeurs for exotic persons. One of the latter, named after an African God of Good Fortune, has the fatal fascination of lush tropical jungles. It comes in a voodooish looking crystal bottle, the cap of which is a replica of the lucky god's ebony head. Just the perfume you need if you've been having trouble keeping your stag line properly adulatory. . . .

I hate to introduce anything so utterly prosaic as hairpins at this point, but I haven't too much space left and I want to be sure you know about the new midget ringlet bob pins. These bob pins really are angels. They are small and quite invisible and yet they snap decisively over a lock of hair and stay there. They are awfully convenient for holding in place the flat curls or ringlets that are so much the vogue this year. Want the name?

A few days ago I received a new liquid shampoo. I sniffed, tasted and peered at it as is my wont, and then fell to reading the label which tells all about the new product. "My," I thought, cynically, after perusing it to the end, "what lovely adjectives!" And I put it aside (with the skeptical smile of a beauty editor who has read thousands of labels) until I should have an opportunity of testing it on my own hair. This I did—and I hereby take back any skeptical smiles. Every adjective on the label is justified and I believe I could think up a few to add to it. A split second after I applied the liquid, my head was all lather, thick and penetrating, and yet it rinsed off with cool, hard water in another split second. . . . I really never have used such a thorough shampoo. There is absolutely no need for using a lemon or vinegar rinse after it, for it brings out all the highlights and accents the natural color of the hair. The shampoo is so neutral and free from alkali that it doesn't sting if you get it

[*Continued on page* 63]

FROM F. K. CHILD, D.D.S.

MEMO TO
MISS STANLEY

Chew Dentyne after every meal. (Unless a hard crust or a raw carrot or some other salivary stimulant is used).

I laughed WHEN MY DENTIST TOLD ME TO CHEW GUM

But he said that chewing Dentyne *— with its firm chewiness — is an important new health habit. And it's so good, its flavor is so spicy and different, that it would be my favorite anyway.*

Our dentists recommend more vigorous chewing to help develop the mouth structure, and keep the mouth and teeth clean.

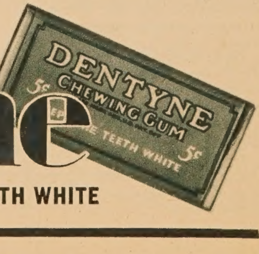
Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum with a special firmness which provides this essential exercise . . . Thousands chew Dentyne regularly to assure mouth health. But many more thousands chew Dentyne simply because they like it.

The refreshing Dentyne flavor is entirely different — and most delicious. Your first spicy taste will convince you that you've found your favorite gum.

Try Dentyne today. Have your whole family adopt this delightful, easy way to mouth health.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Now..!
MARCHAND'S
CASTILE SHAMPOO

NEW!
EXQUISITE!

NEW!—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

EXQUISITE!—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, not merely to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo does not dry out the scalp like ordinary soaps do. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and help retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff conditions. Exceptionally low price—and

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked it Yet—Get By Mail

For a Regular Size Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name__________

Address______City______State______

Druggist__________

Address__________

Love is the Bunk!

[*Continued from page 29*]

I wanted to play golf. What are you going to eat?"

Miss Teasdale gasped, made a gracious remark trying to cover up his brusque greeting.

I was delighted. It was the same Menjou who used to clown around, trying to scare everyone to death on William De Mille's set.

"You're very rude," I said. "Couldn't you have waited for me?"

"Never wait when I'm hungry," he snapped. "Don't think you're going to get me to tell you anything about *us*—I'm not. . . . "

"Darling," interrupted Veree, "you mustn't. . . . "

AT THIS moment, Grace Moore and her husband stopped at the table. Adolphe jumped up and became at once the Latin, conversing in Spanish, waving his hands excitedly.

They passed on to another table.

"Did you hear me?" asked Adolphe. "Did you listen to my Spanish? After two months I can speak it that well. They said it was remarkable. I am going to Spain very soon." Adolphe's eyes met Miss Teasdale—they both roared with laughter.

"I watched you and you didn't change your expression," Adolphe said.

"Wasn't I good though? Not the slightest sign?"

"Aha! You two are going to Spain!" I interrupted.

"You've got to say something brighter than that," Adolphe taunted me. "You haven't asked me anything yet, but if you do, I won't answer."

"Darling, be good. Be nice," said Veree.

"I am good—very good," replied Menjou. "I've only made a few bad mistakes in my life."

"Oh, Darling, you haven't made any mistakes," purred Miss Teasdale.

"Oh, Lord, who ordered lamb chops?" moaned Menjou, pouncing on one of my lamb chops and almost annihilating it.

"People think we're foolish to show how happy we are, but we don't care, do we?" said Menjou, apropos of having put his arm around Miss Teasdale's shoulders. "You see. She's in blue. I'm in blue, and we didn't plan it that way, it just happened."

And then, just as abruptly: "I'm going to table hop for a minute. You stay and be careful what you say to this friend—don't tell her anything."

"ISN'T he just about the most fascinating person in the world?" Miss Teasdale said happily. "From the day we met, I haven't gone out with another person. We're terribly happy." She patted the bunch of violets on her shoulder. "He brings me hundreds of them every day." Her eyes filled with tenderness. "Ah, he is adorable, and so intelligent. I don't need an agent any more. Adolphe is going to manage my affairs for me."

She looked up and held out her hand to Menjou as he sat down beside her.

Much later, to tease Menjou, I asked him what he thought about Hitler.

"I don't know what to think about him," evaded Adolphe.

"And marriage?" I asked irreverently.

"That I will talk about," he replied enthusiastically. "I think it's great—everybody should be married to the person with whom he's in love. There's nothing else of much importance in the entire world."

"Are you two going to be married soon," I inquired innocently, "and go to Spain for your honeymoon?"

THERE was laughter between the two love stricken lambs—they exchanged some remarks in Spanish. I was forlorn. "For heaven's sake, what are you saying?" I asked plaintively.

"Don't you wish you knew? Ha! Ha!" Adolphe grinned at me with great amusement. "We just ordered our favorite dessert, that one there," pointing with his perfectly manicured finger to a delectable bit of almond sauce. "And, waiter, don't forget the rum sauce, lots of it. And bring me another plate. . . . "

"You shouldn't point," I protested.

"Why not? I always do what I d—well want to. . . . "

Receiving the plate, the elegant, sophisticated, poised Mr. Menjou cut his dessert in half and passed it over to the lady of his heart. "What are you going to have?" he then asked me as an afterthought.

"The same," I replied, "But I want all of mine. . . . "

"You can have it but you've got to give me some of the sauce," he said.

"Darling, did you tell Marcella about Winchell saying we were already secretly married? It was so naughty of him."

"Outrageous," said Menjou with his mouth full and sneaking my rum sauce. "Coffee—coffee—for all of us, waiter."

"Well," glancing at his watch, "I've got to go play some golf now."

Just then the waiter brought a telephone. "A call for Miss Teasdale."

While Miss Teasdale talked on the telephone Menjou made faces at me, stirring the sugar around and around in his cup until it melted.

"You're mad," I whispered, "stark, raving mad."

"Certainly I am," he agreed amicably. "What did he say?" he asked when Miss Teasdale handed the waiter back the telephone.

"He said, 'Well, you couldn't blame me for trying, could you?'"

"I do," said Menjou critically.

"Oh, Darling," sighed Miss Teasdale ecstatically. "You would." She reached for his hand and patted it.

"And you—Burke—what are you going to say about me?" roared Menjou when he finally tore his eyes away from Miss Teasdale's face.

"Terrible things," I assured him. "*Confessions of a Nebulous Bride*, or *An Intimate Glimpse of a Man in Love*."

"If you do, I'll never give you another story," he threatened.

"Darling," admonished the lady of his heart. "You didn't give Burke one—you've been making love to me."

"Nothing of the sort," said the sophisticated Mr. Menjou, "We've discussed everything—marriage, Hitler, England, Hollywood, food, wines, pictures. . . . "

"Darling," purred the delectable lady, "you are a liar, a beautiful, divine liar, I'm afraid."

Hollywood's Perfume Secrets

[*Continued from page* 61]

in your eyes! I'll gladly send you the trade name, if you wish. The price is seventy-five cents.

LAST August I told you about a new indelible lipstick that was quite revolutionary. If you remember, I said that you applied the rouge, let it "set," then wiped it off—and only the *color* remained, printed on your lips. Now, after several months, the manufacturers have developed a cream cheek rouge that exactly matches the four lipstick shades, Coral, Exotic, Natural and Pastel. The rouge costs only seventy-five cents and comes in an attractive metal container, decorated with the same tiny dancing girls in grass skirts and anklets that adorn the lipstick case.

It is a wise manufacturer who continues to improve his products and their containers even after they have become very popular. Such an improvement has been made in the box containing a famous brand of face powder that is used by many movie stars. Candidly, I don't think he *could* improve the powder, so he confined himself to the container! The original color design of the box has been retained, but the cover, instead of clamping on, is now of the slip-on type that is easy to manage. This gives a much more *de luxe* appearance to the box, too, I think. The powder, instead of being in a metal drum, is now in a gilt card-board drum. You get exactly the same amount of powder for your dollar, I might reassure you. Any requests for the name of this powder will be answered promptly.

◆

"I Am Not Jane Doe!"

[*Continued from page* 56]

seen constantly with him as they traveled about the country to meet engagements of Rudy's band. Newspapers of course do not mention the fact that Alice is a very much chaperoned young lady. That her mother is with her almost every moment of the day, and that her brother is also her frequent companion.

There is no denying that Alice is fond of Rudy Vallée. What girl wouldn't be, after a famous personality had been kind, considerate and helpful in forwarding her career?

Rudy, too, is fond of Alice and greatly interested in her career. He has an abiding faith that she will make good as a screen star. What will later grow out of this warm friendship remains to be seen in future years when Alice grows to womanhood and when and if Rudy is no longer the husband of Fay Webb.

In the meantime, Alice Faye insists and wiser heads are inclined to believe the truth of her emphatic statement—"I AM NOT JANE DOE!"

◆

The Hollywood Information Bureau will answer your questions about the stars. See page 18.

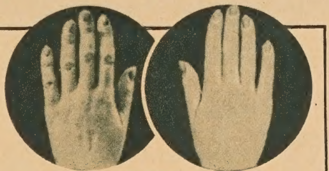
WHICH SKIN FAULT IS SPOILING YOUR BEAUTY?

LARGE PORES?
BLACKHEADS?
PIMPLES?
OILY SKIN?
CHAPPED HANDS?

For new beauty use this *medicated* corrective cream

—say scores of nurses

Among the 6,000,000 women who are now using this new kind of corrective cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. And they ought to know what's really good for the skin! Their training has taught them what the skin *needs* to keep it healthy and beautiful.



WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*.

Invisible Pore Poisons

Science now recognizes that many of the common skin faults come from tiny hidden poisons that lurk unseen beneath the skin surface. Large pores, blackheads, pimples, oiliness, roughness and other beauty-destroying flaws are often caused by these invisible poisons.

Ordinary care is not enough. Creams and lotions that merely cleanse the surface fail to reach these deep-lodged poisons. A special *medicated* cream is necessary. And Noxzema is such a cream. Noxzema is pure-white, greaseless, *vanishing*—containing medicines that sink into the skin, help to keep pores germ-free and restore the skin to normal health and beauty.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. In the morning wash off, first with warm water, then with cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema then as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try Noxzema at little cost—see how wonderfully it clears, softens and refines your skin—see why over 10,000,000 jars are used yearly. Noxzema is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new larger economical 50c jar. But don't wait—start improving your skin *tonight*. Get a jar *today* from the nearest dealer. Or get the generous 25c jar FREE by sending 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 64, Baltimore, Md.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.

YES—THE NEW IMPROVED CLOPAY!

"These WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH?"

"YOU'RE JOKING!" He Insisted

BUT when I finally *convinced* my husband, he wanted new Clopays for *every* room . . . New improved Clopays are biggest shade bargain yet. Full size fibre shades that won't crack, fade or pinhole. Heavier and stronger than ever before. Wooden slat included. And now you need trim only one side to fit narrower windows. Easily put up, too—no tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz designs. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corp., 1290 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Neighborhood Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT ENLARGED

SIZE 16"X20"

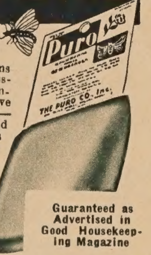
New low price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargement of any part of group picture. Safe return of your original photo, snapshot or tintype guaranteed. Our secret process produces superior enlargements for only 89c.

89¢ NEW LOW PRICE

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send 91c with order and we pay postage.

FREE With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today. UNITED PORTRAIT 100 S. Jefferson St. Dept. D-224 Chicago, Ill.



DEATH to MOTHS

FORTUNES FOR AGENTS

One moth in a home today means thousands more in almost no time causing untold damage to clothing, blankets, furs, etc. Now all this expensive destruction can be prevented. PURO—a daintily colored, delicately scented tablet evaporates into a gas that is harmless to humans, but positively deadly to moths! No sprinkling, spraying or dusting—just hang it up and forget it. Also banishes unpleasant odors. An instant hit with housewives everywhere—agents sell 4 to 12 at a time—automatic repeats on every sale—up to $15 and $25 in a day EASY—distributors up to $5000 in a year! Write today for **free sample,** description and sensational big money plans. THE PURO CO., Inc., Dept. D-623 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Guaranteed as Advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine

Rieger's
Rieger's
Rieger's

3 Perfumes

(*Exquisite new odors*)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:— *A single drop lasts a week!*

Send only 30¢

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
159 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

You Can't Marry Me Off

[*Continued from page* 36]

amusingly youthful. No wonder, when a fellow's just turned twenty! The two fought and made up, fought again and were reconciled, right up to the altar. Afterward there was a period of stern resolution. Married now; no fights! Married people mustn't fight. No, siree!

BUT the inevitable happened, and perhaps because they were young enough to take their quarrels seriously, the marriage broke up. The gravest charge was brought by Lola, who testified, as I remember it, that at the height of one of their quarrels she was branded "a dumb cluck!" I can picture Lew saying that, or whatever it was, and instantly feeling vastly shocked at himself, a bottomless contrition, but being unable to break through that brittle crust I've mentioned and say what he longed to say, "Oh, gosh, honey, I didn't mean that!"

With this naïve youthfulness Lew mingles youthful sophistication. His favorite dish is snails cooked in butter. He eats frogs' legs only when cooked in a white wine of a 1915 vintage. He introduced the mess jacket fad for men in Hollywood. He's partial to old clothes, hates to shave, and likes shoes that button up the side. . . .

When he made his first trip to New York City, quite recently, he saw Grant's Tomb, the Statue of Liberty, attended a musical, ate a frankfurter at Coney Island, and then got terribly homesick. So he left immediately for the West Coast!

He loves to hunt, and not long ago made a trip to the Santa Cruz Islands, off the California coast, to hunt wild boar. Ordinary Hollywood social life doesn't mean a thing to him; he refuses to go in for it. Ever since Max Miller's *I Cover the Waterfront* came out, he spends quite a good deal of his free time nosing about the San Diego waterfront.

These bits of personal information about Lew are necessary to understand his attitude toward marriage. Now that his extremely early trip to the altar and the brief term of domesticity that followed are over, he admits that he dislikes, even fears the responsibility that goes with marriage. He wants to be free to come and go as he pleases, stay out all night any time nightfall finds him in some interesting place too far from home, and not have to report to anyone about it, even by so much as a telephone call. The very sight of a tramp steamer gives him a gnawing desire to be off—without telling anyone he's going!

Probably this yearning for places accounts in a measure for those reports the Hollywood gossipers continually turn in, of seeing Lew and Ginger Rogers at Catalina Islands, out on the desert, or here and there, following the now conventional Hollywood custom of "tripping" together.

As for Ginger herself, she is as silent as Lew on the marriage question, but probably not at all for the same reason. Gossips had her engaged and "practically married" to Director Mervyn Le Roy, who recently married someone else. Whether or not this meant anything to Ginger emotionally, the experience was a tough one because of all of that presuming gossip, which of course many folk took seriously.

Ginger isn't leaving herself open for any more punishment of this sort. And Lew. . . .

Well, as we said before, does he mean it—when he says: "You can't marry me off!"

◆

Too Beautiful!

[*Continued from page* 37]

facts and color bearing on the case which was not told, and while some of it may be revealed during the new trial, some of it will not. Trial evidence is kept pretty closely to dry legal statements; so much is "stricken out." And there's Miss Windsor's own side of it—As well as some surprising things that have developed since, giving a new aspect to the whole case. Things that let us read the news of the trial with opened eyes, and a new conception of the emotions of the people concerned, their pretenses, schemes and passions.

For instance, why that "passion and prejudice" on the part of a jury, charged by Miss Windsor's new attorneys and substantiated by the opinion of Judge Sproul?

VERY simple, according to Miss Windsor and the attorneys, but you'll never read this in the news prints. It was simply so far as an unbiased reporter could see a matter of an actress being out-acted, because she had not been on her guard, did not take the trial seriously and because she thought a sense of innocence would guard her.

The showmanship of Mrs. Read outplayed that of Miss Windsor insofar as that vitally important audience that judged their performances, the jury, was concerned.

Mrs. Read herself is a beautiful woman. A very beautiful woman. But perhaps she thought herself no match in jury-appeal with the more beautiful Miss Windsor. So instead of embarking in a battle of beauty against Miss Windsor—beautiful brunette wife against beautiful blonde actress—Mrs. Read went to the opposite extreme. She used little makeup, and what she did use, in the opinion of Miss Windsor—who should know her makeup effects—was calculated to inspire sympathy.

Miss Windsor was dressed and groomed to show off to advantage her very famous charms. She treated the trial a bit lightly, and showed it in her manner, confident of her own innocence of the charge. The jury didn't like this

[*Continued on page* 68]

Joan Blondell and her trained dog, "Techy," are old pals. This photo was taken of the two on location for Joan's newest picture, *Hit Me Again*

What About Censorship?

[*Continued from page* 21]

you feel a quiet strength over-lying great vitality, and an up-to-the-minute interest in everything.

As I said good-bye to Mrs. Roosevelt, I lingered for a moment to talk with her secretary, Malvina Thompson Scheider. Mrs. Scheider is a very pleasant and efficient woman who has been with Mrs. Roosevelt for eleven years, and she knows more than anyone else the First Lady's sincere interest in the welfare of the American people.

"She is very much opposed to censorship," she said.

And, in answer to my question, "Yes, the White House family have movies shown here very often . . . sometimes, three or four nights a week, and, then, again, other weeks, they don't have time for any.

"They can have any movie they want, though, and they keep up with the latest ones."

YES, Mrs. Roosevelt has seen *Little Women* and enjoyed it very much as a beautiful and stirring production. Katharine Hepburn is one of her favorite actresses.

As to Mae West, Mrs. Scheider said that she didn't believe Mrs. Roosevelt would know her "from a—from a sack of salt!"

But, from what Mrs. Roosevelt said to me of censorship, I think she would consider *She Done Him Wrong* just what it was—a true and artistic portrayal of Bowery life in the Gay Nineties.

It is hard to tell who receives the most pleasure out of the Mickey Mouse comedies and the Silly Symphonies—little "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, or the President!

The President, Mrs. Scheider said, found those particular comedies particularly relaxing, after a tiring day in office. And, with Mrs. Roosevelt around, Mickey Mouse and the Three Little Pigs needn't worry about a Big Bad Censor!

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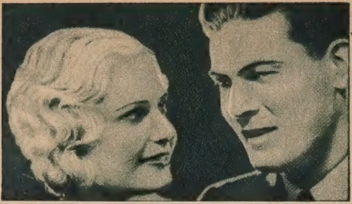

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Movies Are Good Medicine

[*Continued from page* 51]

Dietrich, Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Dressler, Helen Hayes and other excellent actors appeared, because I knew these patients would be aroused and stimulated emotionally and that such experiences would aid them in obtaining a new slant on life.

The available films were not always the best for the particular personalities I was treating, and care had to be taken not to excite too much a highly-nervous or impressionable person or one with heart disease. But on the whole the experiment worked well. I found the films quite a distinct adjunct to the pharmacopoeia.

In this connection it is pertinent to consider the philosophy of Pirandello, the Italian dramatist, who insists in all his works that what counts is not facts *as they are* but the way such facts *appear to us*.

What Pirandello stresses, and rightly, is the importance of the mind, the importance of our mental thoughts and images. In his stage play and film, *As You Desire Me*, it really did not matter whether the woman who posed as his long-lost wife actually was that person or not. So long as she acted *like* that wife and *seemed* to the protagonist to be his wife, she *was* his wife.

The trouble with most of us, however, is our inability to get out of a certain routine of thinking in which circumstances have forced us. Even if we realize how stilted and heavy of mind we are, we do not seem to be able to pull ourselves out of the rut no more than we can raise ourselves by pulling on our own bootstraps.

But a well-plotted, well-directed and well-acted picture can accomplish for us that very thing and with practically no effort at all. Many an individual has left a picture house quite a different person from what he was when he entered. There can be no question but what many symptoms of nerve or brain origin have disappeared in that way, also that in like manner many a neurosis has been nipped in the bud.

ANOTHER case I recall at the moment was one of persistent insomnia. Drugs had not helped, neither electrical treatment, wet packs or any of the other usual methods employed for such a condition. The trouble with this patient was his habit of thinking out business problems when he went to bed. "It's so quiet; I can think better," was his excuse and explanation.

So I sent him to the pictures every single night for a whole month and ordered him to bed as soon as he got home. "If you *must* think, think of the picture you saw," I warned.

And it worked like a charm. The plot of the plays were not disturbing like his business cares. What is more, besides breaking the habit of deep thought at bedtime, he felt tired enough to fall asleep promptly. The only difficulty he met was to find enough new pictures in the city to prevent repeating too often.

On the other hand, why go to the trouble of visiting your family physician or a specialist and have *him* suggest a movie for your ills when you can do all that for yourself?

It is easy enough to find out what a film is about, whether it holds the interest, to what degree it is distracting, how deeply it touches your emotions—in short, whether or not it is the picture you *need* for your particular difficulty or whether, indeed, it is exactly the type of entertainment you should *not* have. The daily newspapers review the new screen productions, you may read a movie magazine, or you are likely to hear all you want to know from friends before you are ready to see the production.

For depression and sadness, recurrent fits of the "blues," there are of course films like *Duck Soup*. Here the sheer nonsense of the Marx Brothers would bring a smile to a bronze statue. Ed Wynn in his rollicking *Fire Chief*, and Jack Pearl in *Meet the Baron*, would be others to see for that proverbial "down-in-the-mouth" feeling. And, of course, there are always Laurel and Hardy.

To overcome that "tired feeling" and to pep up jaded nerves I would strongly recommend a film with lively music and spirited dancing girls. *Forty-second Street*, *Footlight Parade*, and others of similar kind, would be the prescriptions here. Comedy also would bring about desired results.

In all film entertainment there is, to be sure, the element of having one's thoughts diverted into new channels. Some films, however, accomplish this better than others and it is probable that even a psychologist's advice in regard to what to see in this connection is not always as good as the film-goer's personal convictions on the subject.

To give an emotional outlet to a person who is emotionally repressed and shut-in—especially if the emotion be of a sex nature—nothing could be better than a visit with Mae West in *I'm No Angel* or in any other photoplay she might appear in. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* might likewise be selected with the same psychological objective in view.

The mere act of falling in love often upsets the nervous system to such a degree that it amounts to a definite illness. Many a case of love has had to be put to bed and sometimes even fever has developed. What is interesting as well is that when "love sickness" attacks men they are devastated by it more than are women.

The films have come in mighty handy in my own office whenever a case of love worry has presented itself. For I have found that the way to cure a case of unrequited or disappointed love is not to tell the patient to forget it but rather to advise him to experience more love, either directly or in a substitute way via pictures, and as fast as he can. Films like *Berkeley Square*, *Dancing Lady*, *Queen Christina* and *Song of Songs* have proved most valuable.

Remember that just as a little medicine may be all that is required to improve a patient's sickness, taking the whole bottle may make him sick all over again.

Therefore the advice given to the insomnia patient should not be understood to be ideal for every other type of case.

If you would help to cure yourself by means of the movies select your pictures wisely, be discriminating and don't ride a good thing to death.

Me and Mae West

[*Continued from page* 48]

HE STOPPED a minute to greet a friend. The friend wanted to introduce a man with him. He was a lawyer. Max stuck out his hand, a fighting scowl darkening his face.

"Lawyer, huh?" Max grunted. "I don't like lawyers anymore. I've seen more lawyers this last year than I ever expected to in my whole life. And they always bring me the same thing! Nothing but trouble."

Then he slapped the bewildered man on the back and shook the dishes on the table with his laughing. "You're a friend, so forget it," he added.

"But to go back to West," he went on. "She reminds me. I like to get away from people, cities, and go up in the mountains once in awhile. Funny thing. You the same way?"

He was asked whether he wasn't really anxious to make this picture.

"I'm still young. I'm only twenty-four, and I ought to make two or three millions yet! Naturally, I'm a fighter first and an actor second. If I don't get signed up for a big bout, I'd like to be in another film.

"At that, I think I could show Mae a thing or two. Just let me have a couple of lines and watch me! You saw what I did in *Prizefighter and the Lady.*"

HE SAT down abruptly. "Do ya know who I think's the best looking gal in Hollywood?" He paused a moment. "Marion Davies!

"Myrna Loy's a nice kid. I enjoyed working with her a lot. What's the matter with Harlow for that matter? I like Jean. She was nice to me, once I got to know her. We got along swell."

Back at the theater, Max was stopped at the door by one of the dancers who had been waiting for him.

"Max, how'm I going to get to Baltimore? I haven't got the money to buy a ticket," she wailed.

"Don't worry, honey," Baer said, patting her on the back. "Soon's the show is over, we'll get you all fixed up. Here," he stopped, slipping some bills into her hand.

"These dames!" he growled. "They come weeping around me all the time. I never give 'em any dough. I always tell 'em I got so many managers, I'm flat broke."

Up in his dressing room where he gingerly grasped a powder puff to put on his makeup, he snorted: "Some day I'm gonna sock one of those girls."

"It'd be funny if I make a picture with West and the script called for me smacking her. Would I do it? Sure, I'd let her have it right on the chin!"

Just before he said goodbye to do his act, he confided about his next fight which he hopes will be with Primo Carnera, present champion of the world.

"Remember Schmeling? Well, I evened the score with Hitler when I went after Max. All due credit to him, I sure had fun that fight.

"Well, I'll do the same thing to Mussolini through Carnera. You know Mussolini holds up his right hand, same as Hitler. What does that mean? Listen, any fighter'll tell you that a guy who leads with his right is a sucker for a left jab!"

◆

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When Mae West Went to Jail

[*Continued from page* 33]

Shakespeare. In all seriousness, the good lawyer said:

"When Shakespeare was alive, his plays were considered exceedingly risqué, but nobody regards them as such today. They are great works of art that instruct the people and teach them a moral lesson. *Sex* likewise teaches a moral lesson." And then the attorney went on to quote passages from *Hamlet* which, in his mind, were every bit as objectionable and "one thousand times worse than anything in *Sex*."

But all this proved of no avail. The judge listened. The jury listened. And on April 5, 1927, a verdict of guilty was returned.

It was a most dramatic moment. The foreman of the jury, a coal dealer, brought in the verdict. In tense silence, it was read.

While Assistant District Attorney James Wallace pronounced, with utmost satisfaction, that "this case is a vindication of our contention that all plays of this kind should be tried before a jury," Mae smiled tremulously but bravely at the stunned crowd.

And as she smiled, Timmony sank lower and lower in his chair. Morgenstern, alone of the three, gave way to his emotions in public manner. He wept, sobbing fitfully on the table crowded with briefs, notes and law books.

In a long statement, the judge ordered them to serve ten days in jail. Pointing out the necessity for this sentence, the judge said:

"The verdict of the jury was an entirely proper one. . . .

"By reason of the growing agitation over the so-called 'sex plays' this trial occupied the attention of the entire country and particularly the citizens of our great city.

"The jury was instructed by the Court to render a verdict based upon their conception of the moral standards of today as they exist in this city, of which they are representative citizens. Their verdict, based on this standard, ought to silence forever those who are continuously maligning the fair name of New York. . . .

"Such plays as *Sex* serve no good purpose. Whereas it would probably have no effect upon the sophisticated and those experienced in worldly affairs, yet in my judgment it had a most inimical effect upon the youth of our city. . . ."

STRONG words these. But no stronger than the words that turned Mae into a prisoner. The black hat which graced her blonde hair and the black fur-trimmed coat that covered her svelte figure at the time Judge Donnellan pronounced those words were exchanged for the drab, cotton frock worn by all those who pass through the portals of the ironically-named Welfare Island.

Mae, listening to the judge's indictment, took it like the trouper she was. She didn't weep. Nor did she falter. When it came time for her to go to her prison cell, she refused the offer of a ride in a friend's shiny sedan. Instead, she chose the "Black Maria," hard-seated, uncomfortable. And there, hemmed in between the dregs of humanity, she went to that gray prison on the island surrounded by the swirling currents of the East River.

And while male members of the cast were wielding mops in the Tombs, the other somber New York jail, Mae, wearing the prison uniform of cheap gingham, cotton stockings and square-toed shoes, indulged in "light housekeeping." Her greatest hardship, while a guest of the city, was getting up at seven and retiring at nine.

BUT prison didn't daunt Mae. She studied the inmates, questioned them and as she later explained, gathered enough material for ten plays.

Warden Harry Schleth, who was Mae's host, insisted, at the time, that she was a model prisoner. He denied that she had received any unusual favors, insisting she did as much work as the others who come to the Welfare Island workhouse for a short stay.

And then the warden pointed to a check for $1,000 given him by Mae. The check, it was explained, would go to establishing a Mae West Memorial Prison Library over which the warden would establish a "liberal" censorship in the choice of books.

Thus did Mae depart from her ten-day sentence in prison. A sad memory, in a short but hectic life crowded with memories, Mae determined to make it a step forward to really great heights, to leave this interlude behind her.

That she has done so is proven wherever her pictures are shown and wherever she appears.

◆

Too Beautiful

[*Continued from page* 64]

performance. Mrs. Read, Miss Windsor insists, stole their sympathy, all the scenes of the real-life court room drama, and the verdict!

Now Claire is coming back fighting, serious, ready to do her part—and with two new attorneys. The battle of brunette wifely beauty against blonde actress beauty this time promises to be not without its element of showmanship on both sides.

Read, legal experts declare, was put in an unfavorable light by the conviction on charge of petty theft. However, that isn't all. The new evidence dug up, and now being held in preparation for use for the new trial, is pretty extensive.

Some of this evidence may come out at the new trial. Other items—if they are not deemed necessary—will be spared, but they may be offered for your consideration here, purely as Exhibits A to Z in the case, not as facts advanced by this publication or author.

They exist, however, in a big series of affidavits already filed in the Superior Court of Los Angeles.

JULIE CARTER, twenty-year-old stage actress, told of a gay champagne party over the week-end with Read and another couple, in a San Jose hotel (near San Francisco, Read's home). During this party Read told her of his love for her, Miss Carter averred, and represented himself as a single man.

Similar protestations of love, this time accompanied by proposals of marriage, were charged against Read by Aljean Hemming. Also by Dorothy Granger! Also—he told these women, they declared, that he was single. When it was revealed later that he was then a married man, he declared his wife was in Reno getting a divorce.

The alleged tactics were the same, you will note, as those Read himself admitted pursuing with Claire Windsor, during the trial in which he was a witness in her behalf.

But the showmanship-appreciating jury of the case, it would seem, didn't believe him.

On this moot question, other new evidence is said to throw light. Henry Stewart Trumbower, who according to trial testimony accompanied Read, Miss Windsor and Read's sister Phyllis to Agua Caliente, Mexico, on one of the trips cited so damagingly by Mrs. Read in the trial, stated that he had been instructed by Read to represent him to Miss Windsor as a single man.

And Trumbower further affirmed that he had overheard a conversation between Read and his wife in which the latter declared she would have little trouble in winning a good-sized judgment against Claire Windsor if he would aid her!

While the sympathy of the jury apparently strayed from Miss Windsor during the trial, she was deluged by letters of sympathy from fans and other well-wishers, and it was through careful perusal of these countless letters that some of the most valuable evidence for the new trial was discovered. Persons who had had some connection or other with Mr. and Mrs. Read wrote to the actress, offering their information—usually with no strings attached—to aid her in her new trial.

The jury awarded one verdict, but it seems that the judge and the general public held another opinion. The judge seemed to be unimpressed by the subtle histrionics at the trial, and the general public didn't witness them.

If the new trial returns a verdict favorable to Miss Windsor, she is going back into pictures. But not *unless* it does. As she puts it:

"I have no money with which to pay anyone $75,000, and rather than go to work to earn it, I'll postpone my return to the screen and perhaps get married."

Such is the latest dramatic chapter in the life of the girl who is so beautiful that she seems doomed forever to be pursued by the jinx of ill luck. Will this new trial be the end of the series of ironic episodes that have kept her name in headlines for the past few years? Claire Windsor prays that it will—and so do her countless friends and admirers.

It's hard to believe I was ever so SKINNY!
SO LONG SKINNY!

Posed by professional models

Amazing EASY WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS FAST

Sensational gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty in a few weeks

NOW you can easily fill out that skinny, beanpole figure, and be just as attractive and have as many friends as *anybody*. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh and shapely, enticing curves that everybody admires—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Dept. 284, Atlanta, Georgia.

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MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY *YOUTHFULLY* BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S

EVEN if you are only 21. If your blonde hair has become faded or darkened—IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

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Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

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Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard and stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

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Million Dollar Scraps of Paper

[*Continued from page* 45]

like one of the silliest on record, just as her contract itself is one of the bulkiest. In it, Bette agrees with all due legal formality to wear her hair in a long bob!

Some of the greatest stars have the simplest contracts. Garbo's, for instance, is less bulky than many a comedian's agreement to do a two-reel short subject. It has only a few typed pages with the standard form.

MANY a gentleman star's contract contains a clause voiding it, at the producer's discretion, in case the gentleman star herein-before-mentioned (yep, that's a legal term!) goes on a drunk at an inconvenient time, such as in the middle of a production. There are also clauses demanding that he conduct himself like "an actor and a gentleman." Such a joker enabled Metro to break Lee Tracy's contract after the ruckus in Mexico.

You've often heard of "breaking star's contracts." This means, simply, the violation by one party or the other of the terms of the contract, such violation enabling the other party to consider the contract no longer binding. If a lawsuit results, it is to get a legal, judicial interpretation of the clause alleged to have been broken, and to determine whether the actor's or producer's conduct was actually in violation of that clause. Suppose Tracy sued Metro, saying he hadn't violated his contract, that they had no right to break it, and that if they didn't want him in their pictures any more they could just fork over his salary due under the contract, in cash—some such paltry sum as $2,500 weekly for as many years as the contract still had to run! The courts would investigate, and try to find out which contestant was in the right. If Tracy could prove his case, Metro would have to pay whether they put the actor back to work or not. Usually in such an event a cash settlement on a compromise basis is made; the company "buys" the remaining term of the star's contract for a fraction of its face value. The actor is glad to sell because he is then free to make pictures for other companies; what he gets is just "velvet."

CUTTING salaries necessitates rewriting contracts. Stars sometimes accept temporary cuts without this formality, but this can be done for but a short time without invalidating the existing contract. Usually contracts are written with "sliding scale" salary provisions and options. In important star contracts, the option is the producer's protection.

For example: Suppose a star signs what is so often called a "long term" contract, for, say, five years. However, each year the producer has the "option" of dropping the star if he likes. To make up for this privilege, if he decides to keep the star he boosts the star's salary a specified amount each time he takes up an option. I have before me a star's five-year contract, one given her by a far-sighted producer two years before she became a big favorite.

The starting salary is only $750 weekly. At the end of the first year it jumps to $1,000; second year, $1,500; third year, $2,000; fourth and last option-time, $2,500. As star salaries go that star got to be worth about $3,500 per week or more. In this particular case the producer was big-hearted enough to grant her several cash bonuses for pictures which were big winners at the theatre box offices.

EVERY non-actor in Hollywood has one rosy dream: To sign some potentially-famous but then unimportant player on a contract to him personally, help the actor get famous, and then sit back to reap the rewards! There are countless instances of this scheme succeeding. None better, I think, than the following:

Chester Morris, relatively unknown when he made *Alibi*, was discouraged about his work in the picture, wouldn't believe Director Roland West's encouraging declaration that he was great in the part, and was about to leave Hollywood for good. West, attempting to dissuade him, offered him a personal contract at a good salary. It was the equivalent of a good sporting bet, and was too tempting for Morris to refuse.

Neither ever regretted the bargain. *Alibi* was a smash hit. Morris proved all that West had hoped for him. For the five-year life of the contract Morris, "hired out" to producers by West, brought his backer a handsome profit and earned fame and fortune for himself, so everybody concerned was happy.

Don't you wish you owned a movie star's contract?

◆

Is Garbo Married?

[*Continued from page* 38]

Arizona jaunt. Or on another, in Northern California. They may plan marriage in the immediate future. Any of these things, however, would surprise us a great deal; they don't seem at all in character with the Greta we know."

Naturally, you'll never learn the identity of the speaker. There might be other information about Greta that this writer must secure in the near future, and then there's a little matter of ethics.

BUT consider this statement from Joseph Gerwitts, proprietor of the hotel in Holbrook, Arizona, at which the couple registered as "Mary Brown" and "Robert Brown"—first interpreted from Mamoulian's scrawl as "Bonji."

"They got separate rooms, the man on the second floor and the woman on the fourth," Gerwitts explained. "I thought I recognized the lady as Greta Garbo,

[*Continued on page* 80]

"Don't Write About My Baby!"

[*Continued from page* 34]

marriage. She did not rush into matrimony again to ease the hurts of her former marriage. It was not until several years had passed that she married again.

She is now separated, but only by distance, from her European husband. It might have been ambition that spurred her to return to America. Possibly it was the desire to be on the same continent as her little daughter. Whatever it was, it took her, last summer, to the little theatre group of East Hampton, Long Island. She had small parts in *Good Morning, Bill!* and *No More Bachelors.* From there she was signed to a Fox Film contract. Arriving in Hollywood she became something to be admired, but not to be understood.

Because she is quiet, well-educated, keeps her own counsel, is friendly to studio workers, likes outdoor sports, lives with her mother and dachshund in a Beverly Hills bungalow, is seldom seen on parade (with male escort) at Clubs Colony and Clover, Restaurants Sardi's, Vendome, Brown Derby and other night spots, Hollywood comments that she "lives like a nun."

When she was a child, Miss Ames did the correct thing, including dreaming, at nine years, of becoming an actress. She attended Roycemore School in Evanston, Illinois, the University School for Girls in Chicago, Mt. Vernon Seminary at Washington (for four years), and the Ely School in Connecticut. The youngest child of the late K. L. A. Ames, publisher of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, she has two older brothers: K. L. A. Ames, Jr., of the Chicago Daily News, and John Ames, now publishing his father's financial paper.

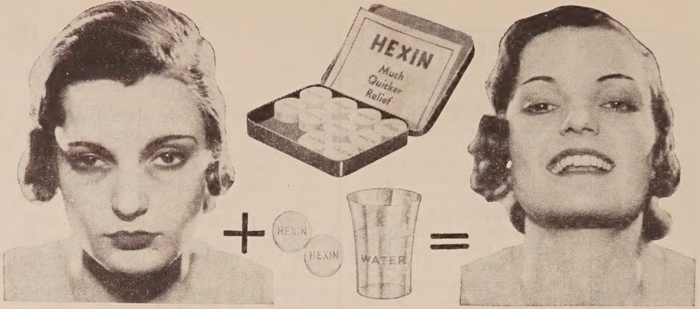
At Mills College in Oakland, California, she rode the only bicycle on the campus; wrote scathing verse concerning the deplorable quality of the school's soup; and six months after finishing school married young Ogden Ketting.

As PALE and fair as Elaine, the celebrated Lily Maid, it was not until after the crack-up of her first marriage that Miss Ames' desire for a theatrical career crystalized. She worked under Walter Hartwig in his Peterboro, N. H., theatrical group, and then sailed for England, where she appeared in several English legitimate productions, made two British film appearances, married Bertie Meyers, met and admired Tallulah Bankhead (whom she slightly resembles) and fell completely and lastingly in love with the British Isles.

"I love the people there," she said, in a rare moment of confidence. "They are honest, loyal. They keep their word. If they promise something, you may be sure it will be done.

"All I can ask of life is the right to work hard. When I look at the Hollywood people, it isn't their wealth that I envy, nor their fame or stardom. The people that I envy most in Hollywood are the happily married couples."

Perhaps this explains the almost fierce intensity with which she throws herself into hard work, long hours, patient rehearsing. Hard work, she has learned, is the only thing that can dull the ache of affections that are drawn taut in a giant triangle from Rosemary Ames in Hollywood to Chicago and London.



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Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

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While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

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Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

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Hollywood's Alimony Racket

[*Continued from page* 39]

until some miracle should occur in his behalf, or to make a clean breast of his professional set-backs and thereby lose cast forever in the eyes of Hollywood which has no time or tolerance for "has-beens." Naturally, he chose the latter course, testified that he had worked only eight weeks out of the preceding eighty and that his salary per week for those eight weeks had been only $350, less twenty per cent paid in commissions to agents. In other words, his total earnings had been far less than the alimony he was obligated to pay. The newspapers headlined his case, Hollywood promptly wrote him down a "has-been," and he is only now beginning to fight his way back.

His case is very typical of hundreds of others involving screen celebrities. It's a rare day which doesn't find some member of the movie colony awaiting his turn to take the witness stand in Judge Valentine's court, there to show reason why he cannot pay the amount of alimony ordered at the time of his divorce—and, in so doing, to irreparably injure his chances for a screen comeback! Among those who, during the past year, have qualified to act as technical advisors on alimony court proceedure are Alan Dinehart, Cliff Edwards, James Hall, Jack Hoxie and Jan Rubini.

Judge Valentine is frank in admitting that it is utterly impossible for him to completely analyze the merits of each case he hears. His department handles between twenty-five and forty-five cases every day—consequently, each matter must be disposed of with the greatest dispatch possible. And the pride of the defendants usually prevents them from "coming clean" about their financial woes—especially if they are prominent enough to make the newspaper headlines.

It is only in cases involving the custody of children that Judge Valentine is permitted to assign his own investigators the task of discovering the true situation.

THE alimony laws of California, according to Judge Valentine, are frequently harsh and unjust to the celebrity who shirks public exposure of his poverty or professional failure. In this state a vengeful wife whose ex-spouse falls into arrears in the payment of her alimony, can have him thrown into jail—and frequently does! Moreover, paradoxical as it may seem, she can keep him incarcerated there until he earns money enough to satisfy her claim! The judge has authority to reduce his future payments, but no power to excuse his failure to make back payments.

THERE'S no way of computing the amount of alimony paid each year in divorce-mad Hollywood, but the total undoubtedly would stagger the imagination. Many celebrities pay alimony to two ex-mates, several pay to three and a few to four. And, no matter how painful the circumstances, Hollywood must have its joke, following the lead of Bernard Potter, a retired theatre owner who pays and pays to four ex-wives, many stars now write their alimony checks in red ink and call it "blood money."

And blood money it is, in many cases, according to the expert testimony of both Judge Valentine and Milton Cohen, Hollywood's premier divorce attorney. They stress the fact that in Filmtown many smart and greedy wives have capitalized on their stellar husband's terror of anything savoring of scandal to obtain huge property settlements and exorbitant alimony. What star will refuse to pay when threatened with the airing of sensational charges in open court.

Cohen is vitrolic in flaying such tactics and the lawyers who endorse them. Furthermore, he condemns any attorney who, for the sake of publicity, includes scandalous charges in a divorce complaint and thereby wrecks the professional future of the defendant.

Most Hollywood stars, realizing the fickleness of their profession, prefer to reach a cash settlement with their wives rather than to pay monthly alimony. In that way they wipe the slate clean and leave their futures unencumbered.

It is only in the event of subsequent litigation that the full terms of such property settlements are aired before the public.

Tom Mix is credited with the largest settlement in cold cash ever paid in the divorce history of Hollywood. He gave Victoria Forde a check for $450,000—and that, mind you, was in addition to a fortune in jewelry, furs and other property! A few years later, after she had remarried, she haled him into court to collect notes for $50,000 which he had also given her at the time of their divorce.

THE exact terms of Charlie Chaplin's settlement with Lita Gray are unknown, but he is generally believed to have presented her with approximately one-half million dollars. In addition, of course, he established princely trust funds for their two children. It was not Chaplin's first divorce and not his first painful contribution to Hollywood's alimony horde. Try telling him that it's the woman who pays and pays!

An entirely different set of circumstances surrounds the property settlements agreed upon by such couples as Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks or Ina Claire and John Gilbert. In those cases both parties to the divorce were not only possessed of independent fortunes but were also at the peak of their careers, capable of earning new millions.

Asked if, in their opinions, many Hollywood marriages are made with the deliberate intent, on the part of the bride, to feather her nest with alimony checks, both Judge Valentine and Milton Cohen qualified their answers.

"Probably not—but undoubtedly many a Hollywood bride has entered a marriage with the mental reservation that if it doesn't prove agreeable, a property settlement or alimony will convert it into an excellent investment."

Marriage and divorce, by long association, have become inseparable words in Hollywood's vocabulary, you know. Marriage, here, is always an exciting experiment—divorce is frequently just another racket!

Broadway Scoops

[*Continued from page* 53]

Wanger and asked, "Is that really true? Did it happen that way?"

"It's absolutely authentic, absolutely," was Mr. Wanger's answer.

This same dialogue was repeated at the end of every reel. Each time, Mr. Wanger assured Mr. Coward that every detail was authentic—including the armor, the look of the peasants, the snow and the costumes.

After *Queen Christina* had been fully unwound, Mr. Coward had still another question.

"How was Miss Garbo to work with? Was she difficult? Was she tractable?" he wanted to know.

"She was simply marvelous!" enthused Mr. Wanger, "except that she kept insisting on playing Christina as she really was—namely, with a hooked nose and a hunched back!"

Gala Event

SPOTTED Janet Gaynor at the Casino de Paris the other night, looking too adorable in a green chiffon evening gown that offset her titian hair, bandeaued in rhinestone.

She was escorted by Elisha Cook, Jr., whose sensitive performance of George M. Cohan's youngest son in *Ah Wilderness* is one of the high spots of Broadway's current theatrical season.

No, it isn't a new romance for the whole heart and fancy free Janet! She and "Teddy" are childhood friends from Philadelphia.

In The Mailbag

Dear Radie:

Greetings from London, where I have been working constantly ever since my arrival three months ago (knock wood!).

I am now working on my third picture, *Contraband,* directed by Robert Milton, who I'm sure you must remember from Hollywood when he directed *Outward Bound.* David Manners is my leading man and Camilla Horn plays the vamp—otherwise it is an all English cast. I have the best part I have played for a long time . . . it is so nice to be a heroine for a change after my eternal "villiany" in American films.

My first picture, *The Red Wagon,* had the grandest opening that any picture ever had here. The Prince of Wales and the cream of society attended and after the performance, I was presented in the Royal Antichamber of the theatre. I had a long talk with the Prince, mostly about Norway as he is the nephew of Queen Maud, whose protege I was when I made my début on the stage. Funny, my conversation with H. R. H. has made me as famous here as all my three pictures put together! The papers have all wanted to interview me about it, but under these circumstances, I feel that it is better to maintain a discreet silence.

Have had many flattering offers for the stage, but what appeals to me most is a review which will open the end of the month at the old historic Savoy Theatre. Will write more about that later.

Until then, kindest regards to all our mutual friends, with best to you.

GRETA (NISSEN).

Editor's Note—Radie Harris, SCREEN BOOK's Broadway reporter, can be heard on Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m., over Newark's station WOR.

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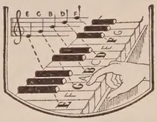

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30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
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30x3½	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85
34x4	3.25	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
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Putting Hepburn on the Spot

[*Continued from page* 31]

Katharine Hepburn's marriage and her husband play a very important part in her life. And if the truth were known, her refusal to discuss her marriage is doubtless due to the fact that she fears what too much publicity might do to it.

She stubbornly refused to sign a long term contract unless she was allotted three months' freedom from work each year. As soon as she finishes a picture she flies East to join her husband. They have a charming four story studio house on East Forty-ninth Street in New York. Both are enthusiastic about golf. Katharine plays a good game. But her husband can beat her.

When Hepburn is in Hollywood she lives with a friend—Laura Harding. They have a house in the foothills, away from the center of the film colony. It is significant that during all the time she has been in Hollywood Katharine Hepburn has never been escorted any place by a man—even to lunch.

As I told you last month, her life has not been punctuated by numerous romances. Ludlow Ogden Smith, or "Luddy" as he is more intimately known, is the only man she has ever really loved. They met at a dance during her junior year at Bryn Mawr. Six months after she graduated they were married at the Hepburn home in Hartford.

Luddy comes of a prominent and extremely conventional Philadelphia family. When they learned that their son was about to marry an ACTRESS—well, you can just imagine. It was not until they met the Hepburns and found that they had a family tree too that they put their approval upon the marriage.

LUDDY is tall and rather dark. A typical young business man. He is junior executive with the firm of John R. Hall, financial advisors, and has a reputation of being something of a statistical wizard. But delving into statistics has in no way interfered with his sense of humor. When an inquisitive reporter asked him why his wife didn't use his name he said: "What! *Two* Kate Smiths? Don't you think one is enough?"

Between Katharine and her husband their exists a rare comradeship and understanding.

"If it were a question of deciding between her husband and her career," a close friend of hers told me, "I think she would say goodbye to the career. But that is not necessary for Luddy understands and is sympathetic with her ambition. If he had not been I think she would have postponed her marriage."

As you no doubt have read, Hepburn's stage career began with a stock company in Baltimore. After a brief apprenticeship there she tried her luck on Broadway where she had two years of alternating failures and transient success. Her first personal hit was in *The Warrior's Husband*. In this play she made her entrance doing a cartwheel across the stage.

It was while she was appearing in this play that she attracted the attention of the movie moguls. But she wasn't in the least interested in Hollywood or pictures. And said so.

"Of course if you offered me $1,500 a week," she said slyly, "I suppose I couldn't afford to turn it down."

Amazingly enough they did offer her $1,250. And she promptly turned it down. A few weeks later they raised the ante to $1,500 and she signed on the dotted line.

I TOLD you last month about her arrival in Hollywood in that little pill box hat. When a new star comes out from New York everyone on the lot is naturally curious to give her the once over. But probably no star has ever given a studio gang such a shock as did Hepburn. She strolled into the publicity department one afternoon in a dowdy, rumpled dress, carpet slippers on her feet, her red hair frousled. Nobody paid any attention to her.

"I noticed her strolling around," one of the men told me afterward, "and I thought it was one of the scrub women. But I couldn't imagine what she was doing there at that time of day. When I was informed that it was our new star Miss Hepburn I was convinced that whoever had been responsible for signing her up had gone completely off their nut."

Life on the RKO lot has never been the same since Hepburn arrived. She is the despair of the wardrobe department. Gowns to be used in pictures must be kept fresh and immaculate. Hepburn thinks nothing of dashing out on the lot in one of their most expensive creations, and if she happens to get into an interesting conversation with somebody she flops down on the grass or the dirt, wherever she happens to be, while the wardrobe department holds its collective breath, fully expecting the gown to come back ruined. During the making of *Little Women* she was discovered one day, flat on her back on the dusty stage floor, studying her script. She was wearing the loveliest and most fragile gown, the one she wore the night she went to the opera with the professor. You can imagine what it looked like when she picked herself up off the floor.

She is a creature of varying moods. There are days when she is so noisy and raucous that she can be heard all over the lot. At other times she is as silent as a clam.

She insists that she can act better with her shoes off and does so whenever she can. In one of the scenes in *Little Women* the director insisted that she must put more ecstasy into the scene.

"How can I be ecstatic unless my toes are free to curl?" she demanded. Whereupon she kicked her shoes across the set.

SEVERAL months ago when she was scheduled to do a story called *Three Came Unarmed* she was presented with a monkey—a little gibbon—which was to play an important part in the story. It was necessary for her to make friends with it for the picture and the little gibbon became her constant companion. Schoedsack, the explorer, taught her to cry like a monkey. For weeks she practically drove everybody on the lot nuts with this weird yelp.

With the gibbon perched on her shoulder she would howl and yelp and then the monkey would try to outyell her. *Some fun!*

She seldom becomes friendly with her

fellow artists in a picture. She is, however, particularly kind and friendly to her stand-in girl. And the boys on the set to the hardest boiled electrician and grip swear by her.

When they were on location on *Trigger* the boys played volley ball every evening. Hepburn pulled on her overalls and played with them until she skinned her nose and decided it was time to stop.

She is very difficult to photograph. She has to be lighted very carefully for her face is so mobile that it is almost impossible to capture her many fleeting expressions. The cameramen are wrecks at the finish of a Hepburn picture.

SHE pretends to take no special interest in her fan mail. Occasionally, however, a letter will intrigue her and she will sit down and dash off an answer. There was, for example, a girl who wrote of her great admiration for her and commented upon her fascinating personality and then added:

> "I wash my undies in Lux. I use Listerine to keep my breath sweet and I do all the things the magazines say about cold-creaming my face at night and brushing my hair and getting plenty of exercise in order to make myself beautiful but still I don't seem to be able to get a sweetheart. What do you think is wrong with me."

The answer which the girl received was characteristically Hepburn.

> "My dear," she wrote. "I don't know what is wrong with you but I am sure that whatever it is there is plenty of it."

THAT Katharine Hepburn should have very definite ideas about personal liberty and the rights of the individual is the natural result of her upbringing. Each member of the Hepburn family was taught to *respect* the rights of the others. The children were encouraged to express themselves in their own way, to have confidence in themselves, all of which made for individualism. Small wonder then that the fiery Kate fights to preserve her individuality and refuses to permit Hollywood to make her over into a standardized pattern.

Undoubtedly Hepburn is one of the most interesting personalities ever to appear on the Hollywood horizon. Those who dare to make prophecies go so far as to say that she will be the greatest actress of our generation. And since she is the sort of person who could never be satisfied with mediocre success, to fulfil that prophecy is doubtless the very goal she has set for herself.

When she took a temporary leave from the screen to appear in the Broadway production of *The Lake*, she said:

"I am not a finished actress. I have come back to the stage for more experience."

And the drama jurists of Broadway, after witnessing her performance on the stage, are of the opinion that she needs *considerably* more experience before she is qualified to take her place alongside such finished actresses as Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell.

If Miss Hepburn has been somewhat blinded by Hollywood's magic lanterns such criticism should be good for her. And if she is the sort of fighter I think she is she will never rest until she has made those drama critics eat their words.

THE END

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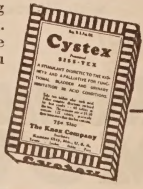
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Is Mary Still In Love?

[*Continued from page* 35]

and went across the Atlantic to join her husband.

For twelve years she submerged her entire personality to that of Douglas. When they were first married, and Doug was enjoying his years of stardom, Mary's own career was submerged. She threw her whole heart and soul into Doug's success.

It made not the slightest difference to Mary which honored and celebrated guests they happened to be entertaining in their home. Always a gracious hostess, it was the inevitable rule that at ten o'clock Mary would say good night to all. They were courteously invited to keep the party going exactly one-half hour later by Douglas, whose name had been called out by his wife from the upper gallery of the house as he in turn took leave of his guests. Doug had to get his full eight hours sleep so that he might be fit for work the next day. This rule was never changed.

Doug was very fond of horseback riding. Mary, who viewed all large animals with fear and alarm, forced herself to learn to ride. Day after day she accompanied Doug on long trips into the surrounding country.

Doug possessed an artistic mind. Mary promptly applied herself to the study of foreign languages. She took up painting and the study of sculpture. Pickfair became a model house of good taste and beauty.

The mutual devotion and contentment of the pair did a vast amount of good in the motion picture world. Movie fans all over the world were happy in the knowledge that these two at least lived a normal, peaceful domestic life. No matter how many other celebrities took the marital roller-coaster with divorces, re-marriages, separations, reconciliations, and so on—Mary and Doug were there to offset any sort of scandal.

I WENT to see Mary the other day and spent a long, happy afternoon talking with her about the old days. In appearance she hasn't changed a bit. Her body is still that of an eighteen year old girl. The famous golden curls are cut short and piled in a modish coiffure on her head. Her face is young and fresh, but the change in her eyes is remarkable. There is a light there which reveals a new Mary Pickford.

Mary chattered gaily and freely. Her laugh rang out as merrily and as carefree as that of a debutante. We discussed various personalities, and I was vastly amused by her clever repartee—so unlike the Mary of former days.

Her impersonation of two celebrated Hollywood women engaging in a verbal battle over the amorous attentions of a lanky film star who, unknown to either of his lady friends, was calmly proceeding to marry a girl outside the film world, set me off into hysterics. After an hour of idle conversation, I asked Mary the question that was uppermost in my mind.

"Why do you think there are so many divorces in Hollywood, Mary?"

"The financial independence of women," she replied promptly. "For years it has been an accepted fact that women were the dependents in life. They married for a meal ticket—a home in which to be cared for by their husbands. As a result, whenever their husbands felt like getting drunk or doing anything they wanted to, they just went ahead and did it.

"In Hollywood a screen star makes more money than any other man in other professions could hope to earn. When the husband is an actor or director or executive, and feels the need of flirting with other women, she decides that she doesn't have to take it, and goes off to Reno. The old double standard has completely disappeared in the movie world. Why shouldn't a woman who works hard, earns large sums of money and is just as capable as her husband, lead her own life? The old idea of submerging one's personality to a man just because you happen to be in love with him is foolish. Unselfishness, devotion and domestic virtues are out of style in a world in which everything takes place on an exaggerated aspect. Kindness and consideration for others can be destructive and weakening. You become soft, and when you are knocked down and hurt the injury is twice as bad as it would be to someone who has been looking out for himself."

"I OUGHT to know," she smiled. "I finally made up my mind I wasn't going to be such a little fool. The world hasn't much time for a woman who sits around with a meek, injured expression on her face as if to say—'Look how badly I've been treated.'

"If women could only make up their minds to view life with the same directness with which men view it, I am quite sure there wouldn't be so much marital unhappiness in the world. So few of my sex realize the honesty of a man's vanity. It is the most natural thing in the world for men to weaken before the flattery of some new, beautiful woman who enters his life after he has been married to the same old face for a good many years. Any woman of intelligence ought to be prepared for such an emergency. She has to be selfish to the same extent that her husband has been selfish. She has to keep herself young, vital and interested in other men so that when the rift occurs she isn't left with empty hands. Of course, I realize that this is extremely difficult if one happens to be sincerely and honestly in love with one's husband, but there ought to be some sort of training school to enable wives to look out for their own interests."

IF THE above quotations do not reveal the gallantry of Mary's new spirit then I have failed in my task.

In the conversation, Doug's name was mentioned many times. There never was the slightest trace of bitterness in her voice as she referred to him. One felt that she talked of some beloved companion with whom she had shared many happy adventures—and *one who was temporarily absent.*

I, for one, sincerely hope that this is true for that Mary still loves her husband is obvious to even the most stupid observer.

Man Can Talk With God, Says Noted Psychologist

A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how we may find, understand and use the same identical power which Jesus used in performing his so-called miracles, is attracting world wide attention to its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted psychologist, author and lecturer. "Psychiana," this New Psychological Religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every normal human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Galilee ever did, even to raising the dead—it believes and teaches that when He said, "the things that I do shall Ye do also" He meant what He said and meant it literally to apply to all mankind. through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6,000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness, and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him. If you want to read this highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth, just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. L, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.

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Secrets That Torture The Stars!

[*Continued from page* 23]

established a special department to investigate and fight the menace. Already his officers have investigated over 300 cases involving stars, directors and producers, yet Fitts stated flatly that not more than one case in ten is ever reported to his office.

Rex Cole, president of the Equitable Investment Corporation and business manager for at least a score of the most famous stars, agrees with the district attorney that blackmail is exacting a heavy toll from Hollywood.

THE prevalence of blackmail in this publicity-smothered town of Hollywood need not be taken as proof positive that all movie celebrities have family skeletons. In at least fifty per cent of the cases investigated, the scandal threatened by the extortionist had absolutely no foundation in fact. But the threat still remained, simply because it would be headlined, foundation or no foundation, in every newspaper. Only recently, a woman who had once been secretary to Ann Harding, and for some reason or another had a grudge against the star, decided to get even by "telling all." Ann remained unperturbed. Editors who listened to the woman who attempted to sell them her "sensational" story declared they were not interested.

Few stars have had the courage to fight back. Wallace Beery did, when an extra girl accused him of being the father of her illegitimate child; Monroe Owsley did in a similar case—and both proved in open court that they were the intended victims of a blackmailer's scheming.

VERY typical is the tragic case of a certain ex-star who represented himself as a nobleman and a shell-torn hero of the World War. He spoke with admirable fortitude of his suffering from a piece of shrapnel which was still lodged in his breast and with modest depreciation of the European rulers and princelings who had been his intimates in the days of his courtly splendor.

Strange to say, however, he always had a previous engagement when authentic noblemen from his erstwhile native land visited Hollywood. He declined, with the grace of a Chesterfield, every invitation to affairs which they attended. A few Doubting Thomases began to question his backgroud. And then came the hilarious finale.

With heroic resignation, he announced that the wound was becoming intolerable and that he was forced to submit to a dangerous operation. He then disappeared for nearly a month.

Weeks later, a certain magazine scribe was talking to the superintendent of a secluded sea-side hospital and told her of the hero's battle with death. The nurse listened with growing amazement.

"Bullet, fiddlesticks!" she interrupted at last. "I know your hero. He spent a week of that month in my hospital, undergoing an operation for hemorrhoids!"

And that's the trouble in Hollywood—there's always a valet, or a nurse, or a school day friend to lend terror to every secret!

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Bing Says a Mouthful

[*Continued from page* 24]

valley up there, where you were born and raised. Same with me!"

"See here, you were born in Tacoma, Bing," I retorted. "It's no New York City, but it's not the Great Open Spaces either. You can't belong to my Hick Club, mister. Stuart can, but you're an outsider."

BUT Bing was in a serious mood. "We weren't speaking entirely of country-raised boys, but of boys and girls who, because of that or some other circumstances of birth and raising, differ from other folk," he declared. "You see, Stu and I were trying to solve that great enigma that confronts every actor, radio singer or other entertainer who suddenly gets popular, hits the public fancy.

"Of course, some of them have an easy answer. They simply say, 'Why, I'm *good*, that's all!' But most of us don't kid ourselves. We have moments, at any rate, when we look around us and see plenty of others who have whatever we have, and maybe more, and have had the opportunity to show it. And they haven't 'clicked.' So what is it that strikes the public imagination and hold it?"

"Individuality," I suggested. "Something intangible in personality, apart from quality of work and turns of Fortune's wheel, that pleases a number of people."

"Exactly," chuckled Bing. "You try out any other formula you like, and it doesn't seem to cover all cases. Hard work, for instance. Many owe success to that. But you take me. Why *singing* isn't work to me! And as you know, I'm one of the laziest fellows in the world. I like to sing, and found to my surprise that I could get paid for it. So I sing—for pleasure and for pay. And singing got me somewhere on the radio, and that led to films.

"Of course, I work rather hard in pictures, and even with radio work there were times when I'd rather have been singing in my bathroom, or for a little party or in a hammock under an apple tree than in a big broadcasting studio. But doing the latter was no heroic sacrifice or toil. No, it isn't hard work, alone, or luck alone, or a God-given knack of pleasing."

Just then a hurrying assistant director summoned Stu for work on a nearby set. "You fellows just decide it however you like," he told us. "It'll be all right with me."

WE MUSED in silence for awhile over the mysteries of that strange phenomenon, popularity. Finally I remarked: "You spoke of country boys having an individuality that city life can't wholly erase, Bing. Did you mean the country boy has the best chance of success—in films, for instance?"

"I was wondering whether the facts don't point to the conclusion that country boys and girls do have the best chance, or nearly so."

"Who else, then, has a nearly equal chance?"

"Boys and girls raised in precarious circumstances in big cities," Bing answered promptly. "For example, East Side New York. Think of the number of successes the East Side alone has contributed to the show world!"

"Then you think poverty is a big factor?"

"In a way, yes. But the East Side and the countryside and the small town have something else in common. It's pioneer stock. A heritage of people with everything to gain and little to lose who burn bridges behind them!

"Look for a moment at what people call 'our great middle class.' I think that the middle-class boy and girl in the city is far less likely to try for an artistic career.

"His chances should be better than the poor boy's chances, or those of the country kid who makes his leap into unfamiliar city surroundings, usually awed by the din and bustle around him. But actually, this middle-class or fairly wealthy city boy has big obstacles to overcome.

"One of his handicaps is that other pursuits will beckon, promising greater ease, safety, and immediate rewards. If his parents are the conservative, steady-going folk typical of the so-called middle class, he's inherited their conservatism. Rather than take a plunge into the entertainment field, he's likely to follow his dad's footsteps in the manufacturing business, or become a doctor, like his uncle.

"The heritage of the very wealthy or the very poor is likely to be adventurous. Their ancestors have risked a lot in the hope of winning a lot, and have either won—or lost. But our middle-class youth who wants to enter the entertainment field or the arts as a livelihood bucks heritage and the conventions of his set.

"Your conservative by heritage, in his conservative surroundings, follow his conservative principle in dress, speech, manner. He's happiest when he's nearest like the people he admires. He feels ill at ease about any point in which he differs from them.

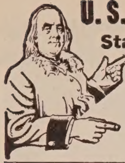
"Fancy *him* making a monkey out of himself performing some ridiculous stunt in public, or before a radio mike or a movie camera! Well, occasionally

FLASH! BING CROSBY DENIES RUMORS

"They keep it up, don't they? Rumors and rumors and rumors. But I'll make my reply as positive as I know how to frame it:

"Never in the happy married life of Dixie Lee Crosby and myself were we farther from parting or misunderstanding than right now!

"Neither are we expecting another child. If there's anything to THAT rumor, Dixie and I are both fooled."



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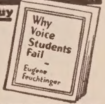

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he overcomes these barriers and does take fliers, and when he's strong enough to make the initial plunge probably he has a good chance to succeed.

"Take an ex-country boy like yourself, for instance, turned newspaperman. Conventionally, you should be dapper, and talk in a sharp, incisive, businesslike manner. But *are* you? You drawl like a harvest hand, and your pants need pressing, and where in—where did you dig up that hat? And you've no reverence or respect for your betters, superiors, bosses. I introduce you to a star you've never met, and the second time you address him you call him by his first name. That, my son, is individuality, and you aren't even aware of it."

"How'll I sell it to the public for a young fortune, you lucky stiff?" I demanded.

Bing considered me humorously, eyes twinkling with fun. "Get an audition as a Hill Billy," said he. "And—learn to croon!"

◆

All Over the Hollywood Lot!

[*Continued from page* 41]

her face would be marred for life by glass cuts. A noted plastic surgeon came to the rescue and patched up the scars so that none show. But to this day Carole recalls the accident so vividly that she says she can visualize the pain all over again.

YOU won't hear anything about this elsewhere, because fellows like these refuse to get publicity out of public disaster. But among the many film heroes who did risky, wet and shivery rescue work in the Southern California flood catastrophe were Clark Gable (in San Diego), Will Rogers, Rex Bell, Lee Tracy, Jack Dempsey and Jack Oakie. And all Hollywood is mourning for Frank Geraghty, the veteran assistant director who lost his life in an attempt to rescue a flood-stranded family.

IT WAS Mae West who looked over Buster Crabbe's boxing style when he was tested for the part of the boxer in *It Ain't No Sin.* And Mae who arranged for Bus to have some instruction. Can't fool Mae. She goes to the fights regularly, and her dad was a leather-pusher of note.

FRED DATIG, Paramount casting director, looking for a set of beautiful 18-year-old triplets—girls, of course!—interviewed one trio who gave him a prize recommendation for themselves.

"Two of us are married," she said, "but we all look so much alike our husbands can't tell us apart, so if one of us married ones wants to be single for awhile — he-he-he — the husband never knows he's being fooled."

Huh!

JIMMIE DURANTE bet Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay that his 84-year-old father, visiting in Hollywood, could disapprove of film folk doin's at greater length and more picturesquely than Fay's 77-year-old father, also in town and also shocked at such goin's on. But at this writing the verbal duel hasn't been staged.

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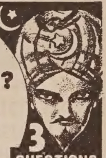

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Is Garbo Married?

[*Continued from page* 70]

but I wasn't sure until she came down, alone. Then the resemblance hit me harder, and I walked up to her, saying: 'Aren't you Greta Garbo?'

"She glanced at me, only a little startled, and said with a sort of chuckle: 'Yes, you've guessed right this time.'

"'And your friend—isn't he Rouben Mamoulian, the famous director?'

"This time she shrugged her shoulder, and seemed to hesitate. Finally she said: 'Ask him and see.' Later I buttonholed the man and did ask him. He seemed tempted to get tough, and cracked: 'You never can tell in these days of desert mirages!'"

"Do you think they're married?" Gerwitts was asked.

"Well, now, I've seen a good many newly-weds come to this hotel, and never a couple that acted more like that," he replied smilingly. "They were certainly tender and moony about each other. They sat at the dinner table side by side, whispering and holding hands, or just saying nothing and dreaming as they looked into each other's eyes. If those aren't the symptoms, I don't know them."

ON JANUARY 16th they left the Beale hotel at Kingman, Arizona, and sped toward the California line; were noted passing it later in the day at Needles, and thereafter did not show themselves again until Hollywood's familiar seclusion clothed them once more in the mystery Arizona's famous "open spaces" had denied them.

Mamoulian's friends in Hollywood were as doubtful about the possibility of their marriage as Greta's had been.

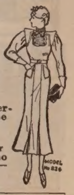
"I saw Rouben last Tuesday," one of them told me. "We knew of his trips with Garbo, of course, and there was a little kidding. Someone said: 'Well, Rouben, I hear that big new house of yours in Beverly Hills is all ready for the world-famous bride.' 'That's just a rumor; can't a man have a house?' Rouben retorted. 'Such a big house—for bachelor quarters, Rouben?' the other persisted, and got no reply.

"So external evidence seems to point to marriage, and Rouben for some reason chooses—well, not exactly to deny it, but to stall. That's natural, however, considering the traditional mystery that surrounds Garbo and all her plans and movements.

"Hence, while we're betting various ways, we know no more about the actual truth than yourself. That's no stall. And after all, people in private life often keep such intimate things to themselves. Why shouldn't Rouben and Greta?"

Yes, indeed. Why shouldn't they? And whatever happens, I personally am wishing them well. Yes, even if this story is irrecoverably on the presses and a news flash of a Garbo-Mamoulian marriage beats it to your eyes, and takes off its edge of inside information.

For Greta hasn't had too much happiness in her life. And I gather from her friends, and Rouben's, and even from Joe Gerwitts, who described the look in her eyes as they gazed into Mamoulian's, that she is happy again!



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Two Angel Wings For Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 43]

a retired army officer, Major Paul Wing, Pat and Toby were settled down in a beautiful Beverly Hills home at the ages of eight and six respectively, there to grow up in an environment of pictures and picture people—the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese to become as rightfully their play-ground as the sons of producers their playmates and famous stars their next-door neighbors.

The thrill of attending a first night—the awe inspired by the appearance of glamorous stars in the flesh was never theirs. They have attended premières on the arm of their "beautiful daddy in uniform" ever since they can remember, been called by name and had their brown and yellow curls twirked by the biggest of stars. In fact, if we want to get technical, they had, with their childhood pals, Dickie Ince and Ernst Lubitsch, Jr., rolled in gunny-sacks down terraces of homes of the best of them.

It was the most natural thing in the world, you see, that Pat and Toby became actresses, and that the business of getting in, crashing studio gates, was as simple for them as walking into the home of their best friend.

"SURE, we like pictures," they'll both tell you, "but there's plenty of time. We're young yet, and think of all the fun we're having."

There is only one man in the life of Pat Wing right now, and that is William H. Perry, a wealthy New Yorker who married her right after she appeared in her first picture.

Pat wasn't sure she wanted to marry, being as she said, "so young you know," but when her suitor consented to let her stay in pictures, the brunette Wing said yes immediately. And Toby, of course, you know about, being too, too excited over Maurice Chevalier's return to America—despite the fact that Al Franklin, producer's son, has diamond-ringed her and is serious about paging the preacher—to say nothing of the dozen others who made Santa Claus look like a piker last Christmas.

Your general supposition might be that these two prize beauties have had an "L" of a time keeping their army of admirers from internal revolution—and right you are. There's a six-year-old kid brother named "Petie" who doesn't help the peace-keeping any either. For "Petie" will, for the consideration of one buck, check up on the datings and front-porch kissings of either sister a week.

Ask Toby what she intends to do about Chevalier, Al Franklin, Jack Jenkins and the rest, and she'll say:

"M-m-m—well, wait 'til Maurice gets home. Al's a dear, and so sweet to me, and Jack is awfully cute—nice dimples and everything—but, well—wait 'til Chevalier gets home."

M-m-m—next time I want some definite information on love affairs, I think I'll go and have a nice quiet little chat with Garbo.

WHY DO HOLLYWOOD WOMEN SHY AT MOTHERHOOD?

Read the answer to this timely question in an article written exclusively for the May issue of SCREEN BOOK by a famous author.

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New Pictures

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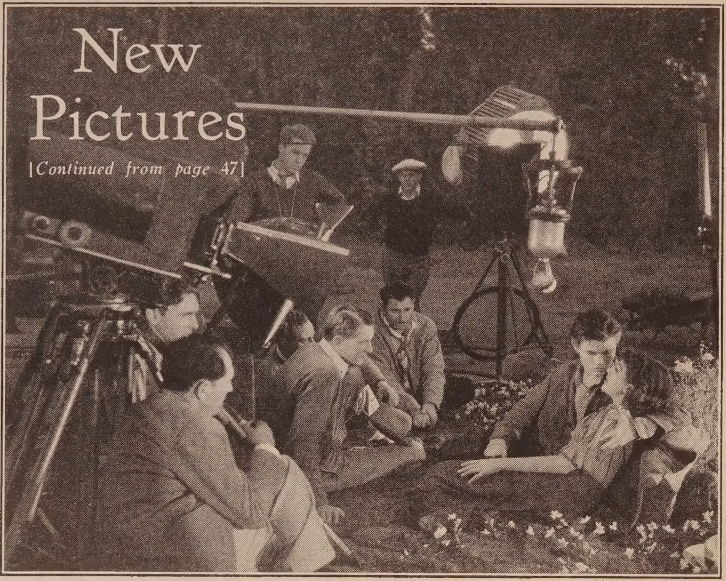


An interesting moment on the set of *Two Alone*, showing Director Elliot Nugent, seated before the camera, directing Tom Brown and Jean Parker in a love scene

NEW PICTURES

Fog—★★—Just another mystery thriller that fails to be thrilling. Saved from utter mediocrity by the excellent performances of Donald Cook, Mary Brian, and Robert McWade.—*Columbia.*

I've Got Your Number—★★★—Fast and funny comedy-drama with a colorful cast including Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette and Allen Jenkins.—*Warner.*

Keep 'Em Rolling—★★—You will have to be particularly fond of horses to appreciate this cinema effort at all. Walter Huston is handed another lemon with Frances Dee and Minna Gombell aiding and abetting.—*Radio.*

Légong—★★★—The Marquis Henri De La Falaise filmed this lovely entertainment in the island paradise of Bali. Slender, but effective native love story, with an all native cast. Splendid scenic views photographed in Technicolor by Wm. Howard Greene.

Rich Widow—★★★—Based on the dramatic life of the woman financier, Hetty Green. May Robson and Lewis Stone give grand performances.—*Metro.*

The Lost Patrol—★★★—Grim and salty tale of a patrol of British Tommies lost on the deserts of Mesopotamia during the World War. An unusual picture in that there are no women in the cast. Victor McLaglen gives a magnificent performance.—*Radio.*

The Search for Beauty—★★★—Wholesome comedy with wide general appeal, featuring Beauty Search contest winners from all over the world, and Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino.—*Paramount.*

This Side of Heaven—★★★—Marking the initial screen appearance of Fay Bainter. The action of the film takes place in one day and dramatic, human performances are turned in by Lionel Barrymore, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel, Eddie Nugent and Dickie Moore.—*Metro.*

Good Dame—★★★★—Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney in an exciting romance against a carnival background.—*Paramount.*

Mandalay—★★—Kay Francis in a tropical romance with Lyle Talbot.—*Warner.*

Beloved—★★★★—A highly emotional picturization of the life and love of an Austrian composer. Gloriously played by John Boles and Gloria Stuart.—*Universal.*

Bolero—★★★★—A colorful presentation of a coal miner's rise to fame as a dancer. Splendidly acted by George Raft and Carole Lombard. Tophole entertainment.—*Paramount.*

Morning After—★★★—Ben Lyon and Sally Eilers in a mythical kingdom romance.—*British-Gaumont.*

Other Interesting Current Pictures

★★★★

Roman Scandals—Eddie Cantor and Gloria Stuart. Musical comedy.

Only Yesterday—Margaret Sullavan and John Boles. Drama

Duck Soup—Four Marx Brothers. Comedy.

Little Women—Katharine Hepburn. Drama.

Dancing Lady—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. Drama.

Alice in Wonderland—Charlotte Henry, Gary Cooper, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Louise Fazenda. Phantasy.

Going Hollywood—Bing Crosby-Marion Davies. Musical Comedy.

Advice to the Lovelorn—Sally Blane and Lee Tracy. Comedy.

★★★

Blonde Bombshell—Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy. Comedy.

The Right to Romance—Ann Harding. Drama.

Eskimo—Unknown players. Adventure film.

I'm No Angel—Mae West. Robust comedy.

REVIEWED PREVIOUSLY

Carolina—★★★★—Janet Gaynor gives her finest effort in this tale of the South Carolina tobacco industry, supported by Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, and Henrietta Crosman.—*Fox.*

Convention City—★★★—A comical takeoff of the show at Atlantic City, made a fine picture by the work of Adolphe Menjou and Joan Blondell.—*Warner.*

Counsellor at Law—★★★★—John Barrymore was never more impressive than as the brilliant lawyer who rises from the slums to find success an empty thing.—*Universal.*

Cross Country Cruise—★★★—Lew Ayres and June Knight fall in love on the trip from New York to California, with amusing complications.—*Universal.*

Flying Down to Rio——★★★★—Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond in a musical comedy.—*Radio.*

Four Frightened People—★★★—Recording the adventures of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland in their fight to reach civilization through a Malay jungle. Excellent entertainment.—*Paramount.*

Fugitive Lovers—★★★—Something new in the way of locale—a trans-continental bus. Suspense and humor supplied by Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy.—*Metro.*

Gallant Lady—★★★—Ann Harding scores a fine triumph in a powerful story of mother love and sacrifice. Otto Kruger and Clive Brook also appear.—*20th Century.*

By Candlelight—★★★★—Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas, as servants, imitate people of quality in an amusing cinema tale.—*Universal.*

I Am Suzanne—★★★★—A light and delicate divertissement starring Lilian Harvey. Gene Raymond supplies the romantic interest.—*Fox.*

I Like It That Way—★★—Night club stuff with Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor and Marian Marsh.—*Universal.*

Lady Killer—★★★—Jimmy Cagney gets hard-boiled as he rises from theatre usher to big shot crook.—*Warner.*

Madame Spy—★★—An almost impossible spy story made semi-interesting by the work of Fay Wray and Nils Asther.—*Universal.*

Man of Two Worlds—★★★★—Francis Lederer, romantic matinee idol of the Broadway stage, interprets an Eskimo who goes civilized, and disappointed returns to his people. Elissa Landi is shown briefly.—*Radio.*

Massacre—★★★—Heart rending film of the white man's desecration of the Indian's rights. Splendid portrayal by Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen—★★★—Timely in theme and dramatically presented. Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy and Alice Brady acquit themselves handsomely.—*Paramount.*

Moulin Rouge—★★★★—Very clever and sensational. Constance Bennett plays a dual rôle as Franchot Tone's ugly wife and as a glamorous figure in Parisienne night-life.—*20th Century.*

Nana—★★★★—The screen début of Anna Sten, and well worth waiting for. The story of a Paris street walker who ascends the ladder of fame. Richard Bennett and Lionel Atwill supply brilliant support.

Orient Express—★★★—Romance, intrigue, crime and mystery abound on the *Orient Express* as it hurtles through the night. Heather Angel, Norman Foster and Ralph Morgan.—*Fox.*

Queen Christina—★★★★—Greta Garbo as the Swedish queen who is torn between her duty and her love for John Gilbert. An outstanding cinema effort. Should be seen.—*Metro.*

Should Ladies Behave?—★★★—Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore have a huge problem on their hands with a daughter who doesn't know but soon finds out.—*Metro.*

Sitting Pretty—★★—Fans of Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers and Jack Haley will find this tale of two song writers who invade Hollywood interesting.—*Paramount.*

Sleepers East—★★★—Wynne Gibson and Preston Foster entangled in a gang slaying, political war and romance.—*Fox.*

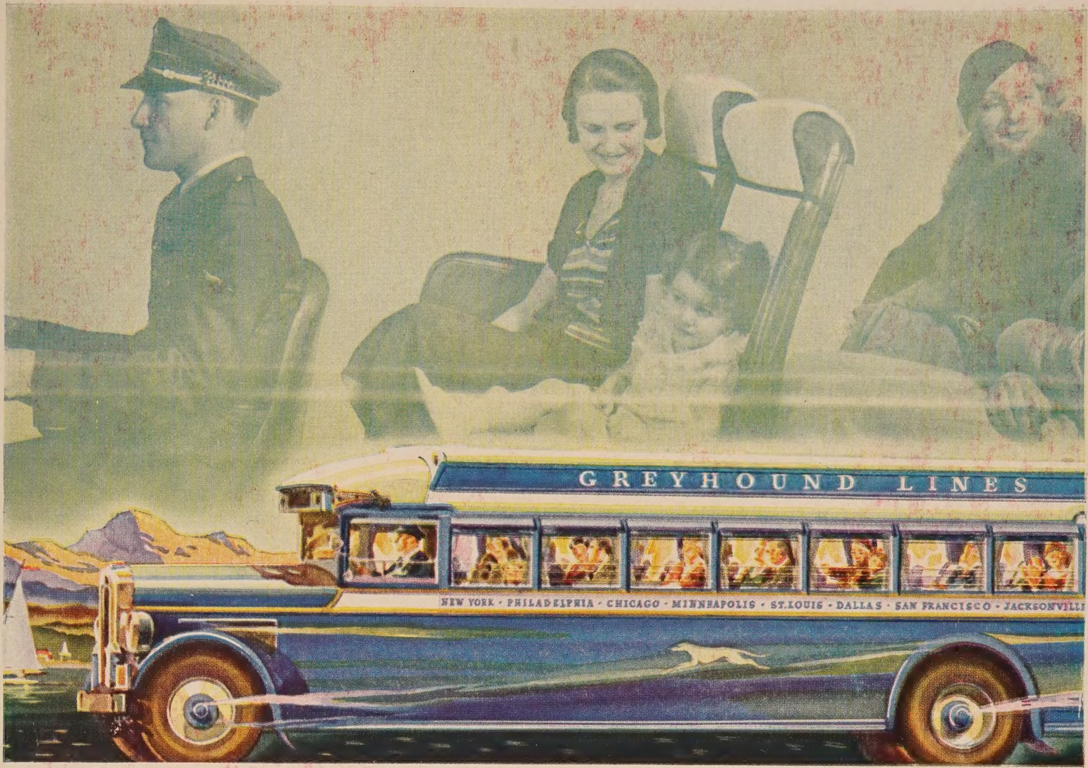
The Poor Rich—★★★—There's not a dull moment in this comedy fiesta with Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver.—*Universal.*

The Shakedown—★★—The phoney drug racket exposed through the acting of Bette Davis, Charlie Farrell and Ricardo Cortez. Uninspired.—*Warner.*

Spitfire—★★★★—Katharine Hepburn becomes a wild mountain gal in a powerful story which rates above her previous picture achievements.—*Radio.*

Two Alone—★★★—Jean Parker and Tom Brown in a simple little love story that's worth seeing.—*Radio.*

Women in His Life—★★★★—Otto Kruger leaps to stardom in the story of a brilliant criminal attorney who is disbarred for failing to defend a client on a murder charge. Isabel Jewell is excellent in the feminine lead.—*Metro.*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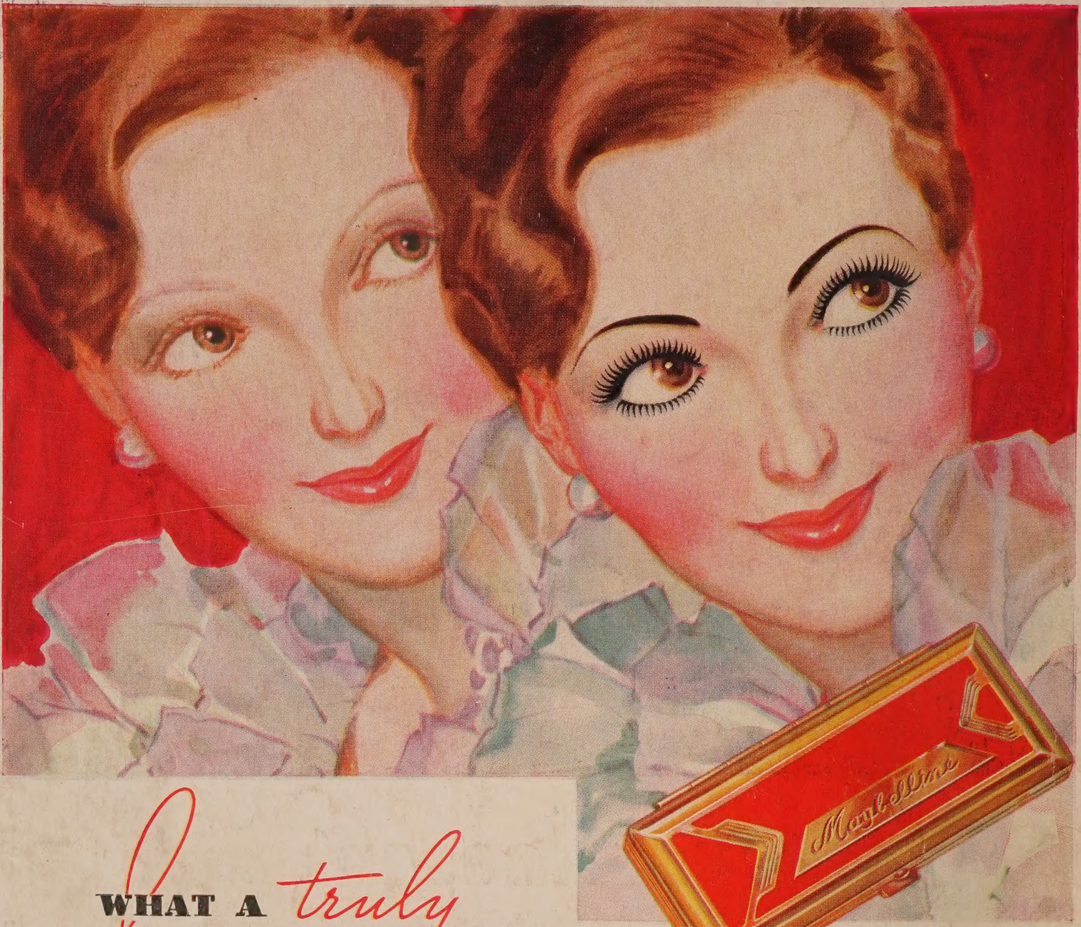

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SCREEN BOOK

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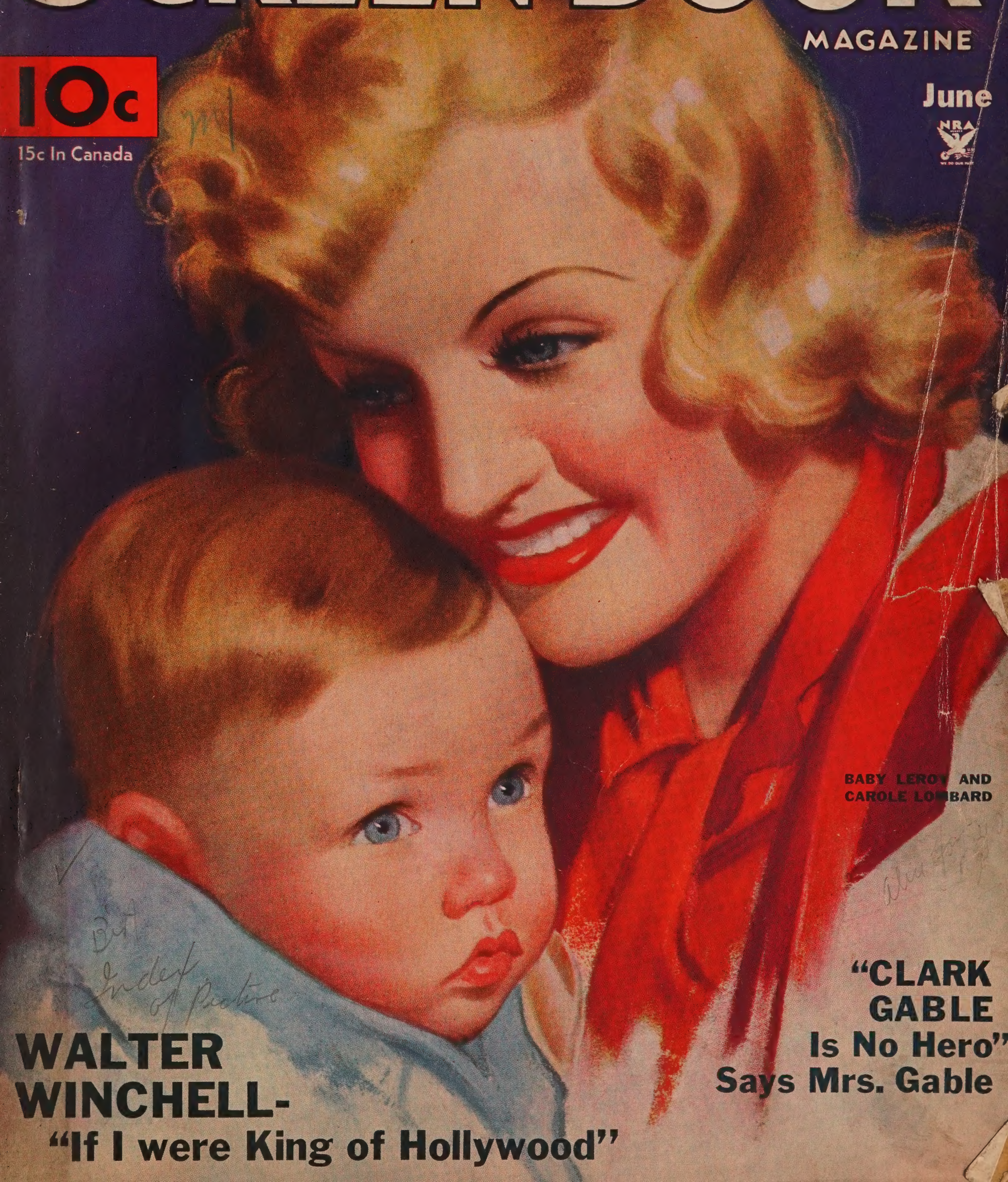


BABY LEROY AND
CAROLE LOMBARD

Bif
Index
of Pictures

"CLARK GABLE Is No Hero" Says Mrs. Gable

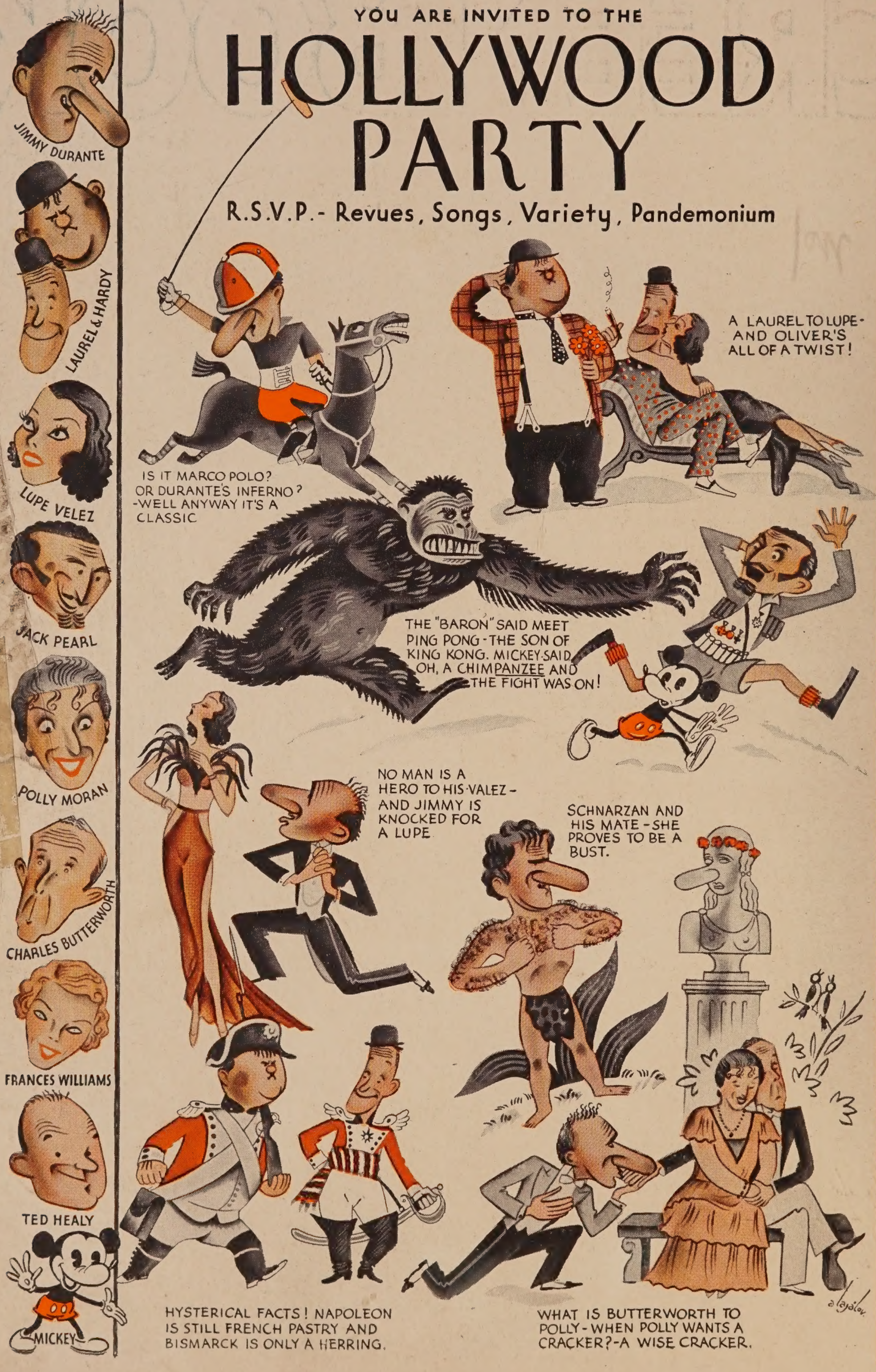
WALTER WINCHELL-

"If I were King of Hollywood"

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium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HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.
WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? - A WISE CRACKER.
Alajalov

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Isn't it a Shame?

Bright girl...good company...but her teeth are dull...her gums tender!

Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE has the kind of personality that *clicks!* She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that—it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm *shining through,* unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and *massage your gums* with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with Ipana today!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

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TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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JUNE, 1934
Vol. XII No. 5

The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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Irvin S. Cobb

Hollywood's Big Guns Fire Both Barrels in July SCREEN BOOK!

- There is a genuine treat in store for those among SCREEN BOOK readers who enjoy the priceless humor of Irvin S. Cobb. In the July issue the famous humorist ropes and ties one of the most interesting subjects dealing with the movies. You won't want to miss it!

- Can the stars take a razzing? Irene Thirer, prominent movie critic, has an interesting answer to the question in the July issue with a unique feature revealing many amusing anecdotes and letters from such stars as Joan Crawford, Chester Morris and Carole Lombard.

- Mildred Cram, author of many delightful fiction stories and original screen plays, has a surprise in July SCREEN BOOK. We won't give away the theme of her remarkable article. You'll just have to wait.

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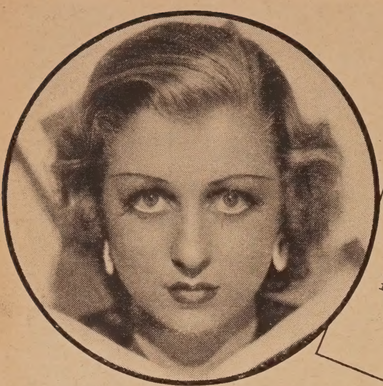
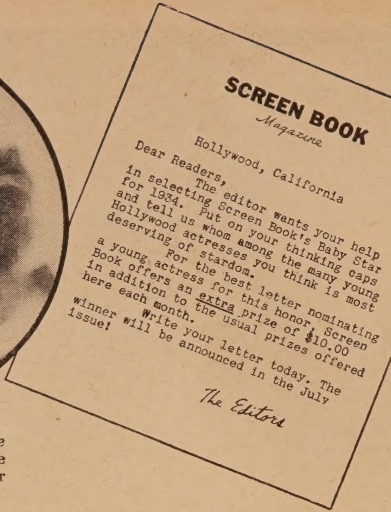
Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown. Duke Ellington & Band . . . Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . it's the best show in town!



See Frances Drake in *The Trumpet Blows.* She may be your SCREEN BOOK Baby Star choice



SCREEN BOOK
Magazine

Hollywood, California

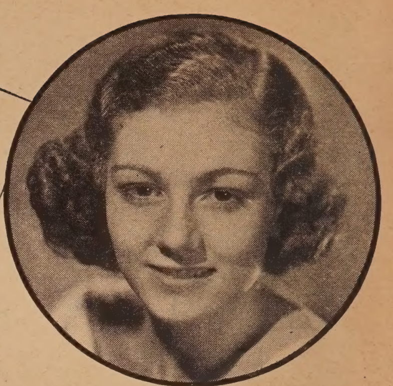
Dear Readers,

The editor wants your help in selecting Screen Book's Baby Star for 1934. Put on your thinking caps and tell us whom among the many young Hollywood actresses you think is most deserving of stardom.

For the best letter nominating a young actress for this honor, Screen Book offers an extra prize of $10.00 in addition to the usual prizes offered here each month.

Write your letter today. The winner will be announced in the July issue!

The Editors



Rose Coghlan, granddaughter of the late Rose Coghlan of stage fame, is another promising youngster

Handclaps and Hisses

$15.00 Letter
Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

HOLLYWOOD must certainly be crowded, what with hundreds of young hopefuls packing overnight bags and crashing the gates of that gay city. Since producers started these "Search for Beauty" contests, the old home towns are destitute of their former beauties. And how Hollywood can change the blushing newcomers! Because of all this the well known stars are getting a bad break. They need better stories—but are they getting them? We don't want "new finds" thrust down our throats. Let us have the same dependable, real actors and actresses, not just a lot of pretty legs and brawny muscles. And give them *original* stories, at least. From what I have observed, Hollywood is going like a runaway merry-go-round, and everyone is becoming a little too dizzy!—**Helen Davis, 37 Portland St., Portland, Me.**

$10.00 Letter
What Price Broadway?

WHY is there so much talk about Katharine Hepburn's stage flop? The majority of her fans live miles from Broadway. What do they care if she was a flop there as long as they can sit thrilled by such screen performances as hers in *Morning Glory, Bill of Divorcement* and *Little Women*? For my part, fifty stage flops would not alter my opinion that Katharine Hepburn is one of the greatest actresses today. She deservedly earned the Academy Award for the best performance of 1933.—**Francis Griffin, 8 Park Ave., Thomasville, N. C.**

—*Welbourne*

From top to bottom: Maxine Doyle, Pauline True and Joan Wheeler are a trio of Warner Brothers players who are candidates for SCREEN BOOK's Baby Star honors

$5.00 Letter
Long Live The Queen

I HAVE just seen *Queen Christina.* One need hardly say more. I have always admired Greta Garbo; now I am more than ever convinced of her beauty and talent. She dominated the picture—slim and erect in her boyish clothes, alluringly lovely in her demure long white gown, and proud and queenly in her robes of state. Sweden must indeed be proud of so beautiful and talented an actress—as proud as we are to have her here in America.—**Genevieve D. Blindt, 112 Chenango St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

$1.00 Letter
Busiest Picture Of The Year

IF PRIZES are offered at the end of 1934 for the picture in which the telephone gets the most use, *Counsellor at Law* would come off an easy first. The principal players are never without a phone in their hands unless they are busy at the switchboard—or walking (no, *rushing*) in and out of doors. It should also receive recognition as the film with the noisiest conversation—never have I sat through such a marathon of shouting! Also a medal should be pinned on Bebe Daniels as the year's most long-suffering heroine, with John Barrymore copping a prize as the least polite hero. What a man! What a picture!—**Lauretta Chapman, 621 Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.**

$1.00 Letter
A Tip For Bing

WHEN I go to see Bing Crosby (I never miss), I like to pretend I'm the heroine. What girl doesn't? But

[*Continued on page* 8]

★★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Handclaps and Hisses

Bing, why is it you so seldom sing to your leading lady? In *Going Hollywood*, with Marion Davies, most of the time you didn't even look her way. It looks like conceit on your part, and we women couldn't stand that. Heaven knows you have plenty to be conceited about, but every story written about you says you aren't conceited. There probably is some logical reason—location of camera or mike or something—but can't it be changed? Please pay a little more direct attention to your leading ladies, Bing, and we'll all vote you the 100% perfect actor.—**Ruth Rutledge, 1618 Locust St.. Omaha, Nebr.**

$1.00 Letter
Hepburn On Blanket Code

WHEN you bite the hand that feeds you, usually you don't get fed—at least not for long. And Katharine Hepburn is taking taunting little nips at the hand which, if it doesn't actually feed her, is surely instrumental in bringing the food to her lips. We mean hiding from a photographer by wrapping a blanket around her. You can shun the press some of the time and be a success in the movies, but you can't do it all the time and remain on top. If she's trying to steal Garbo's thunder, Hepburn's shooting up the wrong alley. Though she looks as good in the blanket as she does in some of the costumes she wears in *Little Women* and *Spitfire*.—**Orren Allain, Republican-News, Kankakee, Ill.**

$1.00 Letter
Real Shorthand For A Change

THREE cheers and a hurrah for the little lady in the picture *Fashions of 1934* who really wrote shorthand as it was dictated to her. We stenographers like to see ourselves portrayed perfectly, as well as any other art. Therefore, I firmly believe that I speak for stenographers the United States over when I say this was one of the most pleasing scenes of the picture.—**Ruth Hamilton, 218 W. Wilkins St., Jackson, Mich.**

$1.00 Letter
One Of Many Bouquets

NO WONDER *It Happened One Night* broke the attendance record of all the theaters it played. Such a natural, youthful picture; well cast not only as to charming Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, but all the rest. The handling of the story was excellent. Skirting any objectionable sexy moments, it appealed as a modern, wholesome picture to Grandma and Grandpa as well as up-and-coming youth. Give us more pictures of the standard of *It Happened One Night*.—**Mrs. J. Lowell Kinslow, 3227 Central, Kansas City, Mo.**

"Please pay a little more attention to your leading ladies, Bing," writes an Omaha, Nebraska fan, "and we'll all vote you the one hundred per cent actor"

$1.00 Letter
Motion Moved And Seconded

NO DAZZLING creations by Greer, no daring appeal by Sex, no dance ensembles by Berkeley, not a demure or devilish dame in the cast—yet what a grandly gripping picture! I'm referring to *The Lost Patrol*, expertly and exquisitively played by an excellent cast headed by Victor McLaglen, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny and Boris Karloff. A dozen poignant dramas are woven smoothly into this tale, superably acted at an oasis (supposedly) in the Asian Desert, its breath-taking beauty hiding death-dealing villainy. Here's hoping *The Lost Patrol* finds as appreciative audiences everywhere as it did here.—**Ted Franklin, 3671 Second St., Riverside, Cal.**

$1.00 Letter
Too Many Facsimiles

ALTHOUGH I probably haven't been missed, I don't go to the movies half as often as I used to. Why? Because I'm fed up on imitations. If I see one musical comedy, gangster picture or any kind that makes a hit, in a short while every other theater offers facsimiles of the same story. There's no enjoyment in seeing a picture when you know what's going to happen. The long-suffering public is tired of the eternal cycle. Their cry is BIGGER AND FEWER pictures. Old, hackneyed stories can't fool audiences under new titles or with different players. The audience is plenty dumb—but not that dumb.—**Mildred Miller, 620 N. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.**

Paging Colbert And Foster

WHY don't we have Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster in a picture together again? To my mind neither have been so good since *Young Man of Manhattan*, and if they have played together since, it has escaped my notice. Foster's boyishness and awkward charm are a perfect foil for Colbert's sleek sophistication. Claudette gets my nomination for the most authentically *chic* woman in pictures—she is effortlessly correct, where others are simply clever impersonators of what is sometimes called "class." But perhaps these two have formed one of those fantastic Hollywood pacts, which forbids them to appear together on the same set. If so, it's our loss—and, in my opinion, theirs.—**Grant S. Whitney, R. F. D. 1, Portland, Mich.**

- Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters received from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to any letters considered of equal merit, and the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish the whole or part of any contribution is reserved. All letters must be signed. Mail your Handclaps and Hisses to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Famous Recipes of the
HOLLYWOOD STARS

Midgie Knight's
RECIPE BOOK
of the
MOVIE
STARS
IN WHICH 100 SCREEN LUMINARIES
REVEAL THEIR CULINARY SECRETS!
MARLENE DIETRICH
JEAN HARLOW
JOHN BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
KAY FRANCIS
MARY PICKFORD
WARNER BAXTER

Try To Guess Your Favorite Star's Pet Dish!

HOLLYWOOD stars are connoisseurs of good food—and here's proof, in Midgie Knight's Personal Cookbook of Hollywood's notables, with 100 of Hollywood's most famous recipes—each recipe accompanied by a picture of the star who sponsors it.

For instance—maybe you wouldn't think of Clark Gable as the kind of chap whose favorite food is angel-food cake—but it is; and he has a recipe that's a wonder. It's one of the simplest and most nearly "failure-proof" angel-food recipes ever devised, too!

You'll have your friends fighting for invitations when you serve Edmund Lowe's favorite lamb curry, or onion soup made with Joan Blondell's recipe! And there are a hundred of these favorite dishes altogether.

Midgie Knight's cookbook is unlike anything you've ever seen—both in the sources of the recipes and in the range of dishes. And the beauty of it is, every recipe is one which any cook can prepare easily and at little cost. Your kitchen needs it, to give that extra swank and flair to your menus. Mail the coupon now, with 25c in coin or stamps—and regale your friends with Hollywood's best-loved dishes. Act now—the edition is limited.

Here are a few Dishes the Stars suggest you try:

Jean Harlow—Hot Rolls
Paul Lukas—Deviled Tomatoes
Bebe Daniels—Lobster la Granada
Lionel Barrymore—Stuffed Peppers
Kay Francis—Chicory Salad
Warner Baxter—Favorita Salad
Clark Gable—Angel Food Cake
Maurice Chevalier—Welsh Rarebit
Douglas Fairbanks—Gnocckis a la Romaine
Mitzi Green—Fudge

Now-25¢

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c ( ) coin—( ) stamps—for which please send me, by return mail, Midgie Knight's Recipe Book of The Movie Stars.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....State ....

EXTRA Hollywood Lowdown NEWS

★★ JUNE, 1934 ★★

TASHMAN DEATH STIRS STUDIOS

Action Taken to Safeguard Health of Movie Famous

Dollars are death warrants in Hollywood, and for the first time the studios are officially recognizing the fact. The death of Lilyan Tashman brought action, despite the fact that the studio filming her last picture, *Frankie and Johnnie*, proved conclusively that she had not overworked on that particular picture.

Hollywood studios, that previously have "requested" their stars to take it easy, are now demanding that the safeguarding of health must come before work. Money and fame, as well as the axiom of the show world to carry on whatever the cost, have caused more than one star to come perilously near complete collapse.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is making certain that Marie Dressler works only when absolutely necessary so that she may not again suffer another attack of the grave illness from which she has just recovered. Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Kay Francis, Sylvia Sidney, Joan Blondell and Richard Dix have all been victims of overwork.

Richard Dix, possessed of an iron constitution, only recently just escaped premature death from pneumonia because the illness overtook him at a time when he was weakened by exposure and overwork. Clark Gable had a very similar experience.

The word has gone out in Hollywood—"Take it easy!"

OVERWORK THE CAUSE?

Lilyan Tashman's sudden death electrifies Hollywood

She snubs reporters

Star Comes to Aid of Stick-up Artist

When George O'Brien looked into the muzzle of a gat recently in Hollywood, he made good use of his movie hero training and disarmed his assailant. But instead of taking the would-be robber to the police station, he took him home. There he discovered that the man was driven to desperation for want of food for his needy family. O'Brien, son of the late beloved San Francisco police chief, at once began to lend aid to the man he might have jailed. Sounds "press-agenty", but it's true.

Airplanes Snoop on Sun-bathers

Myrna Loy has given up the luxury of a sun-bath on the supposedly strictly private seclusion of her roof-top, for every time she seeks to woo the warm spring rays an airplane pops out. It's an old stunt for the jokesters who take along powerful field glasses when they ride the skyways, but it's really annoying to the stars—and Myrna is not the only one who doesn't dare enjoy the luxury of a sun bath. Page those anti-aircraft guns!

HEPBURN BAFFLES NEWS HAWKS AGAIN

Reporters Fail to Secure Facts of Her Divorce

"Here's a hot tip—Hepburn's going to get a divorce! Now go out and get the story." Unlucky reporters who received this assignment from their city editors and went scurrying after Katharine Hepburn were snubbed. Then they pursued Katy's husband like hounds of the chase—and were snubbed again.

It is generally believed that Katharine Hepburn's jaunt to Europe was only for the purpose of securing her freedom from Ogden Ludlow Smith, but until she actually files a divorce suit, there is no evidence, pro or con, that she is really contemplating such a move.

It is known, however, that just before sailing, and on her return, Katharine was seen in public with her husband, and they were certainly not unfriendly. On the other hand, it is also well known that Katharine rarely sees her mate and that they have been residing in separate establishments, one in New York and the other in Hollywood, for more than two years. This, certainly, does not make for a marriage of the average sort, but it must be admitted that Katharine is not of "the average sort" herself. Her friends insist that she is just as fond of her husband as before, but that with newspaper headlines constantly coming between them, divorce is not beyond the range of possibility.

Al Smith Attacks Film Censorship

"If the public decency is, in any degree, outraged by indecent or improper pictures there is plenty of law to punish the guilty." With this statement to the National Board of Review Al Smith joins the many national leaders in a drive to abolish expensive, unnecessary censorship boards.

"What one censor condemns," Smith states, "another approves; and improper pictures, once having the approval of a body of censors, practically have the approval of the state. No form of entertainment can long survive that has not the support of the public, and they will not support improper or indecent pictures."

Durante's Brother Mourned

Mr. Al Durante

Comedian At Brother's Bedside as Death Comes

Only a few weeks after the happy reunion that brought Jimmy and Al Durante together after a long separation, tragedy stalked into the life of the screen's gayest comedian. Death claimed Al, who was one of New York's finest policemen, just after Jimmy had rushed to his bedside from a Bronx theater where the famed comedian was making a personal appearance.

Reporter Prevents Actor's Suicide

A SCREEN BOOK reporter was recently informed by a former well-known star that he intended to commit suicide. The date set was just prior to the lapsing of an insurance policy to which he clung through all the adversity following his Rolls Royce days.

Unperturbed, the reporter quietly advised several friends of the actor's intention. Some of them still in the money will come to his aid, thus averting another Hollywood tragedy.

THE INDEX TO FUTURE PICTURES

An alphabetical guide to the stars' new films

Arliss, George—*The Last Gentleman.*
Asther, Nils—*The Humbug.*
Barrymore, John—*Wednesday's Child.*
Barthelmess, Richard—*The Old Doll's House.*
Baxter, Warner—*Humanity First.*
Beery, Wallace—*Treasure Island.*
Bellamy, Ralph—*The Crime of Helen Stanley.*
Bennett, Constance—*The Green Hat.*
Blondell, Joan—*Dames.*
Brian, Mary—*Monte Carlo Nights.* —
Brook, Clive—*Sour Grapes.*
Carroll, Nancy—*Springtime for Henry.*
Chevalier, Maurice—*The Merry Widow.*
Colbert, Claudette—*Cleopatra.*
Colman, Ronald—*Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.*
Cooper, Gary—*Honor Bright.*
Cortez, Ricardo—*Beware of Imitations.*
Crawford, Joan—*Undress Parade.*
Crosby, Bing—*She Loves Me Not.*
Davis, Bette—*Beware of Imitations.*
Dee, Frances—*Of Human Bondage.*
Del Rio, Dolores—*Madame Du Barry.*
Dix, Richard—*Family Man.*
Dunne, Irene—*Age of Innocence.*
Francis, Kay—*The Firebird.*
Gable, Clark—*Manhattan Melodrama.*
Garbo, Greta—*The Painted Veil.*
Gaynor, Janet—*Servants' Entrance.*
Harding, Ann—*The Life of Virgie Winters.*
Harlow, Jean—*One Hundred Per Cent Pure.*
Harvey, Lilian—*365 Nights In Hollywood.*
Hepburn, Katharine—*Joan of Arc.*
Holt, Jack—*Mud Turtle.*
Hopkins, Miriam—*She Loves Me Not.*
Keeler, Ruby—*Dames.*
Kruger, Otto—*Springtime for Henry.*
Laughton, Charles—*The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*
Lederer, Francis—*Romance in Manhattan.*
Lombard, Carole—*The Notorious Sophie Lang.*
Loy, Myrna—*Manhattan Melodrama.*
MacDonald, Jeanette—*The Merry Widow.*
March, Fredric—*The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*
Marshall, Herbert—*The Notorious Sophie Lang.*
McCrea, Joel—*Sea Girl.*
Moore, Grace—*One Night of Love.*
Morris, Chester—*Embarrassing Moments.*
Nixon, Marian—*Embarrassing Moments.*
Oakie, Jack—*College Rhythm.*
Powell, Dick—*Dames.*
Powell, William—*Manhattan Melodrama.*
Rogers, Ginger—*The Great American Harem.*
Rogers, Will—*Judge Priest.*
Shearer, Norma—*The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*
Sidney, Sylvia—*One Way Ticket.*
Sten, Anna—*Resurrection.*
Tone, Franchot—*One Hundred Per Cent Pure.*
Tracy, Spencer—*Now I'll Tell.*
West, Mae—*It Ain't No Sin.*
William, Warren—*Cleopatra.*

SYLVIA SIDNEY
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in Paramount's
"GOOD DAME"
B. P. Schulberg Production
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

The Appeal of LOVELY BEAUTY *invites* Romance

COLOR has an emotional appeal. Psychologists know that certain color tones and color harmonies attract, actually create desire.

In Hollywood, we have proved this . . . and to give beauty a secret attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up to emphasize the allure of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

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Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder blends in color harmony with Sylvia Sidney's brownette coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.

★ **Rouge**

Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder, Max Factor's Carmine Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks...Smooth, like finest skin texture . . . it always blends evenly.

★ **Lipstick**

Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof . . . the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick in harmonized shades . . . created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, is available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

NOW FREE...YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART

FILL in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illus. Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."
NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, I enclose 10c for postage and handling.

Name ____________
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

SOCIETY MAKE-UP
★ *Face Powder,*
★ *Rouge,*
★ *Lipstick*
in COLOR HARMONY

5-6-76

I wish somebody would *tell* her!

"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has '*come hither*' if I ever saw one. But it becomes '*go thither*' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

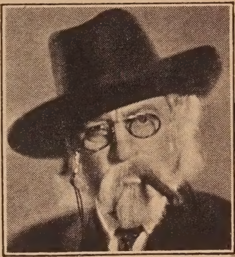
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.

NRA

The STARS *in* *Their* New Roles



Can you believe it? This is John Barrymore as he appears in *Twentieth Century*, a superb comedy

Boris Karloff is back again, starring in the mystery drama, *Black Cat*

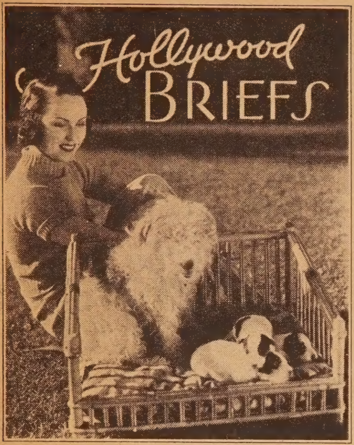
There's a mean look in the eyes of Richard Dix. He plays the bold, bad bandit in *Stingaree*

Joe E. Brown at his best does this characterization of an old performer in *The Circus Clown*

Kathryn Sergava plays another exotic rôle in *British Agent*, which stars Leslie Howard

Above: A tense moment from *Of Human Bondage*, in which Bette Davis faces Leslie Howard to tell him that she has been unfaithful

Center photo: Irene Dunne was never more beautiful than as the opera singer who falls in love with the roguish bandit in *Stingaree*


Hollywood BRIEFS

Fay Wray's pet goes blessed-eventing

Rifts and Near-Rifts: Virginia Pine decrees Edward Lehmann, Jr., of Chicago, on account of rumored Raft in the lute . . . . So-o-o-o, Grace Mulrooney Raft comes out of the blue and serves separation papers on George Raft, asking $1,200 a week . . . Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admit divorce action, with Ralph "Ex-hubby" Forbes still in picture. . . . Edna Best goes divorce-shopping in London, leaving Herbert Marshall in Hollywood . . . In natural sequence, Gloria Swanson will probably be next, severing from Michael Farmer . . . Miriam Jordan gives gate to Joseph Davis. . . . Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli at swords' points . . . The Townsend Netchers (Constance Talmadge) are headin' for the Great Divide.

Bootee and Crib Dept.: The Bing Crosbys (Dixie Lee) . . . the George O'Briens (Marguerite Churchill) . . . the Robert Kenastons (Billie Dove) . . . the Joel McCreas (Frances Dee) . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Fritz (June Hall) . . . the Harry Joe Browns (Sally Eilers).

Mergers: Mary Kornman and Lee Tovar got hitched at Yuma, Arizona, and Jayne Shattuck and Jack Kirkland heard the voice that breathed o'er Eden in Jersey City . . . Elsie Ferguson wedded for the fourth time to Victor A. S. Egan in London.

Moviana: Alice Faye decides on movie career, so that's that for Rudy . . . Fay Webb Vallée has been ill in Santa Monica . . . Cleveland law firm to whom Fifi D'Orsay allegedly owes $420 collects Fifi's $3,500 mink coat instead . . . Farina, once of "Our Gang," has a rôle in, of all things, *Du Barry*!!! . . . Ruth Roland bitten by Billie Dove's police dog . . . Bing Crosby alarmed at threats to kidnap his son . . . Alfred Kreymborg, poet, sues Jimmy Durante for shouting and crying out loud his copyrighted poems . . . George Raft gets in row in Chicago café over refusing to dance with femme fan—her escort attacked somebody he thought was Raft, who had taken it on the lam . . . Norman Foster, disappointed that he would have no appendicitis operation to talk about, decided to have his tonsils removed while at the hospital.

Beautiful Waves....

ARE FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES

I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF A MESSY LOOKING COIFFURE...BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND A PLACE THAT KNOWS HOW TO PERMANENT WAVE MY HAIR PROPERLY.
THAT'S MY TROUBLE TOO. I'D GIVE A LOT TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL WAVE LIKE YOURS!
YOU CAN...DO AS I DO. PATRONIZE AN AUTHORIZED FREDERICS SHOP. THE FREDERICS FRANCHISE CERTIFICATE IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT PERFECTION.

Helen Vinson says:

"Every woman's hair can be soft, lustrous, and wavy. Your hair can be lovely looking too, if you do as I do, have it permanently waved with Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

DO YOU want to transform your hair into a thrilling symphony of "naturally-curly" loveliness? Then follow the advice of that beautiful and charming screen star, Helen Vinson . . . *Get a Frederics Permanent Wave.*

Screen stars know that nothing so adorns a woman as a symphony of soft, lustrous, undulating waves. That is why they depend on Frederics Permanent Waves to keep their hair flawlessly beautiful, glamorous, and alluring.

But not all permanent waves are Frederics Permanent Waves. To be sure of getting a Frederics Permanent Wave, patronize an authorized Frederics shop. Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine. Examine all the Frederics wrappers used on your hair . . . make sure no harmful imitations are used. Ask your hairdresser for Frederics FREE Gift Receipt.

LOOK! HERE'S AN AUTHORIZED FREDERICS SHOP
Frederics

SEE..WE USE ONLY GENUINE FREDERICS WRAPPERS. THERE IS OUR FREDERICS FRANCHISE CERTIFICATE

HERE IS FREDERICS GIFT RECEIPT. MAIL IT IN FOR A FREE BOTTLE OF FREDERICS SHAMPOO

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Permanent Waves

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ELEANOR HOLM

motion picture player, says...

"GANTNER *Banda*-WIKIES *are perfect for the All-American Girl!"*

Eleanor Holm, stage and screen star, recognized All American Girl, for amazing accomplishments, charm and beauty . . . selects her swim suit for glamour and smart swim freedom.

Photographed, in Gantner Banda-WIKIES with high slim WIKIES trunks, silver buttons, rope-and-anchor belt, and adjustable, beautifully knit striped bandana that bares her back to the sun.

In Olympic blue, black, Alger red, Tipperary green, or brown (a high fashion!) $3.95. At smart shops everywhere, or write us giving bust measure and weight. (Style book upon request.)

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GANTNER KNIT TO FIT
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Cash *and* Congratulations *from* Mae West

—*to Fifteen Lucky Winners in* SCREEN BOOK'S Contest Series

The Winners

First Prize—$50.00
John Paul Brennan,
4624 Alexander St., St. Louis, Mo.

Second Prize—$25.00
Lauretta Chapman,
621 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Third Prize—$10.00
S. S. Goddard
715 Esplanade, Redondo Beach, Cal.

4th, 5th and 6th Prizes—$5.00 Each
Margaret Miller, 133 Summit Ave., Summit, N. J.; E. R. Nelson, 105 N. Milner St., Ottumwa, Ia.; Eric Shoven, 19 La Balle Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

7th to 15th Prizes—Autographed Photos of Mae West. List of Winners Below.

My Opinion of MAE WEST

By John Paul Brennan

MAE WEST is to the screen what Sinclair Lewis is to letters, George Bernard Shaw to drama, Will Rogers to politics; she is *unique*.

She is not superlatively beautiful, talented, fascinating or versatile. She was once called the world's worst actress, presumably in reference only to her work. *Transeat. . . .*

She is one of the world's best satirists—a rollicking, sophisticated girl who holds a revealing mirror up to nature and finds reflected mostly warts, moles and barber's itch. In a sex-crazy age, she did more than anyone to debunk the mania, and she did it with a laugh.

Her artistry achieves immediate *rapport* with her vast audiences—and holds it! Guffaws greet the Marx Brothers, Rogers draws a slow tear-dipped smile; but Miss West raises a spontaneous chuckle that ripples continuously from the moment she first flashes her merry-eyed, pearly-toothed smile till the last fade-out.

But what next?

Given a good story—her past plays were as trite as pre-war corsets—with better direction and more judicious publicity, I think Miss West should attain a position in subtle satire similar to that of Duse, Bernhardt and Cornell in tragedy and romance.

Winners *of* Mae West's Autographed Portraits

Virginia Railton, 1725-J Seminary Ave., Oakland, Cal. Ulalah L. Grant, Route 3, Box 58, Houston, Texas. Mrs. John N. Cummins, 905 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn. Frances Vaughn, 1023 Grande Vista Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Jane Milne, P. O. Box 116, Covington, Ky. George B. Borden, 2210 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Diana Margot Alvarez, 14 Figueroa St., Santurce, Puerto Rico. Ara Morris, 290 Market St., W., Akron, Ohio. Bertha B. Thornley, 111 West St., Sheldonville, Mass.

"I'LL GIVE $100!" *says* Joan Blondell

Write Your Opinion of Joan *and* Win One of These Cash Prizes

First	**$50.00**
Second	**25.00**
Third	**10.00**
Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes	**5.00**
Seventh to fifteenth prizes, autographed pictures of Joan Blondell.	

HOW TO COMPETE: Write in 200 words or less your opinion of Joan Blondell, telling in your own language what you think of Joan, her personality and her pictures. Your contribution may be written on typewriter or in longhand. Frank, unusual opinions are solicited. Literary merit not considered. The first prize winner's article will be published in August SCREEN BOOK. Joan Blondell will send her personal check to the first six winners in this month's contest. Send in your entry today to THE CONTEST EDITOR, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

THE RULES: Entries must be received before midnight of June 1, 1934. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be sole judges. No entries will be returned. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Because of great number of contest entries received, SCREEN BOOK cannot enter into correspondence concerning entries. All readers of SCREEN BOOK with exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, or their relatives, are eligible to compete.

Gary Cooper Contest Winners to be Announced in the July Issue of SCREEN BOOK

THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME SKINNY ANY MORE

QUICK, NEW WAY to get LOVELY CURVES FAST

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks!

YOU don't any longer have to be "skinny" and ashamed of your figure, unable to attract and keep friends. Thousands can tell you this new easy treatment has given them solid pounds, enticing curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 285 Atlanta, Ga.

10 lbs. in 1 Month

"I was rundown, skinny as a rail just a few weeks ago when I started Ironized Yeast. In about a month I gained 10 lbs. and look wonderful."—*Mrs. G. R. Nyquist, Harvey, N. Dak.*

HEIGHT 5 FT. 5 IN
WEIGHT 130 LBS
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 27 IN.
HIPS 38 IN.
THIGH 23 IN.
CALF 14 IN.

Posed by professional model

"I hate to miss the party, *But...*"

"I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T DANCE. MY FEET ARE MY WORST ENEMIES. I HAVE TWO BAD CORNS."

"WHY MY DEAR, HOW OLD FASHIONED YOU ARE. WHY DON'T YOU USE BLUE-JAY? THERE'S NO PAIN, AND IT'S THIS SIMPLE"

1 Just soak the foot for 10 minutes in hot water, and then wipe it dry.

2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

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A. the medication that gently undermines the corn.

B. felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

C. adhesive that holds pad in place.

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Letters *from the* STARS

Stuart Erwin writes the editor

Dear Editor:

Greetings from one who has returned from being buried alive for several months. Yes, I mean it. Since last August I have been working in the jungles of Hollywood in *Tarzan* and am now happy to report that it's a swell picture.

All the disturbing conditions which ever existed in the industry contributed to delay the production. I have received mail asking how long I am remaining in Europe; one fan wrote me that he understood I had been seriously ill; all kinds of letters have come in inquiring why I have not been on the screen. The answer is—I have been working in *Tarzan.*

Now that it is all over I look back upon it as the most interesting period of my career. We had snakes and alligators and wild animals around us for weeks. We worked in the swamp day after day. Mosquitoes and flies dined off us and ate well for many weeks—but it all goes down in the history of an actor's life. So every one of the kind friends who have wondered about me can go to see the picture. I am sincere in saying that it's grand.

Sincerely,
NEIL HAMILTON.

Palm Springs, Calif.

Dear Capt. Fawcett,

I have just learned of the death of Lilyan Tashman, who was one of the most loyal and courageous women I have ever known.

Her death leaves me bereft of the friendship which has meant a great deal to me.

Sincerely,
Kay Francis

Dear Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to express to my friends in the United States just how much I miss Hollywood. Although I have been busy making English films and am to open shortly in a musical revue in London, I am happy in planning to return soon. Cordially,

GRETA NISSEN.

Dear Editor:

Just a word from me to you by way of congratulation on the tremendous strides SCREEN BOOK has made in the past year. Also my applause, along with others, for this new department wherein the stars may have their say-so along with the fans. This is one proof that you are striving toward a greater understanding between players and those who make their success possible, and isn't that our one mutual aim after all?

Most sincerely,
MAE CLARKE.

My Dear Editor:

We have all felt the depression and I am happy to say that the finest experience of my life is the outgrowth of present trying conditions.

Mr. King Vidor has chosen me to play the leading rôle in *Our Daily Bread,* with Miss Karen Morley. The story deals with the struggles of two young persons in their efforts to remake their lives under the changing status in America. It is the finest rôle I could have, after my long wait for a good part—not a western picture.

Wouldn't it be nice if every one of your readers could point to some definite good that has come to him from this trying period in our history? I am glad to tell you of my good fortune, hoping it will bring encouragement to someone who is discouraged.

Sincerely,
TOM KEENE.

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

In my opinion SCREEN BOOK Magazine is a reliable medium of expression for motion picture players. It has always dealt fairly and accurately with me.

WILLIAM POWELL.

Dear Old Ed.:

Thanks for your mention of me in the recent story about Bing Crosby. My apologies for not saying it sooner but a couple of picture rôles caught up with me so I haven't found time to take my bows until now. As a matter of fact, this note is being hammered out between scenes on an office typewriter—so that means you'll be getting it sooner or later—probably much later if this picture goes on many more days.

Incidentally, I was glad to see you give Bing such a swell break in SCREEN BOOK because he deserves every bit of it. I've known that boy for a long time, and they don't make 'em any better than Crooning Crosby.

Best wishes from the rest of the Erwin clan (June and Stuart, Jr.) and drop in on us when you can find a few spare hours.

STUART ERWIN.

My Dear Editor:

Willie Mae Jackson's prize-winning story, "What I Think of Jean Harlow," in the May issue of SCREEN BOOK, was very interesting to me. I enjoyed reading it and I feel that Miss Jackson was both frank and constructive in her writing.

I am happy to know that she thinks I am improving as an actress. I sincerely hope that this process of improvement will continue in each picture. None of us can ever hope to attain real perfection. All we can do is to work and try to do our jobs to the best of our ability.

From my experience in Hollywood I have learned that so-called "luck" is of little importance. Marie Dressler once told me—"Always remember, Jean, no one ever gets anything for nothing in this world." I shall never forget those words. You have to work hard for anything you accomplish in Hollywood or anywhere else. That's what I'm trying to do and that is why I sincerely appreciate Miss Jackson's words.

JEAN HARLOW.

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

Allow me to congratulate you upon the fair, unbiased policy which seems to have become a byword with SCREEN BOOK. This new department, in which the players themselves are given an opportunity to "hiss and handclap" at will, is just one more evidence why your magazine is held in high regard by those people who appreciate a square deal. Sincere good wishes to you and your staff.

MIRIAM JORDAN.

HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE

JOHN IS BRINGING THAT OLD FLAME OF HIS TO DINNER TONIGHT AND I SIMPLY CAN'T FACE ANYONE — MY HEAD ACHES SO
OH, YES–THE EX-FIANCEE FROM NEW YORK
TAKE THESE 2 HEXIN, MORE IF YOU WANT LATER, THEY WON'T HURT OR UPSET YOU
HELEN MEETS HER RIVAL —
I DON'T THINK ALICE IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS SHE WAS
SHE THINKS
THAT HEXIN WON MY BEAUTY BATTLE FOR ME

HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

NOW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"—no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

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Speaking of PICTURES

By the
Cinema Stooge

The Stooge Writes to His Boss

Dear Chief:

WHILE you were vacationing in Palm Springs an invitation came from Mrs. Josephine Wupperman, asking you to a cocktail party in honor of her son, Frank Morgan. I stole away from the office to attend the event and enjoyed a long chat with Mrs. Wupperman, who at the age of 82 is charming, witty and spry. She is still active as president and treasurer of the firm which sells Angostura bitters and told me that although Frank is a very fine movie actor she thinks it's time he learned something about the business. So Frank is vice-president of the firm now. He worships his mother and she is deeply fond of her play-acting son. They are delightful people.

BOSS, I've fallen in love! It happened suddenly the other day at the preview of *Stand Up and Cheer*. When SHE suddenly glorified the screen I forgot all about my long pent-up passion for Polly Moran. Later I went to see the young lady to find out for myself if those dimples really were genuine and to throw myself in a drift of orchids at her feet. She was very nice about it but I could see right off that she'd never give up her career for me. I guess I'll just have to go on and on agonizing in my hopeless love for little Shirley Temple.

THE snake who grappled with Frank Buck in *Wild Cargo* called you and said he wanted it known that he didn't mind being left off the cast of characters in the picture, but he was peeved to the fangs about being called back for so many re-takes.

YOU know how I always used to tell you that Al Jolson's singing reminded me of a bull ape crying to its mate. But I take it all back now. The other day he invited me to a cocktail party and the way he sang about his mammy before a group of his newspaper friends brought tears to my eyes. I'd have taken the next rattler for home if it weren't for the fact that five cocktails ganged me at the door, introducing me to a venerable gray-haired chap who could remember 'way back when.

THIS fellow was an old press agent, and when I say old I mean old. He could remember when Peggy Hopkins Joyce married her first husband. He was telling me that what a famous national magazine printed about Mae West closing up the house in which her mother had lived, just for sentimental reasons, was a slice of what you and I properly call bologna. The house is being lived in and has been occupied for a long time. But that doesn't mean that Mae forgets. She is the pal of every kid in the neighborhood and there isn't a mother in these parts who doesn't swear that Mae is the grandest angel who ever wriggled a mean hip on Broadway.

"Boss, I've fallen in love!"

"Pal of every kid in the neighborhood"

"Insane—Crown Prince of Nuts"

"George Arliss gets my vote"

Incidentally, I learned too that Mae's pop, who used to be a prize fighter, is now a *masseuse* ("rubber" to you) and a darned good one.

SAY, Chief, this will hand you a good laugh. Somebody got generous with the first night ducats awhile back and I found myself rubbing elbows with a bunch of stiff white shirt fronts on the opening night of *The House of Rothschild*. Let me tell you, that is A Picture, and George Arliss gets my vote for the best performance the screen has ever seen. But to get to this laugh: There was a drunk sitting next to me who didn't see any of the picture because he was holding his head in his lap all of the time. He was out cold until that part, you know, where someone shouts, "Wellington is conqueror!" At this point this stew straightens up and mutters in a loud voice, "So am I!" and then falls dead again. I could tell you what his frau said, but don't dare because your wife is probably still opening your mail.

REMEMBER when you asked me to check up on those Gloria Swanson divorce rumors? Well, I found out that every time Gloria returned to pictures after a long absence she always divorced a husband. Sort of a tradition, I guess, but it looks as though she's going to miss this time.

DURANTE'S got me down. I'm frantical. I never did see anything in that guy until I met him backstage where he was rehearsing a personal appearance act in a pair of checkered trousers and a blue frenzy. Believe me, the Schnozz isn't just funny. He's insane—mad—the Crown Prince of Nuts. Just as I was leaving I heard him shout to his dozen or more stooges, "Holy cats, we forgot Harry!" It seems that Jimmy has so many stooges he keeps dropping them here and there and apparently had gone off and left his piano player in Hollywood. It would have driven him crazy if Garbo hadn't done that already.

LISTEN, Chief, the next time I see a picture in which hundreds of chorus girls do a fan dance number supposedly on a stage, while the camera wanders willy-nilly around peeking at them from the rafters, the wings and little knot holes in the floor, I am going to grasp my favorite Colt 44 and shoot myself neatly between the eyes.

I HAVE to stop now and answer a long letter I just received from Baby LeRoy. He says if he could talk he'd certainly spank people like W. C. Fields and a lot of these movie dames who are getting publicity for themselves by basking in his reflected glory.

Stooge

Greatest of all Kotex inventions

*THE 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1 Sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.

2 Holds its shape — no more discomfort from twisting.

KOTEX scientists, with the help of a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women, have created the 1934 Wondersoft Kotex . . . the *perfect* sanitary pad. The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to relieve troublesome chafing, yet *the center of the pad is left free* to perform its important work instantly, without hindrance. It holds its shape. There is no discomfort from twisting and turning. And besides, every Kotex feature prized by women is retained.

WONDERSOFT—third exclusive Kotex patent

★ Three times in two years Kotex improvements have earned U. S. Patent protection. *First*—rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. *Second*—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the *third* and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness and weight as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. *In addition* the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex. It cannot be copied. Every feature is patented, exclusive.

A new package for your protection

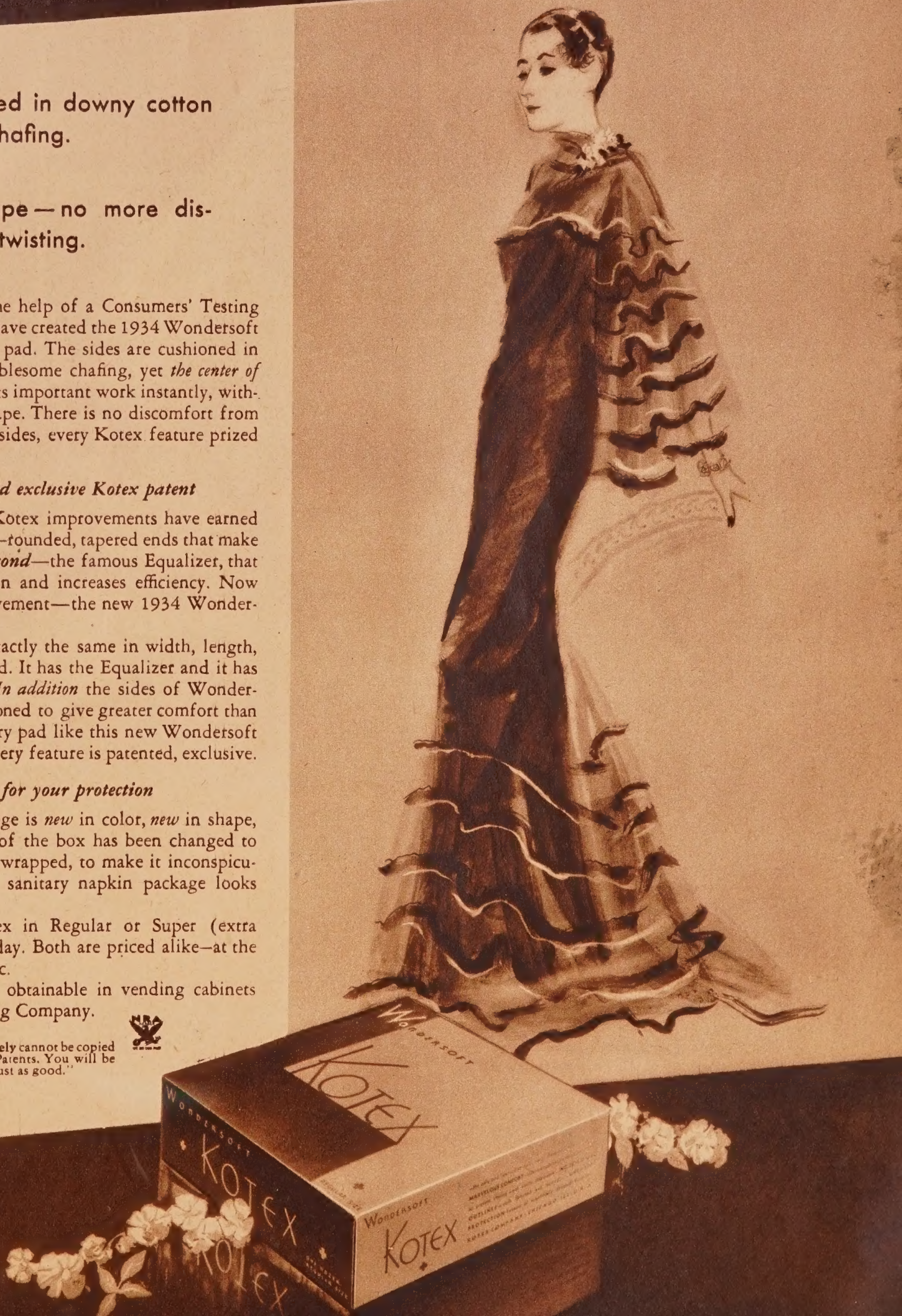
The Wondersoft Kotex package is *new* in color, *new* in shape, and *new* in design. The size of the box has been changed to disguise its appearance when wrapped, to make it inconspicuous when carried. No other sanitary napkin package looks like the new Kotex package.

Ask for Wondersoft Kotex in Regular or Super (extra thickness) at your dealer's today. Both are priced alike—at the new low standard price of 20c.

Wondersoft Kotex is also obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★ 3 exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents. You will be disappointed if you accept something "just as good."

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.



Barrymore's New Love

● Carole Lombard dons this frilly dress and is breathtakingly beautiful as she sallies forth for an emotional encounter with John Barrymore in Columbia Pictures' stirring screen hit, *Twentieth Century*

—Irving Lippman

SCREEN BOOK

JUNE, 1934

"Clark Gable *is* No Hero!"

In which the star's charming wife writes the plain truth about her famous husband

By Mrs. Clark Gable, *as told to* Al Sherman

IT'S supposed to be quite exciting to be pointed out as "Mrs. Clark Gable"—but being married to a movie star isn't all fun, you know. He may be a hero to all his fans, but there are times when Clark acts quite like a human being who, tired out from a hard day's work, becomes, like others I suppose, just a bit temperamental. And those temperamental moments must be understood and soothed. Clark, you see, is a hard worker, a very hard worker. And he takes his acting ever-so-seriously. That's why, when things sometimes fail to go right, you just have to be extra-patient.

But when that's over, Clark's grand company. He's a most understanding person and he really hasn't changed at all, just because success has come his way.

Clark and I have known each other for seven years and we've been married four years. He thinks the world of my two children and he, too, does everything he can to make them happy. He's really the same sincere, honest person he always has been—and I don't believe he'll ever change. For Clark, after all, knows what it is to suffer and struggle—and he knows how comparatively brief is success.

I've been asked if I don't ever get jealous because so many women get excited over Clark and his work in the movies. Sometimes, as it happened in New York, he is mobbed by women when he appears in public. That was exciting to a degree, because we rarely experience that in Hollywood, except at a première. And Clark avoids premières if possible.

"It's nice to be with him, nice to be married to him and nice to know that he is still the same likeable Clark he always has been"

But sometimes, you know, that public adulation becomes a bit embarrassing. I remember how, at the theater, people would come down the aisle and just stare—as though we were a couple of freaks.

When they did that, I'd feel as though they were just picking me to pieces and saying to themselves:

"Humph! To think that Clark Gable would marry her!" And I'd feel, too, as though every time I moved it was subject to comment, most of it critical. And I'd look to see if my dress was hooked properly; that my gloves looked right and that there was nothing wrong. It really was quite an experience!

But as for being jealous, why should I be? You see, Clark shakes off all that public adulation when he gets home. Of course, it's nice to know that he's popular. Also, that popularity helps keep him in the limelight. And that's important to an actor. But as for being jealous, that would be foolish. If I were, my life—and Clark's too—would be most unhappy. No, I'm not the least bit jealous.

You see, Clark views all that adulation quite sensibly. He knows its value and appreciates it. But that doesn't imply that he must take each worshipful glance or fan letter as proof of a strong and undying love. And he doesn't. He's delighted that everyone thinks so much of him. But that's as far as it goes.

Fortunately for both of us, we have the same likes and dislikes. I like hunting and so does Clark. And he thinks

A PERFECT MARRIAGE?

They Both Say It Isn't So!

Hollywood has had its "perfect marriages"—and most of them have landed sooner or later in the divorce court. Neither Clark nor Mrs. Gable have ever insisted that their life is a series of billings and cooings. Yet, despite the fact that each month brings a barrage of new rumors, they continue to live happily together.

Why? Perhaps after reading this story you will see that like you and I, Mr. and Mrs. Gable are ordinary human beings. They quarrel; they make up. They have their joys; they have their sorrows. But through it all they remain securely anchored to each other.

When this couple rushes to its respective lawyers with charges of mental cruelty and incompatibility, you may be sure that there is no such thing as a successful Hollywood marriage.—The Editors.

it's great fun to get out into the country and, as he calls it, "just wallow in dirt." It's wholesome—and it's healthful. And it's good for both of us.

WE BOTH live very simply. There's none of this so-called swank in Clark—and I'm most grateful for that. He doesn't care for elaborate swimming pools, mansions and frequent entertaining, and all that sort of thing. Clark's idea of fun is to come home, play with the children or—when he feels that he needs quiet relaxation—go into his den and spend his time cleaning and polishing his guns.

Once in a while we go off on a spree, if you want to call it that. But it's comparatively mild. You see, we recently bought a racehorse and now, for excitement, we go down to Agua Caliente to watch her run. She's called "Beverly Hills" and you really can't appreciate real excitement until you've watched your own horse run in a race—and win.

The very first time she ran, I went to Caliente alone. Clark was busy on the lot and couldn't get away. When Beverly came in a winner, I was so excited I cried. And I won four dollars, too. It was so thrilling! Clark was so excited when he heard the news he just jumped around like a two-year-old.

Clark has few hobbies, other than hunting. He has a couple of favorite pipes and there's always a book or a magazine to catch his eye when he comes home. I'm not just saying this for effect. It happens to be true in this case. Clark doesn't care much for going places. He's not particularly interested in parties and, frankly, he did more nightclubbing while we were in New York than he had done during all our married life. Or so it seemed to both of us, once we started back.

CLARK has few other interests. He handles his own business affairs and his own investments. But we discuss all these matters before Clark does anything about them. I handle all the accounts, make out the necessary checks and pay all the bills. Clark, however, signs the checks—which is as it should be.

I suppose you know that M-G-M has taken up Clark's option for another year. He's quite pleased about it, naturally, and he's hoping he'll get a chance to play the rôles he really likes.

Clark is quite frank about admitting that he doesn't care for parts that force him to play the lover. He'd much rather forget tuxedoes and go about in loose-fitting clothes. And, as I said before, that's the way he feels about things at home, too.

I don't know whether I mentioned this before. It's supposed to be a secret—but it really won't be much longer, I guess. We're looking for a farm, some quiet place where we can sneak away and just have fun.

Clark has been looking around and he thinks he's found just the place outside San Diego. It has a beautiful location and we hope to have it ready for us as soon as possible.

And as long as I'm giving away secrets, I might as well tell you that my real name's Maria—but Clark's name for me is Ria.

Incidentally, Clark is fond of good cooking. But that's natural, I suppose. He's of German and Dutch descent, you know, and he likes his food—substantial dishes and big helpings. When he comes home after a long hard day at the studio, finishing the final scene about nine o'clock, he has an appetite that would put the gastronomic yearnings of a truck driver to shame.

I don't do the actual cooking, of course, as we have a cook. But I supervise and, many times, make a cake or pastry that he likes particularly well.

Clark is such a grand sort of person, though. He is so enthusiastic about things—about his work and his home and all the things he does. It's nice to be with him, nice to be married to him and nice to know that he is still the same likeable Clark he always has been.

Screen successes, such as *Manhattan Melodrama* in which he and Myrna Loy score a great hit, have not gone to Clark's head

Colman *Talks* At Last!

Divorce? Re-Marriage? Contract trouble? Now Ronald Colman discusses all the questions his fans the world over are asking

By Dorothy Spensley

"I DON'T want a divorce," says Ronald Colman on the *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back* set. "I don't need one because I do not plan to re-marry. Of course, there are reservations to a statement like that because I can't tell what the future will bring, when I shall want to marry, and how I may change my mind; but at the moment and for some time, I have absolutely no need for divorce."

In March, 1933, Colman left Hollywood, disgruntled, tired, irked by his ten-year Samuel Goldwyn contract, threatening suit against his producer for libel, his longing to retire to an English country estate unsatisfied. In his wake were persistent rumors of his permanent retirement from films.

A year later, he returns, relaxed, refreshed, after a world tour that took him to Europe, Spain, Italy, across the seas to the Dutch East Indies, Bali, China. Somewhere along the route he tossed overboard the inhibitions that had heretofore made him shy, silent, negative toward the inquiring press. In place of the Mystery Man of Hollywood is a Colman who is willing, even ready, to discuss marriage, divorce, re-marriage, contractual difficulties, libel suits, retirement, Greta Garbo. Maybe it was the tropical moon that did it. Maybe not. Anyway, the first blast that he delivers to explode the popular Colman mysteries is about his divorce and re-marriage.

"You know how it is when I return to make a picture," he says. "Particularly after an absence from the country. The newspaper men always come out and ask if there are any new developments in regard to my marriage. Had I secured a divorce when I was away? It's about the only thing of news interest, to them, in my life. That is how you can account for the divorce news item the other day when I commenced work on *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.*

[*Continued on page* 56]

Ronald Colman as he appears with Loretta Young in his newest picture, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*

Exclusive interview! Walter Winchell tells what he would do if he were the monarch of Movieland

"If I Were King *of* Hollywood"

By Robert Eichberg

"THE man who knows more about everything than anybody else."

That's what they call Walter Winchell, columnist and star reporter not only of a great New York daily newspaper but of all America.

But Winchell has more on the ball than any mere reporter; he is the possessor of the keenest sense of humor and one of the most analytical minds in the newspaper world. His activities—writing his daily column, an occasional movie scenario or article, preparing broadcast material, appearing now and then on the stage or in a picture, and doing a thousand and one other things, any of which would be a full-time job for an ordinary mortal—still leave him plenty of time to devote to his wife and daughter, though not nearly as much time as he would like.

He is, however, awfully tired, as who wouldn't be, working anywhere from eighteen to twenty-two hours a day?

So it was with no little trepidation that I approached him for the story the boss had assigned.

Winchell had just finished his broadcast—one fairly crammed to overflowing with exclusive news items. He was busy gathering more data for his next appearance, an hour later. And "busy" is a mild word for it!

Nevertheless, he was his usual gracious self.

"Sit down," he said. "Glad to see you again. What can I do for you this time?" (Incidentally, that's one of his outstanding characteristics—an ever-present desire to do a kindly act for somebody.)

"The boss told me to try to get you to say what you would do if you were King of Hollywood."

"Who cares what I think about Hollywood?"

Walter Winchell Reveals the Right Ages of Hollywood's Royal Ladies

Lupe Velez	24
Janet Gaynor	28
Mary Astor	28
Claudette Colbert	29
Clara Bow	29
Greta Garbo	29
Marlene Dietrich	30
Ann Harding	30
Norma Shearer	34
Gloria Swanson	36

(See accompanying article for more facts about the stars' correct ages.)

THIS man Winchell is inherently modest. He really doesn't realize how important his opinion is to the millions of people who read his column, which is syndicated in some hundred papers all over the United States. So I explained that whatever he said was news, and he agreed to let me have the story.

Leaning back on a camp chair in the NBC Studios, he shut those keen gray eyes for a moment. Then, like the rapid crackle of machine-gun fire, he said:

"If I were King in Hollywood, eh? Not one of these modern monarchs, but an old-fashioned tyrant? One of the potent potentates who'd order an execution or a new wife before breakfast with equal ease. Well—

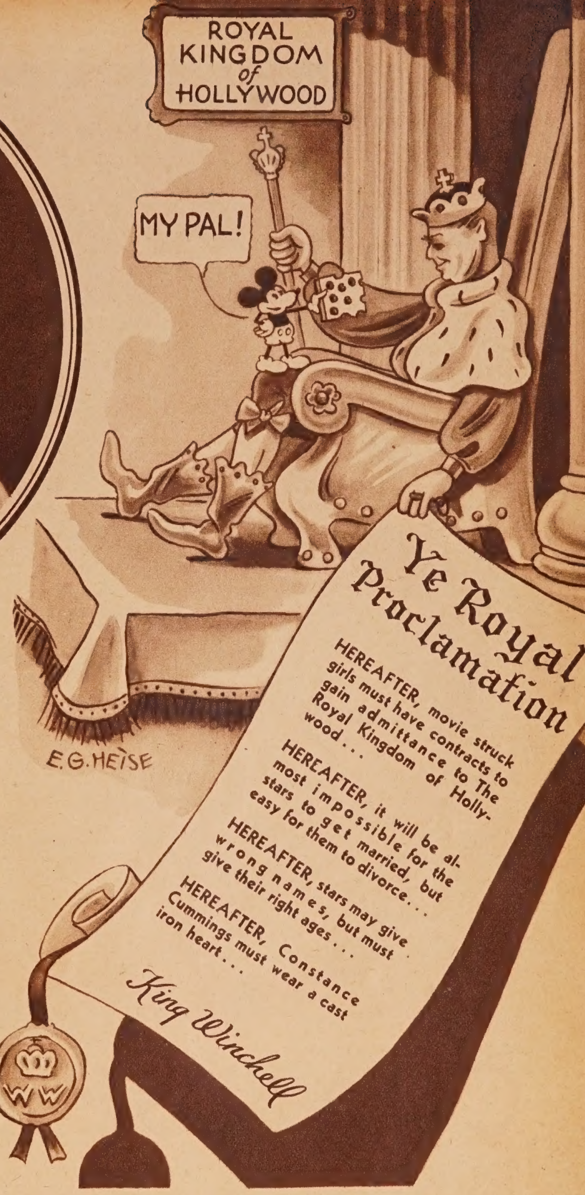
"The first thing I'd do would be grant sums of money to three of our prominent actresses. $36.37 to Carmel Myers; $155 to Greta Nissen; a neat sum to Jean Harlow. Not in appreciation of their services, but so that they could pay their income taxes. The government needs money and I have to kick in. Why shouldn't they? I can understand their indifference, though. Some of our best bankers never filed returns.

"Next, I'd make everybody who came to Hollywood for a movie job have a passport in the form of a contract with a producer. Some official would meet every train and turn back those who couldn't show the precious papers. As a result, a lot of fine young girls would stay home and marry their boy-friends instead of winding up as waitresses in Hollywood restaurants or becoming women wayfarers.

"I know that some of our biggest stars started as unknowns, who came to Film City with no more talent, ambition or prospects than many of the unsuccessful. But I don't think

In which Broadway's Most Famous Columnist Delivers a Barrage

The King's favorite lady is none other than the lovely Kay Francis, who, he says, "Is about the finest actress on the screen—she's *so* natural!"



Ye Royal Proclamation

HEREAFTER, movie struck girls must have contracts to gain admittance to The Royal Kingdom of Hollywood...

HEREAFTER, it will be almost impossible for the stars to get married, but easy for them to divorce...

HEREAFTER, stars may give wrong names, but must give their right ages...

HEREAFTER, Constance Cummings must wear a cast iron heart...

King Winchell

that the few who reach the top are worth the hundreds of heartaches which afflict the gals alone and broke in a cold town, miles from home.

"In New York some of the judges are big enough to find time to investigate unfortunates brought before them for vagrancy. If these people have homes in other cities, sometimes the jurists find the money to send them there. If I were King of Hollywood, I'd tap the Royal Exchequer for enough change to start a fund for that purpose there . . . Well, is that enough of this 'If I Were King.'"

"Sorry, but the boss told me to get a couple of thousand words from you, Walter. Keep it up; you're doing fine."

WINCHELL groaned, then continued: "Why did we ever start this, anyway? Oh, well—I'd pass a law making it very hard to get married and easy to get divorced. That would have a lot of good features. First, it would save the boys and girls a lot of publicity. They must dread it. (Pardon my sarcasm.) Second, it'd make 'em think twice (if Hollywoodenheads think at all) before ankling up the aisle. I suppose it might make a lot of them live in sin—but that's always been a suburb of Flickerville, anyway.

"Another thing I'd do is get a cast-iron heart made for Constance Cummings; that girl carries mercy too far. Some time ago her car was stolen. Later she saw it on the street, with a crowd of boys in it. Connie jumped on the running-board and said, 'Boys, this is my car.' One of the boys shoved her off and the car sped away. In falling to the pavement, Connie fractured a hip.

"Shortly after that, the car was traced through its license plates and the thieves were caught. They were a bunch of high school boys. Connie, though laid up with the serious and painful injury that they inflicted, refuses to prosecute them. She says, 'I'd never rest in peace if I thought I'd sent those boys to jail.' Connie is too sweet, and it's my opinion that the boys deserve a good sock in the nose—with a ball bat.

"SPEAKING of sweetness, I think Heather Angel has the prettiest name in pictures. But why doesn't some movie actress get original and take a name like—like Aggie Schmaltz? What comment it would get! Some of them actually have names that aren't so unlike that one either. But they don't use them."

"They don't use their right ages, much, either, do they, Walter? How about giving the dope on that?"

"To quote an old proverb, Bob, a gentleman is one who remembers a woman's birthday—but forgets her age. However, if the Almanac can print it, I can repeat it. Here are a few—all as of December, 1934. The Dietrich is thirty, and that grand girl, Marie Dressler, is [*Continued on page* 54]

of Previously Unknown Facts About Famous Citizens of Screendom

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen

Janet
GAYNOR
Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris

FOX

—Elmer Fryer

DICK POWELL—*He's Got Rhythm!*

Rhythm and a grand voice and an engaging grin. Save a night to see him in *Twenty Million Sweethearts*, which has other famous rhythm vendors such as the Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio Rito AND our own GINGER ROGERS!

STOP THAT!

Norma Shearer, take that devastating look away. How can you expect us to work with a portrait like this staring us in the face?

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Never was there a sweeter or smaller or more charming girl graduate than Janet Gaynor, all dressed up in cap and gown for *Change of Heart*. You can tell by her smile that Charles Farrell is not far away

ORCHIDS TO ESTHER

Who deserves them more than Esther Ralston for her fine rôle with Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee*?

OH, PROFESSOR!

Ginger Rogers also got a cap and gown some way—we suspect by singing to her professor after classes. She's also in *Change of Heart*, as is Jimmy Dunn. We wonder if this costume suits them better than the customary cap and bells?

THE QUEEN

A copy of this lovely portrait hangs in Marlene Dietrich's dressing room to remind her of glorious days spent in filming *The Scarlet Empress*

ALL'S WELL WITH GOMBELL!

A lot of hat—with a lot under the hat. Minor roles, intelligently performed, have made Minna Gombell one of Hollywood's finest actresses

COMMOTION

Spontaneous combustion in the shape of Lupe Velez, more of a menace than ever in black gloves and a tiara. For a fact, she's *Strictly Dynamite*

EMOTION

There's no glycerine in the tears when Jean Muir opens the flood gates in *As the Earth Turns*. She's *that* good!

ART--SEX *and* Miriam Hopkins

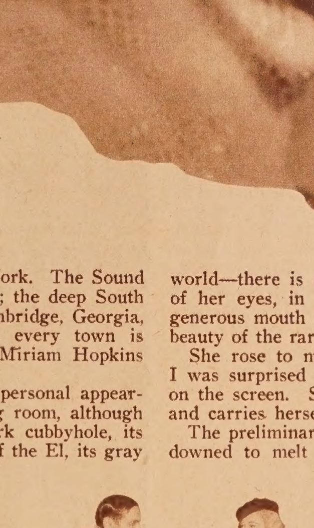
"Courage? It would have taken courage to play in some cheap, sexy thing in which all they wanted me to do was show my legs"

By Val Lewton

MIRIAM HOPKINS belongs to New York. The Sound and Celluloid environs of Hollywood; the deep South as represented by her birthplace, Bainbridge, Georgia, and "the road," that vague region where every town is Bridgeport, may all lay claim to her—but Miriam Hopkins definitely belongs to New York.

I went to see her while she was making personal appearances at a New York theater. Her dressing room, although the best at the theater's disposal, was a dark cubbyhole, its windows on a level with the roaring tracks of the El, its gray walls, plain couch, deal table and straight-backed chair more suited to a prison cell than a star's dressing room. From outside the clatter of traffic and the tearing sound of the elevated train wheels as they slid past on the steel rails, filled the room with noise. In the midst of these drab surroundings and the confusing uproar. Miriam Hopkins had established herself with all the comfort of a kitten on a hearth rug.

The comparison is a bad one. For there is no suggestion of kittenish behavior about Miriam Hopkins. Direct, friendly and simple in her behavior, she seems to make everyone her friend. Not a truly beautiful woman—although one famous artist has said she has the most beautiful shoulders of any woman in the world—there is such a world of charm in the quick sparkle of her eyes, in her mobile face and especially in her live, generous mouth that one immediately thinks of her as being beauty of the rarest sort.



Director Lubitsch and Miriam Hopkins

She rose to meet me as I came into her dressing room. I was surprised to find her smaller in life than she appears on the screen. She is actually tiny, only five feet in height, and carries herself with a dancer's lightness of bearing.

The preliminary greetings done with, and a glass of sherry downed to melt the ice of first meeting, our conversation turned to an incident of several years ago.

Two years ago Paramount bought a novel I had written. Miriam Hopkins and Clark Gable, borrowed from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for this one picture, were announced as co-stars of the future picture. Then Miriam Hopkins was reported to have turned down the part.

Naturally I was curious to know why. I had understood, of course, from the beginning that in adapting my book to the screen they had so changed it I would never have recognized it if I had gone to see it. So her refusal to play the part was no reflection upon my work, but I was still anxious to know why she had thought the script, as re-written by her ex-husband,

[*Continued on page 72*]

The STAR Who

In the *Follies*, Reri's dark loveliness made a striking contrast to the pale blonde beauties, but synthetic music and the wrong settings made her unhappy

Reri and her native lover resting after the never-to-be-forgotten swimming scene in Murnau's exquisite silent motion picture, *Tabu*

RERI is a long way from home right now—13,000 miles, to be exact. But what of it, if she has at last found complete happiness and contentment? After many romances, she has found a man who is genuine, honest in his intentions to see her do the right thing at the right time. And that is more than I can say for most of the other men she has known.

Frankly, this is the first story ever written revealing the complex Reri as I learned to know her, as her manager and guardian. All the other stories have been more or less publicity propaganda.

Reri, in her own way, was happy on the Island of Tahiti. She had completed the film *Tabu*, and though her salary as the star was very small compared to Hollywood's fabulous salaries, it was a world of money to the fifteen-year-old native girl. She was looked upon as a great personage by her simple neighbors, and strutted about as proud as a peacock. The Café Bougainville boasted of the beauty's daily visits; it was here that American and European tourists toasted Reri, and vied for her attentions.

Fred Murnau, the talented director who met death so tragically after filming *Tabu*

Fred Murnau, her director and mentor during the filming of *Tabu*, was a serious minded man, and serious minded people were not listed in Reri's carefree mind. At first she resented his commands, but later she learned to idolize the tall, lanky "Reggiseur," who was like a father to her. When Reri was ill, Murnau banished all work, and himself nursed her back to health, feeding her with the finest food and imported liqueurs.

Murnau left the Islands directly after the completion of *Tabu*, headed for Hollywood where he anticipated releasing the film independently. His accidental death was a great shock to Reri and the other natives, who lamented much after his sudden departure. The film was later sold to and released by Paramount.

Just at this time, the gay adventurer Bill Leeds of "tin" fame came to the Islands, and Reri met him for the first time. He had gone completely native, *pareu* and all. He came down to Tahiti on his palatial yacht, to relax for a month, but he stayed longer. He was enamoured of the beauty of the Island and the sheer simplicity of the natives. So much so did he love their languid music that he brought back with him to the States a Tahitian boy named Raffey, who is his personal chauffeur, plays his favorite tropical songs, and is his *aide de camp* in general. Reri saw Leeds often while he was in Papeete, and they had good times together.

Florenz Ziegfeld saw *Tabu* many months later, and lost himself completely when he saw the glamorous Reri. Her complete

Forgot Hollywood

With her husband, Eugene Bodo, a film idol in Poland, Reri is happier than she was as the toast of all Hollywood and Broadway

From the South Seas to Broadway to Hollywood, Reri climbed the ladder of fame only to spurn the glitter of success for love and happiness in far-away Poland

By Mildred Luber Duim

abandonment, her flashing pearly teeth, the graceful movements of her body were devastating to him. He immediately cabled seven thousand miles in an effort to persuade Reri to join his *Follies of 1931.* When his cable was finally translated to her, she asked, "*Qui est* Ziegfeld?" She had never heard of the great glorifier. American friends impressed upon her the importance of Ziegfeld and his request, after much urging she consented to make the trip.

Ten days of warm Pacific and Reri reached Frisco, then at last New York. The gaping public, the reporters, the photographers, all bewildered the shy native girl. Whisked to her hotel, the Ziegfeld office guarded Reri jealously. No one saw her.

The stage of the Follies Theater was crowded with beauty. Rehearsal time with all eyes focused on the door. Reri, the gorgeous half-caste, was expected momentarily. The door opened, and there she stood—the queen of them all. Her open face, *cafe au lait* in color, her liquid brown eyes, her hanging raven hair caught at the side by a white gardenia, her bare sandaled feet, made her stand out in striking contrast to the pale blonde beauties. If you have never seen Reri in person you will never know how really exquisite she is. Her exotic charm and contagious smile immediately won the bored Follies' girls over; she soon had them swarming about, looking her over as though she were a curio.

RIGHT off there was a man in the picture—a boy from the *Follies* who won out because he spoke French to Reri. It was love at first sight for him. Bill Leeds too was an ardent admirer. He often sent his car for her, to come and spend week-ends at his summer home in Oyster Bay, and gave many parties in her honor.

The opening day of the *Follies* arrived. Reri was nervous, unhappy—everything seemed

[*Continued on page 76*]

Scoop!

George Raft, *the Proud* FATHER

The sinister Italian heart-beat is just as sentimental about his "kid" as any other father

GEORGIE RAFT, the slender Italian heart-beat who did some of his best work up to date in *Bolero*, has proved once and for all that he is no dark flash in the pan. Lithe, dark-skinned, thin-lipped with a white, flashing smile, Raft has whammed into the feminine consciousness with astounding success.

"Georgie," as his friends call him, is a strange, paradoxical person. The first time we ever talked together I asked him something and he politely told me a lie. One of those nice white lies which anyone being interviewed has to resort to for protection. I said, "Let's not tell stories. Shoot straight." Before I could say another word he interrupted, laughing.

"That suits me. But if I shoot straight, will you?"

So we struck a bargain which left us both practically tongue-tied. Georgie told me the curious, colorful story of his life. He didn't spare himself any place along the line. He is as real as they make them in this funny world, but he insists he is a phoney. And he is still getting a big thrill out of the things success have brought him.

I asked him to tell me about his boy, and this was the one time George seemed reluctant to talk. It was the first time I've ever seen him serious for more than a moment.

"I've never talked about the kid. It won't do me any good to talk about him." His face broke into a smile. "It's the bunk. I'm not supposed to be a father, am I? What about my public? They won't like their great big sinister, silent Raft to turn sentimental." (Georgie was trying to talk his way out of the discussion by ribbing.)

"Sure I've got a son. He's about seventeen years old. You wouldn't think I was old enough to have a son that age, would you?" He was making a slim attempt at being facetious. When he said about seventeen he meant "about." Time, age to Raft is a beautiful, nebulous arrangement. In spite of the tough times he had as a kid, swiping things, getting caught, being punished, in spite of his desire to get places, Georgie has never seemed to change. He takes on the coloring of new places. He "wises" himself up faster than anyone I've ever known. His manners, his gallantry to any girl whom he is interested in, are those of a polished, cultured man of the world. His accent isn't, but his actions are.

It was a big surprise when the story first leaked out that Raft had a son. It was another surprise to learn that the boy is by his first wife. Georgie has been married twice.

"I'd rather not tell you the name of my first wife. It happened so long ago. You see she isn't living. She died about three weeks after the kid was born. She took cold and it turned into pneumonia. She was at home with her mother; we weren't living together. Her folks wanted her to be with them at that time. We were just a couple of kids.

"Afterwards my mother took the baby and has had

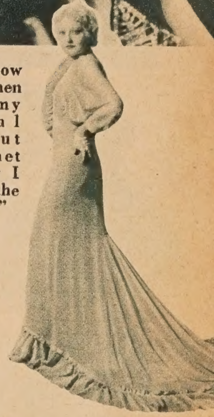
[*Continued on page* 58]

By Marcella Burke

My Great PASSION

A famous author and editor reveals the "gag" that helped bring success to Thelma Todd

By
Rob Wagner



"I didn't know Thelma when I began my editorial crush, but when I met her I knew I had picked the right girl!"

Rob Wagner says, "It's pretty hard to hate a girl with a sense of humor like Constance Bennett's"

"MY DEAR," (I was addressing the *real* editor of my magazine) "every editor should have some one to 'love' and some one to 'hate'—editorially speaking, of course. It makes good running gags. So I have decided to 'love' Thelma Todd and to 'hate' Constance Bennett."

"Well, Constance is successful enough to hate," responded Ye Real Ed, "but who, pray, is Thelma Todd?"

"Oh, she's that terribly pretty and joyously happy blonde girl that Hal Roach uses to save a lot of doubtful comedies."

Thus began an editorial adventure that had curious consequences. After "hating" Constance Bennett for nearly a year I received this letter:

> **"Dear Rob:**
>
> **I've been reading your reviews of my pictures with great interest and after your last one I fully agree with you that I am the world's worst actress. However, I'm enclosing a three dollar subscription hoping it will act as hush-money.**
>
> **Cordially yours,**
>
> **CONSTANCE BENNETT."**

It's pretty hard to hate a girl with a sense of humor like that. Especially when it is accompanied by three dollars, an editor's price!

I did not know Thelma Todd when I began my editorial romance. So I eased into it modestly, simply printing her name in full caps: "The comedy was a little wobbly, but then there was THELMA TODD!" That was all, but by repeating the gag week after week Hollywood began to wake up and make inquiries. Folks snook up fearfully and asked Ye Real Ed about "Rob's passion." Other papers commented on the strange editorial excitement and the columnists had all sorts of fun over my "crush on Thelma."

Now It Can Be Told!

For several years the mystery of Garbo has been as nothing to the sly romance carried on between Rob Wagner and Thelma Todd on the pages of *Script*, a potent and popular little magazine that is published in Beverly Hills for the delight of movie stars and famous people the world over.

In this article, Rob (we hope with the permission of Ye Real Editor, Mrs. Rob Wagner), "tells all" about his great passion, splitting neither fact nor infinitive.

Nor did the publicity hurt Thelma in the least, for pretty soon the big studios began to take serious notice and it wasn't long before she was appearing in feature productions. Indeed, so successful was the gag that several agents offered me

[*Continued on page* 65]

Eyes Right: Evelyn Kelly, once known as the *Lucky Strike Girl* because of work as an artist's model, loaned her charms to *Murder at the Vanities*

Eyes Left: Hollywood stars will be crying for an anti-immigration law if many more girls as lovely as Wanda Perry, just sixteen, arrive on the scene

EXHIBIT A
Beryl Wallace is just a bit of evidence that the girls in *Murder at the Vanities* are almost too beautiful

There Ought *to be a* Reward *for*

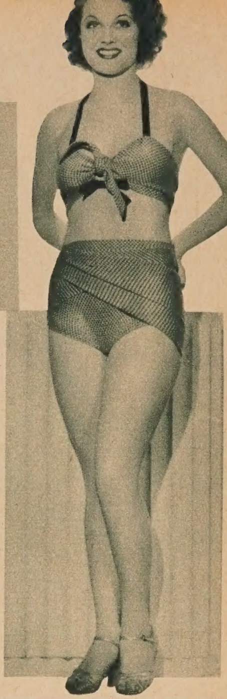
Accused: of being much too disconcerting. Another view of Anya Taranda calmly strutting about with the mortal remains of a once proud leopard

Guilty: Convicted of being one of eleven most beautiful show girls on Broadway, Marion Callahan faces a life term in Hollywood

Not Guilty: We simply can't convict Ruth Hilliard of wearing too many clothes in *Murder at the Vanities*

EXHIBIT B

Since Anya Taranda came to town, the Hollywood males have top thinking about arbo and Dietrich. It's a shame!



Eyes Right:

When Clara Lou Sheridan appears in this one yard of bathing suit, fabric manufacturers will have a good case against a certain Mr. Earl Carroll

Eyes Left:

A new angle in the case. Beryl Wallace is another of the Vanities beauties who threatens to dislodge some present favorite from her job

MURDER *at the* VANITIES

Don't Convict These Lovely Gals—Can't You See That They're My Pals?

Jack Oakie makes a passionate plea for lenience in the case of his little furred and flowered friends. Mr. Oakie is well-known for his championship of the cause of lovely ladies. The State rests—but there's no rest for Oakie

So Many Beautiful Girls in One Picture Sways SCREEN BOOK'S Jury of Critics

"Ten dollars says you can't knock the cigar out of Jimmy's mouth!" Cecil B. De Mille and Gail Patrick at target practice

Wanted: A burglar to break into Victor McLaglen's mansion. Vic and the two prize Irish wolfhounds will be the welcoming committee

W. C. Fields on the set of *You're Telling Me* is surrounded by everything in the world but an auto-gyro. Lookit the *Scarlet Empress* scenery behind him

HOLLYWOOD

DIANA WYNYARD keeps right on being one of Hollywood's most popular young socialites. Just for example, the other Saturday night she finally weeded her party engagements down to two, which just about filled the one evening: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman's, and then Leslie Howard's, where she helped Leslie and the missus celebrate their latest wedding anniversary. All the while, she had a house guest, Mrs. Austin Young, Chicago society matron.

FOLKS at Hollywood's Coney Island annex, Venice, didn't know the expert marksman they saw at the shooting gallery was Pancho Lucas, the pretty girl Jean Parker, and the couple with them, Esther Ralston and Earl Oxford. "Spielers" and ticket sellers at all the crazy concessions tell your reporter that movie stars, particularly folks graduated from the stage with perhaps fond memories of carnival experience, medicine shows and the like in their pasts, are particularly steady patrons, mingling with out-or-town tourists. They can't stay away from that familiar call: "Right this way, ladeez an' gents—greatest spectacle on this earth—Bosco, he eats 'em alive! —freaks of nature—only a thin dime, folks, the tenth part of a dollar!"

THEY say the prizefighter who was knocked out of the ring at the Burbank Arena and almost landed in Mae West's lap the other night looked up at the star, grinned, and queried, "How'm I doin'?" Whereupon Mae replied, "Rotten!"

WHAT with the George Brent-Ruth Chatterton marriage flopping and Ralph Forbes squiring Lucille Ball, one of the charmingest Goldwyn girls, remarriage of Ruth and her "ex" looks doubtful. Will Ralph be sore at George, since during the Brent-Chatterton honeymoon days he was fond of both ex-wifie and her new husband? Or will they all accept Lucille and continue to be pals? Ah, me, these strange combinations—what with more and more movie couples deciding to unwed so they can retain their "valued friendships"! One longs for *one* divorce marked by vituperation and flying chinaware, and *one* ex-husband who hunts up ex-wifie's new flame for the purpose of flattening his handsome nose!

PAT PATERSON and Charles Boyer insist that their love-at-first-sight marriage, something of a record in cinematic sudden matrimony, wasn't an exploitation stunt for the picture in which they are paired, *By Royal Command*. If publicity was Cupid in this case —an unkind thought!—it worked as well as any harvest moon, for there's a couple really romantic over each other. You should see them at a table of the Fox Studio café, looking into each other's eyes and forgetting that a hundred or more curiosity-ridden cinema-ites are watching them!

IT'S amusing to see how Clark Gable's stock has taken a second big boom in Hollywood following the success of the actor's Eastern personal appearances. Somehow Hollywood just can't be permanently convinced of what the outside world has pretty obviously demonstrated —that the great Gable is really the out-

A behind-the-camera view of John Barrymore doing some heavy emoting with Gigi Parrish and Walter Connolly in *Twentieth Century*

RICHARD ARLEN
GRACE BRADLEY

The snooty college campus on which scenes for *Come on Marines* were filmed put up "No lunching on grounds" signs so the cast had a curbstone luncheon

This is the look Jimmy Durante gives Lupe Velez in their new picture, *Strictly Dynamite*. "Lupe," says Jimmy, "is a girl what has plenty of dissa and datta"

FLASHES

standing matinee idol since Rudy Valentino, and perhaps the greatest of all time. He's such a quiet, natural, unpretentious hombre around Filmtown that not many share your reporter's unbounded enthusiasm for him, a regular guy who has what the film fans want.

CONNIE BENNETT has your reporter puzzled, and until Gilbert Roland accepts that tennis challenge from him will have nothing to say about those renewed rumors except to report that the Marquis is on the high seas somewhere between here and the coast of Asia. Or else he's anchored off a tropical island. Anyway, that alleged "triangle" is composed of three swell people, two of whom have been much maligned by gossips at every opportunity; and the other, a real gentleman and a regular guy, deserves no levity from the press.

IF YOU hear faint sounds of a dog-fight in *Sadie McKee* when it's released, you'll know that the studio film cutters decided to use that scene which was interrupted by a dachshund fight off-stage, after all. One of the dogs belongs to Joan Crawford, the other to Franchot Tone, and while both their owners were busy before the cameras the canines had a sudden, unexpected *phftt!*

JIMMY DURANTE has just moved the mountain to Mohammed. Getting tired of going to New York for the sort of Italian food he likes best, he persuaded his restaurateur friend, Henry Gordine, to leave Gotham and open up an Italian eating shop in Hollywood, a replica of his New York spaghetterie.

THERE were several things not revealed in print at the time behind Paramount's decision to give George Raft a vacation in place of the rôle he was offered—and didn't want—opposite Mae West in *It Ain't No Sin*. One of these things, the most important to George's admirers, was the conviction on the parts of some executives that he should be presented next as a big star, in a really big stellar vehicle. The scenario department went on a still-hunt for such a yarn, and probably the ex-

[*Continued on page* 67]

DOTS and DASHES

James Casanova Don Juan Durante wishes he'd been born an Eskimo—they make love by rubbing noses . . . Mary Brian writes swell love letters (but not to us) . . . Filmland's current foibles: badminton, botany, the Burbank fights, the Tingle Tangle Theater Eatery, leather buttons . . . Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee HOLD HANDS at previews . . . Cocoanut Grove's *maitre de* is offered big tips for ringside seats—not on the dance floor, you dopes, but adjacent to the table occupied nightly by Lupe Velez and her Johnnee . . . Joe E. Brown discovered a bigger mouth than his own—that of a Hindu who can get a polo ball in his mouth. But who wants to? . . . Gene Raymond wrote a swell song called *Brief Moment* . . . Strict surveillance on the set of *It Ain't No Sin*, on account of Mae has been threatened by gangsters . . . Ex-Mrs. John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, can't keep track of her dates since she left John . . . Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins, playing together in *Treasure Island*, have smoke in their eyes . . . Marion Davies' hoopskirted gowns for *Operator 13* were so big she had to be hauled to and from the studio in a truck! . . . Pat Paterson and Frances Dee hate having to kiss screen heroes—just a couple of old-fashioned wives . . . Clark Gable and Nat Pendleton are hard-boiled playmates in *Manhattan Melodrama* and we can hardly wait . . . We wondered how long it would be before the stars objected to that broadcast in which they are presented as objects of pounding and spanking . . . Reginald Denny cracks that Emily Post must be a branch of the American Legion.

My Friend, Will Rogers

By Louise Dresser

"The most human person I know," says Will's old friend. "He's no Romeo, but he has plenty of sex appeal!"

Jim
Bill
Mary

One of Louise Dresser's prize snapshots taken fifteen years ago shows Bill teaching his youngsters to twirl the lariat. Mary is grown up now and planning a movie career of her own

THINKING of my friends, it is not their faces I visualize—to my mind comes something pertinent to the persons themselves, the real human being. And about the most human person I know is Will Rogers.

A few weeks ago heavy rains, culminating in something like a cloudburst, played havoc with the foot-hill roads in the vicinity of Will's ranch. I wonder if the panicky automobile drivers caught in the storm were aware that the bedraggled man standing at the crossroad, warning them to turn back from a dangerous washout, was Will Rogers? I like to think of this friend of mine, the friend of kings, presidents and the great of the world, first making sure his family is safe, then stealing away from them and standing the remainder of the night in the pouring rain, a lone sentry against disaster.

A few days later, after a hard day on location, he drove a hundred-odd miles to appear unexpectedly at a benefit performance given for the flood sufferers. Such things are typical of this friend of mine. Not gestures to be broadcast to the world, but an innate thoughtfulness for his fellow man.

He has come a long way since I met him first, 'way back in the dim past of vaudeville. The show opened with a horse, a man to ride the horse and Will with his rope—what was termed a "dumb" act. Incidentally, can you imagine Will standing speechless before an audience today? Even at that, the audience would enjoy him, for there is something about the man that radiates humor. Back in his first vaudeville days the audiences sensed this as they did the first night I met him. I followed him on the bill, and as I stood in the wings waiting to go on the stage, from behind me came the raucous voice, none too suppressed, of the house manager: "What the so-and-so kind of an act is this the New York office has wished on me?" The gentleman was displeased with Will at the start of his act, but when the audience caught the humor of the man and the act finished with them clamoring for more, we all realized a new star had dawned.

For a long while Will continued

[*Continued on page 72*]

The MAN Love Passed By

Lanny Ross brings romance to millions, but can't find a heart throb for himself

By Grace Mack

His first love scene was with a COW!

"You can give me a tiny little kiss or a great big soul kiss, whatever the script calls for. It makes no difference to me." That's how Ann Sothern greeted Lanny Ross when they started love scenes for *Melody in Spring*

THERE are few young men whose blood pressure wouldn't speed up a bit at the prospect of making love to a beautiful screen star. Lanny Ross, whose voice has thrilled millions of tuner-inners on Captain Henry's *Showboat* hour, was no exception. "I'm tired of making love to a microphone," Lanny told me. "It will certainly be a break to be able to make love to a real flesh-and-blood girl and sing my songs to her instead of to an imaginary girl."

Well, movie love turned out to be very different from microphone love—but not in the way Lanny expected. Being a romantic young man, he had visualized a love scene played in one of those glorified gardens which we see upon the screen, with shafts of moonlight filtering through, a muted orchestra playing the melody of the song he was to sing, and a clinch climax in which he took the beautiful blonde in his arms. But when they started shooting *Melody in Spring* he found that his first love scene was with—a COW! . . . It was a gag, of course—one of those things bright boys write to give movie audiences a laugh; but it somehow failed to titillate Lanny's sense of humor. And the scene was not used!

Even the love scenes with Ann Sothern, that delectable little blonde, did not quite measure up to his expectations. It's no easy job to make love before an audience of hard-boiled grips, electricians, prop boys and so forth, and the offstage ribbing of Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles during rehearsal scenes certainly were not conducive to putting Lanny at ease.

"Hey, Lanny, your collar's wilting," they would stage-whisper when he was about to take Ann in his arms. Or, "Good heavens, Lanny, you must have been out dissipating last night. You're shaking like you had St. Vitus." And then Ann stripped the last shred of glamour from the scene by saying, just before they went into the big clinch: "You can give me a tiny little kiss or a great big soul kiss, whatever the script calls for. It makes no difference to me—it's all in the day's work." Small wonder that when I saw Lanny just after the picture was finished I found him considerably disillusioned about the advantages of making love to a real flesh-and-blood girl instead of a microphone!

You see Lanny is just naturally a romanticist. At one stage in his career he made a voyage to Australia, peeling potatoes en route to pay for his passage. In theory, it sounded like a romantic thing to do; but after several days at sea most of the romance peeled off with the potatoes. After he had peeled and "eyed" several bushels of spuds he had an inspiration. If it worked it might be the means of his having a little romance on the trip, in spite of his lowly rôle.

And so when his day's peeling was over he went to the cabin which he shared with three deck hands and astonished them by taking a bath and getting into clean clothes. Without saying what he planned to do,

[*Continued on page* 80]

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING
★★★★ Hit Picture... ★★★ Good Show... ★★ Average Movie..: ★ Mediocre Offering. Other pictures reviewed on page 74.

TIPS ON THE

TWENTIETH CENTURY

★★★★

Both John Barrymore and Carole Lombard add much to their prestige in this picture, the plot of which largely takes place on a train bound for New York. Barrymore as the desperate play producer, seeking to obtain the signature of a famous star, never delivered a more moving, powerful performance.—*Columbia.*

Barrymore and Lombard emote

Raft goes into a huddle

THE TRUMPET BLOWS

★★★

Colorful and full of action, *The Trumpet Blows* connects solidly as a first rate picture, with George Raft and Adolphe Menjou as brothers competing for the love of Frances Drake. Raft takes his rôle of the bull fighter nicely and Menjou is his usual, debonair self, walking off with the honors.—*Paramount.*

MURDER AT THE VANITIES

★★★★

Exciting mystery, with two murders committed backstage while the Vanities show is in progress, makes this picture one of the most unusual of the year. Carl Brisson easily establishes himself as a coming star, while Vic McLaglen, Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle and Gail Patrick try to steal the show.—*Paramount.*

Who cares about murder?

Ginger and her boys

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS

★★★★

Here is the story of a singer who sacrifices love for a career. Characterizations are good and the story has drama and pathos, plus a touch of tragedy. Plenty of tuneful hits, with Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, the Mills Brothers and Ted Fio Rita's band in the cast.—*Warner.*

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

★★★★

What a picture! Jimmy Durante as the big shot radio comedian, which he is in real life; Lupe Velez as his wildcat sweetheart; William Gargan as the fast-talking press agent; Norman Foster as the harrassed gag writer—all this plus Marian Nixon, Minna Gombell, Ruth Etting and the Mills Brothers. It's almost too much!—*Radio*

Lupe lamps the profile

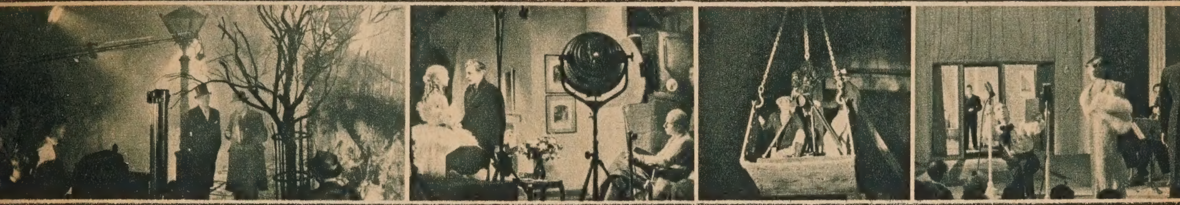
Bing Crosby's wife clicks

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG

★★★

A great big hand to the studio which turned out this film, showing us what a grand little actress Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) really is. The story tells of a very wealthy pair of sisters who lose their money and share their future with a maid and chauffeur. Bob Armstrong also in cast.—*Monogram.*

NEW PICTURES —



BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

★★★

In his familiar role of Bulldog Drummond, Ronald Colman comes to the aid of a girl in distress—Loretta Young—and makes a hit in as neat a mystery yarn as has been seen for some time. Warner Oland as the menace and Charles Butterworth as Colman's comic friend rate a good hand.—*20th Century.*

Colman, better than ever

SADIE McKEE

★★★

Joan Crawford suffers again in this picture, but she does it in a manner more effective than in any other of her recent pictures. Three men are involved in the life of Sadie McKee—Gene Raymond as the actor, Franchot Tone as the lawyer and Edward Arnold as the drunkard. They all win her love, but you'll have to guess which keeps it.—*Metro.*

The Joan Crawford we love

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

★★★

Cast in his natural rôle as the devil-may-care newspaperman, Lee Tracy plunges through a series of amusing adventures in Paris, covering himself with glory as he scoops his rivals on an international plot, and finally woos a princess in his usual wise-cracking fashion. Gloria Stuart is leading lady.—*Universal.*

Lee Tracy woos a princess

WHERE SINNERS MEET

★★★

A story of marital intrigue which seeks to prove that a man can never tell about the condition of his heart when he is quite healthy. *Where Sinners Meet* is an excellent comedy drama. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook give perfect performances opposite each other. You'll like it!—*Radio.*

Diana cures a headache

CHANGE OF HEART

★★★★

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will be more popular than ever after their reunion in this gripping story of four Pacific Coast students who go to New York after graduation, almost penniless, to find careers for themselves. Ginger Rogers and James Dunn help to put this fine dramatic story over with a bang.—*Fox.*

They're together again

WILD GOLD

★★★

John Boles as the singer who can't take life seriously woos Claire Trevor in spite of her mean husband, a murder, a wild gold rush and other strange tricks of Fate. Harry Green steals a slice of the picture with his comedy scenes, and the whole show is as exciting and entertaining as could be desired. Don't miss it.—*Fox.*

John Boles gets stranded

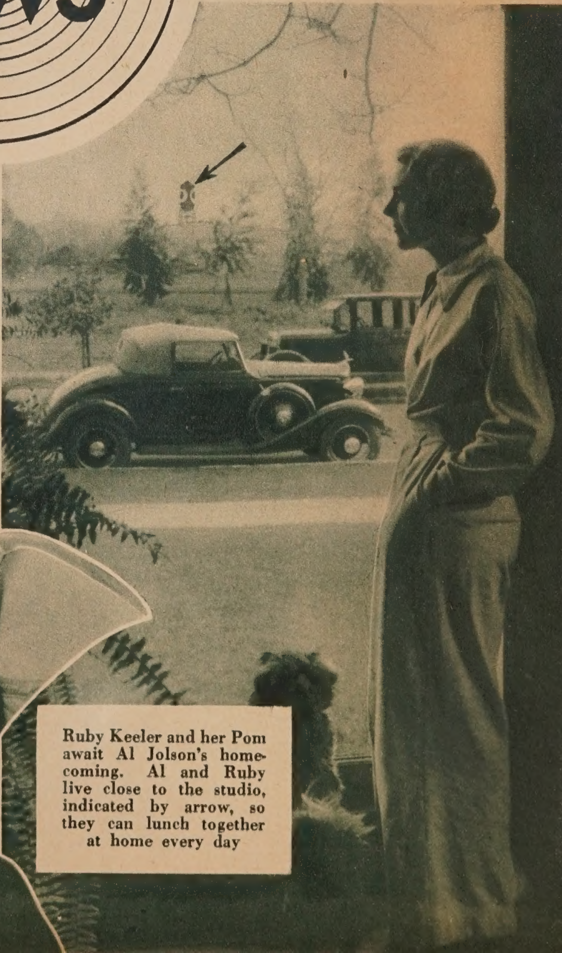
CAMERA NEWS

"She floats through the air with the greatest of ease—that daring young girl on the flying trapeze." Patricia Ellis, appearing in *The Circus Clown*, with Joe E. Brown, shows how it's done

Sandwiched in between two of Hollywood's loveliest girls, Miriam Jordan and Ann Sothern, SCREEN BOOK'S editor, Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, finds that he is not at all interested in sandwiches

Ann Harding's Love Affair with Her Ex-Husband
SCREEN BOOK

Allen Jenkins, who stands on his head most of the time in tipsy rôles, can't figure out why his favorite movie magazine is so puzzling. Two more Martinis, please!



Ruby Keeler and her Pom await Al Jolson's homecoming. Al and Ruby live close to the studio, indicated by arrow, so they can lunch together at home every day

Why Pat Married *in* Haste!

By Kay Mulvey

"IF YOU really love a man, and he loves you, what difference does it make how long you've known him?" demands Pat Paterson, with that frank, level, disarming look of hers.

"What has time to do with love?" seconds handsome Charles Boyer. "They say love is ageless. Well—if it has no age—"

Not defensively, mind you. Pat and Charles, imported into American films from English and French stardom respectively, haven't any such thought. In fact, they're just curious. They ask questions because they wonder how anyone could possibly think it strange when two persons who love each other so much get married after knowing each other only three weeks.

The newspapers, recording this record-breaking film marriage, said three weeks. As a matter of fact, it was less. For the first two weeks they knew each other only on a nodding basis. There were no "dates." Just casual, unplanned meetings, just a "hello, there!" and a nod or word of goodbye.

That hangs the record still higher! Actually, their romance lasted little more than a week before they left that Hollywood party, which was to celebrate Pat's big success in the musical, *Bottoms Up*, and fled to Yuma, Arizona. There Justice of the Peace E. A. Freeman tied the knot, and both principals of the affair declare it's no slip-knot either!

There followed a honeymoon at Palm Springs, and the return to Hollywood and film work. Pat simply moved her belongings and her Scottie dog from what she calls "my tiny little apartment" to the big home in which, in lonely grandeur, Boyer had been dwelling for several weeks. It is the John McCormick place, most recently occupied by Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck.

A simple, refreshing and direct proceeding, eh, what?

More to the point, it was so swift that it even beat Hollywood's most alert gossips to the punch. Nobody said Boyer and Pat were "that-a-way" until the news popped that they were married.

—Wide World

Home from their honeymoon, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson move into Janet Gaynor's old home

Old Man Impulse always has guided Pat Paterson's life. First, he started her theatrical career. Now he's helped her to marry a man she'd known less than two weeks

How did it happen? Very simply, and if you've ever been as deeply in love as Pat and Charles, you'll recognize instantly the symptoms and perhaps get a vicarious thrill or so. It seems that these casual meetings and casual glances at each other were suddenly interrupted, one day, by a meeting of glances that seemed to catch—and hold. Pat's gray-green eyes opened wide, and her breath came quickly as she looked into the magnetic brown eyes of Mister Boyer. And his opened equally wide, and had the same startled, fascinated look in them.

Cupid had at that instant scored a perfect heart. Probably he launched one dart that passed [*Continued on page* 66]

Pat Paterson's Sudden Elopement is a Valuable Sermon on Love

Why *the* Stars Don't Know How *to* Act

HOLLYWOOD ruins an actor. It cramps his style. Before the camera an actor forgets *how to act.* And, if he remains there too long, he writes his own epitaph so far as his future on the legitimate stage is concerned.

I realize full well that these are strong statements. Nor must it be thought that when I say *actor,* using the generic masculine form, I do not intend to include the female stars. In fact, the outstanding feature on Broadway this current season was a *lady;* one whose rise to fame in pictures was the talk of the country. You probably have already guessed the name: your screen idol, Katharine Hepburn!

Hepburn had not, of course, made good on the stage before her call to a movie lot. Small bits is all she had ever been able to get and her work in these was average, to say the least. Finally, *The Warrior's Husband,* a moderate success, rewarded her efforts. It landed her in Hollywood where, after a while, *Bill of Divorcement, Christopher Strong, Morning Glory* and *Little Women* catapulted her to the top of the heap.

What seemed to have happened in the case of Hepburn was that pictures had developed her, made her a finished actress, brought out her latent abilities; and there can be no question but what she had captivated the hearts of the movie fans.

Yet, alas, how woefully inadequate was her undisputed movie technique, when it came to "putting over" a regular drama—to wit, *The Lake*—which happened to be a production that was weak in itself and required the most skilled and proficient kind of handling. Even her enormous screen popularity proved but a weak prop for Hepburn. Of course, the critics said plenty. Especially did they stress the fact that Hepburn still had a lot to learn in the way of acting and that acting in Hollywood and acting on Broadway were horses of distinctly different colors.

That acting in photoplays does *not* prepare an artist for acting on the regular stage has been conclusively proved. In the case of Hepburn even a top-notcher failed. Contrari-wise, that the

Of Myrna Loy, currently appearing with Clark Gable in *Men in White,* Dr. Bisch asks: "Will it be necessary for her to quit the movies and show what she can do on the legitimate stage before directors appreciate her ability?"

John Barrymore is what is known as an "exclusive" screen actor

ZaSu Pitts could be the greatest tragedienne movies have ever seen

What will Robert Montgomery do when movies no longer care to sign him up?

stage has supplied many of the screen's best is likewise undeniable. Paul Muni is one, so is Helen Hayes, and Leslie Howard, and Marie Dressler, May Robson, the Barrymores, Alice Brady, that latest much-advertised and ballyhooed Moscovite, Anna Sten . . . the list is a most extensive one.

During the current winter alone Helen Hayes, Philip Merivale, O. P. Heggie, Conrad Nagel, Irene Purcell, Walter Huston, Miriam Hopkins, Laura Hope Crews, Frances Fuller and others have fled from California to New York although it is reasonable to assume they might have renewed picture contracts had they wanted to. Lillian Gish, of course, never went back. Paul Muni and Leslie Howard alternate between a regular show and a screen production. George Cohan, one of America's finest artists, tried Hollywood once, gave them a piece of his mind, and quit. Even comics like Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn do time between the Coast and the microphone.

And mind you, Hollywood means *real money!* When they switch from the screen to the "flesh-and-blood" stage, such stars are actually out of pocket! What's wrong about this Hollywood business, then, that stage stars, one after the other, run away as if possessed?

I HAVE talked with many actors about this situation, also with continuity writers and dramatists who might be expected to see things from a somewhat different angle. Always the answers are the same: that Hollywood stifles art and artistic endeavor—it frowns down upon real originality—it tries to cater to too many millions and therefore covers too much ground in its appeal. All agree that working in Hollywood, despite the high salaries, leaves the artist dissatisfied, art-hungry and even afraid for his future.

Those of you among my readers who seldom have the opportunity of attending a regular theater, undoubtedly will be inclined to resent any inference that photoplays occupy a place of secondary importance to the regular drama. American movies do often reach high standards of excellence. A film like *Lady for a Day,* for instance, is hard to beat; *Cavalcade* can undoubtedly be done better on the screen—in fact, those who saw the original stage play in London prefer the picture. Many also liked better the screen versions of *Strange Interlude, When Ladies Meet, Dinner at Eight* and others, compared to the New York stage showings with real, live actors strutting their stuff.

After all, why should *you* care a rap what the actors think, or whether it *is* true that Hollywood robs them of their artistry and jeopardizes their return to the stage? What you are interested in primarily as a lover of pictures is to see a sufficient variety of them, sufficiently well acted to entertain or amuse you. You would not, of course, want to see the screen go back to the silent days; that would be a distinct emasculation of any production, robbing it of its depth, naturalness and richness. And since the studios have developed the movies so well and so fast thus far, you have every reason to believe that the development will continue, and always toward better pictures.

Were such conclusions justified, this article would have no excuse for being. Unfortunately, however, the truth is that the movies are actually in *real danger!* They have reached a place of excellence where all possibilities of improvement have been exhausted. *What* is going to happen? The picture industry cannot stand still. Either it must go forward or backward. *Which* shall it be?

Surely, if the biggest acting names recruited from the legitimate stage are beginning to desert the screen, less high-class talent will be all that is available and pictures, accordingly, will suffer. If, as in the case of Hepburn, what is learned on the movie lot does an actor little or no good, perhaps even harm when he tries to act outside pictures, it is safe to predict that not even four figures per week will lure to the screen the actors with the greatest actual or potential abilities.

LASTLY, when one hears the movie writers complain, one feels that picture production is too mechanical, too cock-sure of itself, too independent ever to get right down deep into the heart of human characters or of human situations. While many of the best pictures manage quite well to describe character and the conflicts of life, comparatively seldom do they illuminate character and situations and get the best out of them.

Some of our best writers—like Eugene O'Neill, America's outstanding dramatic genius—absolutely refuse to write for the screen. Writers like Paul Green, Vicki Baum and Maxwell Anderson have all tried Hollywood residence, but all have returned, richer perhaps, but certainly sadder and wiser. [*Continued on page 77*]

"THE movies are actually in real danger!" declares Dr. Louis E. Bisch, in warning the stars to take stock of themselves ere they are forced into the limbo of forgotten glory. Dr. Bisch is a playwright as well as a psychologist of note, having written and assisted in the direction of such plays as *The Complex,* with Dorothy Hall and Robert Montgomery, in 1925, and more recently, *Killers,* which enjoyed an extended run on Broadway. Although this distinguished contributor speaks with some authority, SCREEN BOOK's editors are doubtful that the movies will swerve from the high standards now attained and are not entirely in accord with the beliefs of Dr. Bisch. Read this article carefully for a new understanding of the actor's problems.

Dr. Bisch

By Dr. Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

Will Rogers doesn't pretend to be an actor—yet he is a star

Will Marlene Dietrich be among those who seek new training on the stage?

Constance Bennett, never a stage actress, is in danger of becoming stereotyped

TWO PREFERRED BLONDES

—Fryer

GINGER ROGERS

● For awhile we thought Ginger Rogers might be taken off the blonde market by Lew Ayres. But she's still a free young lady. *Twenty Million Sweethearts* is her latest picture

ALICE FAYE

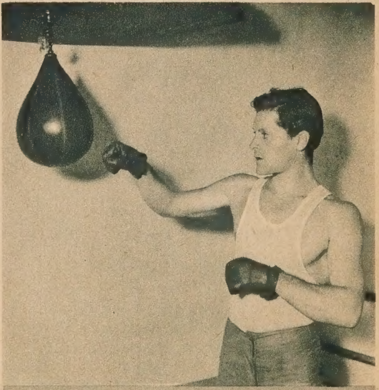
● There is not a more popular young lady in Hollywood than Alice Faye. But despite the palpitations of Cinematown's handsomest she still yearns to be in New York, singing on Rudy Vallee's radio program. 'Tis said she even insisted that a radio be installed on the set so that she might listen to Rudy's broadcasts

How They *Stay* Healthy

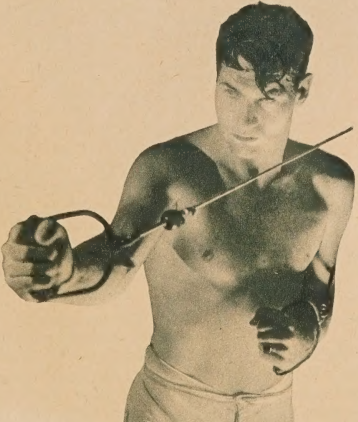
Actors know the importance of keeping fit. Health and appearance means dollars and cents in the movie business!

By
Whitney
Williams

Jimmy Cagney does more than sock ladies to keep fit. Constant exercise insures his health and his job



Francis Lederer punishes a punching bag in the basement of his home to keep the waistline trim



This is the way Richard Arlen gets that healthy, wholesome and determined look

JUST off Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills stands an attractive-looking structure, semi-Spanish in architecture, with the outward appearance of a very exclusive club. There is a sign, *Beverly Hills Athletic Club,* to designate what it is . . . but it appears so dignified, so unlike an athletic club building, that the sign is frequently unnoticed. Within its walls, however, most of the screen's outstanding male personalities gather at least three times a week, many of its members dropping in daily, for the purpose of regaining and retaining health!

The club is presided over by a master physical specialist, Kenneth F. Butler, who, a short time ago, moved his health club from the top of one of Hollywood's skyscrapers to this more roomy and convenient location. What once was the famed Butler Health Club is now the Beverly Hills Athletic Club but no change has been made in the amazing results for which this club is celebrated. It boasts one of the most unique systems of exercising in the world and is a godsend to Hollywood.

Its membership resembles a *Who's Who* of screenland. Richard Dix, James Dunn, George Raft, Robert Armstrong, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Pat O'Brien, Bert Wheeler, Thomas Meighan, Lyle Talbot, Ralph Bellamy, Ben Lyon, William Gargan, Paul Kelly, Skeets Gallagher and Buster Collier are only a few of the screen celebrities who make use of its facilities.

The Beverly Hills A. C. is not a Turkish bath, nor is it a gymnasium where all go through the same form of exercise. It specializes in systematic conditioning of its members, each of whom undergoes an individually prescribed course.

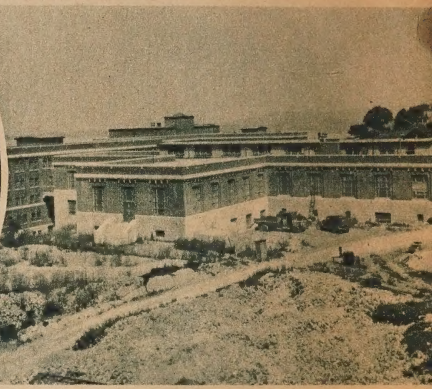
"First of all," says Butler, the director, "the purpose of the club is to correct defects and keep the members in perfect physical condition. Not, however, through any routine form of exercise but through a definite system of work and

[*Continued on page* 68]

What Criminals Think of the MOVIES

"Your average audience lacks the awareness of these men. Like the blind, whose sense of touch keeps increasing, so men, minus their liberty, daily grow more observant"

"We liked *Little Women*. Yeah, we liked it awright. I guess we liked it best of all"



In this neat gray row of buildings on the Hudson river, Sing Sing prisoners, by attending the movies regularly, find some small measure of the freedom they have lost

By Nanette Kutner

Although still in her twenties, Nanette Kutner has had an unusual career as an advertising executive, publicist for George White's Scandals *and author of numerous articles and short stories in leading magazines. Last year her first novel,* Middle Class, *met with instant success. Miss Kutner will contribute regularly to* SCREEN BOOK *Magazine*

ON A RECENT Friday afternoon some fifteen hundred men, who, among them had managed to commit murder, kidnaping, forgery, burglary and robbery, faced a motion picture screen and wept at *Little Women*.

If Louisa M. Alcott had met this group, she might well have fallen into a mid-victorian swoon, and if her book had been placed on prison shelves, scoffed at, with uncut pages, it would have rested in Sing Sing's library.

But . . . through the medium of a motion picture camera, *Little Women*, that gentle story of New England home life, passed iron bars and delivered its message to the toughest audience in America.

A prisoner (he had been a hold-up man) spoke to me.

"We liked *Little Women*. Yeah, we liked it awright. I guess we liked it best of all."

This is not surprising when you consider that the only glimpse of home a Sing Sing inmate can possibly receive is from just such pictures as *Little Women*.

At the suggestion of Warden Lawes, Chief Clerk Don L. Parsons took me through the prison. Parsons has been an active Sing Sing official for over twenty-two years. Before that he served a ten year apprenticeship at Dannemora, where he had charge of the Bertillon department. So he knows, and knows well, the reactions of his numbered men.

"They're something like boys in a college town. They hiss the villains and cheer the heroes. They went wild over *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. They loved the fight scenes. And they love outdoor pictures like *Eskimo*. They went for that in a big way.

"Invariably they spot the good pictures. They always can tell a phoney. In fact, they are far keener critics than your average audience. When they say a picture is 'the nuts,' or 'it's lousy,' nine chances out of ten they're right!"

This, then is my story. It is not only for fans. It is for you, Irving Thalberg, and you, Sam Goldwyn, and you, Darryl Zanuck, and you, Adolph Zukor, and you, Winfield Sheehan, and you, Louis B. Mayer, and all the rest of you motion picture producers, exhibitors, directors, scenario writers and stars.

If I were to ask you to name the best theater for a preview, some of you would quickly say a studio projection room, and some, Sid Grauman's or Radio City, and a great many would vote for the around-the-corner neighborhood playhouse. But none would mention the most perfect locale of any—the entertainment hall in Sing Sing prison.

That audience comes from all parts of the world.

Going over Mr. Parsons' records, I noticed there were representatives from San Domingo, Serbia, Liberia, Newfoundland, Egypt, Syria, The Virgin Islands, Panama, Cuba, Africa, The Philippines, Scotland and so on for what seemed to be endless pages.

[*Continued on page* 64]

A popular writer questions inmates of America's largest prison

The Girl Who Brought Lee Tracy Back

By
Don
Harris

Easy-going Lee Tracy has come back into pictures with a bang, and a lion's share of the credit is due to Isabel Jewell, who went to war for her man in a great big way

A graphic account of the tempest in a Mexican teapot which almost cost Lee Tracy his career—with a great big hand for Isabel Jewell

She Helped Win Lee's Battle

LEE TRACY has been restored to the silversheet in Universal's *I'll Tell the World* and his fans rejoice. And the dynamic star showers undying gratitude upon a little lady who stood ready to sacrifice her own hard-earned talkie future to save his career.

Isabel Jewell, whose love for Lee has blossomed into Hollywood's Seventh Wonder, in the face of four years of histrionic vicissitudes, is the real heroine of the Mexico City episode that sent Tracy meteoring out of the cinematic firmament at the same breathtaking speed with which he zoomed into it.

His normally rapid-fire brain befogged by headlines accusing him of grave derelictions below the Rio Grande, followed by telegraphic notification that Metro had cancelled his long-term contract under the now-famous Hays' morals clause, Tracy returned to Hollywood to discover his name written in bold letters across the top of the black list. Dazed as to the cause of all this, he was left floundering in a sea of mental quicksand. Unbeknown to Lee, however, Isabel had assumed command along the Hollywood battle-front while he still was on Mexican soil, and mustering that handful of loyal friends whose confidence in Lee remained unshaken despite the seriousness of the offense with which he had been charged.

Throughout three sleepless nights and days before she greeted her fiance with an affectionate kiss at a Los Angeles airport, this blue-eyed blonde's ninety pounds had been in the saddle and riding hard.

To Lee, as they dined together forty-eight hours later, the situation appeared hopeless. "I guess it's back to Broadway for me, honey," he told her, rather sadly.

"You mustn't talk that way, dear. We're not through fighting yet," she insisted then, "and if we *do* lose, I go back with you!" . . . And what's more, she meant it, too!

Lee Tracy was the victim of carefully plotted revenge, but the world might never have had the truth had it not been for Isabel Jewell.

In Hollywood, where romance is taken lightly and engagement rings slide on and off with the Pacific's ever-changing tides, they call her "the girl in a million." She's a sweet and timid, though very independent, soul, this Isabel—except when she goes to war for her man! She's taken many a hard bump in her struggle from obscurity in Shoshoni, Wyoming, to acclaim on Broadway and success in the flickers, and has shed a tear or two when the going got too rough. I know, because one of my own broad shoulders has served her as a wailing post.

The enchanting Isabel had already [*Continued on page 70*]

BROADWAY SCOOPS

By Radie Harris

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM
Camels
RIVOLI
RIALTO
THE SILENT ENEMY

The nine most beautiful show girls in

SCREEN BOOK
10¢

"Gracie, get your hands off my eyes. I can't read a thing!" "Oh, George, I'm better than you are. I can't read a thing even without hands over my eyes!"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., drops an amusing note from London to say he will co-star with Gertrude Lawrence in a legitimate play, because he feels that she deserves a break on the stage! Incidentally, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks always refer to Doug., Jr., as J. R., and spell it J-a-y A-r . . . The reason Elizabeth Bergner's love scenes are so realistic is because she always imagines her leading man is her husband, Paul Zinner, with whom she is madly in love . . . When Harry Richman called on Lois Moran to entertain at a Florida beach club recently, she asked instead to introduce a little girl who would be remembered long after she was forgotten. It was her thirteen-year-old adopted sister, Betty . . . Rosco Ates and Ruth Clark "two-somed" through the entire tour of the *Moulin Rouge Caravan* . . . While Nancy Carroll is having her share of marital and professional woes, her ex-husband, Jack Kirkland, is sitting on top of the world. In addition to being the author of *Tobacco Road*, the play slated for the Pulitzer Prize, he became a happy groom again, when he and Jayne Shattuck were quietly wed and sailed for Spain on an extended honeymoon.

SCOOP!
Read Virginia Cherrill's exciting personal letter to Radie Harris on page 79

Short-Shots

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who avoids interviewers like the plague, finally consented to see a certain writer because she was a friend of George Cuor, her favorite director. Now she's doing a "Hepburn-up"—the interview is PLENTY scathing. Incidentally, Kate boarded the steamship *Paris* for a month's European vacation. While in Paris, denied that she would divorce Ludlow Smith. Having always denied having a husband, this makes Katharine somewhat of a Baroness Munchausen . . . According to my own private Philo Vance, the London office of Joyce and Selznick has signed the Prince of Sweden to a screen contract. The same agency has also annexed Merle Oberon, who scored effectively in a small rôle in *Henry the Eighth* . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, who Manhattan-holidayed for a week, came East so that their twenty-year-old son, Alan, could cover Broadway plays for his column in a Hollywood magazine. Alan started out in his father's acting footsteps, but has switched to writing. One guess which actor is his favorite copy . . . Among the many wires that deluged Joan Crawford on her birthday, was one from her ex-mother-in-law, Beth Whiting . . . Elizabeth Allan was stranded aboard the steamship *Manhattan* without any luggage—her trunks having mysteriously disappeared. Will some one please page Mr. X? . . . Mary Pickford would like to see a talkie revival of

Together again! Dick Powell and Mary Brian are dating almost every day in the week now

the world as they are seen in *Murder at the Vanities*

Al Jolson greets, Margaret Livingston and her hubby, Paul Whiteman at a party given in his honor. Al's singing brought tears to the eyes of his guests

Little Lord Fauntleroy, with "Dearest" made the important rôle, and Norma Shearer playing it . . . Lawrence Olivier and Jill Esmond, who bought Whistler's charming old home in Chelsea just before they received an S.O.S. to leave immediately for Hollywood, sailed back to London to live in it for the first time.

Happy Ending

IN THE days when silence was golden and Laura LaPlante was a star of Universal importance, a young boy on the set used to take her home every night. He was only the prop boy, but he had a big limousine. Laura, being only the star, had to use the trolley . . . The boy and girl grow older. Laura goes to London to make a picture in the Teddington Studios of Warner Brothers. A boy on the set takes her home every night. He is in charge of the studios and he has a large automobile. He is the same boy. And his name is Irving Ascher! By the time this story is printed, Laura LaPlante and Irving Ascher will more than probably be Mr. and Mrs. to you.

"My Buddy"

JANE E. McNAUGHT takes up the cudgels on behalf of Buddy Rogers, and writes: "Why don't you print the fact that Buddy went through five shows a day in several cities when on tour recently, while he was ill with influenza and had a temperature of 103? Why don't you tell how he plays at benefits for a certain orphan asylum, and doesn't get so much as a line of publicity out of it? *AND* that he donates his band instruments to some children's home, when he leaves the city after a long engagement? Why don't you say that he deserves a great deal of credit for his success on the stage and as a band-leader, and for his determination to make a successful come-back picture? Why not comment on the fact that he is not a stage-hog, but gives the choice numbers and the greatest credit for his success to the members of his act? Why don't you print some of this news?"

Well, why not?

Thissa & Thatta

WHEN *Barretts of Wimpole Street* goes into production, Fredric March is slated to be the Robert Browning to Norma Shearer's Elizabeth Barrett. . . . While Kay Francis is going places with Maurice Chevalier, Kenneth MacKenna, her "ex-it," is doing okay with Liz Whitney of the social register. . . . Billie Burke will shed her

[*Continued on page 79*]

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen with Dick, Jr., in front of their home just before leaving for Broadway and Europe

Broadway enthusiastically welcomed the return of Paul Muni, its favorite son. Here he is attending the theater with the lovely Mrs. Muni

"If I Were King of Hollywood"

[*Continued from page* 25]

sixty-five—but Marie admits it! Little Janet Gaynor is twenty-eight, and the Greater Garbo a year older. The Gishes are thirty-six and thirty-eight, Lillian being the kid sister. Ann Harding's thirty, and so is Dot Mackaill. Norma Shearer is thirty-four and glorious Gloria Swanson is two years older than that. Of the Talmadge sisters Constance was born in 1900 and Brooklyn; Norma in 1897 in Niagara Falls, where most people go for their honeymoons. Lupe Velez is just a kid—only twenty-four."

"But she's lived, Walter; she's lived. How about telling on a few more of them?"

"I hate to do it, but—Mary Astor is twenty-eight, Ethel Barrymore is fifty-five and Mary Boland's only a year younger. Clara Bow and Claudette Colbert are twenty-nine each; Alice Brady is forty-two and so is Ina Claire. Lovely little Lily Damita is another of the three-decadents. And there you are."

"HOW about Kay Francis and Joan Crawford?"

"Oh, I wouldn't want to tell on them. I like them too much. I think Kay Francis is about the finest actress on the screen—she's *so* natural. And Joan Crawford is utterly human. Did you hear why the town of Denver, Indiana, celebrated her birthday, the twenty-third of last March?"

"No. Why?"

"Two Denver, Indiana (not Colorado), boys went broke in Hollywood. They got a job massaging crockery in a restaurant there. One day they found a dollar on the floor and turned it in to the boss. He thought it was so unusual for a Hollywoodian to give back money that he mentioned it to Joan, who agreed that the boys deserved help. So—anonymously and without benefit of press-agentry — she saw that Walter and Donald Donaldson got a break. When they got home they found out the name of their benefactor and spread the word around. So Joan Crawford's birthday is a legal holiday in one little Indiana town. Too bad the boys weren't from Crawfordsville, Indiana. Just between us, though, Kay is thirty-five and Joan is twenty-eight."

"I'll bet your life won't be safe in Hollywood after telling all those ages."

"Please make a note to tell any objectors—conscientious or otherwise—to complain to the editor of the World Almanac and not to me. I love 'em all; they're mighty good copy.

"BY THE way, I have a bone to pick with that editor myself. He gives Buddy Rogers' birth-year as 1883. Rogers was born in 1904 and in this case the Almanac is as wrong as a cheap clock. . . . How about letting up on me now? I've got a date to meet Floyd Gibbons."

"Sorry, Walter, but your public is still crying for meat. Tell us why you're always kidding Hollywood. Do you dislike it?"

"No! No more than I dislike any other nine-o'clock town. I act as though I'm angry for comedy's sake. Nothing is as funny as being indignant about anything. I really love 'em all — from Mickey Mouse to Will Hays.

Broadway's loss—Hollywood's gain! The dazzling Loomis Sisters, Virginia and Maxine are in Hollywood under a Fox contract to face the cameras for the first time

"Mickey, by the way, is one of the poorest-paid stars, and if I were King of Hollywood I'd establish a cheese fund for him. Why, the poor little fellow may starve to death. According to Walt Disney, Mickey's papa, Mr. M. Mouse averages only $6 per booking per theater, and only one of his pictures has ever broken better than even. Disney also says it cost him $60,000 to produce *Three Little Pigs*, which were his most successful stars. Even with the help of the Big Bad Wolf, they were able to make him a profit of only $4,000—and this despite the fact that some 3,120,000,000 tickets costing about a billion dollars, passed through the windows of America's 12,574 movie theaters last year.

"But Disney has made pah-lenty in royalties from the more than five hundred articles, from soap to watches, which have been designed from his bewitching beasties. Sorry he doesn't have better luck with the films; he deserves it.

"SPEAKING of luck, that great actress, Clara Kimball Young ran into a bad stretch of it. She was broke in Hollywood and I happened to mention it in my column. She was deluged with mail — and soon landed a job making shorts for an independent. The jinx was down—but not out. Her new employer went broke before her picture was produced, and Clara's bad luck held good.

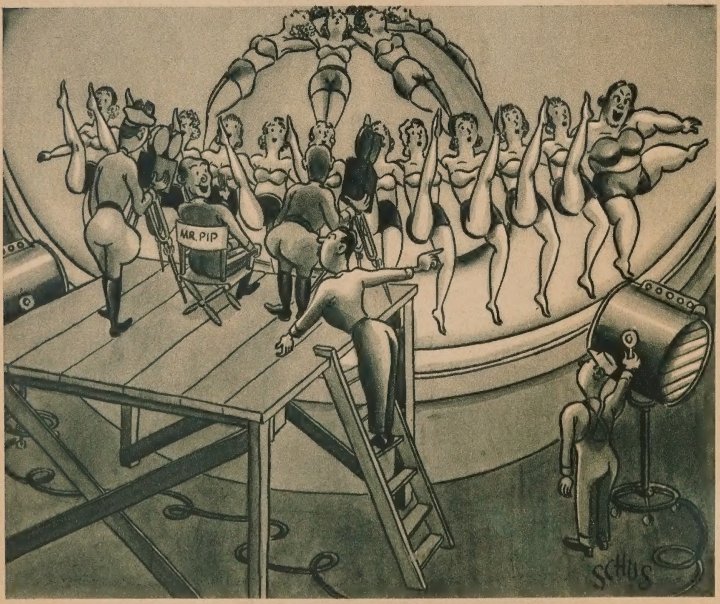
"Well, that's that. I've got to be going now—that date with Gibbons, you know. Mind reading those notes back to me?"

I read him our conversation.

He looked at me in some dismay as I finished.

"Did I really say all that?" he asked. I nodded.

Walter moaned faintly. "Gee," he said, "it sounds just like an interview for a movie magazine!"



"Don't worry—she's not in the camera's range. She's the boss' mother-in-law and we had to give her a job!"

STRANGE STORIES OF FAMOUS ACTORS

Hal Skelly in his famous makeup for *Dance of Life* (*Burlesque* on the stage), with Nancy Carroll

Has Hollywood Exiled Hal Skelly?

QUEER PEOPLE, that queer play that could not be produced as a picture because nobody in Hollywood would play the rôle of Whitey, folded on the Broadway stage after nine performances. Now everyone is wondering whether Hal Skelly's chances in Hollywood are queered on account of his excellent performance in that rôle.

They shouldn't be. Skelly has no dislike for Hollywood; he has collected over a quarter of a million dollars from movie companies. His stage success *Burlesque* was equally successful as the picture *Dance of Life*, in which Nancy Carroll also starred. He played subsequent movie rôles with a skill all his own—for he is a truly great dancing comedian. He left Hollywood because he wanted to get back to Broadway, with no resentment toward the cinema city or its people; and he accepted the part in *Queer People* because he new he could do it well.

"I did the show because I liked it," he says. "If Hollywood didn't, that's not my business. But the producers are the only ones who could tell you whether it has ruined my chances there. I think if they want a man for a rôle they'll burn up the wires to get him, no matter what he's done . . . Of course," he added, "I was amazed at the way pictures are made. Any actor fresh from the stage would be. And I didn't like some of my rôles. But I like Hollywood, and I expect to go back—sometime."

Let's hope he will, in a rôle that fits him as the one in *Dance of Life* did—perhaps with Nancy Carroll whom, incidentally he admires more than any other star. But whether success is delayed or completely ended because of *Queer People*, Hal Skelly is the kind of fellow who can take it smiling!

—*Gerritt Warner.*

Fredric March was enthusiastic about playing his grisly part in *Death Takes a Holiday*. Read why

His Friendship With Death

WHEN Fredric March chose the makeup and character for his rôle in *Death Takes a Holiday*, he pictured Death as a young gallant intent on leading his chosen off on some gay adventure, not as a grim stranger. You see, Fredric March had met Death before.

Two years ago, finishing his strenuous dual rôle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, March collapsed. Physicians diagnosed his illness as heart trouble, predicted that the end might come any hour. It was then that the talented young actor met Death, who lingered near his threshold and crooked a forefinger for several months. Perhaps Death was on holiday—at any rate, Fredric did not accept his invitation, but lived to portray the very character of Death himself! Doctors had diagnosed his case wrongly, and a rest cured his malady. Now he is strong and healthy, and if his audiences could *believe* his characterization of a gallant Death rather than the idea of the "Grim Reaper," it would be comforting indeed.

"It seems strange, rather grisly, that you should want to play the part of Death, Freddie," friends commented.

"Not at all!" he replied. "I saw in it a chance to give the idea of Death a new interpretation, to convince people that their fears are unfounded . . . I saw my grandmother die, twenty-one years ago; she revealed to me her thoughts as her life ebbed away. There was no fear—her peaceful smile testified to that. And other friends and relatives—their final moments were tranquil. The more I saw of Death, the more I delved into the study of it, the more certain I was that Death is not the terrifying spectre it has heretofore been pictured. And so," he laughed, "I tried to make him a charming chap, smooth-shaven, with Continental manners and graciousness."

You see, Fredric March had met Death before.

—*Welford Dickson.*

Colman Talks At Last!

[*Continued from page* 23]

As far as enlarging upon that statement for a feature article, there is absolutely nothing to say. I don't want a divorce. I don't need a divorce. I am not remarrying. Technically, I suppose, I am a bachelor. And a bachelor's life in any country is very, very difficult!"

Whether it was change of perspective, travel, or the leisure in which to rationalize and adjust values, the ten-months tour (which terminated in Hollywood with a two-picture contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, Inc.) has brought about a change in Colman. Before this he had been silent about his private life, reticent about mentioning his marriage and estrangement. Like a good Englishman, he valued his personal privacy, was shy, detached, unsocial; close-mouthed as his maternal Scotch ancestors, the Frasers; reserved as his English silk-importer father, Charles Colman, who died when his son Ronald Charles Colman was sixteen.

AT FORTY-TWO years of age, after ten years in Hollywood, Colman left the movie city last year as much a mystery to everyone, save the few who formed his intimate circle of friends, as when he arrived to appear in *Tarnish* with May McAvoy. Chatting pleasantly, easily, Colman continues:

"When I sailed, last year, there were any number of stories saying that I was retiring from the screen, permanently. Nothing was farther from my mind. What I wanted was a rest, a vacation. I had been in California for ten years, with an occasional trip or so back to England, and I wanted to get away from the local scene. But I never at any time felt that I wanted to leave the screen.

"True, I was not happy in my contract. I was utterly tired of Hollywood and pictures, for the moment. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I suppose, there was an idea that it would be great to settle down in some small place in England. I've been credited with that thought enough times, in the papers and magazines. But I'm beginning to think that it's impossible.

"You have to live in a place for months before you can get the feel of it. Six or eight months. And it would take years to decide just what section of England I would prefer to live in. I don't have the time to experiment and find out.

"I must consider California home, because I have property here. I have a big piece, covered with fruit trees, up in the Big Sur district in the Northern part of the state. I have a little hideaway with a shack on it in San Fernando Valley. And my Hollywood house. When my two-picture contract with Twentieth Century has expired I intend to free-lance, to go from studio to studio, choosing my stories. I am going to enjoy being given more freedom in story selection, and in filming. But all my plans include California.

"As a matter of fact, this two-picture contract is the result of my old contract difficulties. Mr. Goldwyn released his films through United Artists, and Twentieth Century is part of the United Artists organization. I called off my libel suit against Mr. Goldwyn and ended the matter amicably when this Twentieth Century contract was arranged. It is really, one might say, the outgrowth of that unpleasant period. I was quite in earnest about the million-dollar libel suit. As you know, during the years you have known me, I have never made any complaint about what a newspaper man or woman has written about me.

"Oh, it may have caused me a momentary hurt, for a day or two—" Colman's British-burred voice was strong with feeling, "but I tried to forget it. And succeeded. It's a different matter when one's own studio sends out publicity copy that is detrimental to an actor. And I had proof that it did."

NO MATTER how irate Colman might have been when he picked up a New Yorker paper and read a columnist's item to the effect that Ronald Colman's screen love scenes were stimulated by alcohol and not dramatic ardor, his wrath has now completely subsided. Engaged in re-establishing his residence in his Spanish hillside home, with its flagged courtyard, tennis courts, engaging library, outdoor breakfast room, which was leased during Colman's absence to the English actor, Herbert Marshall, its owner is too occupied to worry about past headaches.

from the New Pictures

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—
Cab Driver to Rothschild: "Even your daughter tips me more than you do, sir!"
George Arliss: "Well, my good man, she has a rich father. I haven't."

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—
Pancake Annie: "Tom, this is my son Percival Algernon. I was reading *Little Lord Fauntleroy* just before he was born, and he's never gotten over it."

FINISHING SCHOOL—
Frances Dee: "No cocktails, no cigarettes, no men?"
Other girl student: "Absolutely not! So when you do, don't let them catch you at it."

IT AIN'T NO SIN—
Mae West: "It pays to be good, but it don't pay much!"

The only time he gets a sentimental wallop is when papers carry stories of Sam Goldwyn's plans to re-make, in sound films, the picture which sent Ronald Colman skyrocketing to success. This was *The Dark Angel*, Colman's favorite among theatrical properties. Goldwyn, his ex-boss, owns the rights, and talks of filming it with Gary Cooper in the rôle of the English soldier. Five years ago, or six, Colman might have openly rebelled at the idea. Today he doesn't.

"I've learned to take things as they come," he says. "You have to let them happen. No one can force them to occur. Five or six years ago I would bend every effort to make a thing happen. Now I take the course of least resistance. Destiny? Oh, I don't know . . . maybe I'd call it that."

Not as apathetic as would appear, but slow-speaking, deliberate-thinking, Colman has not lost his taste for a motion picture career. It is more engaging work than that of bookkeeper or junior accountant—two berths which he held with the Britain Steamship Company. It is not as hazardous as British service, private-class, with the "first hundred thousand" who stormed the German troops at Ypres and Messines. Without a smile, he refuses to enlarge upon his experiences during those first bloody days of 1914. Flatly, he says, "You don't hear the real veterans around Hollywood talking about the War, do you?"

Friendly, chatty, almost talkative, except at such moments, Colman seems to have dropped overboard, during his world cruise, much of that solid British reserve for which he, Clive Brook, Leslie Howard and others of the British acting clan are noted. That is, until the conversation jabs too deep into personalities.

Out of a clear sky, Colman asked if we had seen Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina*.

"A perfect performance. Diction, acting, mood—absolutely perfect," he enthused. "She is queenly, beautiful. I have never seen anything like it on the screen, and you know how hard it is for actors to achieve what they want on the screen with the difficulties surrounding production. But she has done it. I don't know how. By magic, perhaps. Perhaps it was direction. It seemed to be perfect co-ordination of the mind, the spirit and," placing his hand over his heart, "that thing that comes from here. . . . I don't know just what to call it."

Colman's enthusiasm was absolutely sincere.

Fundamentally, then, Colman is still the quiet, retiring, grave English gentleman. Although he may discuss the generalities of his life such as work, divorce, contract disagreements, the particulars of his life will remain as guarded as before. He may be seen, with William Powell, escorting Chicago's socialite heiress, Virginia Pine, now invading films, to the Colony Club, or playing tennis with divorcees Kay Francis and Eileen Percy, but if he divorces and remarries, it will undoubtedly be done with the same indulgent secrecy which has marked his very private life. And, after all, why not? A Colman without a romantic mystery is a very unromantic Colman, indeed.

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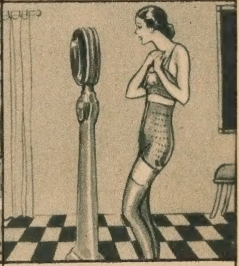

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Now **18c** two for 35c

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George Raft, the Proud Father

[*Continued from page* 34]

him ever since. She is crazy about him. He sort of took my place with her, I've had to be away from home so much. Someway, the kid doesn't seem like my own son. It's curious. He's much more like a pal. When I'm with him I suddenly remember I'm his father and it's up to me to talk to him about life." Georgie smiled.

"MY MARRIED sister lived with Mother. So the kid has been taught the things he should know. He is pretty well balanced. The one thing he is crazy about is flying. He thinks and talks planes every minute. He's nuts on the subject.

"I was afraid he might want to go into pictures but he never says anything about it. He came out about three months ago, with my mother. I wanted to show them Hollywood. I got an apartment for them, and a new car. I bought a little Ford roadster, an open one. My mother has asthma and I made the great mistake of thinking an open car was the thing for her to have, so she would get plenty of sunshine. She got the sunshine and the fog too fast, and took a terrible cold. She was pretty cute about it. She went down and changed the car in for a closed one, and then asked me later if I didn't think it would be a good idea if she did it. I knew from the way she was talking, she had done it already.

"My kid went all over the town with me and no one got wise to the fact that he was my son. I didn't even tell 'em at the studio that I had my kid and mother out. I didn't want them to have to go through a lot of publicity. That wasn't what I brought them out for.

"The kid looks like me from here up," George held his hand across his nose. "He brushes his hair like mine and snitches my best neckties. I don't care if he turns out to be an actor too, but I wouldn't ask him to take up the profession. The kid seems to be proud of me, which is a kick. He and Mother collect all the pictures they can get their hands on of me. It sure peps you up to have someone caring that much. I guess that's what we all need—someone close, who believes in us.

"I bet it will make people laugh to know I'm a proud father. A proud father, besides being a dancing gigolo who falls for a dame, then leaves her flat! It's going to be hard to keep my professional standing after this exposé." Georgie laughed while he ate some passionate stewed prunes and drank glass after glass of milk.

"I'm tough, plenty tough in spite of it. That's why I wouldn't play with Mae West. If I had gone into her picture as they wanted me to originally, I would have fallen for her. The Raft technique would have been ruined for keeps.

"They had a scene in the story where I was supposed to put my head in her lap and say, 'I'm breaking one of the ten commandments.' She was to reply, 'Well, there are nine more, brother.' No matter what my comeback was it wouldn't help any—she'd still be getting the laughs. No sir, it wasn't for little Georgie to do. I can't ever weaken. Today, talking about my boy is the last time. From now on I'll be the sinister guy with his hat on the back of his head going out of the door saying, 'I'll be seeing you, sister.' That's me."

And to prove how thoroughly inconsistent Georgie is, he pulled a picture of his son out of his wallet to show me. And he beamed with approval because I was enthusiastic about him.

"I've told him there is only one way to get any happiness. You've got to fight for it and you've got to play the game straight. He goes to church with my mother. He's a good kid and I only wish I knew him better. I do think it's a mistake to bring children into the world unless you can be with them until they are grown up. I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for my mother. She has meant everything to me. When I was a kid I used to worry her to death but she was swell about it.

"I was her boy and evidently she thought I was worth keeping in spite of all the trouble I caused. I'd like to know some day that my kid would feel close to me, like I do to my mother. A boy needs a father. I realize that, because mine died when I was about ten."

Georgie having eaten practically every prune in the studio commissary, now asked for cake—chocolate cake, and two pieces at that.

Big tough Raft, the sinister menace, my eye. He is tender-hearted and loyal to the people he loves. He looks for all the world like a dangerous Apache, and he is—as far as his career with beautiful ladies are concerned. Only Georgie, in real life, never leaves anyone he is fond of—not unless they haven't played the game according to his rules. He is loyal to one love at a time, and he expects the same thing in return.

I understand now what he means by calling himself a phoney. He isn't any of the things he is famous for, except when it comes to his dancing.

Shirley Temple has a boy friend! He is Nick Foran, the big six foot ex-Princeton football star appearing in *Stand Up and Cheer*

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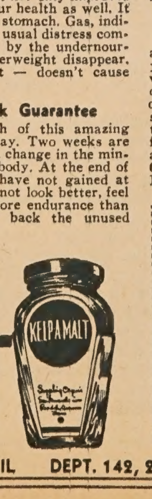

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A Prelude *to* Summer BEAUTY

You can defeat freckles, stay lily-white, or toast to a golden brown—but it takes planning, and you need help. Here it is!

FREE!
To all SCREEN BOOK readers, Janet Lynn offers free advice. Write to her, explaining your beauty problems, at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope (U. S. postage only). She will reply quickly and in strictest confidence

Mary Carlisle annoints herself generously with sun-tan oil to discourage that old devil sunburn and induce a luscious golden tan

By Janet Lynn

THE season of freckles, sunburn and shiny noses being just around the corner, it's time to dole out some advice on how to prevent these horrid manifestations of sunshine and humidity. An ounce of prevention, you know. . . . So, when you pack up for your vacation, tuck this advice in your suitcase, and you will return from your holiday a better looking as well as a healthier girl.

Make up your mind, right now, whether you want to sun-tan or to remain pale this summer. And once you have made the decision, don't waver. There is nothing more depressing than a girl who gets herself a red nose in a one day sunning orgy and the next morning decides it was all a mistake. It's pretty safe to say that if you are the Dresden china type you'd better attempt to retain your light complexion. If you are a red-head, with a sensitive skin and a tendency toward freckles, it is also wise to keep your skin white.

If you are over thirty, think a long while before tanning, and then *don't!* And it is absolutely fatal to the good looks of any woman over forty, especially if she has gray hair. Sun-tan has a tendency to make brunettes with naturally dark skin look a bit coarse, and is not at all becoming to overweight girls. The one who looks most luscious sun-tanned is a very young, slim and vibrant creature, either blonde or of medium coloring.

If you come up to these qualifications, go about your sun-tanning *sensibly.* It's silly to stay on the beach all day in the broiling sun, the first day of your vacation—you'll get an ugly, painful sunburn that may permanently coarsen and mar your skin. The correct way is to expose the skin for only five minutes the first day, ten or fifteen minutes the next, and the same for the rest of that week. The second week, stay in the sun thirty minutes a day, the third week an hour a day. From then on, stay as long as you like.

In addition to gradual exposure, always apply plenty of sun-tan oil before venturing out in the sun. You can't get *too much* oil on your skin, but you can get too little. This oil, besides preventing the sun's rays from drying the skin to parchment thickness, filters its rays so that they produce an even, golden tan instead of a dull red or dark brown. Don't think one application of oil, before going out into the sun, is sufficient. It rubs off, comes off in water, or is absorbed quickly, so you must renew it several times as long as you remain in the sun. Even after you have acquired the desired tan, continue to use oil to keep the skin soft and supple. One of the most effective oils on the market costs $1 a bottle. It is made by a famous house and is therefore reliable.

As for freckles, there are numerous ways of defeating them. Joan Crawford, who tans readily, finds it the best plan to use slathers of oil, letting her skin brown so that it is as dark as the freckles, thereby making them practically invisible. Kay Francis, who also has freckles, pays little attention to them, knowing she can conceal them completely by a becoming tan foundation cream and face powder. Myrna Loy bleaches her freckles and keeps them so pale that they are scarcely noticeable. She prefers not to tan because of her red hair. Take your choice of these Hollywood methods. If you want a concealing, all-over tan, use the oil I mentioned. If you merely want a synthetic sun-tan, use a certain manufacturer's gypsy-tan foundation cream and over it, a matching powder. The pair can be purchased for $2. Or, if you prefer Myrna's method, I can give you the trade name of a reliable bleach cream (priced at 50 cents and $1) which dims freckles and yet is not corrosive or drying.

ONE thing about summer tans I have always deplored is that girls possessing nice deep ones, continue to wear the same color of rouge, nail lacquer and clothes that they wore in the winter. . . . A tanned skin is full of yellow-gold tints that clash with raspberry shades of rouge and blue-red lipsticks. Most sun-tanned skins look better with little or no cheek rouge, plenty of vivid yellow-red lipstick and blue or green eye makeup. Colors that are taboo in clothes for those with tanned skin are grays, browns, bluish pinks and reds, and insipid pastel shades. White looks grand with tanned skin, as does aquamarine blue and yellow.

There is a new shade of nail polish that looks extraordinarily well on tanned hands. It is a bright, orange-y tint. Although it costs $1, the bottle is huge so that you can, without feeling extravagant, brush it on your sun-tanned toes as well as your fingers. If you want to "dress up" your feet and legs to wear revealing sandals and no hose, indulge in this polish and some of the tan leg makeup offered by this same house. This creamy mixture is waterproof, won't rub off on your clothes and makes the skin look like velvet. Fine for covering up rough skin or discolorations. It costs $1, too.

One more caution about summer beauty care. Vacations are so filled with gaiety and activity or laziness and relaxation that one is tempted to neglect the routine care of the skin. The safest procedure is to leave on your vacation armed with a complete kit of the toiletries you need and the firm resolution to use them daily. Don't trust to the local drug store to supply your needs after you arrive, for resort stores are notoriously badly stocked.

Something unusually well suited to this purpose is a line of creams and cosmetics that are packaged in 25-cent as well as 50-cent sizes, containing plenty for a normal vacation, yet taking up little room in your luggage. Another reason these creams and cosmetics are especially valuable for vacation use is

[*Continued on page* 63]

Resting? **NO...SHE IS EXERCISING VIGOROUSLY**

Mouth clean . . . Gums healthy . . . Taste keen . . . Teeth white and even. Face lovelier than ever. All from the vigorous chewing *exercise that dentists and mouth health experts recommend.*

And for this, Dentyne, a special and delightful gum, is especially recommended. Its extra chewiness is exactly right to give your mouth the exercise it needs. It will help improve the mouth structure . . . stimulate the tissues . . . and aid the mouth in its normal self-cleansing action.

Dentyne is delicious, too. Its savory flavor is like a shore breeze from the Isles of Spice. Exhilarating. Different. Your first taste will make you a Dentyne devotee for life.

Chew delicious

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KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5c
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THE TEETH WHITE

Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—Headaches
—Always tired out
—Losing her charm!

New Health and Beauty

This Very Simple Way

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you?

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." Another enthusiastic user says: "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected."

Yeast Foam Tablets contain rich stores of the vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas. They keep fresh for months. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today!

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY,
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

*Name*____________________
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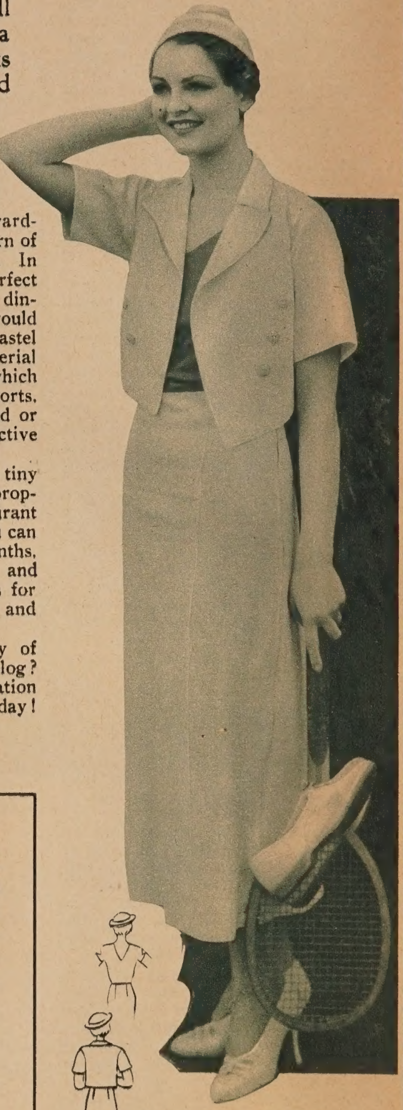
*City*__________ *State*__________ *FG6*

For Your Wardrobe—
A New Hollywood Sport Dress

Designed for lolling as well as active sports, first of a series of personal frocks designed for the stars and readers of SCREEN BOOK



Lilian Bond, ready for a fast game of tennis and a leisurely lunch afterward, in her favorite white sport ensemble

FROM Lilian Bond's personal wardrobe, we have designed a pattern of her very favorite sport ensemble. In white crêpe or flannel, it is the perfect costume for tennis or golf and a dinner or luncheon date later. It would also be charming made up in pastel linen. Shorts of matching material are worn under the trim skirt, which zips off and on easily for active sports. Contrasting color or polka dotted or striped material make an attractive blouse.

Worn with white pumps and a tiny knit cap, this outfit is equally appropriate for sport, street or restaurant wear, and is the sort of thing you can "live in" through the summer months.

Designed for sizes 12 to 18 and 30 to 38. Pattern B221 requires for size 16, 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric and 1¼ yards contrasting.

Have you ordered your copy of SCREEN BOOK's new pattern catalog? It's only 15c, or 25c in combination with this pattern. Send for it today!

SCREEN BOOK, Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed 15c, please send me ☐ Pattern B221, Lilian Bond sport ensemble, size............ ☐ Pattern Book.

(Place check in square to indicate your order)

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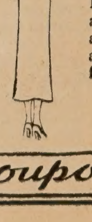


use this coupon

A Prelude to Summer Beauty

[*Continued from page* 61]

that they are made with an olive oil base, and refined olive oil is useful in keeping the skin soft and pliable even when exposed to sun and wind. You will need the cleansing cream, olive oil cream, skin freshener and vanishing cream to care for your skin properly, night and morning. And those four items come to only a dollar! The excellent powder, rouge and eye cosmetics are also available in 25-cent sizes.

One or two out of every thousand women look fetching with tousled hair, but the rest simply look sloppy. The trimmest coiffure shows constant signs of looking tumbled during vacations on windy beaches, golf courses and mountain trails, so it's wise to place your faith in a good reliable bob pin that will anchor straggling ends and *keep* them anchored. The very pin for this purpose has flexible, tapered "legs," one of which is crimped to hold the hair securely in place. These pins are available in curved and straight styles and in four shades. Write to me for the trade name.

There is a new powder dentifrice which whitens and polishes your teeth so that you won't recognize them. Said to contain fifteen ingredients, five of which are antiseptic, the powder *does* leave your mouth feeling very refreshed and clean. The manufacturers point out that dentists, in cleaning teeth, use many of the ingredients incorporated in this product. Maybe so. All I can say is that it does a masterful job of polishing. It costs 50 cents a can and seems to last forever. If you have nicotine-discolored teeth (detrimental to a man's appearance and practically fatal to a woman's), you will appreciate this bit of good news.

A new lash darkener has made its bow, just in time for summer girls who long for a waterproof lash cosmetic that will stand a lot of wear and tear. . . . It conforms to Board of Health rulings, I am assured, so must be safe. A trial size costs 25 cents and a large size $1. It comes in black and brown, of course.

Thousands of Girls Seek Beauty Advice From Janet Lynn!

Why? Because they have learned that Miss Lynn actually is an expert consultant and because her service is both free and strictly confidential to all readers of *Screen Book*. You may ask Miss Lynn any question concerning your personal problems with the knowledge that your letter will be given prompt personal attention. Write your letter today, addressing it to Janet Lynn, *Screen Book* Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage only).

BREEZY POINT LODGE

plan for a glorious Summer here...at little cost.

RATES DOWN THIS YEAR

The standards of this cool resort among the North Woods are high as ever—but rates are amazingly low! The coupon brings pictorial booklet, rates, full details.

JUST A FEW HOURS AWAY, BY NORTH COAST LIMITED

Leave Chicago . . . 10:30 P.M.
Arrive St. Paul . . . 8:20 A.M.
Leave St. Paul . . . 8:35 A.M.
Arrive Staples . . . 12:05 P.M.
Breezy Point Bus Meets Train

COUNTRY CLUB LUXURY

NORTH WOODS FREEDOM

Breezy Point Lodge has always been smart, exclusive, envied—a mecca for the kind of people who know and can afford the best. It still is . . . but this year rates at the big main lodge and cozy shaded cottages are lower than they have ever been—in reach of the most moderate budget.

The cool depths of Big Pelican Lake invite canoeing, swimming, excellent fishing. And there are dancing, riding, archery, golf on a splendid course—every sport that helps cram a summer with fun!

Don't choose your vacation place *blindly* this year. Write today for rates and all information.

PICTORIAL BOOKLET, INFORMATION ON BREEZY POINT

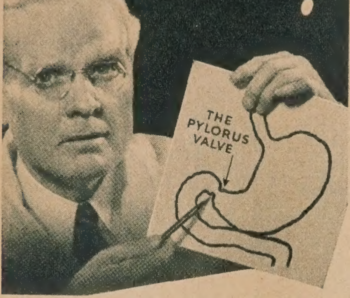
Get ready for a glorious vacation! Mail this coupon to Capt. W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minnesota, for pictorial booklet, rates, all information about Breezy Point Lodge.

Name____________________

Address____________________

FWG-6

Stop that Laxative Habit!



Medicine-laxatives—no matter how pleasant tasting—can often do untold harm. For most of them work by irritating the delicate membranes of the digestive tract. Soon they lose their force—compel you to take more and more.

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine-laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces)—large bottles (3 times the quantity). At all druggists.

Nature's Way
A GENTLE FLUSH

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

What Criminals Think of the Movies

[*Continued from page* 50]

"That's why they know when the movie companies fake the scenery," said Mr. Parsons. "They know the real thing when they see it. That's why they love travelogues."

ALSO from detailed records I discovered that out of one thousand, five hundred and forty-two prisoners, four hundred and sixty-nine are aged mentally from twelve to fourteen years, three hundred and eighty-three possess from fourteen to sixteen year old minds, and two hundred and thirteen have the lower rating from ten to twelve.

Mr. Parsons upheld these statistics.

"Your average audience would not have a superior grading.

"And your average audience lacks the awareness of these men. Like the blind, whose sense of touch keeps increasing, so men, minus their liberty, daily grow more observant.

"Let there be a mistake in a picture, and they're bound to catch it!" Mr. Parsons declared. "I remember we showed one about two girls who came over from Russia. They wore tailored suits. Upon landing in this country they were kidnaped, and three years later, when rescued, they still sported the same suits. You should have heard the men holler!"

Pictures are their freedom, the only release they know.

Warden Lawes fully realizes the value of such entertainment. Until 1929 when the entire populace of Sing Sing was herded in the gray, death-like, old cell block, which, seventy-five years ago, was condemned as unfit for human habitation, until then, he showed motion pictures every night!

"He wanted to get them out of those cells. He didn't want them to brood," explained Mr. Parsons.

Now, with the old cell block renovated, and the new model buildings, one donated by Warden Lawes and paid for with the money he received for the motion picture rights of *Twenty Thousand Years In Sing Sing,* the prisoners have their movies twice a week.

"Wednesday and Friday afternoons," Mr. Parsons informed me. "And sometimes on Sundays. We always have them in the afternoons. We don't like the men to be out of their cells at night."

Every man, with the exception of those being punished or in the death house, is allowed to attend. Usually there are about sixteen hundred in the audience.

CENSORSHIP is not very strict. The sane Lawes attitude regarding this subject was recently shown when someone voiced surprise upon hearing that the prisoners are allowed to subscribe to tabloid newspapers.

Warden Lawes answered with, "And why not! These readers can't be harmed by sensational news. They're already in jail. Those outside are the ones in danger!"

Sing Sing shows prison pictures. Both *Twenty Thousand Years In Sing Sing* and *I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,* ran there. But the men prefer other scenarios; they see enough of prison walls.

The sound apparatus is run by the prisoners.

Mr. Parsons told me that they have men from every profession.

"And of course the theater and electrical divisions are represented."

He also told me that it was in nineteen fifteen when movies came to Sing Sing and Dannemora.

"I was in Dannemora. I'll never forget that first picture. There was one prisoner, an Italian, who had been in for twenty years and had never seen a movie. He stood in back of the hall and nearly went crazy with excitement. As the picture progressed, he jumped up and down, acting out every part.

"In those days their favorite stars were Bill Farnum and William S. Hart. Now they like Mae West. We had *I'm No Angel,* up here, and they certainly went for that! With them it's outdoor stuff or sentiment. They don't care for Garbo, but they like Helen Hayes and Ann Harding. They like George Raft and Walter Huston and Wallace Beery. They're not so keen about Clark Gable. But they're crazy about Edward G. Robinson. He came up here when we showed *The Silver Dollar,* and he gave a little talk. They like kid pictures, too. In every show, besides the feature, we have a comedy and a travelogue. They liked Mickey Mouse a lot, but now they're growing tired of him. And they like a musical, providing it's a good one. They loved *Forty-Second Street.*

Mr. Parsons escorted me down to the entertainment hall. Directly outside, the blackboard caught my eye. In white chalk against the dark slate background was printed a list of services and their hours, Catholic, Jewish, Episcopalian, Protestant, and underneath in enormous letters I saw . . . "Coming . . . Wednesday . . . Eddie Cantor in *Roman Scandals.*"

The entertainment hall with its empty stage is big and bare and roomy. It opens into the chapel, and there I admired the stained glass windows, created by a negro prisoner who discovered his artistic talents while in Sing Sing.

I talked to the man in charge of the chapel, a prisoner who had once been Superintendent of New York State banks.

"We get some pretty good pictures up here," he said. "Last week we had Joan Crawford in *Rain.* I once saw Jeanne Eagles play Sadie Thompson. I didn't like Crawford in the rôle. The fellows didn't like her either. They didn't like the picture at all. They wanted to walk out when the Reverend Davidson started his preaching. They thought he was going to try and reform them!"

Riding home in the gloomy train that carries one from Ossining to New York, I talked to a poorly dressed woman who had just visited her husband, a prisoner. He had been sent up for ten years. The charge was robbery. They had three children, all boys.

"And no matter how broke we are, I always manage to get the price of movie tickets so I can send them to see James Cagney. I made every one of my boys see *Mayor Of Hell.* I thought it might help them go straight."

My Great Passion

[*Continued from page* 35]

pleasing inducements to switch to one of their pets.

When I began, Ye Real Ed warned me that my "love" might lead to certain embarrassments that would advertise me as a bally ass. Fortunately, I had picked out the right girl, for never once did she make the slightest public mention of my ridiculous passion.

Finally, I met her at the Jimmie Gleason's garden party. Everybody was alert to see how the well-advertised romancers would behave. With a fine sense of comedy Thelma rushed across the lawn and throwing her arms about me exclaimed to the guests, "My pash!" While having our pictures tooken she quietly thanked me for pulling my gag on her, telling me how much it had meant to her professionally.

I soon learned why she had accepted the foolish adventure with such good taste, for she was not a silly, moronic, baby-doll blonde. On the contrary, she turned out to be a well-bred, educated girl of fine intelligence—and a glorious sense of humor.

I had read the publicity dope of how she had been a school teacher in the East and had come into pictures via the beauty contest route. But that didn't interest me. What did interest me, however, was her artistry. It is a regular stunt of the comedy studios to comb the country for pretty girls "to dress the set."

They do this for two reasons; most comedies are enacted by red-nosed, or otherwise physically exaggerated, comics amid either commonplace or ugly surroundings. To compensate for all this ugliness, the producers try to introduce a beauty note in the form of pretty girls. The other reason is the difficulty of playing fast comedy continuously without a counter-balance. Mack Sennett, with his bathing girls, invented the technique of filling up the holes between comedy punches by ravishing the eye with beauty.

There have been hundreds of girls go into comedies to supply this ravishment, but very few have ever risen above the level of "bathing beauty". Those who survived—Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Jean Harlow—did so because they had brains and could *act*. The combination of beauty and artistry carried them to the top.

THELMA TODD proved herself a superb artist. Given a comedy sequence she could get out of it more than the director ever hoped for. She learned timing, camera angles, repression and emphasis. But above all she had courage, and would do *anything*, from jumping off a bridge into a river to taking her bumps in a break-away automobile. Can you imagine Garbo "taking" pies, or Mary Pickford losing her shimmy in a street brawl?

A year ago Thelma married Pat de Cicco, a handsome rascal. She is now suing for divorce, saying that Pat is more rascally than handsome. However, these Movielanders are incorrigibly romantic and after all this is Thelma's first marriage adventure. She's got no end of time ahead of her.

WHY BE FAT?

So needless to be fat and unpopular!

35* Pounds of FAT Gone!

this Safe, Easy Way

● Why let fat rob you of happiness and popularity? Why experiment, when for 20 years, thousands of other women have been getting the delightful results you want! Let RE-DUCE-OIDS, the time-proved method of "slimming," help you to have a lovely alluring figure—just as it has helped them.

*TO PROVE IT: "Finished another package of RE-DUCE-OIDS today," writes a lady from Ohio; "now weigh 35 pounds less than when I started. Needless to tell you how much better I feel! My husband says I am 12 inches smaller around the hips, and according to my clothes I am 6 inches smaller around the bust. There is quite a difference in my arms, too." (Name and address on request.)

SAFE—PLEASANT: Doctors prescribe the same safe ingredients which RE-DUCE-OIDS combine for you in easy-to-take capsule form. People write that their results are permanent—this is because RE-DUCE-OIDS are designed to correct the condition that causes fat.... Say goodbye to overweight, without weakening diets, harmful baths, or dangerous exercises.

FAT GOES—Or You Pay Nothing!

RE-DUCE OIDS are certified to do for you all we claim of them—or you can get your money back! Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! Start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. Your druggist has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package, or $5.00 for 3 packages to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.—or, sent C. O. D. in plain wrapper.

FREE Send no money for this helpful book "HOW TO REDUCE." Free and Postpaid in plain envelope; clip the coupon.

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FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

Complete Scientific NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you to introduce the new FLAME-GLO AUTOMATIC Lipstick. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. What is your number? Your sweetheart's? Your friends'? Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Have fun. Amaze your friends. Study personalities. Learn the science of NUMEROLOGY. Mail name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. D-51, 395 Broadway, New York City.

FLAME-GLO, the only really automatic lipstick as fine as the most expensive—one flip and it's ready for use. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Try FLAME-GLO today and learn how lovely your lips can be. Why pay $1.00 or more? Get the finest for only 20c at most five and ten cent stores.

Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde . . .

BUT TOO BAD *ON* the Brunette

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has, is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage coarse re-growth or make the skin hard.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical. Be sure you get genuine

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

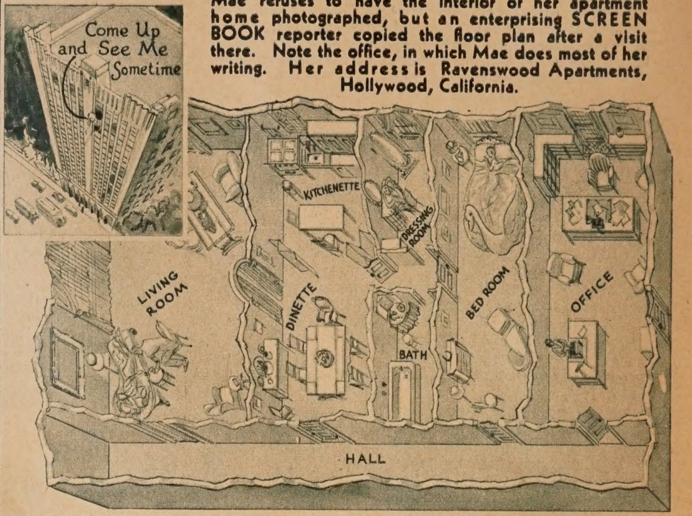
Ask your druggist or get by mail. For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps).

C. MARCHAND CO., F. G. 634
251 W. 19th St., New York City.
45c enclosed. Please send me Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
Your Name ____________
Address ____________ City ____________
State ____________

Homes of the Stars, No. 1

Mae West's Apartment

Mae refuses to have the interior of her apartment home photographed, but an enterprising SCREEN BOOK reporter copied the floor plan after a visit there. Note the office, in which Mae does most of her writing. Her address is Ravenswood Apartments, Hollywood, California.



Why Pat Married In Haste!

[*Continued from page* 45]

through them both. At any rate, they didn't speak. Just finally managed to stop looking at one another, and wander away, each in a dazed condition, wondering what had happened and which way was up and whether the world still went 'round. Before they spoke of the phenomenon to each other, it happened several times. Pretty soon they were—er—rather seeking opportunities to glance at each other. And finally something had to be said about it. Before anyone else had even become suspicious, they'd confessed love for each other, and hied to Yuma to see the J. P. for a life sentence.

"And what do you think about married life now, Pat?" we demanded, the first time we were able to corner her after the marriage.

Pat shook her blonde head. "Haven't regained consciousness yet!" she protested. "You see, we have a vague idea that we had a rather short engagement. But we're very happy. No—*wonderfully* happy."

IF YOU'VE experienced the real treat of seeing Pat in *Bottoms Up*, you'll be able to understand her impulsiveness even before you see its present inspiration, the handsome French star, in his first American picture. There are impulsive persons who give you a pain, and others whose impulsiveness is wholly delightful. Pat belongs in the latter class. It's a trait she's always had.

This, despite coming from a very solid, very conventional British family. Her father was a Bradford (Yorkshire) wool merchant, who saw to it that Pat was tutored by a governess until she was ten years old. Then she appeared in a pantomime show for children, and continued to appear in it two months each year until she was sixteen.

Then, enter Old Man Impulse. Unable to overcome her family's objection to her taking up a stage career, Pat decided (in something less than a week!) to run off and join a travelling theatrical company. She did so, playing Adele Astaire's part in *Stop Flirting* for the three weeks of that particular troupe's existence.

Her parents soon became reconciled to daughter's career, and it went on merrily with plays such as *Queen's High*, *The Swordsman*, and *The Charlot Hour*. A radio scout brought her before the "mike" because of her exceptionally high voice and fine "blues" singing, demonstrated in a London cabaret. Then, if you please, she ran into one of those things you wouldn't encounter here, in a country without a King—a Command Performance on the radio. She obeyed the royal command, gave the performance.

That of course attracted the attention of film companies, and she found herself in the cast of *Lord Babs*, *Murder on the Second Floor*, *Bitter Sweet* and other pictures.

Fox signed Pat immediately upon viewing her in the British picture, *The Right to Live*, although of course the usual film tests were also made. The little English actress arrived in Hollywood with a very modest array of luggage and Andy, her Scottish terrier. Almost from the first sight of her everyone in the studio—even as Mr. Boyer—fell in love.

Bridegrooms ordinarily do not count, but once Boyer is seen by American film audiences he's going to count a lot. So let's meet him, as it were, and find out what Pat married. The fascinating young Frenchman is his country's foremost theatrical idol, and that considers Chevalier, with whom Boyer came to America not many months ago. Elaborately educated at the famous Sorbonne, from which he emerged with a degree in philosophy, Charles then went against his family's wishes by impulsively (does that remind you of Pat, and of the sudden marriage we've been talking about?) deciding to become an actor.

He's a lively, athletic-looking person of medium height, brown of hair and eyes, and distinctly Latin in appearance. There's personality in his every gesture. And he makes plenty of gestures. His English is fluent, with the sort of accent women find adorable in Chevalier. At this writing, he's soon to make his first American picture, possibly with Pat playing opposite—

Ah, here they come, walking through a crowd of extras but seeing nobody. Not because they aren't strictly democratic. No, it's just because they're still in a daze, and still looking into each other's eyes!

Hollywood Flashes

[*Continued from page* 39]

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periment will be tried, providing an adequate story is secured.

MADGE EVANS doesn't know whether to look for a mysterious "Tom" to thank him for the wonderful flowers he has been sending her during a recent illness, or blame a Hollywood practical joker for an ingenious — and subtle — wheeze. The bouquets came daily, and she was assuming they were from gentleman-friend Tom Gallery—until she began to wonder why Tom sent *two* bouquets every day. She asked him, and it developed that he hadn't sent but one bouquet. Neither had any other "Tom" of her acquaintance. . . . . Who sent 'em, and why? Not, by any chance, to make Gallery jealous?

WONDER what one, if any, of the French girls personally chosen by Maurice Chevalier for rôles in *The Merry Widow* will turn out like Maurice's other discovery, Frances Dee? The star selected most of them in the casting director's office, listening to their French diction as well as o-o-ing their beauty and dancing ability. Miss Dee was noticed quite some years ago by Chevalier at a table in the studio café, when she was doing a mere bit in some picture or other. The French star joined her, talked to her, saw her possibilities and persuaded the studio to give her a chance.

Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

***Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It.* Coupon Brings Tube Free.**

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Then accept, Free, as a gift, a trial tube of the method I use. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. If you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for free trial tube.

Edna Wallace Hopper

Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper FG-6
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Please mail me, FREE, a trial tube of Edna Wallace Hopper's Restorative Cream

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Address ....

City.............................. *State*...................

$1 Pays For $3000 Life Protection

Even If Past 55, And Without Medical Examination, Accept 10-Day FREE Inspection Offer of This Amazing New Protection

$1 Brings Big Check to Mrs. Boyd

The National Security Life Association now offers, WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION, a new Life Insurance Certificate to men, women and children from ten to seventy-five years of age, which pays up to $1500.00 for death from any cause—natural death, death from sickness or old age—and up to $3000.00 for accidental death.

The company issuing this amazing policy is the largest of its kind in California, having over thirty thousand members, who carry over $25,000,000.00 life insurance protection. It is subject to periodic examinations by the Insurance Department of this state.

A typical case of the low cost protection offered is that of Mrs. S. Boyd, 6315 S. Halsted, Chicago, who writes: "Just received your check in full payment of claim for my mother's policy and it was a godsend. And just to think that my mother paid only $1.00!"

The National Security Life Association offers, for a limited time, to mail a copy of this new Life Insurance Certificate fully made out in your name to any person for ten days FREE inspection. You do not have to send a single penny and NO AGENT WILL CALL.

Study your policy over carefully in your home. Take it to your banker or lawyer if you wish. Then if you decide it is the lowest cost life insurance protection you ever heard of, send only $1.00 to place it in force for at least forty-five days. Thereafter the cost is about 3c a day. If not satisfied you owe nothing. The National Security plan of life protection is sold only by mail, saving you all agents' commissions, medical fees and costly agency organization expense.

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Rush me Life Certificate for 10-days FREE Inspection, without obligating me in any way.

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Name of Beneficiary ....

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City ....State ....

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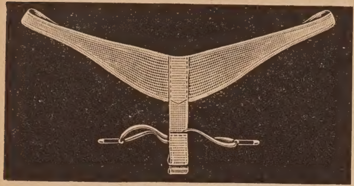
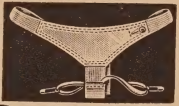
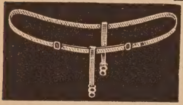
Siluette belt



STYLE 1300

STYLE 1387
(at right)
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex. 50c.





STYLE 1318
(at left)
The Hickory Petite—adjustable — narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps — no pins —perfectly secure. 35c.

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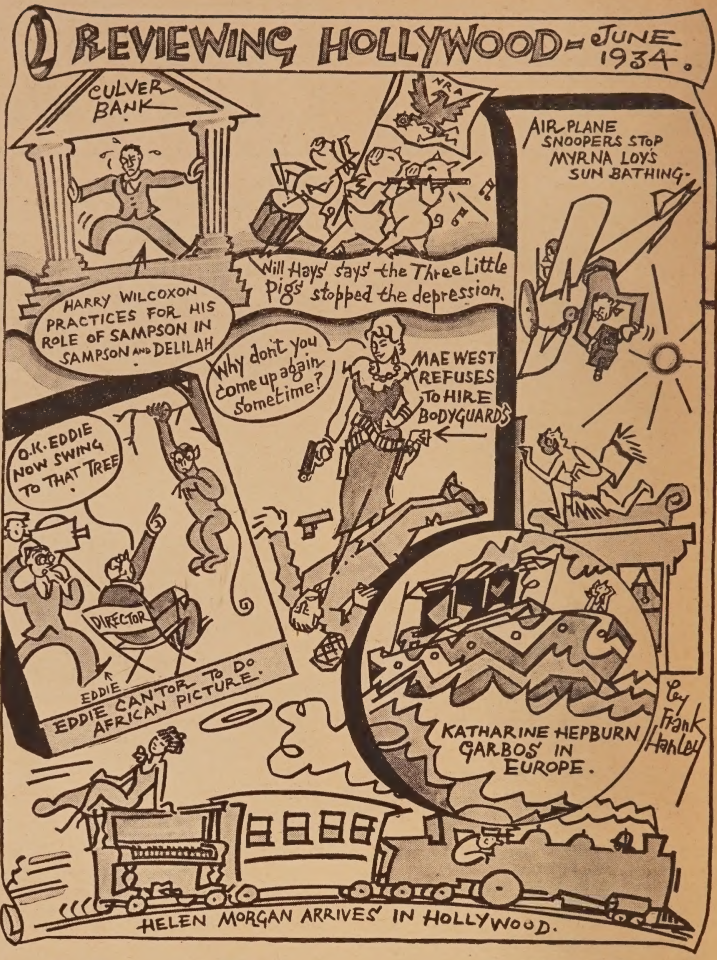
PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR


REVIEWING HOLLYWOOD - JUNE 1934.
CULVER BANK
NRA
AIR-PLANE SNOOPERS STOP MYRNA LOY'S SUN BATHING.
Will Hays' says the Three Little Pigs stopped the depression.
HARRY WILCOXON PRACTICES FOR HIS ROLE OF SAMPSON IN SAMPSON AND DELILAH.
Why don't you come up again sometime?
MAE WEST REFUSES TO HIRE BODYGUARDS
O.K. EDDIE NOW SWING TO THAT TREE
DIRECTOR
EDDIE
EDDIE CANTOR TO DO AFRICAN PICTURE.
KATHARINE HEPBURN GARBOS' IN EUROPE.
By Frank Hanley
HELEN MORGAN ARRIVES IN HOLLYWOOD.

How They Stay Healthy

[*Continued from page 49*]

play, an individual conditioning which will net the best results.

"When a man joins, he is given a thorough physical examination, even to a recording on a sphygmonamometer of his heart and blood pressure. Then, with all this data on a card for reference, we are in a position to know what form of exercise he is ready to take. What one man can stand might be far too strenuous for the next.

"Most actors, when they come to us, are a bundle of nerves and must be handled accordingly. The curious temperament that goes into the make-up of most players makes it necessary for each to be treated individually, therefore each is assigned exercises that peculiarly apply to his case and condition. The uncertain, high-pressure requirements of his craft sap him of energy that must be restored, and this is our problem.

"Every actor knows the importance of keeping fit. It means dollars and cents to him, and if three to six hours a week devoted to this conditioning will improve his appearance, or make impossible his losing a screen part because of ill health or lack of vitality, he looks upon this as one of the most important investments he can make. Consequently, we have most of Hollywood coming to us.

"Regardless of whether they are working in a picture or not, the majority of the members show up daily. Jack Oakie and Pat O'Brien and Robert Armstrong never allow a day to pass without taking a workout. The same applies to Paul Kelly, George Raft, Jimmy Dunn, Rex Bell and plenty of others. The reason for their fresh appearance on the screen is that they take care of themselves.

"A body, you know, is something like

a watch. While the watch is running perfectly, you pay no attention to it. The moment something goes wrong with the time-piece, you take it to the jeweler. A watch may be taken apart and repaired . . . the body cannot be taken apart. It can, however, be kept in condition by systematic exercise so that it will not require sudden attention.

"We have twenty sets of exercises, ranging from the most elementary to the most advanced, designed to put the body in order and maintain resistence. Each member is taught the importance of proper posture, and the habit of deep breathing. Exercises without proper breathing are next to useless. Too many people fail to realize the importance of really deep breathing. The marvelous physique of so many actors is the result of this knowledge.

"On the table, the member is instructed how to put pressure on the muscles of the abdomen by contraction and relaxation. The upkeep of the entire body depends to a great extent upon the condition of the abdomen. If these muscles are not properly taken care of and used to the best advantage, perfect health cannot be enjoyed. Developing the leg and back muscles is another feature, as well as the arms and neck.

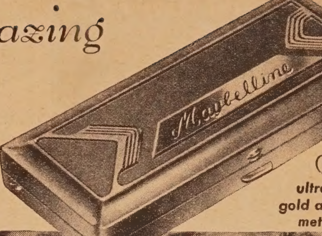
"After twenty-five to thirty minutes of these prescribed exercises, the subject goes to the squash or handball court, the swimming pool, the boxing ring, or the ping-pong table for half an hour or so of competitive sport. Following these games, he goes under the lights and showers and takes a massage. If he chooses, he may take a violet ray treatment.

"By a blending of exercise, both individual and competitive, lights and massage, the body begins to respond. Disease has no place in a body which has the power to throw off any ailment. After a judicious building up of the various organs the body will function perfectly and the personal appearance will show a decided improvement. This is the reason we have so many actors and directors on our roster.

"The preferences of the members are divided mostly between handball, squash, boxing and volley ball, in regard to competitive sport. Pat O'Brien would no more think of letting a day go by without his game of handball than William Gargan would forego putting on the gloves. Other devotees of handball are Lyle Talbot, George Raft, Robert Armstrong, Ralph Bellamy, El Brendel, Donald Cook, Andy Devine, Skeets Gallagher, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Bert Wheeler and Harry Green.

"Devotees of squash are Charles Starrett, Walter Woolf, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Creighton Chaney, George Meeker, Mala the Eskimo, and Buster Collier. Boxing numbers Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Ben Lyon, Paul Kelly, Fredric March, Rex Bell and Stanley Fields. Most of the men are interested in both volley ball and basketball, and not a few take their play in the swimming pool.

"An added feature that has met with a warm reception is the teaching of police holds, for purposes of self-defense. There is no telling when any of us may be held up, our lives threatened with a gun or knife; some knowledge of how to protect ourselves is a decided asset."



What an amazing difference Maybelline does make!

New ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the picture at right?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for *safety's* sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes . . . Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

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Win Him *with* LOVE CHARM

Irresistible and alluring perfumes were first used by the great Cleopatra in captivating her lovers. She knew their power and magic charm. Now you too can wear that strange, compelling scent reminiscent of ancient days and far off lands. Love Charm Perfume, a blend of exotic odors from 7 different Nations, fascinates the man you love—wins his affections. Convince yourself. Send 10c to cover mailing costs of a sample vial. Love Charm will delight you just as it has thousands of others everywhere. Send today. LOVE CHARM CO., 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 121-F.

NEW "COLLOIDAL" TREATMENT FOR BAD SKIN!

DOCTORS working in many localities have been obtaining wonderful results, treating eczema, pimples, boils and similar skin outbreaks with a new, non-irritating "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) preparation. A typical group of cases, reported in one medical journal, showed that 95% of eczema cases and 100% of boil cases so treated showed decided improvement—results were called "spectacular!" Marvelously effective also for cuts, burns, wounds, poison ivy. Astounding how quickly it allays itching and pain!

This "CAC" treatment is sold in liquid or ointment form under the name HYDROSAL. Get it from any druggist today—or, mail coupon and we will send you a generous sample of Hydrosal Ointment for test!

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Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, **shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with my new French discovery—**"SHAMPO-KOLOR"**. No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with **"SHAMPO-KOLOR"**. No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

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There's a new regime at Hotel LaSalle—a friendly "what-can-we-do-for-you" spirit that will make you happy here.

You'll find us cheerfully ready to serve—anxious to make you feel at home—determined to win your constant friendship!

Here's a famous hotel, with outstanding facilities, and yet with warmth and hospitality that evidences our personal interest in you.

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Why Let Wrinkles or Age-Lines Make You Old? Send for This Secret

FREE Extra Gift if You Mail Coupon Below at Once

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Estelle Taylor is one of the many experienced Hollywood stars who never seem to grow older. Not a line or blemish appears in her exquisite skin.

She uses SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME—which gives you a complete beauty treatment in 3 minutes.

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Miss Taylor says: "Sem-Pray smooths away lines. It clears blemishes. It makes the skin soft. It is so quick a way to obtain results unsurpassed by elaborate beauty treatments."

Dorothy Mackaill also says: "Sem-Pray takes the place of elaborate treatments." Betty Compson, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and others all use Sem-Pray. No other creme in the world like it.

And now you can test this remarkable 3-minute beauty-youth treatment yourself. ***Mail Coupon today.***

New Skin Beauty Overnight

Use Sem-Pray just 3 minutes before going out and see your skin take on new loveliness at once. Use Sem-Pray at bedtime and note remarkable improvement of skin by morning.

See how Sem-Pray smooths away erasable age-lines and crowsfeet. Firms flabby skin. Ends pimples, blackheads and other blemishes due to clogged pores. Reduces large pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Enlivens faded skin. Softens harsh or roughened skin. Clears and whitens. *Will not grow hair.*

3 Minutes a Day Takes Years Away

Sem-Pray is a many-purpose creme. Use it 3-minutes instead of elaborate treatment with anti-wrinkle, nourishing, cleansing, foundation creams, pore pastes, muscle oils, tissue tonics and blemish removers. Sem-Pray's ingredients are so concentrated and compressed you get full benefits of each. Saves time and money by giving you COMPLETE treatment with just one creme—in only 3 minutes. Immediate results will amaze you.

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Furthermore, the new Sem-Pray container has push-up bottom. Use like a lipstick. Fingers never touch. Carry it with you for MANY 3-minute beauty-youth treatments a day, any time, anywhere. *Always look as if you had just come from a beauty parlor.* A wonderful foundation creme too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly, prevents caking or spottiness. If you want to see new beauty this very night, go to any toilet goods counter today for a large economy size container of Sem-Pray. Only 60c.

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Extra Gifts Send Today

Mail Coupon for generous package of Sem-Pray. Act quick and we will include introductory packages Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE

Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 19-W, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send generous 7-day package of Sem-Pray Creme. Include introductory package of Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name____________________

Address____________________

The Girl Who Brought Lee Tracy Back

[*Continued from page* 51]

gained a foothold in New York when she met Tracy, then the star of *Broadway*. After one date, it was just too bad. While Lee's light was shining as Hildy Johnson in the stage offering of *Front Page*, Isabel was offering him stiff competition in the stellar rôle of *Little Church Mouse*. It was during this time that Lee slipped that amazing solitaire on her third finger. There was a tearful parting when Warners brought Lee west to portray the newspaperman in *The Strange Loves of Molly Louvain*. Isabel might have been tempted to make the journey, too, had it not been that she was winning additional laurels back there with her work in *Blessed Event*.

Kindly fates reunited them, however, when the Warners sent Lee into the movie version of *Blessed Event* and Director Roy Del Ruth, having watched her over the footlights, pushed aside opposition and brought Isabel here to repeat the characterization in which she had scored such a hit on Broadway. It was because studio politics had resulted in Isabel's name being deleted from the list of player credits on that vehicle that I met Mrs. Tracy-to-be.

Isabel put all her ability into her difficult gangster moll rôle, and turned in a performance that left the critics gasping. Yet when *Blessed Event* was given its Hollywood première, there was no word on the screen to give a clue to her identity. They had scratched her name because Director Del Ruth had gained a victory in the clash over her test! She was heartbroken over the omission.

I TOOK Isabel (with Lee's permission, of course) to lunch at the *Roosevelt*, and there drew from her the story of her life, her love and her hope.

The big diamond on her tiny hand had attracted my attention. "Lee?" I inquired.

"Yes," she confided, then swore me to secrecy. "The reason I don't want it known is that if I should get somewhere in pictures, people will say that it was because I climbed up on Lee's name," she explained. "I've always stood on my own feet, and I'm always going to!"

"Fixed the wedding date yet?" I wanted to know.

"No," she answered. "That will have to wait until I've made good out here."

It was from Isabel that I gained a better understanding of Lee Tracy, as we chatted over coffee.

"Lee's the grandest boy on earth," she said. "He's so brilliant and ambitious, so kind and considerate, so honest and aboveboard . . . " She paused. "It's his frankness that often-times brings criticism down on his head," she added.

"Lee is like a thoroughbred racehorse—high strung," she went on. "He puts a terrific amount of nervous energy into every part he plays, and when he's finished, he's on the verge of a complete collapse. Something to stimulate him and make him relax is all that keeps him from a serious breakdown. Whisky is medicine to Lee. Even so, he never imbibes to what most people would consider excess."

It was the drink or two or three that Lee consumed upon completion of his toil down there in Mexico City that greased his path into his recent difficulties. I'm going to pass along to you the story as I heard it from eye-witnesses of unquestionable integrity, so that you may judge for yourself.

As Metro's *Viva Villa* unit alighted from the special train that had carried it over the border and into the Mexican capital, Director Howard Hawks and other executives were besieged by native newspapermen who demanded jobs as technical directors and guides at weekly salaries of two thousand *pesoes* each for the duration of the company's stay in Mexico.

"We'll get even with you," the Mexican journalists threatened Hawks when their demands were refused.

Throughout the entire shooting of the location scenes, Hawks and his aides faced unexpected and unfair odds which at times seemed insurmountable.

When the director had yelled his final "Cut", Tracy, Irving Pichel and two other actors gathered at the hotel bar and made plans to attend a bull fight the following evening. Lee disappeared for a moment, then returned waving the tickets. "It's my party," he announced.

After dinner, the quartet returned to the cantina. The next morning, when Lee failed to make an appearance in the dining room, Pichel, fearing he might be ill, went to his room to investigate. Lee yawned and lifted his aching head just as a band struck up the Mexican national anthem in the street six stories below.

Clad in his pajama trousers, he leaped from bed, threw a blanket about his bare shoulders and dashed to the window, from which he peered down over the high stone balustrade. A company of military cadets was passing.

"*Viva la procession*!" shouted Tracy, waving his hand in salute.

As he was about to withdraw, he sighted an M-G-M photographer, a friend of his, on the opposite curbing, snapping the marching students. He yelled his greetings, then framed his face in his hands—a studio signal to

With Gloria Stuart as his leading lady, Lee Tracy appears in *I'll Tell the World*, his first picture since the Mexican trouble

bring the camera closer. Twenty minutes later, as Lee and Pichel sat there discussing their plans for attending the bull fight, there was a knock at the door, and in strode six uniformed policemen.

"There have been complaints to the General that you insulted the Mexican flag, Mr. Tracy," said the leader of the group, in his best English. "He'd like to have you come down to headquarters and make an explanation."

Lee, unaware of any wrongdoing, requested details. The officer supplied them as Tracy dressed hurriedly, and they taxied to the station. There he recounted his words and actions during the passing of the soldiers, and added his apologies for the benefit of any who might have misunderstood.

"As an officer in the United States army reserve," he declared, "I have the greatest respect for my own flag as well as that of other nations."

"Your explanation is accepted in the same friendly spirit in which it was made, Senōr Tracy. We are very, very sorry for having asked you to come here," asserted the barracks' commander, as Lee left the station.

Lee naturally considered the incident a closed book. But not so a few of the scribes who had been refused fat pay checks by the movie company. The front pages of newspapers blazoned the word of Lee's *insult* to the Mexican emblem, while even more thoroughly magnified tales went out over the wires for the edification of American readers.

ISABEL JEWELL was entertaining her father, Dr. Lee Jewell of Shoshoni, in the Hollywood Embassy Club that night. Reporters swooped down on her with editions containing the first break on the Tracy sensation, seeking her views on the subject.

"It's all a lie," she calmly stated. "You know as well as I do that Lee's too much of a gentleman to do such a thing!"

"Then you're going to stick by him?" unbelievingly.

"Say," replied Isabel, rising to her full five feet, one inch, "do I look like the kind of a girl who would desert him—even if it were true?" Then, turning to her father, she said, "Come on, Dad, we've got work ahead!"

Isabel fled for home—and the telephone. She was placing Lee's defensive guns in action. She campaigned to get the real facts before Lee's fans, while his agent canvassed studios seeking another berth for him.

The powers-that-be in the film plants, however, merely lifted quizzical eyebrows at mention of the star's name. Isabel didn't have to be told that the Indian sign had been put on her boy friend. She hied herself to the office of Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro, her own boss. She went straight to the point in such a manner that Mr. Mayer, a man who knows the meaning of a woman's love, dropped his production burdens to phone the heads of other important talkie corporations.

As a result, Lee Tracy's stock rates high today. Universal is starring him in *I'll Tell the World,* and paying him $60,000—more than he ever before received for a rôle—for the privilege.

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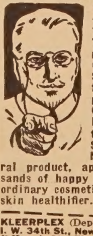

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My Friend, Will Rogers

[*Continued from page* 40]

"dumb", seemingly content to swing his rope, chew his gum and to let it go at that. But one night he made a slip—started to think aloud, right out where the folks in front could hear him! Though it proved a riot and stopped the show, it took constant prodding by Betty, his wife, to make him continue to voice his down-to-earth views on things we all think about but haven't the wit to express. I wouldn't be a woman if I did not contend that Will owes more than a little of his success to Betty.

Being what he is, it naturally followed that Will should become a sensation on the New York stage and this, mind you, without any trick makeup, no orchestra to prod an audience into false enthusiasm. Just a simple man with a simple manner, swinging a rope and talking about the daily news. His success established a new standard in things theatrical, but a standard impossible to meet, for though there have been many imitators to swing a rope, many to chew gum, many to do both, there has always been that lacking something which makes Will great.

Years haven't changed him much. Back in his New York stage days he drove into town from Long Island. To hear him driving, one would have thought a horse was hitched to the car. It was "Get up" to start, "Whoa" to stop, and sultry language addressed as though to an animal when the machine got contrary. He now drives a Ford the same way.

I like to think of Will as a man with a purpose. I don't know just what purpose, nor do I think he is conscious he has one, as everything seems to come to him with that sure touch of instinct. But nothing he would ever do or become would surprise me. To see and hear him fussing about Betty, his children, his ranch, one would place him as just another Babbitt, worried about family and belongings. Then, out of a clear sky, comes a remark showing clearly his close contact with the subterranean political activities of the world of which you and I have never heard, and probably never will hear. He is very fond of saying he only knows what he reads in the papers, but I imagine if he would allow to be printed all he knows concerning the great and the near-great it would cause a sensation. He never will, for a more secretive individual does not exist than Will Rogers when he wants to be. If you don't believe it, try to get him to tell you what his article in tomorrow's paper is going to be! Influential visitors on the set are continually trying to extract (and "extract" describes perfectly the labor involved) information from Will, but he only looks at them in his quizzical sort of way and begins talking about "a galoot who lived down Claremore way" or some such foolery. A simple man, with simple ways, but a *wise* simple man.

Since we have both been before the camera I have played in a number of pictures with him. I have been cast as his sister, his wife, his friend—almost every feminine rôle; and if the man continues to grow younger instead of older, it is possible I may wake up some day to find myself playing his mother. I only wish it were so that all new-comers to the screen could play their first pictures with Will Rogers, for with him to help them that camera panic from which we have all suffered would be as nothing at all. Kindness and consideration for his cast, for everyone connected with the picture, is a creed with him. It is always a genuine regret when the day comes for the last shot to be taken. I recall an incident during the shooting of *State Fair* when the all-star cast was called for a group publicity picture. After much posing and shifting about we were ready, when Will discovered that a young chap who had been playing the only minor part in the picture had not been included. Everything was held up until the youngster was found. A kindly thing to do—and was that boy happy?

There have been many, many articles written about Will Rogers, but in none of them have I read of what I think, next to his humor, is the cause of his great popularity on the screen. The *women* like him. Not that he is any Romeo, but friend Will has more sex appeal than Clark Gable. That's strong talk, but as proof—if it were not so, how could he have won such a wife as Betty Rogers?

Art - - - Sex and Miriam Hopkins

[*Continued from page* 31]

Austin Parker, was not suitable for her.

"It wasn't a good story," she said quite frankly. "They only kept the title of your book, and then they hatched up an artificial story that didn't ring true to me. I couldn't see myself playing it."

She did, however, play Temple Drake in the motion picture version of *Sanctuary*. I had been told that this, because of the unsympathetic aspects of the rôle, had taken tremendous courage on her part. I mentioned the rumor of this courage.

"Courage?" Miss Hopkins questioned sharply. "I don't think it took any courage at all. The story had truth—it was real. I was mad about Faulkner's book and when the chance came to play in the picture version, I jumped at it. There was a real chance to do something fine and artistic on the screen. I don't call that courage."

I POINTED out to her that so unsympathetic a part might very well have alienated some of her admirers if it had not been handled well.

"I never even thought of that," she

answered. "I was too enthusiastic about playing the part. Faulkner is a great writer, writing about real people. Handled with sympathy and understanding, the picture couldn't fail to be a success. And I think it was well-handled. We kept the mood of it as faithfully as we could, although, sometimes, we had to depart from the subject matter.

"It didn't take any courage on my part to play in *The Story of Temple Drake*. Not to my mind. All the people that really matter recognized the beauty and the art that was in the book and were sure to appreciate our attempt to bring the same thing to the screen. I knew that. It would have taken courage to play in some cheap, sexy thing in which all they wanted me to do was show my legs. But that would have been the wrong kind of courage. And I haven't got the sort of courage that lets me temporize with my ideals. Art is one thing—a cheap, sexy, hashed-together story is something else. I'd take a chance on my popularity with the one, never with the other."

She began to talk about William Faulkner, speaking enthusiastically in appreciation of his work.

LATER we began to speak about amusements.

Miss Hopkins described a fishing trip off the California coast.

"It was fun," she said. "The boat we were on was a fifty-five foot power cruiser. I don't usually care much for power boats. I like to sail, and I did sail quite a bit last summer. I sailed a Star boat around San Diego Harbor. But power was the only thing to get us to the fishing grounds and back again in time to be back at work. It was lovely. One harbor we visited had a lovely old Mexican town, with all the adobe houses painted blue and pink and yellow. They looked so pretty over the water. The captain of the power boat took me in a dingy with an outboard motor and we went coasting over the long rollers—up and down—and I caught a few small fish. I loved it."

Tennis, too, has taken Miss Hopkins' fancy. She only began to play last year but she is very keen about it. One can imagine, what with her early training as a dancer, and her sure, lithe grace, that she would be an excellent player.

"I studied with the Suttons," Miss Hopkins explains. "May Sutton used to be national singles champion and she taught me how to play. I've become a real tennis fan. I got the greatest thrill from meeting Bill Tilden. I was playing in Boston and I was coming out of the hotel lobby when I came face to face with him. We'd never met but we both recognized each other and said 'Hello' almost together. He knows the Suttons and when I told him that I'd been studying with May Sutton he said, 'Well, then your tennis is all right.' I was really thrilled."

The telephone rang again. The trio of radio actors who were to rehearse with her for the next evening's broadcast were being announced.

I got up to take my departure. Miss Hopkins extended her hand.

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PICTURE TIPS

An unusual backstage scene showing Ronald Colman during the filming of a fog scene for *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*

The New Films

JUST GETS BY—Warren William in a fine rôle saves *Upperworld,* the story of a too socially ambitious wife, from being not worth the trouble. ★★—*Warner.*

AN EXCELLENT CAST—Ginger Rogers, Frances Dee, Bruce Cabot and Billie Burke work hard to make *Finishing School* a top notch picture, but can't hide the fact that the story is insignificant.★★—*Radio.*

Bebe Daniels as she appears in her newest Columbia Pictures success, *The Song You Gave Me*

RADIO FANS' DELIGHT—Lanny Ross makes suitable love to Ann Sothern in *Melody in Spring,* a musical which deals with Lanny's efforts to win Ann and get on the radio hour sponsored by a dog biscuit company.★★★—*Paramount.*

ZASU PITTS PLEASES in *Three on a Honeymoon,* a picture which has Sally Eilers as the heroine who has a strange way with men. Pitts is the picture. Otherwise only fair.★★—*Fox.*

WE'RE TELLING YOU that *You're Telling Me* is sprightly comedy. And why shouldn't it be, with W. C. Fields playing the rôle of a crazy inventor? Joan Marsh and Buster Crabbe in the cast.★★★—*Paramount.*

A PLEASING LITTLE ROMANCE—*Glamour,* with Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings, isn't very glamorous but it is a fairly interesting story of an ambitious chorus girl who gets everything she wants.★★—*Universal.*

WEAK HOKUM—Such is the humble critic's opinion of *Voice in the Night,* a somewhat hashily done story of the telephone company giving its all to the public. Better pass it unless you are an ardent admirer of Tim McCoy.★—*Columbia.*

GENUINE ENTERTAINMENT—*Wharf Angel,* with Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster and the vampish Dorothy Dell, is the familiar brotherly love versus sex story, but it packs a good wallop. ★★★—*Paramount.*

GREAT FOR THE KIDS—Ken Maynard is the hard-riding, straight-shooting sheriff who beats Fred Kohler, the chief villain, in all his dirty work. *Honor of the West* is a fine western picture.★★★—*Universal.*

FAIR THRILLER PICTURE—Ralph Bellamy, as the inspector, saves Shirley Grey, a homeless steno, from taking a murder rap in this swift-moving film called *One Is Guilty.*★★—*Columbia.*

FOR MURDER MYSTERY FANS, *The Crosby Case* will be pleasing. Warren Hymer, Wynne Gibson, Skeets Gallagher and J. Farrell MacDonald do well in a story that will have every spectator guessing.★★★—*Universal.*

ROMANCE AND MYSTERY are pleasantly mixed in *The Mystery of Mr. X,* which presents Mr. Robert Montgomery in one of his best rôles as the clever diamond thief. Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes also in the cast.★★★—*Metro.*

Ok! Let's Go to See—

***It Happened One Night*—Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert.**
***David Harum*—Will Rogers.**
***Viva Villa!*—Wallace Beery, Fay Wray.**
***Riptide*—Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Bob Montgomery.**
***George White's Scandals*—Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Ricardo Cortez.**
***Bottoms Up*—Pat Paterson, John Boles.**
***Wild Cargo*—Animals, snakes and Frank Buck.**
***Beloved*—John Boles, Gloria Stuart.**
***House of Rothschild*—George Arliss, Loretta Young, Roland Young.**
***Scarlet Empress*—Marlene Dietrich.**
***Wonder Bar*—Al Jolson, Dolores Del Rio.**
***Men in White*—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger.**

Previously Reviewed

NAUTICAL AND SLIGHTLY NAUGHTY is the verdict on *We're Not Dressing,* with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Ethel Merman, Leon Errol and lots of Carole Lombard.★★★★—*Paramount.*

FOR A REAL SURPRISE ending see *The Crime Doctor,* with the perfect lover, Otto Kruger, involved in novel fashion in a perfect crime. Karen Morley, Nils Asther, Judith Wood and Irving Pichel are grand support.★★★★—*Radio.*

SEE YOU IN THE HOSPITAL viewing *Registered Nurse,* which has hilarious monkey-business and stark tragedy. Good work by Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot.★★★—*Warner.*

A ROGUE IN LOVE is Fredric March as Benvenuto Cellini in *Firebrand,* a fine costume picture with Connie Bennett, Fay Wray and Frank Morgan.★★★★—*20th Century.*

MORE YOUNG LOVE comes to the screen personified by Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis in *Let's Be Ritzy.*★★★—*Universal.*

A GIRL IN EVERY PORT—but Paul Kelly succumbs to matrimony in *A Woman in Her Thirties* and then fights the lure of the sea. Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak and Patricia Ellis shine in this.★★★—*Warner.*

FOR ADULTS AND OTHERS a story of the younger generation of gangsters, *No Greater Glory,* with Lois Wilson, Frankie Darrow and Jackie Searle.★★★—*Columbia.*

A NEW STAR FOR AMERICA is big little Elizabeth Bergner, electrifying in the historical pageantry of *Catherine the Great.*★★★★—*United Artists.*

FOR MODERNS YOUNG AND OLD, good entertainment is in store in *I Believed in You,* with Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory and John Boles.★★★—*Fox.*

SURE-FIRE COMEDY characterizes *Heat Lightning,* with laughs furnished by Aline MacMahon, Glenda Farrell and Frank McHugh, and romantic excitement by Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak.★★★—*Warner.*

DESIGNED FOR ALL is the appealing domestic story *She Made Her Bed,* played well by Richard Arlen, Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen, Jr.★★★—*Paramount.*

GOT THE JITTERS? See *Harold Teen,* Broadway's Hal LeRoy, and his pals, including his beloved "Lillums" (Rochelle Hudson). They've got 'em too.★★★—*Warner.*

HIGH PRESSURE COMEDY-DRAMA for an evening is insured by Jimmy Cagney in *Jimmy the Gent,* with Alice White and Bette Davis.★★★—*Warner.*

SING AND LIKE IT is what you'll do at the picture of the same name, with ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Nat Pendleton and Ned Sparks.★★★★—*Radio.*

FOR SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION we recommend Adolphe's warm love-making and Edward Everett Horton's hot flashes of humor in *Easy to Love,* with Genevieve Tobin and Mary Astor as the feminine lures.★★★—*Warner.*

FOR A SLIGHT SHOCK, see *Come On Marines* with lots of pretty girls and eager marines alone at night in the jungle. For instance, Ida Lupino and Toby Wing and Richard Arlen and Roscoe Karns.★★★—*Paramount.*

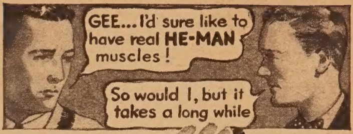
FOR STANWYCK FANS, we recommend Barbara's latest triumph, *Gambling Lady.* A dramatic story of a girl who fights her unfortunate environment, with Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien. ★★★—*Warner.*

THEY DIDN'T NEED WOMEN to make a grand picture called *The Lost Patrol.* We mean Victor McLaglen and Boris Karloff. Don't miss this thriller—it's a dramatic hit!★★★—*Paramount.*

Inez Howard, a chorus beauty in *Murder at the Vanities*

Understudy to Joe E. Brown—Gordon Evans in *The Circus Clown*

Alice Faye, who makes her début in *George White's Scandals*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The Star Who Forgot Hollywood

[*Continued from page 33*]

wrong. Ziegfeld, after receiving a million dollars' worth of publicity, completely forgot the primitive girl he had inveigled from her native haunts. The setting was synthetic, the music was wrong; its tempo was too American, and Reri could not dance very well. I often wondered just why Ziegfeld ever went to the expense he did, and then did so little with Reri. Some weeks later I settled her contract agreeably and took her out of the show. Reri was the last star Ziegfeld glorified!

Her *Follies'* boy friend continued to be attentive. I was grateful for this friendship, as I was busy dashing about trying to procure an engagement for her. But Reri was ill and could not go on tour. Before long I was advised by her doctor to place her in a hospital for an operation. We had a hard struggle of it, alone. Her friends, the men who had fêted and fussed over her, did not show up. But Reri was strong, and in a few weeks was able to leave the "jail-house" as she called it. It was the beginning of the New Year, and we started it with new hope.

DURING Reri's convalescense, I decided that Hollywood should be our destination. I procured a contract for her, and we were off. We arrived in high spirits, Reri in native garb, giving blasé Hollywood something to talk about.

It was here we met Robert Murnau, brother of the director of *Tabu*. He had come from Berlin to settle his late brother's estate which was in litigation. Reri's name was conspicuous by its absence from the list of claimants; she was practically the only one connected with the filming of *Tabu* who wasn't suing for something. At this writing Robert Murnau is again in Hollywood. The estate, four years after the death of Fred Murnau, is still unsettled!

There were many Tahitians in Hollywood, come to the movie center to try their luck, and Reri had a glorious time recalling her childhood days on the Island. They sang and played, and Reri danced. Her dancing was barbaric and beautiful. The music stimulated some rare movements which I wished Ziegfeld could have seen.

We were often the guests of Robert Murnau, who was very cordial. He spoke often of his mother in Berlin, whose one great ambition was to see Reri—the girl her beloved Fred held so high in esteem.

For fourteen weeks we were on tour, playing a different city each week. Reri was a success; eager press and cordial critics everywhere lauded her. I knew, if properly presented, that Reri would click—and she did.

Reri's visa expired just as we reached the last week of the tour, and we had to leave the country. I planned to take her to Europe. Robert Murnau came on from Hollywood to accompany us across. His mother had invited us as her guests, to live with her at Murnau Villa, the home of the late Fred Murnau, in Grünewald, a suburb of Berlin.

Tahitians are good sailors, and Reri had a grand time on the boat. We finally arrived in Hamburg, then went directly on to Berlin. Frau Murnau met us graciously. She kissed Reri tenderly, and cried a little, too. We talked into the wee hours of the morning. She felt very close to Reri, as though she had known her always. Fred Murnau had often written his mother about the people he loved so well. She asked many questions of Reri, seeing in her something of her departed son, and was anxious to adopt the girl and keep her in Berlin forever.

We stayed at Murnau Villa several months. The happy entrance of Reri put life and music into the sad house, and because of the excitement caused by "Murnau's Reri", as the German press referred to her, I received an offer from the Scala Theater in Berlin. This was Reri's European début. Everything was attune, and she was a colossal success. She could hardly leave the stage, so many curtain calls did she receive.

THE New Year arrived. We received an offer from the Gaumont-Palace in Paris, and had to bid Murnau Villa *Auf Wiedersehn. Vive la France!* Reri in Paris—the ultimate goal of all Tahitians. *Gendarmes! Garcons!* Everything French. It was a dream of a lifetime—Reri was in a daze. Here we found many of the upper class from Papeete, who flocked to the hotel when they read of Reri's arrival.

I planned an elaborate presentation with Reri when I met these Tahitian boys, since they played the native music authentically. But I was disappointed. The Tahitians thought the stage a depraved place, and were certain their parents would order them back to the Island if they were to dance with Reri. I had to do much camouflaging—transforming Frenchmen into Tahitians. Reri was *une grande artiste*, and every Tahitian in Paris turned out to welcome their idol. Again Reri was acclaimed; she received many offers, but I did not accept any. Paris was too confusing; there were too many girls from the Martinique Islands and India. I immediately decided to take Reri to a more remote country, where they had never seen her particular type of beauty.

Just at this time I received an offer from Warsaw, Poland, inviting Reri to open a new theater there. The money was little, but it seemed a chance of a lifetime. I accepted the offer of a month's engagement, and we left for Warsaw.

Our arrival in the Polish capitol stunned Reri. She was met at the station by what seemed to be the entire population. They surged and pushed to get a glimpse of her. They offered flowers and boxes of bon-bons; they stroked her fur coat as though she were a pet kitten. It was an hour after our arrival when we finally reached our hotel.

The following morning Reri insisted upon taking an airing in a horse-driven *droshka*. These conveyances are completely open. Everyone recognized Reri. With the inevitable gardenia in her black hair which hung loose, white teeth lighting up her mocha skin, her liquid laughter every time she saw a soldier salute her, Reri caused a furore in the streets of Warsaw.

Every prominent space in town was placarded with "Tancerka Reri". She was front page news, and virtually eclipsed everything, including the honorable old gent, Premier Pilsudski. Not only was Reri worshipped by these people, but she idolized them as well, and decided that she wanted to remain among them for a long time. It was here that her outstanding beauty and exotic charm received full appreciation. They seemed to understand her simple but artistic dancing.

ONLY one thing overshadowed our happiness—difficulty in collecting Reri's salary. The theater was not too financially sound. I had to insist on a daily salary, paid after each performance. Careful as I was, Reri finished her engagement with two days' salary owing, which we are still trying to collect.

Night life in Warsaw is gay. People sing and dance gaily. The tango is a great favorite, and the Polish folk dance is frequently seen. It was uncanny to watch Reri as she danced it one night on a ballroom floor. The onlookers applauded and insisted upon an encore, which Reri unhesitatingly gave.

At a café one evening, a friend introduced her to one of Poland's film idols. "Will you tango, please?" he inquired, with the usual kiss of the hand. "*Toc-toc,*" answered Reri in her best Polish, as she jumped up.

The man's face was familiar. Where had we seen him before? On Broadway? It wasn't until we reached the hotel and Reri and I did much thinking that his identity dawned on us. He was the man who sat in the first row in the same seat every night at the theater. Perhaps he was the anonymous donor of the gardenias which Reri wore in her hair each day. And so indeed he proved to be.

He quickly wooed and won Reri, whose heart and soul were with the Polish people. She loved the life there, and knew this was the romance of her life. Inasmuch as I was due in Holland for my own marriage ceremony, I reluctantly left Reri, but with an easy heart, for I could see how extremely happy she was. She was brave at our parting—the first in two and a half years. But we promised to meet again in the not so distant future.

We are both married now. Reri writes me every week—in Tahitian, French, English and Polish—such a conglomeration of words as only I would understand. Only last week she wrote that she is "happy as h—" in Warsaw, as Mrs. Eugene Bodo. But some day, perhaps, I shall bring Reri back to Hollywood again—this time with her own leading man. *Ua here vau ia oe*, which means, "I love you, Reri."

Why the Stars Don't Know How to Act

[*Continued from page* 47]

WHAT the movie star misses, of course—and probably you are more interested in the players than the writers because you know them better—is an audience. To play before live people, whom you can stir to laughter, tears or applause—that, in essence, is "bread and meat" for the actor. Audience response—a factor absolutely lacking in pictures—keeps the actor up on his toes.

Also, on the regular stage, no speech or situation can, or should be, played exactly the same way performance after performance. A phrase or gesture may have to be halted just the right number of seconds in order to get a laugh; or the performance must be accelerated. What the profession knows as "timing" is of the very highest importance. Proper timing exists also as a factor on the movie lot; but here the director takes over the job of telling his players how a scene should be timed. What's more, the director is, nine times out of ten, dead right. He puts himself in the place of the future audience of the picture and he has a way of guessing what the timing should be to interest the greatest number of people.

Yet what the director does for the actor is distinctly *bad* for him. It robs him of his *sense of acting*, so to speak, that indefinable *en rapport* bond which every good actor feels between himself and his audience. And that explains why, when many movie stars return to the stage, their acting lacks spontaneity. In other words, the *life* seems to have gone out of it. It has become too standardized, too commonplace; it is timed too much at a dead level of mediocrity.

Robert Montgomery happens to be a player I have known for many years. Like Katharine Hepburn, he had played only small bits on the legitimate stage, and the films raised him to stardom. What will he do when the films no longer care to sign him up any more? If the scene he did in person at the Capitol Theater—one taken from Noel Coward's *Private Lives*—is a sample, his case will be a repetition of Hepburn's. For although it may have properly been acted to the hilt for the camera, it seemed amateurish and flat when judged by the more exacting standards of living audience reaction.

Yes, motion picture work injects a stereotyped uniformity into the actor's work that is not even good for his development as an *exclusive* screen actor. In this connection one thinks of John Barrymore and even of the great Garbo herself. Although they cannot be called "naturals," they nevertheless seem unable to get away from the personality that is distinctly theirs. John Barrymore, even in *Topaze* where he showed it the least, has certain mannerisms of voice and gesture that are unmistakable. And Garbo forever looks and sounds so weary, even when she tries to be gay. In her latest, *Queen Christina*, she is still the same Garbo of old, a certain mysterious and illusive kind of posing that surely "clicks" but grows a bit tiresome with repetition.

I have just used the term "natural." By a natural I mean an actor who actually *looks, speaks* and *acts* the same

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way *on* as *off* stage. He does not, in other words, have to act. It is only necessary for him *to be himself*.

Motion picture studios are crowded with naturals, crowded even more than the regular theater. The actor's loudest cry is against being cast for a type part and always being forced to play that same type part.

In short, the average actor is glad to be taken for a natural rather than not to be taken at all, but realizes that to remain a natural makes of him something fairly close to a mechanical doll. One must agree with the actor's viewpoint. If movie actors are to become automatons, future motion pictures will eventually lose what vitality they now possess.

MYRNA LOY, for instance, is an excellent actress. She might be developed not only to stardom but to something distinctly unusual and different. Will it be necessary, however, for Loy to quit the movies and show what she can do on the legitimate stage before directors appreciate her ability? Or is it already too late and will the history of Hepburn be repeated? And then there is petite Lilian Harvey. Surely she, too, has great possibilities!

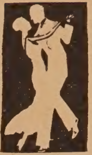
Take ZaSu Pitts. Why is she always cast in the part of a comic, where her tremulous voice and nervous hands are featured? Pitts is a real actress; she has a natural gift for timing; her comedy, with its note of pathos, is of the very highest order. Acting like hers is a real art. ZaSu Pitts could be the biggest tragedienne movies have ever seen.

Alice Brady is an outstandingly good actress. Only lately has she been gathered to the films. Let us hope that she will, like Helen Hayes, Paul Muni, Merivale and Cohan, not tarry in Hollywood over-long—unless, by chance, the variety of the rôles given her will enable her to continue toeing the mark of excellence. Marie Dressler has been fortunate in the plays she has appeared in; at least her versatility has had an opportunity to be exercised. One wonders, though, how May Robson will fare. Will the directors, because she so well plays a mother, *always* cast her as a mother? It would seem also that Paul Lukas has not as yet had a real "break," for see what he did in *Little Women*. Likewise consider the work of Spencer Tracy. When will *he* be allowed to come into his own?

There are other names that you, yourself, will think of; unusually capable people whose style, so to speak, Hollywood has cramped. Incidentally, it might be interesting for *you* to note them down and then follow their careers, their successes and failures, later on.

After all, pictures are highly important to the vast majority of people everywhere. It is difficult nowadays to imagine how colorless life formerly was without them. That is why it is inevitable that we be concerned about the players and what Hollywood does to their acting. In the last analysis it is *they* whom we must depend upon to get the best out of a script. It is *they* who convey its meaning to us and make it a vivid, palpitating thing.

Nothing, therefore, is more important than that Hollywood should *not* cramp the actor's style!



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Broadway Scoops

[*Continued from page* 53]

widow's weeds to become Mrs. David Burton any date now . . . . Mary Doran and her husband, Joe Sherman, postcard from the west coast of Central America, where they are taking a seven-weeks' tramping tour. . . . Lucille Gleason, who recently recuperated from an appendix operation, finds that flowers make her ill, so all her friends who are flower-minded send checks instead, to the Louise Closser Hale Fund, sponsored by the Dominoes Club, of which Lucille is president—which is rather a unique way of "saying it with flowers."

Hollywood Gags

THE presence in Hollywood of John Davis Lodge, scion of one of the most distinguished families in America, brings to mind the Hollywood version of that well-known saying, "The Lodges speak only to the Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God!" According to the film-colony's paraphrase, it now reads, "The Warners don't speak to the Zanucks, and Sam Goldwyn speaks only broken English."

In The Mail Box

DEAREST Radie:

True to the promise I made you in New York, here are the exclusive details of our scrambled wedding: As you know, I left California for England, intending to do a bit of sight-seeing before Cary arrived, as he had to finish *Alice in Wonderland.* At the forty-eleventh hour, Cary decided he didn't want me to go on without him. In New York the following day as I was having tea with Larry Olivier and Jill Esmond, in walked Cary! He had obtained a studio furlough in order to spend Christmas holidays with his father in Bristol.

We couldn't sail together, as Cary had to wait a week for his papers to be cleared up. I met him in Plymouth a week later, and we arrived in London at midnight, Cary suffering miserably with a raging toothache. He left immediately for Bristol for a visit with his Dad. On his return, he, Randy Scott, Ursula Jeans (remember her from *Cavalcade?*) and I went to the nearest registry office, only to find that it takes some two weeks after application—and we couldn't even apply, since I had forgotten to bring copies of my divorce papers! So we drowned our sorrows in the famous steak and kidney pudding at the *Cheshire Cheese,* and I cabled to Chicago immediately.

After intensive sight-seeing, we flew to Paris to see Randy's sister, but Cary was feeling so miserable that we decided to return to London immediately. The next day we learned that Cary would have to undergo an operation immediately. He entered the hospital two days before the arrival of my divorce papers. There he spent Christmas and New Year's, both of us trying very hard to be gay, but really feeling rather desperate that our long-anticipated holiday should turn out such a flop. We decided that I should apply for the license, so that when Cary did get out of the hospital, we could be married without

[*Continued on page* 81]

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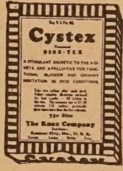

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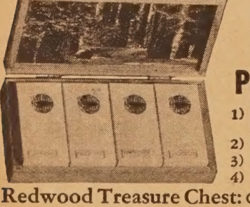

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The Man Love Passed By

[*Continued from page* 41]

he sneaked up on A deck and waited for the moon to come up. Then he began to sing, romantic love songs about a moon, a girl and a lonely troubadour. You don't have to be a fortune teller to figure out what happened. In no time at all every girl on the ship was hanging on Lanny's every note. Later, of course, complaints came from the kitchen sector, and the Captain was informed that one of the potato peelers was turning serenader at night. But the girls used their influence and Lanny was permitted to continue his moonlight crooning.

THERE has always been a sort of magic in Lanny's voice, and it has often been the means of getting him out of tight spots. When he was a kid of seven, he made his first train trip alone and, kid-like, he lost his money. When meal time came around he couldn't even buy a sandwich, so he talked things over with the dining car steward and managed to put over a deal to sing for his supper.

Another occasion on which his voice served him well was when he made his first appearance at the Taft School for Boys in Watertown, Connecticut. He arrived wearing short trousers and socks, Eton jacket and Buster Brown collar. In the eyes of the other youngsters it was a "sissy" costume. He found himself the center of a circle of boys, older and bigger than he was, all of them jeering and daring him to fight. He could have handled one or two of them, but to attempt to lick the crowd would have been courting disaster. So he took the bull by the horns and asked if they'd like to hear a funny song. They agreed to let him sing but dared him to make them laugh. The song was just ribald enough to turn the trick, and Lanny was never called a sissy again.

But in spite of the fact that his voice so often served him well, he never thought of earning his living by singing. He had grown up in a theatrical environment. His father was an actor. His mother was accompanist to Pavlowa. It would have seemed natural for him to follow an artistic profession. But Lanny had seen too much of the heartache and disappointments that accompany an artistic career, and was determined to earn his living in the business world.

He went to Yale as a scholarship student. Of course he sang on the Glee Club. He also distinguished himself in athletics, winning the National Track Championship, and running on the Yale team against Oxford and Cambridge in 1927.

It was while Lanny was at Yale that he definitely made up his mind to become a lawyer. He wanted to take his law course at Columbia. The only fly in the ointment was that he had no money for tuition. While he was at Yale, however, he had made a radio appearance with the Yale Glee Club. That gave him an idea. Perhaps he could earn a little money singing over the radio, enough to pay for his law course at Columbia. He got his first job singing on the Ray Bestos program, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

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what started out as a mere "meal ticket" had grown to a $25,000 a year salary. And still Lanny had no thought of making singing his life work. He took his bar exams and one of the best law firms in New York offered him a job in their office. But what do you suppose the salary was? Twenty-five hundred dollars a year! Balance that against $25,000 and you have the answer to why Lanny decided to let his voice earn his living for him.

FOR more than two years he has been the popular star of the *Maxwell House Showboat* hour. Mary Lous have come and gone, but Lanny stayed on. Even though he contends that radio love is purely imaginary, his particular brand of it has spelled romance to several million fans. Will his screen personality synchronize with the illusion his voice has created in the minds of the ether audience? That is the question in Lanny's mind right now.

"My greatest difficulty in the love scenes in *Melody in Spring*," he told me, "was in trying to adjust myself to making love 'in character' rather than as I personally would do it. It's natural for me to be gentle and respectful toward women. The character I play in the picture isn't like that at all—he's more the fresh guy, which I'm not. As to whether I succeeded in making him convincing—well, you'll have to wait until you see the picture."

Broadway Scoops

[*Continued from page* 79]

further delay. By now we were certain a jinx was upon us.

All the necessary arrangements were completed when I was offered a part in a picture that would only be in production for ten days. I had already turned down some very lucrative offers but this seemed all right. So I started the picture the day before Cary was released from the hospital, and for ten days and nights I worked so hard I scarcely saw him. Three days before we sailed I finished, so we decided to take the fatal plunge the day we sailed, not telling anyone. We had had so much bad luck and advance publicity, we wanted the actual "take-off" kept quiet. After a brief ceremony, we came out to find the street full of people and the press, who had been haunting the place for three weeks. In the jam, we were separated, and found ourselves in two different cabs, finally getting together in time to catch the boat train to Plymouth—and you know from then on.

We both send much love to you.

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
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Address your questions to the Hollywood Information Bureau, SCREEN BOOK, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd. No personal replies can be granted. All questions will be answered on this page.

IS MAE WEST in Hollywood? To whom is she under contract? Where may I write to her? Will she send me an autographed picture? What will her next picture be and when will we see it?—*Vivian Carwell, Providence, Ky.*

Yes, Mae West is very much in Hollywood. She is under contract to Paramount, where you may write to her and request an autographed picture. Her next picture is *It Ain't No Sin* which started production in April.

What is Jack Holt's latest picture? Where would a letter reach him?—*W. W. Hutchings, Scotia, N. Y.*

His last picture is *Whirlpool* and his next, which started production in April, will be *Mud Turtle.* He is under contract to Columbia Studio, where a letter will reach him.

What kind of toothpaste does Warner Baxter use to keep his teeth so white?—*Katherine F. Caron, New York City, N. Y.*

His little secret for such lovely teeth is a combination of lemon juice and salt used once a day, preferably in the morning, and soda a couple of times a week. He does not specify the variety of toothpaste.

Won't you please tell me where Alec Francis lives, what his last pictures are and how he is getting along? I miss him from pictures a great deal. The sweetness of such folks as Mr. Francis and Loretta Young remain a prized memory.—*Harrydele Davidson, 1331 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.*

Baby Then—Master LeRoy as he appeared while working in his first picture. Printed at the request of a Cleveland fan

Has Clive Brook returned to England? Answer: No, Brook is now working in *Where Sinners Meet,* with Diana Wynyard. He is seen above with Alan Mowbray, an old friend

Alec Francis lives in a charming little bungalow in Hollywood with his English wife. He is getting along fine, goes for long walks daily. His last pictures are *I'll Tell the World* with Lee Tracy (just finished at Universal) and *Alice in Wonderland.*

Will you please tell me the real names of Mary Carlisle, Franchot Tone, Maurice Chevalier and Warner Baxter? Also the age of Miss Carlisle and where she was born.—*Bette Kester, 5260 Winthrop, Indianapolis, Ind.*

It just happens that you picked a group who are using their real names, every one of them. Mary was born in Boston on February 3, 1914.

Is Kay Francis considered one of the best dressed women in Hollywood on and off the screen? Where is she living now, what part of the country did she come from, where and when was she born, how large is she, and where was she educated? She is my favorite on the screen—I think no one equals her loveliness.—*Carolyn Church, Jersey City, N. J.*

Yes, Miss Francis is considered one of the best dressed, if not THE best dressed woman in Hollywood, and that's saying a lot. She has perfect taste, perfect carriage, and does not overdress. She lives in Hollywood. She was born in Oklahoma City on Friday, January 13. She was educated mostly in convents in New York City. She is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 116 pounds.

What will be the title of Lilian Harvey's next picture and who will be her leading man?—*Jean York, 1119 Union St., Alameda, California.*

Her next picture, scheduled to go into production at Fox Film Studio, will be *365 Nights in Hollywood.* No leading man has as yet been selected.

Are the following men married; if so to whom? What is their present salary, height, weight, and how old are they? Gene Raymond, Raoul Roulien, Dick Powell and Clark Gable.—*C. Rogers, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Studios, nor the stars, ever tell what salary they receive, and seldom their age. Gene is not married, is 28 years old, five feet ten inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. . . . Raoul Roulien's wife was recently killed in a very tragic automobile accident. He was born on October 8, in Brazil, about 30 or less years ago. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. . . . Dick Powell is not married, though romancing with all of the pretty girls in Hollywood, or just about. He is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He was born on November 14, 1904. . . . Clark Gable is married to a non-professional. He is six feet one and weighs 190 pounds. He is about 30 years old.

Baby Now—Carole Lombard poses with young Mr. Baby as he appears today, one year later. He'll not be an infant for long

All Greyhound Routes Lead to

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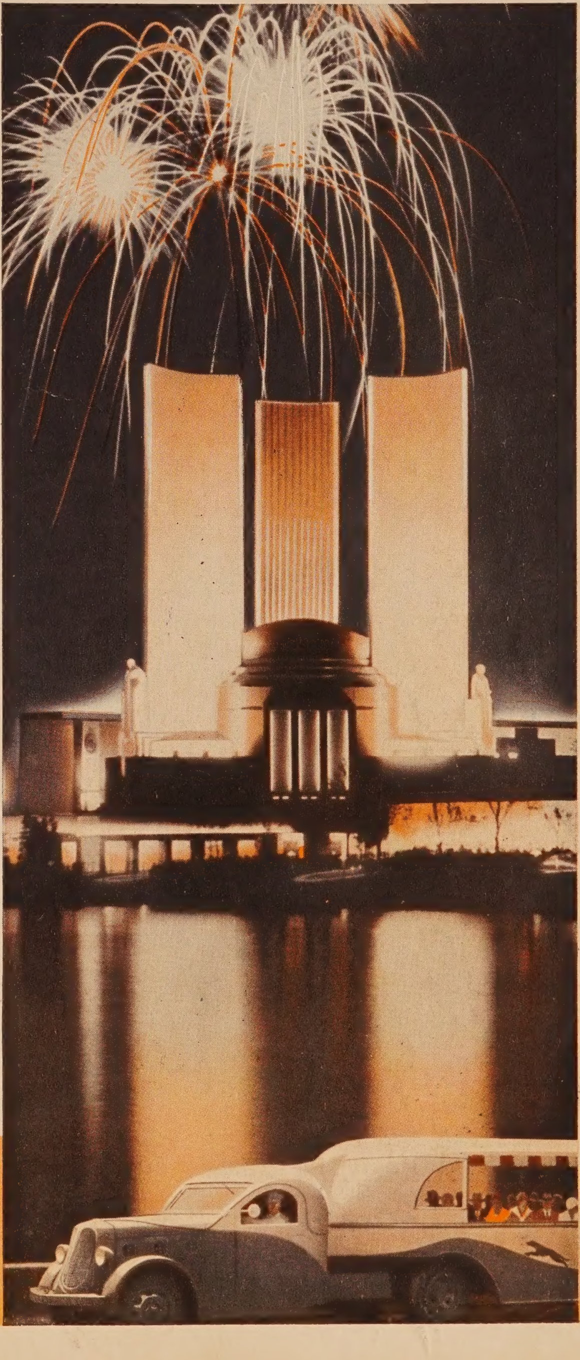

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CLEOPATRA COULDN'T SHOCK HOLLYWOOD — COLBERT

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10c

15c In Canada

July

NRA

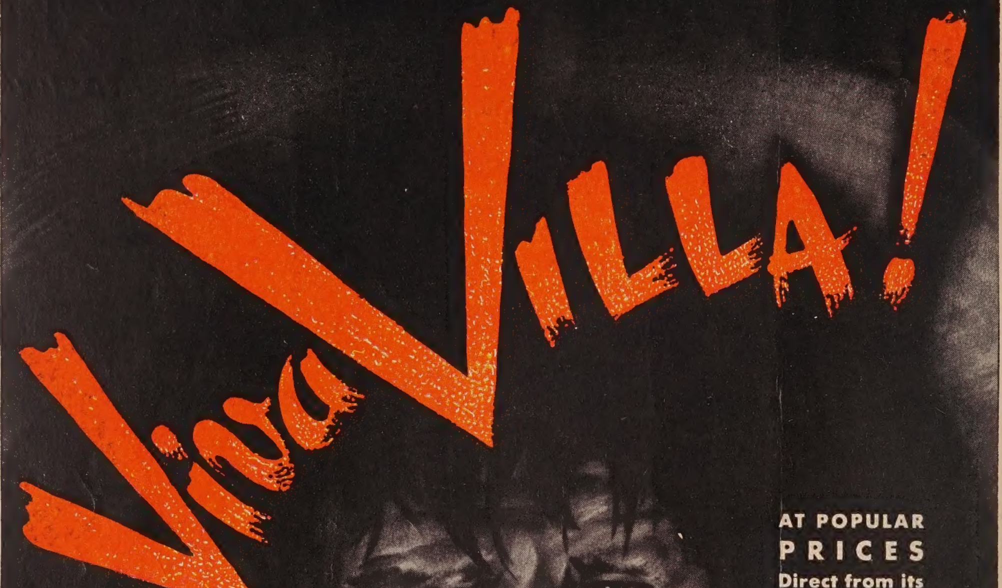
Ann Harding

In this issue

MILDRED CRAM

IRVIN S. COBB

SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS OF THE NATION!



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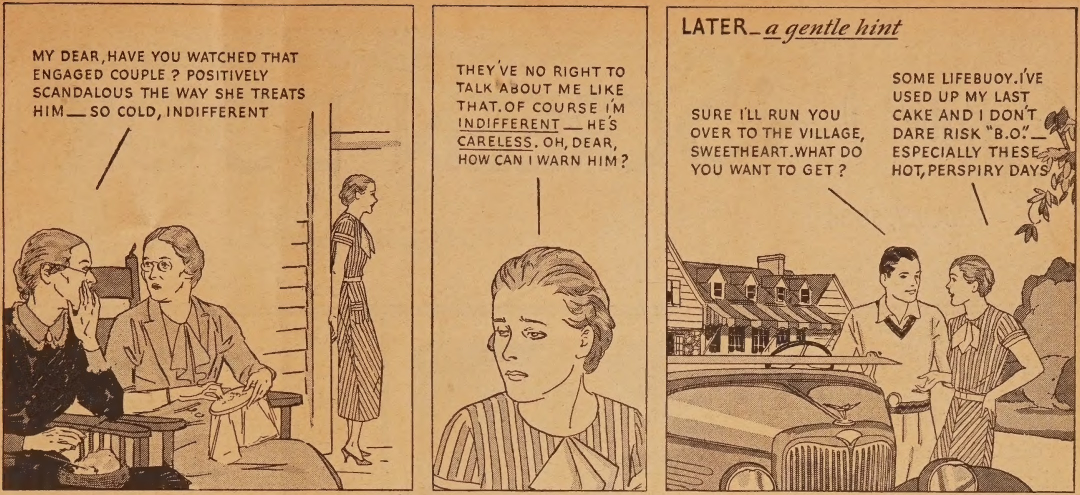
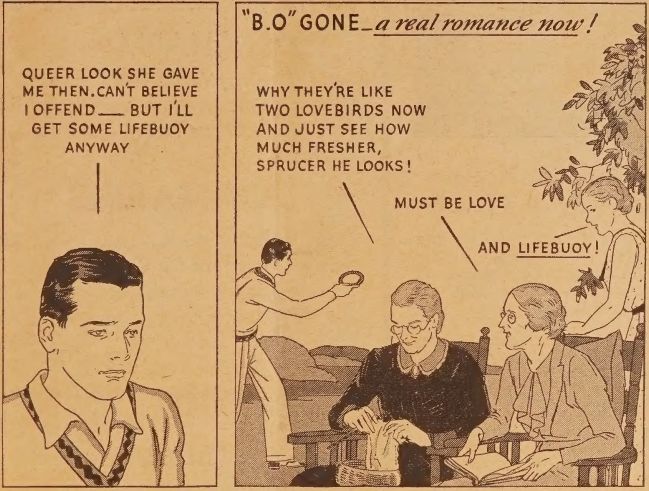
with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcumb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER


MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT
THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM?
LATER — a gentle hint
SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET?
SOME LIFEBUOY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS


QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY ANYWAY
"B.O" GONE — a real romance now!
WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS!
MUST BE LOVE
AND LIFEBUOY!

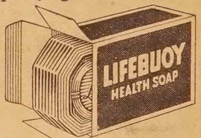
SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBUOY — SO REFRESHING!

LIFEBUOY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and *purifies* pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your *mind's* at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

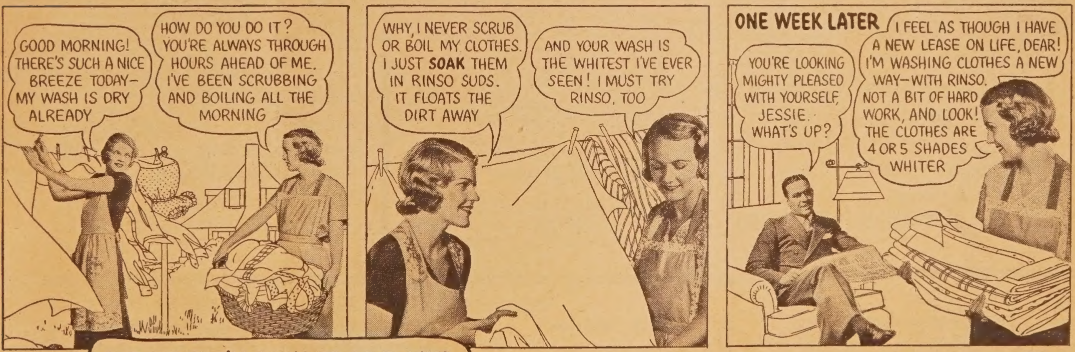
Complexions need its mildness

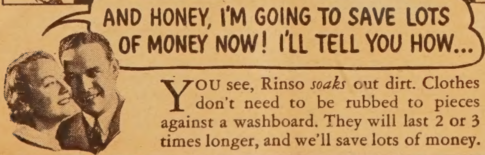
Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather. Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT...


GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY
HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING
WHY, I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS. IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY
AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO
ONE WEEK LATER
YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?
I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER


AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...

YOU see, Rinso *soaks* out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for *all* cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — *even in hardest water.* Try Rinso!

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JULY, 1934

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The Katharine Hepburn "Mystery" Is a Fake!

- Read the one truly intimate story of Hepburn's private life in August SCREEN BOOK. A finer story about this great star has never been written.
- Other great features in the August issue are—COSMO HAMILTON'S story of George Arliss, who may soon be knighted by the King of England. Mr. Hamilton, a famous novelist and short story writer, is SCREEN BOOK'S latest addition to an imposing list of distinguished contributors.
- NINA WILCOX PUTMAN offers a distinctly new view of marital life in Hollywood in "Ex Husband's Make Best Husbands!"
- EMILY POST, speaking through Nanette Kutner, brings her famed words of wisdom on social matters to SCREEN BOOK readers in "Mind Your Movie Manners."
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If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

Handclaps and Hisses

What did you think of Robert Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in *Riptide?* SCREEN BOOK wants opinions from readers on this much-disputed picture

Your answer to Leslie Howard's letter on page 15 may win a cash prize!

$15.00 Letter

Merely Random Remarks

OVER-RATED pictures: *Riptide, Men in White* (if Gable looks like a surgeon, I'm Tarzan), all musical comedies. Good comedian who needs publicity: Norman Foster. I prefer: Jean Parker's sweetness to that of Janet Gaynor. Handsome man who can't act: Barry Norton. Favorite comedian: Bob Montgomery (and he can be serious too!) Best all-star picture: *Dinner at Eight.* Unfortunate, ditto: *Night Flight.* I would like to see: *Forsyte Saga,* with Diana Wynyard as "Irene."—**Mary Clymonts, 334 Baker Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.**

$10.00 Letter

Love On $25 A Week

MY HUSBAND and I would appreciate it if you would loan us your shoulder to storm upon. For some months we have been harassed by numerous pictures which contain this plot! Young couple marry on $30 a week and though they struggle valiantly run into debt for no apparent reason—and thence into trouble. Such rot! We are a young couple with a weekly wage of $25. We have a cute apartment, eat like horses, have a lot of fun and are *not* in debt. Tell that to producers who have forgotten just how well such an income could be managed.—**Mrs. Robert Smith, 1843 N. Argyle Ave., Hollywood, Calif.**

$5.00 Letter

Indignation In Oklahoma

AS A self-appointed member of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of Oklahoma I extend to all people connected with the motion picture industry a cordial invitation to visit our fair state. Oklahoma has suffered a number of unfair jibes in recent pictures, particularly, *Dinner at Eight,* which contained the lines, "He smells Oklahoma!" Really, we're quite civilized down here—have even removed the feathers from our hair. Oklahoma City is one of the smartest metropolises in the Southwest. Our daughters attend finishing schools, and would you believe it?—we even wear the latest shades in nail polish. Come down and look us over! We promise not to scalp you or smear oil on your Sunday shirt.—**Mrs. William Davis, Box 56, Canton, Oklahoma.**

WIN A PRIZE!

Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters received from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of tie, and the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

$1.00 Letter

Ideal American Boy

IF I HAD a son I would know of no better way of imparting ideals to him than by having him see some of the pictures in which Tom Brown has appeared, notably, *Tom Brown of Culver, Three Cornered Moon* and *This Side of Heaven.* There is so much sincerity in this boy's portrayals that it is to be hoped that he will continue to play rôles that prove such an inspiration to youth in these troublesome times. — **Emily Richards, 4598 Glen Albyn Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.**

$1.00 Letter

Answer It If You Can

SALLY RAND threw off her clothes and was hired. Lee Tracy threw his off and was fired. Is this a case of a man biting a dog, or is it simply Hollywood? — **Joseph Greenberger, 1598 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.**

$1.00 Letter

A Fan's Pet Hates

EIGHT things I dislike about eight people: Lilian Harvey's affectedness. Charles Laughton's studied mannerisms. Mae West's phoney sex appeal. Fredric March's Barrymoreism. William Gargan's coyness. Dolores Del Rio's stream-lined accent. George Raft's

ADORABLE MADCAP
OF WHEELER AND WOOLSEY COMEDIES

Dorothy Lee

FINDS THAT BREAD HELPS HER KEEP "ON HER TOES"

With her enchanting elfin grace, and blithe charm, Dorothy Lee is dancing her way to stardom. She's "*on her toes*" . . . alert, twinkling with vivacity, radiant. Bread helps her keep the pace . . . as she explains in this letter to Betty Crocker, expert on meal planning.

Dear Betty Crocker:

I'm sure no one could succeed in film work without plenty of vitality. We have to do our best and look our best for long hours at a time. I've always been told bread is an excellent food for energy. I like bread--all kinds--and eat it three times a day.

Dorothy Lee

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Free! This fascinating new book . . . "*Vitality* Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." Clever new menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make tempting, well balanced meals. Intriguing sandwiches, canapés, hors d'oeuvres, soup and salad accompaniments. New uses for the delicious breads and other baked wheat products baked for you fresh, every day, in appetizing variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

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OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

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Handclaps and Hisses

Alice Faye, whose next rôle is in "She Learned About Sailors," is much disturbed about the deluge of gossip that arises every time she "steps out" in Hollywood, thus bringing up the question of whether or not a star is hindered in her career by malicious whisperings. Do you judge your favorites by their private lives or on the strength of their screen performances alone? Write your answer to "Handclaps and Hisses"

● Due to the many hundreds of letters received nominating screen newcomers for the title of *SCREEN BOOK's Baby Star for 1934*, judges have not been able to complete their selection of the winner. Watch for the announcement of the winning award, together with a beautiful portrait of the honored starlet in August SCREEN BOOK.—The Editors

$1.00 Letter

Tracy, Newspaper Mug

AN APOLOGY to Walter Winchell—and an orchid to Lee Tracy. In my estimation, Mr. Tracy is the only actor who has consistently portrayed newspaper rôles with an assured air of accuracy and certainty. Mr. Tracy deserves unlimited credit for his work in *I'll Tell the World.* Probably no movie subject has been more synthetically portrayed than that of the newspaper reporter, yet the acting skill of Lee Tracy adds naturalness and authenticity to any journalistic picture in which he appears. —**Emory Ward, R. F. D. No. 7, Box 268, Toledo, Ohio.**

For You, Rudy!

THIS is my first attempt at writing a letter to a screen magazine but I feel that I must pen in my insufficient way praise for Rudy Vallée, whose performance in *Scandals* deserves all of Winchell's orchids and more. Mr. Vallée has been and is what is properly termed "a wow" on the air, but to the present time his screen work has not been a success due mainly to the fact that he has been given poor material to work with. Now, however, Vallée is conquering the screen with his excellent singing, acting and comedy performance in *Scandals.* What an entertainer, and what a showman!—**N. Comer, 906 E. Henry St., Savannah, Ga.**

superiority complex. Otto Kruger's insipid suaveness.—**Lee De Blanc, 213 St. Peter, New Iberia, La.**

$1.00 Letter

Don't Blame The Babies!

"WHY Stars Shy at Motherhood," appearing in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK, *would* be written by a man! Blame everything on the poor little babies! To the short memory and changing taste of their Dear Public and to the vast number of stars-in-the-making, ready and waiting to take their places, can be attributed all failures to "come back." It seems sad but true that if a successful star makes too many pictures in a short length of time we tire of them, and if they step out for a rest we forget them. The writer has yet to prove to me that any of the stars he uses as illustration lost fame or fortune because of their yearning for motherhood.—**Mrs. C. O. Still, Florence, S. C.**

$1.00 Letter

Boosting Margaret Sullavan

WHERE did the little Sullavan girl, Margaret, come from and when can we see her again? She won my heart in *Only Yesterday* with her rare charm. She certainly does know how to strike a sympathetic note. We hope she's here to stay.—**Mrs. George Wheelis, Jr., 402 Forest Ave., Shreveport, La.** (Margaret Sullavan's new picture is *Little Man, What Now?*—Ed.)

$1.00 Letter

In Defense Of Katy

WHY don't they let Katharine Hepburn alone? The avalanche of criticism that has fallen upon her because she is brave enough not to allow society to dictate to her makes success seem more like a nightmare than something for which to strive. Stop expecting people of unusual abilities to act like "one of us."—**Lillian Rolof, 1467 East 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

"The undersigned agrees to the terms of said contract - etc - etc -"

Shirley Temple is not at all baffled by the big words in her contract. Do you think that being a child actress will harm her future?

HERE'S YOUR BLUE RIBBON

SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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EXTRA **Hollywood Lowdown** NEWS

★★ JULY, 1934 ★★

Brent *and* Chatterton *at* War

Hepburn's Divorce Reaps Harvest of Amusing "Inside" Stories

In true Garbo-like manner, Katharine Hepburn stole away to Yucatan, Mexico, to divorce husband Ludlow Ogden Smith on the grounds of "deep disagreement as to life," and returned in a shower of headlines to continue her game of hide and seek with reporters. The following are the "real" reasons for her divorce. You can take your choice with the probability that any and all may be wrong — (1) That Katy wants to wed Leland Hayward, play agent, as soon as he is divorced, if ever. (2) That Katy wed her husband after a disappointing love affair and that their marriage couldn't last because they were never in love. (3) That Mr. Smith, tired of being just Hepburn's husband, had insisted on the divorce. (4) That Katy and her husband still love each other but that divorce is the price they had to pay for Fame. For a change, your reporter likes Number Three, which is as good as any since the Ex Mrs. Ludlow Ogden Smith isn't talking.

England's Favorite

Meet Robert Donat!

Screen Newcomer Excites Hollywood

Not since the sensational overnight rise of Clark Gable has Hollywood been so impressed with a new actor as with Robert Donat, just arrived to play the leading rôle in *The Count of Monte Cristo.* Donat won his chance at a try for success in American films as a result of his fine work in *Henry the VIII,* a British made film, and was rushed here as soon as he could complete his London contracts.

Although almost completely unknown in America, he is one of England's greatest favorites and a close personal friend of both George Arliss and Diana Wynyard, with whom he has played abroad.

Studio officials say that Robert Donat, tall, handsome and just twenty-seven years of age, gives promise of becoming a star in record time.

Sh-h-h! Garbo Has Brand New Romance

Once more Greta Garbo is playing hide-and-seek with newspaper headlines.

Rouben Mamoulian seems to be definitely out of the running. But there seems to be a mystery man, who has taken his place.

Greta is continually appearing at *different* odd places, alone except for her trusty negro chauffeur, and a blue coupe has been seen again and again in the same vicinity.

Detective-minded keepers of auto camps, hotels and recreation resorts from San Francisco to San Diego, and the Pacific shore line to the Arizona border have reported seeing both cars—but never together. And Greta has been pretty definitely recognized at a number of mountain resorts from 100 to 350 miles from Los Angeles.

Watch the current headlines. If something about Greta and the Mr. X. in the blue coupe hasn't appeared by the time this reaches print, it may "break" any time thereafter!

They Still Battle

—*Wide World*

Ex Mr. and Mrs. Brent

Harold Lloyd Won't Let His Son Act

"Too young for the camera." Such was the verdict passed by Harold Lloyd when the suggestion was made to have his three year old son, Harold, Jr., play the part of the actor as a child in *Cat's Paw.*

Nothing Fake Here

An advance scene from *Sequoia,* reveals a thrilling episode in which an actor was suddenly attacked by an enraged mountain lion. Luckily the man escaped alive

Divorce Fails to End Marital Strife

Ruth Chatterton is to remarry Ralph Forbes. George Brent's ruthless ambition caused the Brent-Chatterton divorce. Too much Ralph Forbes in the Brent-Chatterton married life, like too much mother-in-law in others, caused the rift. Brent is headed for stellar heights now that he is free of the handicap of being "Mr. Chatterton." Brent, without Ruth, will do a quick nose-dive—

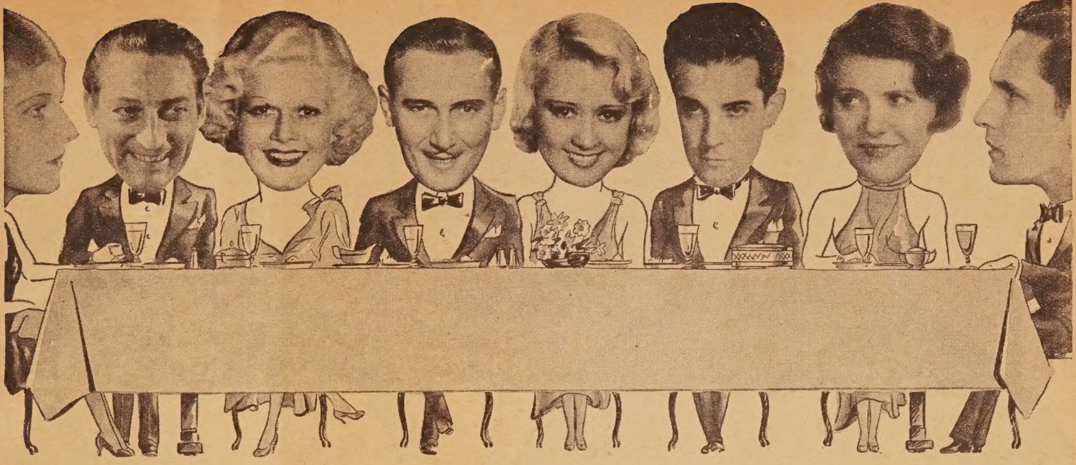
And so it goes, everywhere in Hollywood, even this long after the Brent-Chatterton divorce. No recent marital trouble has caused such heated argument from mere onlookers within the Film Colony, and never before, except in the case of the Pickford-Fairbanks separation, has the excitement lasted so long. The dispute has divided Hollywood into two heated, argument-armed camps, and the three people most concerned, George Brent, Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, are calmest about it.

Brent's own statement makes it apparent that he feels he will succeed better on the screen without Ruth. Inference is strong in his statements—read it there if you will!—that he believes he would have gone farther in pictures if he had not married the star opposite whom he first appeared as a relatively-unknown leading man. Ruth meanwhile is politely saying nothing, and Forbes shrugs and demands: "What can one say? I'm out of it."

Some of Ruth's friends, however, are saying plenty. They point out the fact that Brent was brought into pictures originally when Clark Gable's success had created a demand for men who even remotely resembled the dynamic newcomer. Brent would not have lasted long in films, they opine, if Ruth had not believed in him and helped him. So what shall the rest of us think?

Reward!

The editors will pay $10.00 for the best last lines for movie limericks. See page 64.



Like having dinner with THESE HOLLYWOOD NOTABLES!

The finest chefs in the world strive to outdo themselves when they're serving such famous stars as Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March and Jean Harlow; But the dishes these stars love best are the ones that anyone can prepare. But what a meal you'd enjoy—fit for a king!—if you served a dinner to meet the tastes of these eight stars shown above! You could do it easily—and you can delight your friends by serving these culinary creations of Hollywood.

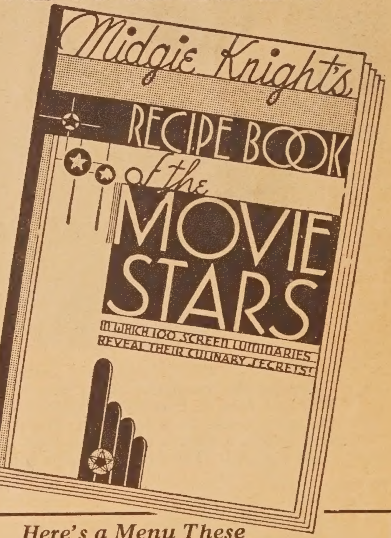
Enjoy Their Favorite Dishes!

MIDGIE KNIGHT'S HOLLYWOOD COOKBOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO PREPARE THEM ALL

From Joan Blondell's famous recipe for onion soup—which is the ideal way to start a perfect meal—to Warren William's favorite mousse freeze—they're all here. 100 of the finest recipes ever assembled; and they've passed the test of Hollywood's most exacting palates.

Yet Midgie Knight has made every one of these tempting dishes so marvellously easy to prepare! You'll make your everlasting reputation as an artist among cooks, when you serve your friends Lobster a la Granada with Bebe Daniels' recipe; they'll wonder how you learned those famous French salad secrets when your salads are garnished with the racy delight of Ann Harding's Hollywood Salad dressing. Yet anybody can make them, with Midgie Knight's cookbook as a guide.

Send today for Midgie Knight's new handbook of fine eating—it's a special edition for Screen Book, Screen Play, Hollywood, True Confessions, Radioland, readers—and it's only 25 cents a copy, for a group of priceless recipes. Write for it now—send either stamps or coin; and don't delay, for the edition is limited.


Midgie Knight's
RECIPE BOOK
of the
MOVIE STARS
IN WHICH 100 SCREEN LUMINARIES
REVEAL THEIR CULINARY SECRETS!

Here's a Menu These Stars Would Recommend

Ruth Chatterton: Orange-Grape Cocktail
Joan Blondell: Onion Soup
Fredric March: Roast Ham with Cider Sauce
Paul Lukas: Devilled Tomatoes
Warren William: Mousse Freeze
Ramon Novarro: Asparagus Italian Style
Jean Harlow: Hot Rolls
Ann Harding: Hollywood Salad Dressing

100 RECIPES OF FAVORITE STARS 25c
Star's Picture With Each Recipe
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
531 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c ( ) coin—( ) stamps—for which please send me, by return mail, Midgie Knight's Recipe Book of The Movie Stars.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....State ....

100 RECIPES OF FAVORITE STARS 25c

Star's Picture With Each Recipe

PHOTO-NEWS

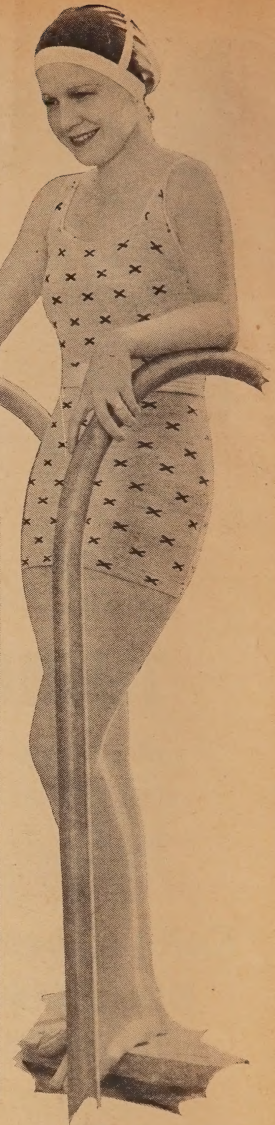
The camera reveals the latest activities of celebrities in and out of Hollywood

—*John Miehle*

Following the completion of her newest picture, *Sing and Like It,* Pert Kelton hiked away to a mountain resort for a long rest. She is shown here urging a camera closeup on Pete, her shy St. Bernard. The two are always together

—*Elmer Fryer*

A new beauty to rave about! Piquant Diane Bourget, recently signed by Warner Brothers, starts on her climb to stardom in *Dames,* in which she appears with Ruby Keeler



Ann Harding swims daily in her pool, before reporting to the studio for work in *The Life of Vergie Winters*

An attack of laryngitis strikes down Dorothy Dell

Gloria Swanson on her recent personal appearance tour

Janet Gaynor enjoys a vacation at Palm Springs

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., in a scene from *Exit Don Juan*

Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel wed in Atlantic City

Hollywood Briefs

—Wide World

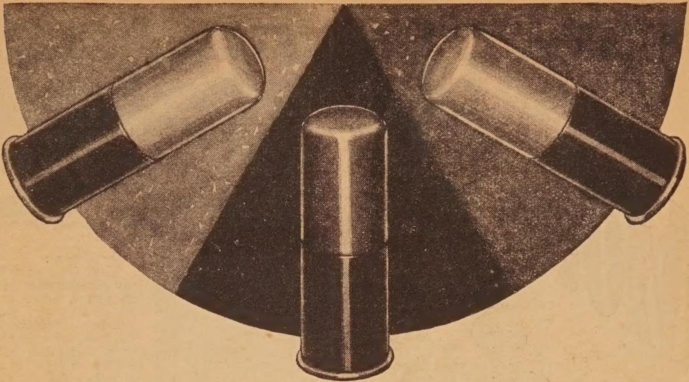
Lina Basquette, wife of Teddy Hayes, former trainer of Jack Dempsey, and their obviously brand-new baby, Edward

Parting of the Ways: Gloria Swanson planning to x out Michael Farmer . . . Mrs. Angela Raisch Bennett is not only mad at Joan, Connie and Barbara's dad, but terribly *hurt*. Divorce menu discussed but not served . . . Curtains for Katharine Alexander and William A. Brady Jr., Ken Murray and Charlotte Doncourt, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Katharine Hepburn and Ludlow Smith . . . Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson . . . Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, starred in what is probably's the world's most friendly divorce . . . Beatrice Kirkwood gives gate to James Kirkwood, and Laura La Plante divorces Wm. A. Seiter, director.

Baby Shoes: A girl to the Merion C. Coopers (Dorothy Jordan) . . . Pending, at the Arthur Jarrett's (Eleanor Holm) —a water baby, no doubt . . . A boy to the Teddy Hayes' (see above) . . . ditto to the Robert Kenastons (Billie Dove) . . . Joan Blondell and George Barnes are knitting.

Orange Blossoms: George Jessel and Norma Talmadge in New York, before the ink was dry on her Mexican divorce from Joseph Schenck . . . Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, just as the boat pulled out for Honolulu . . . Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright . . . Hal "Hoofer" LeRoy and Ruth Dodd, in Rochelle Park, N. J. . . . Grant Withers and Gladys Joyce Walsh, Cleveland socialite . . . Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, scenarist.

Moviana: $200,000 home of Mary Astor's parents sold at auction for $21,500; Mary's fan mail still jumping . . . Dick Powell organized a Pistol Club. What's all the shooting about . . . Mae West buys $13,500 armorplate car as result of mystery story . . . Dick Powell asks Warner Bros. to abrogate clause in his contract forbidding him to marry in 1934 —meaning—???



Spend 10¢ and
receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value

to acquaint you with the marvelous

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*

▲

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. F.-7,
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station. New York City

Please send me.........lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose..........¢ and..........LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

Motorists!

take some

KLEENEX

along

DRIVING along a dusty road. Dirt on the windshield. No clean cloth to wipe it away . . . Perspiration covering your face. No soft, soothing, clean towel to relieve you . . . A hasty picnic lunch. No napkins . . . The children with colds. Handkerchiefs soiled and irritating.

Kleenex is the ideal first aid in every one of those emergencies. It's even been used by motorists to clean spark plugs; to wipe the oil-measuring rod; to protect hands when checking wiring or carburetor; to protect clothing when changing a tire. Invaluable! And now only 18c the box.

Cheaper, of course, than laundering handkerchiefs, towels, napkins. Always handy—that is, IF you keep a box in the car whenever you go out.

If you forget it, just stop en route. All drug, dry goods and department stores have Kleenex.

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

ARE CLEAN...SANITARY

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

★S★T★A★R★ Letters

Jack Oakie

Dear Editor:

The only reason I take my stenographer in hand to pun a letter to you is that they said I couldn't. Who? Why, the gang of smart alecs in what we call "Dressing Room Row" at Paramount — the gang who claim I can't play golf because I shot 109 the other day. Those mugs are always picking on me.

Yeah, that's them—Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen and Gary Cooper. And now they bet me that I can't crash SCREEN BOOK. Saw me having my picture taken reading a copy and nearly laughed their heads off. Said I couldn't read, so why not hold the book upside down, and dumb cracks like that. So I bet I could get something printed in your mag.

If I had time, Mister Editor, I'd write you an article. Or a poem. I write swell poems. But I haven't any time. I gotta practice my golf strokes and take that bird Crosby some day. Thinks he's champion of the movies. Ya-a-ah!

So you print this letter, and I collect me bet. Read this and weep, you palookas—and pay me!

Indignantly, JACK OAKIE.

Ralph Bellamy

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

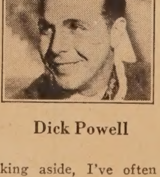
I'd like to hurl a few verbal bricks at Dr. Louis E. Bisch, who tossed bricks at my profession in "The Stars Don't Know How to Act," an article which appeared in last month's issue of SCREEN BOOK.

The worthy doctor's argument is a fine example of sound logic built on a false premise. It stands or falls on his assumption that all acting which is not *stage* acting is not good acting. In bygone days there was only one kind of acting, because there was only one major vehicle for an actor's expression—the stage. Today we have another kind of acting because there is another vehicle in the screen. Screen acting and stage acting differ because the nature of their instruments of expression differ. Acting is expressed for the screen through one technique—for the stage through another.

It is as unfair to say that Katharine Hepburn is not a good actress because the screen rather than the stage is her *forte,* as to say that the great violinist, Heifitz, is not a good musician because he cannot compare with Rachmaninoff as a pianist!

True, a few fine Thespians have been able to master both stage and screen techniques and alternate between the two mediums—not, as the doctor says, because the screen tempts with money and the stage offers artistic salvation, but for the same reason that I enjoy both golf and tennis. And maybe, like the musician who can play every instrument in the orchestra from the bass drum to the piccolo, they get a kick out of their versatility.

With best regards to both Dr. Bisch and yourself, I am Cordially, RALPH BELLAMY.



Dick Powell

Dear Editor:

One of the best of many fine things you've done is providing this sort of outlet for us "temperamental movie people." But are we really temperamental? I plead "not guilty," and call for witness my good man Ellis, who runs my household for me, attends to my fan mail and is my confidant and very good friend. Ever so often Ellis flatters me by telling me I've a very *good* disposition! Joking aside, I've often wondered what our fans would do (in the way of temperamental displays) if things such as this happened to them on one of those rare, coveted "days off." I think I have a holiday. I get ready to play polo, not because I'd rather spend a holiday that way (other things such as attractive luncheon dates tempt me!) but because it will be good for the Powell condition. I struggle on with uniform and boots—I would get the kind that are hard to get on!—when "Ting-a-ling" goes the 'phone, and a coaxing voice from the studio publicity department asks me to come right on over and pose *in photographs* with some important visitors. I try to wiggle out, but no go. I give up my free day. I pose. I go to luncheon with the visitors, answer all sorts of questions, and finally am allowed (late in the afternoon) to go my way.

Don't get me wrong. I appreciate the honor BUT such things play heck with a fellow's day off—. So there, Mr. Editor, I've got that off my chest! (Hope you won't hold this against me if *you* happen to come along and be one of the distinguished visitors for whom I am called upon to do the honors.)

Sincerely,

DICK POWELL.

Bruce Cabot

Dear Editor:

Here's a chance for me to say that I am so grateful for the friends who have been so wonderful to Adrienne and me through some very difficult months. Now life is all so different—the snarls have been unravelled and we are both wonderfully happy.

I felt I was in a tough spot—for a while—but the fans have been wonderfully understanding and it makes a fellow feel—"Well, I've had many friends who are cheering for me and I must make good."

I've learned that no actor can stand alone. He is very dependent on the press, the directors and his fellow players, to say nothing of the cameramen and a host of others who do their bit toward putting a fellow over. We never get a chance to express ourselves to some of those who do so much for us. I hope some of those who have done much toward helping me make good in pictures will read this so they will know that I really appreciate all who have made a career possible for me.

With best wishes, BRUCE CABOT.

Warren William

Dear Editor:

May I take this opportunity to thank you for throwing open your pages to the motion picture actor so they may have a word to say for themselves, in their own way.

For a long time I have been anxious to tell my fans that I do not choose the stories for my pictures. The choice of stories is up to Warner Bros. When I am handed a part, naturally, I do the best I can with it and throw myself wholeheartedly into the work of portraying whatever the character calls for—but I know just how the fans feel when they pay their good money for a picture which they do not enjoy.

Playing Caesar in *Cleopatra* under C. B. De Mille's direction has been quite a change from a long siege of modern parts and I have enjoyed the experience thoroughly. At first I felt a bit ill at ease in the flowing garments of those old Roman days but after working for a few days in the magnificent atmosphere called for by the story I found myself falling under the spell of the romance and beauty of the time.

It will be interesting to see how modern audiences react to this particular version of the life of one of history's most fascinating women.

Sincerely yours,

WARREN WILLIAM.

Dear Editor:

Are people really interested in the sort of thing usually written about Hollywood personalities? I am on the verge of retiring into my shell where publicity is concerned, excepting of course the necessary stories directly concerned with my pictures, because I am beginning to wonder if the constant flood of intimate details published about one's private-life doings, hobbies and eccentricities does not detract from the illusion an actor strives to create. The illusion, I mean, that he is the character he is enacting in a particular film.

Leslie Howard

Perhaps you, through your readers, are in a position to throw some light on the subject. I am very much interested in the reaction of your readers upon this subject.

Sincerely,
LESLIE HOWARD.

Dear Mr. Brennon:

(*Winner of the Mae West Letter Contest*)

Thanks for the bright future you predict for me.

Your letter was frank and severe, but that is the way I like my criticism.

Mae West

I hope you won't think my present picture trite. It is called *It Ain't No Sin*, and I must confess that pre-war corsets are much in evidence. Go to see it anyway and I know you'll get that spontaneous chuckle you mentioned.

Write me again sometime.

Cordially,
MAE WEST.

Ann Sothern

Dear Editor:

Don't let anyone tell you that it isn't hard work — motion picture acting, I mean. Once I thought so, too, but remember I also used to believe in Santa Claus!

In the fall of 1933 I came to Hollywood from New York, determined to see some of California's world-famous beauty spots, such as Yosemite, the Big Trees, and many others, as soon as I had finished my first picture, *Let's Fall in Love.*

Do you know what happened? I went to work on *Melody in Spring* next, then began racing back and forth between Columbia and Paramount studios getting my wardrobe for *The Party's Over.* Two days after that picture ended, I went on location for *The Hell Cat.*

So you see the parts of California I've been able to admire to date are those between my little apartment and two studios, which form a cozy little triangle in the heart of Hollywood.

Anyhow, it's a great life. I love it and am happy and grateful to be busy.

Sincerely,
ANN SOTHERN.

Dear Editor:

This is my first marriage, and I know you wish me happiness. I do hope my friends all over the world will also give me a sweet thought. I always said, "Me, marry — no — no," but when I met Mr. Ames, I realized what love meant.

Raquel Torres

I am going on with my film work, with the understanding that if it ever interferes in our happiness, Stephen comes first, and I stop work. My first thought will be my home and him, and I am sure my fans would wish it this way. We are very happy and are looking forward to our honeymoon in Honolulu, and when we return, we shall live in Hollywood.

RAQUEL TORRES.

The "Mr. Ames" referred to in Raquel's letter is Adrienne Ames' ex-husband.

"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

"Peg's engagement is broken!"

EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just *half a minute!*

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—*after* you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *immediately.*

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor *without* preventing the perspiration itself. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

If I could only find *bob pins* *which can't be seen*

You can, LADY, you can!
. . . Just use HOLD-BOBS

The new HOLD-BOBS are quite inconspicuous in your hair . . . thanks to the new harmonizing colors, which match all shades of hair—Brunette, Brown, Auburn, Blonde and Gray or Platinum Blonde.

TRY HOLD-BOBS AT OUR EXPENSE

Fill out the coupon — check your shade and send for your gift card NOW—and prove how easy HOLD-BOBS slide in; how fast they hold; how inconspicuous they are. Only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; non-scratching points; and flexible tapered legs, one side crimped to hold fast.

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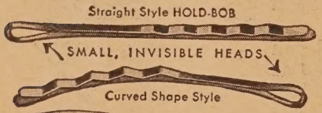

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. F-74, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair *exactly*. Please send me a *free* sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name..
Address..
City..State..
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Win a Personal Check from Joan Crawford!

See Joan Crawford in her newest screen hit, *Sadie McKee*. Then try for a cash prize with a letter which expresses your opinion of her

How to Compete in this Fascinating Contest

WRITE in 200 words or less your opinion of Joan Crawford, telling frankly in your own language just what you think of Joan's personality and her pictures, suggesting if you wish ways in which she may improve her screen work. Your contribution may be written on typewriter or in longhand. Write exactly what you think, and remember that literary merit is not considered. The first prize winner's article will be published in September SCREEN BOOK and Miss Crawford will send personal checks promptly to the first six winning contestants. Send your entry today to *The Contest Editor*, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. Read the rules carefully.

THE RULES: Entries must be received before midnight of July 1, 1934. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. No entries will be returned. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All readers of SCREEN BOOK with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, or their relatives, are eligible to compete. Because of the great number of entries, SCREEN BOOK cannot enter into correspondence concerning the letters of individual contestants.

The Prizes

First $50.00
Second . . . 25.00
Third 10.00
Fourth, fifth, and sixth prizes . 5.00
Seventh to fifteenth prizes, autographed pictures of Joan Crawford.

◆

Watch for the announcement of Joan Blondell contest winners in August SCREEN BOOK.

Gary Cooper Gives $100 in Prizes to—

1st Prize — $50.00: Mrs. Harriet Weeks, Willow Drive, Little Silver, N. J. 2nd Prize—$25.00: Louise Rose Devon, 5049 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 3rd Prize—$10.00: Lillian N. Lees, 38 Milk St., Fall River, Mass. 4th, 5th and 6th Prizes—$5.00 each: Raymond Whetstone, 441 West Pitt St., Bedford, Pa.; Anna E. Johnson, 1540 Shelby St., Youngstown, Ohio; Joy O'Hara, Box 343 Santa Rosa, Calif.

My Opinion of Gary Cooper

By Mrs. Harriet Weeks

THE foreign invasion of stars seems less formidable when one contemplates Gary Cooper. He is a personification of native qualities—and after seeing great quantities of dash and verve and versatility exude from some of our importations, this is a relief—rather like stepping from a blatant cabaret into a peaceful valley. Consequently we turn to him when we tire of flashier performances.

Because Gary Cooper seems very much of our own country, I think he should be seen in familiar, native settings. "The Virginian" and "One Sunday Afternoon" were ideal, but in "Design for Living" he was a misfit. Somehow, he isn't grist for Ernest Lubitsch's directorial mill. Skillfully, beautifully, Mr. Lubitsch moulds Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins—but not Gary Cooper. There is something about him that doesn't shine in a drawingroom. He belongs in the Foreign Legion or in the stirring life of Virginia. So strong are the qualities in him that make this true that elsewhere he seems a puppet, active but unfeeling.

Other Prize Winners on Page 80

SKINNY?

PUT ON 5 to 15 POUNDS *Quick* —NEW EASY WAY

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

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YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY ONCE CALLED ME **SKINNY**

Posed by professional models

Speaking of PICTURES

By the
Cinema Stooge

Wesley Barry: "I'm thinking he'll be the first child actor ever to repeat the sensational success of more tender years"

Mary Jo Matthews: "Strike me dead if I didn't see her in *Twentieth Century*, with John Barrymore"

STOP US IF WE'RE WRONG!

Name	Age
Joan Bennett	23
Nancy Carroll	27
Bebe Daniels	32
Marion Davies	34
Helen Hayes	31
Jeanette MacDonald	27
Colleen Moore	32
May Robson	66
Genevieve Tobin	32
Diana Wynyard	27
Maurice Chevalier	44
Ronald Colman	42
Gary Cooper	33
Richard Dix	38
John Gilbert	36
Leslie Howard	40
Fredric March	37
Robert Montgomery	30
Will Rogers	55
Lee Tracy	35

On May 28th, Baby LeRoy was exactly two years and sixteen days old. He should have grey hairs by now!

Karl Dane: "The old Norse pride, stubborn and unyielding, kept him from revealing to his friends the extremity of his distress!"

Shirley Temple: "I'd like to see Garbo or Hepburn match such a demonstration!"

A Special Delivery Letter from the Stooge to His Boss

DEAR CHIEF:

IF YOU insist on sitting around the set of *It Ain't No Sin* and staring at Mae West all day the only thing I can do to keep you in touch with the outside world is to write you fan letters. I'd advise you not to come back to the office until the storm blows over. In that Walter Winchell article last month we printed a lot of "real" ages of movies stars and some of the lovely ladies have their hair down about it. I told them to go argue with the World Almanac—and because I don't care what happens to you I'm revealing what that handy volume has to say about birthdates of a few more stars. Take a look at the list on this page—and let me hear from you while you're in Greece.

MAYBE SCREEN BOOK hasn't something to brag about now! Remember when we pointed out some Broadway gals who ought to be in the movies a couple of issues back? Well, Hope Minor has been signed by Warner Brothers, and at the moment Universal is wooing Mary Ellen Brown, who is ready to make the leap from the *Follies* to Hollywood.

YOU asked me to find out how come Karl Dane's friends allowed him to become so poverty stricken that he committed suicide? I did. There was hardly a soul who knew of his whereabouts until news of his death came. Dane hadn't worked more than a few days since his rôle in *The Big House*, but the old Norse pride, stubborn and unyielding, kept him from revealing to his friends the extremity of his distress.

I'M STILL daffy about little Shirley Temple who was such a hit in *Stand Up and Cheer*. I attended the preview of that picture the other day, and after Shirley finished her dance the audience broke out in wild applause. I'd like to see Garbo or Hepburn match such a demonstration!

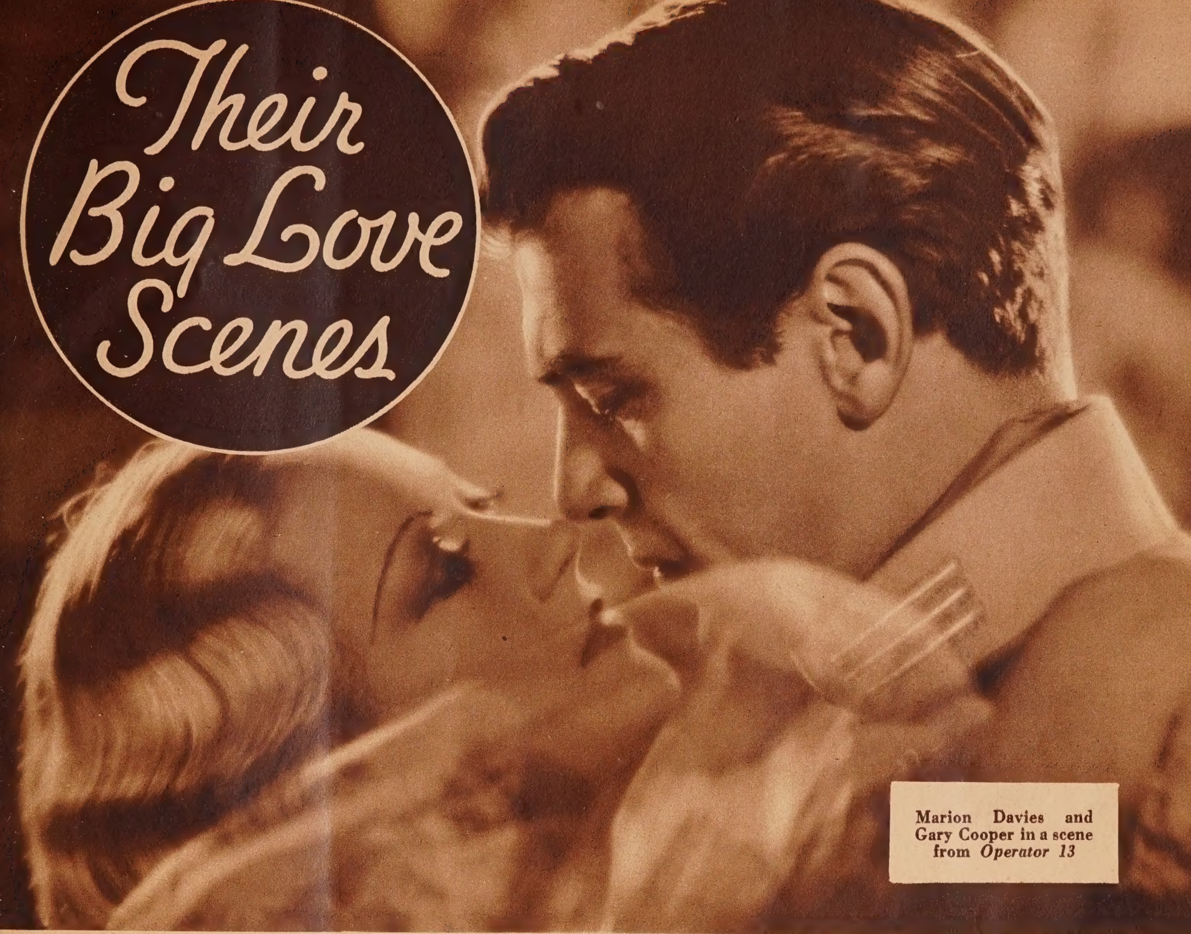
GENE RAYMOND and I tried to eat scrambled eggs at Childs one morning about three o'clock recently but were licked by the autograph hounds. One young lady weaved her way across to our table and burped, "I'm sh'posed to get this napkin autographed by some blonde guy over here—where is he and who is he?" What makes people like that?

REMEMBER the night we went floating around Greenwich Village on the crest of an Old Taylor tidal wave when we were in New York last summer? Remember the beautiful girl who sang ditties we simply swooned over in Sam Schwartz's place? Well, strike me dead if I didn't see her in *Twentieth Century*, with John Barrymore. I investigated and discovered that only shortly after we saw her that night she got a job in the chorus of *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, and from there leaped to Hollywood. Mary Jo Matthews steps fast!

THAT so lovely auburn-haired Pat Patrick, who introduces her new column in this issue of SCREEN BOOK, told me an interesting story. It seems that during a Richard Bennett stage play part of the performance called for Dick to take a cigar out of a box which stood on the table. Bennett reached into the box and discovered that a careless stage hand had neglected to place the stogies there. So he turned to the audience and exclaimed, "Now wait, you're going to get your money's worth. There are supposed to be cigars in this box and I'm going to see that they are there." He called a stagehand to the wings and after berating him soundly put the cigars in their proper place. Turning to his leading lady, he said, "Now, my dear, what were our lines?" The girl was so convulsed that she could hardly go on.

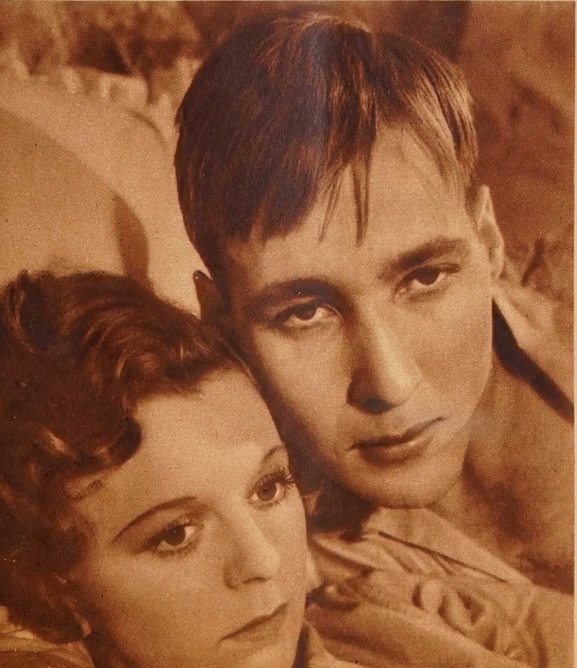
[*Continued on page* 58]

Their Big Love Scenes

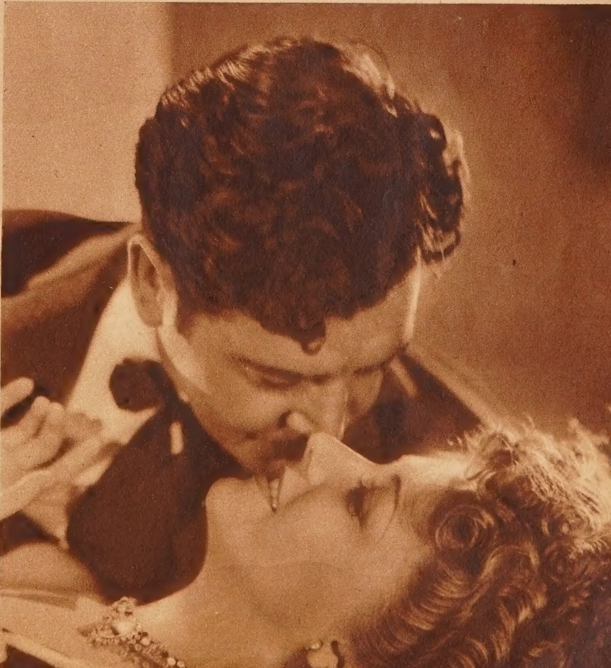


Marion Davies and Gary Cooper in a scene from *Operator 13*

Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in *Little Man, What Now!*



Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in *Stingaree*



Back to civilization again! After months as the pagan lassie in filming *Tarzan and His Mate*, Maureen O'Sullivan poses for her first private life portrait
—*Ball*

Veree Teasdale and Dorothy Tree as they appear in "Madame DuBarry"

SCREEN BOOK

JULY, 1934

"Public Enemies" of Hollywood

We asked a writer to tell the truth. Read the startling result!

By
Samuel
Richard Mook

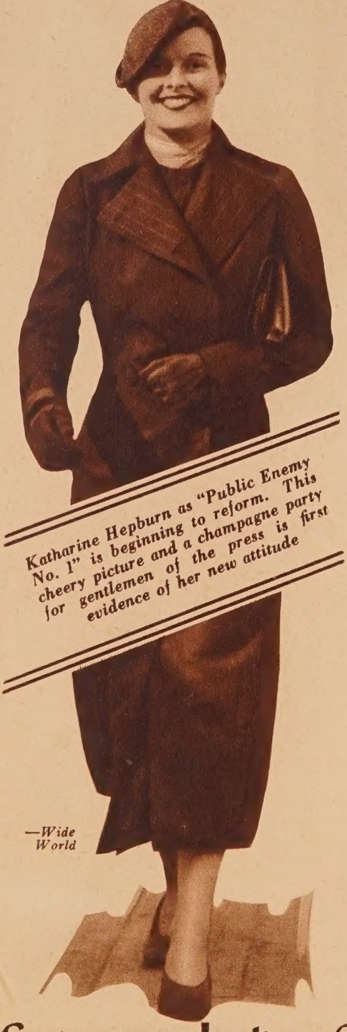
IN THIS shifting panorama of the world that is Hollywood, not only do the faces of the mighty change with startling frequency, but their attitudes towards the people who help to make them famous undergo surprising metamorphoses.

When people first land in Hollywood they look forward to interviews and portrait sittings as one of the indications that they have "arrived." Yet, no sooner are they really established than interviews become a bore and portrait sittings a nuisance and almost impossible to get.

Katharine Hepburn is a shining example of the about-face they do and what happens to them afterwards. When she first came into pictures anybody could see her and nearly everybody did. So far as I can learn I was about the only one who didn't and, I hasten to add, the fact that I didn't was only because I didn't want to. I've never met the lady so there is nothing personal in anything I write.

No sooner was she firmly established than she began insulting writers, refusing to grant interviews and doing anything else she could think of that would set her apart.

I'm not saying that had she made herself more popular with the fourth estate her play in New York would have received glowing notices. It was a weak play and Hepburn was not happily cast. But I'll always believe that had she been a favorite of the critics the notices would have been tempered and she would have avoided the unmerciful panning she got.



Katharine Hepburn as "Public Enemy No. 1" is beginning to reform. This cheery picture and a champagne party for gentlemen of the press is first evidence of her new attitude

—Wide World

For a time Hepburn persisted in her "no interview" rule until it became evident that her attitude was producing very damaging results. Thus it happened that on her return from Europe she greeted newspapermen cordially, even to the extent of inviting them to her cabin for champagne—a gesture that promptly brought a deluge of compliments from the very gentlemen of the press who had been hating her via their respective newspapers.

Constance Bennett is another who has suffered on account of her attitude towards the press. The cracks at her have been taken largely by people who never met her—who dislike her detached manner on the screen. I happen to be one of her intimate friends and, in the early days, I used to take considerable punishment from my fellow writers who kidded me unmercifully about my taste in friends. But I have never introduced a writer to her who hasn't come away from the meeting completely subjugated by her friendliness.

Only last month a rather pointed article about her appeared in a magazine. It was written by some one who, ostensibly, doesn't know her and who, apparently, was unable to see her. If the writer had been able to get an interview with her I am sure a vastly different and infinitely more complimentary article would have appeared.

DIETRICH is still another example of what can happen to stars who antagonize writers. When she first arrived in Hollywood anyone could see her

They All Reform Sooner or Later—*This Story Tells Why!*

"Constance Bennett is another who has suffered on account of her attitude towards the press. Cracks at her have been taken largely by people who never met her"

"When I hear of an actor becoming condescending about interviews I have to laugh!"

"The eulogies to the charm of Maurice which you read on every hand a few years ago are neither so glowing nor so frequent as they might be—and once were"

and most of those who did—away from Von Sternberg's chaperonage—were charmed by her. But as soon as she was established it became well-nigh impossible to get an appointment with her.

When you wanted a story the theme had to be submitted to her first and it was almost a foregone conclusion she would not like it—no matter what it was. If you sent word to her that you would write on any subject she chose, her answer invariably was, "Why should I bother thinking up something for them to write about?"

Had she maintained the friendly relationship with writers she first established, her erstwhile craze for men's attire would have been publicized in a manner that would at least have kept her from appearing as the rather ridiculous spectacle she made of herself. It seems to me that gesture on her part was a last dying gasp for publicity without having to acknowledge she had erred in the policy she established.

Maurice Chevalier, too, has made himself heartily disliked on several occasions to his cost. The eulogies to the charm of Maurice which you read on every hand a few years ago are neither so glowing nor so frequent as they might be—and once were—before he became a "public enemy."

Look at Janet Gaynor. A few years ago all you read of her was how sweet and girlish she was. Then she began pulling a Garbo. Nowadays it's easier to get an audience with the Pope than with Gaynor. And on those rare occasions when she does consent to see the press it is with the understanding that she is not to be quoted—on any subject.

"A few years ago you read how sweet and girlish she was. Then she began pulling a Garbo"

WRITERS may put down their impressions of her but she must see what they're written before it is sent in. And, furthermore, if she doesn't like what they've written it must be changed.

The result is that where formerly writers had nothing but good to say of her, they're all taking slaps at her now and public opinion concerning Miss Gaynor is undergoing sharp and unflattering reversal.

Take Joan Crawford as a contrary example. Joan has been publicized as a vital sort of person. There are no halfway measures about anything she does. When she was a hey-hey girl she was *the* hey-hey girl of the colony. When she had passed that phase and become domesticated, she was *the* most domesticated woman in Hollywood. Her hook rugs and needlework were legends out here while she was married.

When she was ready to separate she called in a writer from every magazine and newspaper and told them what was what. That she was ill-advised on several points is beside the question. Her intentions were good and that is why there was little resentment towards her among the press. She tried to play ball with the people who had played ball with her and hers is probably the only separation on record that was arranged to coincide with a magazine's deadline.

I know several writers whom she heartily dislikes—but *they* never know it and Joan has [*Continued on page 77*]

The Mystery of Myrna Loy

By
Mildred Cram

A famous author's shrewd analysis of Myrna Loy, the girl who has a design for luring

TO MOST of you, Myrna Loy is a lovely legend, a mysterious creature who has always appeared to you in black and white, a talking shadow projected elusively upon a square of light. I, at least, have seen her; I know that she is *real*. That her eyes are green. Her hair tawny. Her famous freckles invisible. Her smile slow and deliberately enigmatic.

But that is all I *do* know—except what I have doped out for myself from watching her on the screen, for lo these many years. However, the veil of mystery is slowly lifting—perhaps reading this will tell you why.

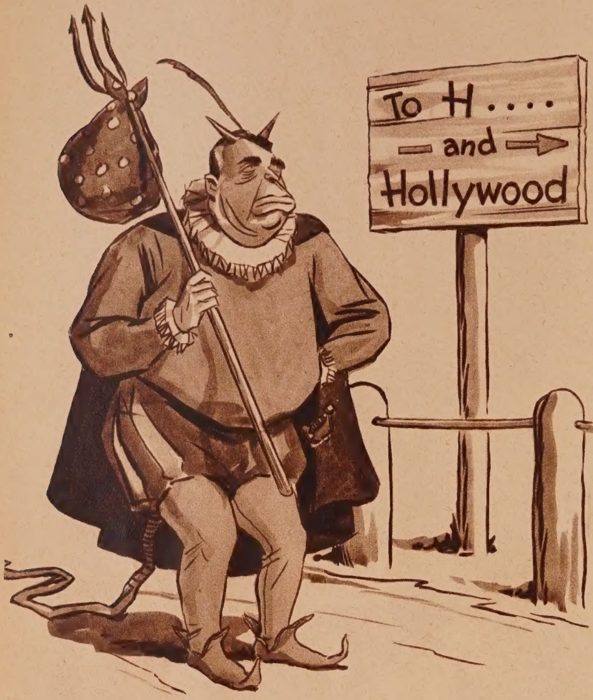
When I first began to notice Myrna Loy, the strange, Oriental slant of her eyes, her name and the parts she played led me—credulous soul that I am—to believe that she must be a half-caste, an Eurasian. The mystery of the East, you know . . . the tragedy of mixed bloods. A beautiful social outcast, lovely but branded. Her face was an inscrutable mask. You couldn't guess what went on behind that heart-shaped disguise. Her press-agents, realizing this talent of Loy's for mystery, broadcast the usual nonsense. She was, they claimed, born in the Far East. She was half-Chinese, half-English. Daughter of a Manchu princess and a diplomat. . . . I may not be strictly correct; perhaps they *didn't* say this, but I believed it. I *wanted* to believe it!

Myrna Loy became the personification of all the Oriental temptresses of history and legend. She was the woman for whom good men and true sold their souls. She was the evil one—the slinky, slant-eyed, pale-handed, insidious siren. Whenever a screen play faded into an Oriental scene, we knew that Myrna Loy was in the wings, her eyes inscrutable, her smile infinitely subtle and tempting. The sound of a tom-tom, offstage, evoked the image of our favorite opium-eater, our pet, particular hate, our big enthusiasm, Myrna Loy.

Then, one day, we found ourselves analyzing (a habit of ours) this screen personality. It occurred to us that she had a great talent for being feminine. She had learned the First Lesson in the Book of Love. She knew how to look, and how—oh, Lord, *how*—to listen! She was mysterious, yes, but behind the baffling evasion of her slow smile there was a sense of humor, and behind the purposeful enigma of her eyes, there was a very real human being. A clever girl, playing a part. [*Continued on page* 64]

Are Movie Makers

A world famous author musters his big guns in defense of the much maligned motion picture producers



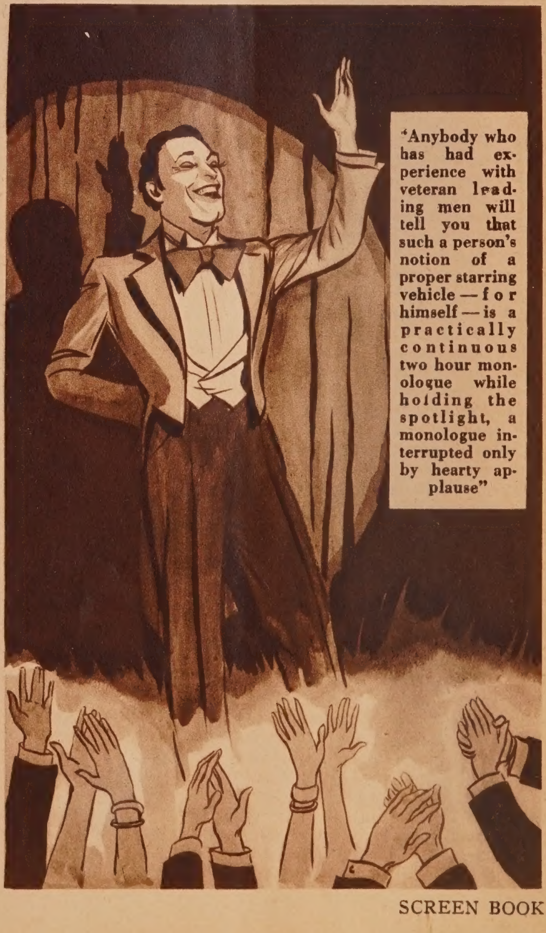
"I haven't been to Hollywood lately. For my sins I expect to go there shortly"

ABOUT once in so often, or even oftener than that, some author returns from Hollywood, flush with ready money and so full of indignation that he looks overstuffed, and proceeds to tell a waiting world what an awful gang of mammalia the motion picture producers are.

Only the other day I was reading the strangled screams of a home-bound author who couldn't wait until he got home to turn the machine-gun of his righteous wrath on his recent employers. Between trains, he gave out an interview—gave it out through all his pores, I rather inferred—in which he likened these unutterable creatures to certain fabulous monsters, such, specifically, as harpies and werewolves. Far be it from me to slander one of my own kind, but since he went mythological, perhaps I may be pardoned for following his example to the extent of saying that his attitude rather strikingly reminded me of one end of a centaur. (Parties enclosing stamps for reply, will be informed by return mail, which end.)

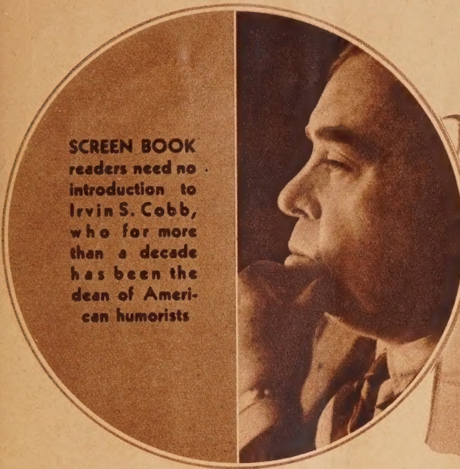
He had taken the pay of those fellows out there, hadn't he? From what I gathered, it was good pay—as good pay as he could have hoped to earn had he stayed right on here in the East where literary folks are so well-treated by everybody that from time to time one of them commits suicide. So then what? If, having lavished their ill-gotten mazuma upon him, these California ignoramuses failed to acknowledge his genius or worship his brain-children or use the brilliant product which they had bought, the eternal loss, the vain regrets would be theirs, not? They couldn't mangle his work, by his own telling, since they hadn't taken any of it. They couldn't misinterpret his inspired suggestions because they had rejected those which he offered them. They hadn't drained his creative reservoirs, seeing that in their sinful pride they didn't even know how to tap him. And he had their money in his jeans and still and yet and nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, he called them names which none of them would recognize if ever they met 'em in the big road. If you ask me, the blood-sucking shoe seemed to be on the other foot.

I HAVEN'T been to Hollywood lately. For my sins I expect to go there shortly. Perhaps when I return I may sing, with a hey niddy-noddy or a fol-de-rol-day or whatever is proper

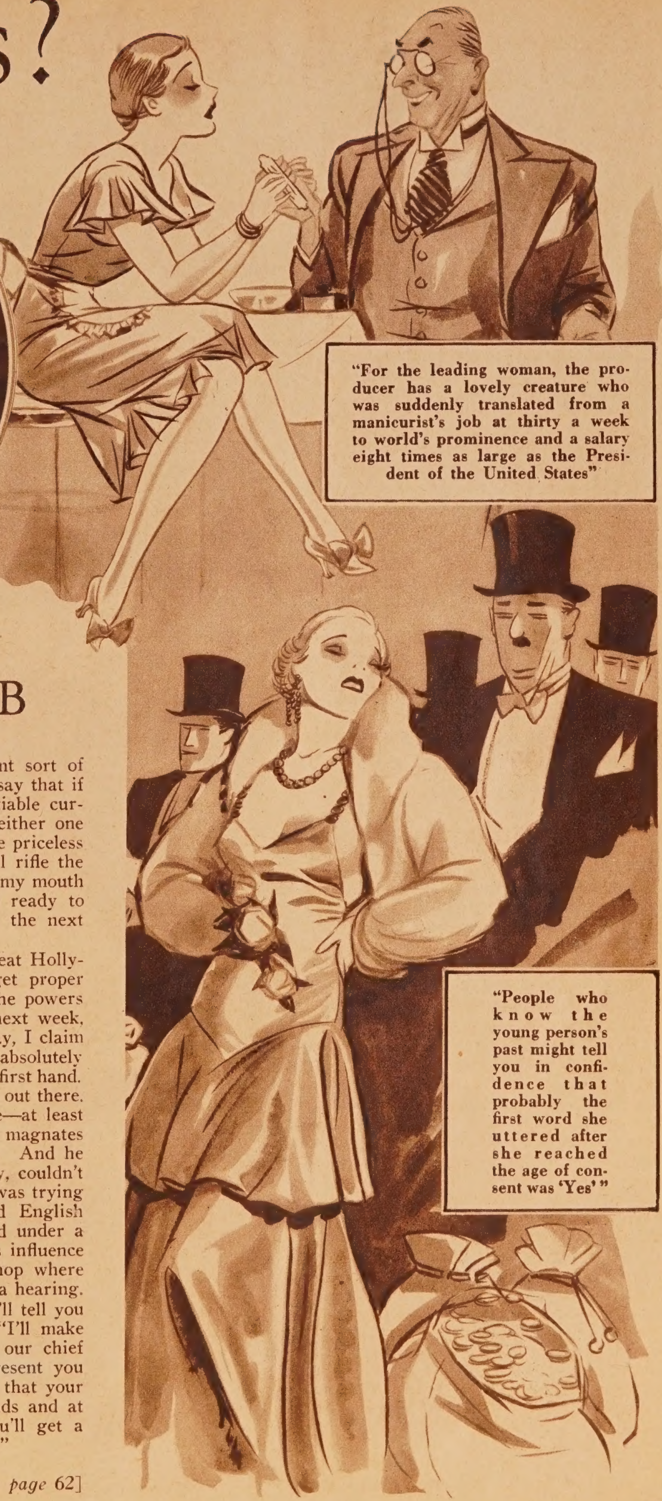


"Anybody who has had experience with veteran leading men will tell you that such a person's notion of a proper starring vehicle — for himself — is a practically continuous two hour monologue while holding the spotlight, a monologue interrupted only by hearty applause"

Morons?



SCREEN BOOK readers need no introduction to Irvin S. Cobb, who for more than a decade has been the dean of American humorists



"For the leading woman, the producer has a lovely creature who was suddenly translated from a manicurist's job at thirty a week to world's prominence and a salary eight times as large as the President of the United States"

"People who know the young person's past might tell you in confidence that probably the first word she uttered after she reached the age of consent was 'Yes'"

By
IRVIN S. COBB

to sing with under the circumstances, a different sort of song; but at this moment may I be permitted to say that if those mad studio bosses amply pay me in negotiable currency for my deathless prose, my peerless plot, either one or both, and then are so besotted as to throw these priceless treasures in the ashcan, I'm inclined to think I'll rifle the ashcan as soon as they turn their heads and keep my mouth shut and come back rejoicing and get set and ready to sell those babies the same stuff all over again, the next time they sign a contract with me.

Anyhow, I am informed that in at least one great Hollywood plant, writers are at last beginning to get proper consideration from the powers that be; that is, the powers that be at this moment; probably by this time next week, they'll be the powers that were. Be that as it may, I claim the proof of what I state is found in a story—an absolutely vouched-for story which came to me practically at first hand.

It seems there was an English free-lance writer out there. He was a good craftsman but not a famous one—at least not famous on the Coast. In fact, none of the magnates knew him sufficiently well to mispronounce him. And he couldn't get an audience with anyone in authority, couldn't get anybody to so much as look at the stories he was trying to peddle. Finally he went to a distinguished English novelist who was spending a year in Hollywood under a handsome retaining fee, and besought the latter's influence with the high mucky-mucks of the particular shop where the novelist was established. All he wanted was a hearing.

The compatriot inclined a sympathetic ear. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said to his fellow-Britisher. "I'll make an appointment for you to see Mr. So-and-So, our chief editorial supervisor, tomorrow morning. I'll present you to him. I'll guarantee to get from him a pledge that your offerings shall have prompt attention at his hands and at the hands of his staff of readers, and that you'll get a decision one way or the other within a fortnight."

All of which came to pass.

At the end of ten days, the [*Continued on page* 62]

DAMES Who Made Me What I Am TODAY

Mae West Interviewed by Eric L. Ergenbright

Diamond Lil and Du Barry are sisters under the skin-game, and as long as it's a man's world, women will have to work their sex appeal overtime

It Ain't No Sin, **according to Mae West, who isn't the first girl who got her man by saying "Commup 'n' see me sometime!"**

"MADAME DU BARRY?" Diamond Lil paused, reflected and then smiled that slow, tantalizing smile.

"My favorite dame!" quoth she with emphasis. "There's a gal who had everything—everything in France, at least. For instance, she had Looie the Fifteenth, the big period furniture man, simply cah-razee about her!

"And there was Cleo—a snake-charmer who muffed her act! And Catherine the Great. . . . Katie had the biggest standing army in the world—standing just outside her boudoir doors.

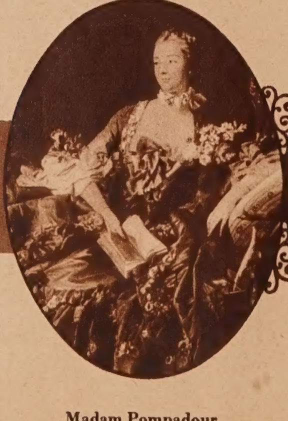
"Oh, I've known lots of glamorous dames!" said Diamond Lil.

MAE WEST has an uncanny knack of sliding in and out of character. An unsuspecting interviewer asks Mae a serious question—and Diamond Lil replies with Rabalaisian wit. Delighted, the interviewer addresses Lil—and Mae takes up the conversation. It's disconcerting! But so's everything else about the West.

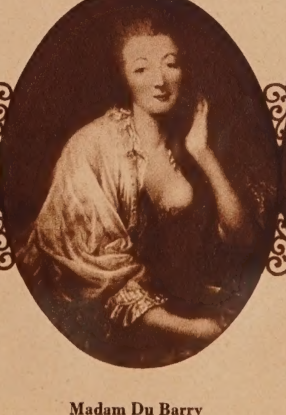
"For years," said Mae, "I've been collecting the biographies and the autobiographies of history's most famous women, both queens and courtesans. My library has become my hobby. I not only read it, but I seldom travel without lugging it along.

"The lives of the Du Barrys, the Catherines and the Montespans are fascinating. They may have been greedy for power and just a little unscrupulous about their methods of getting it—but they lived, dearie, they *lived!* They were ladies of courage—they did what they wanted to do, and if the end of the road was the executioner's chopping block, at least they never whined.

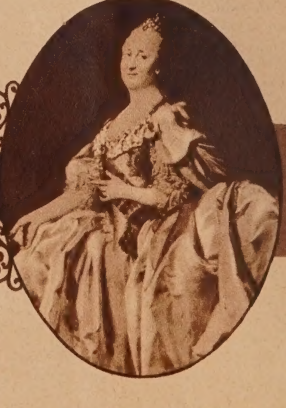
"To a certain extent, I suppose, I've modeled my stage and screen characters after my favorite ladies of history. You may contend that there's not much relationship between a 'Diamond Lil' and a king's mistress. But there is—and a very close relationship! They're sisters under the skin-game, if you know what I mean. La Pompadour and Lola Montez made men their stepping stones to power, wealth and fame. Diamond Lil used men to make herself a queen in her own surroundings and to harvest the jewels her greed demanded. Both Pompadour and Lil knew from first-hand experience that sex-appeal, [*Continued on page* 60]



Madam Pompadour

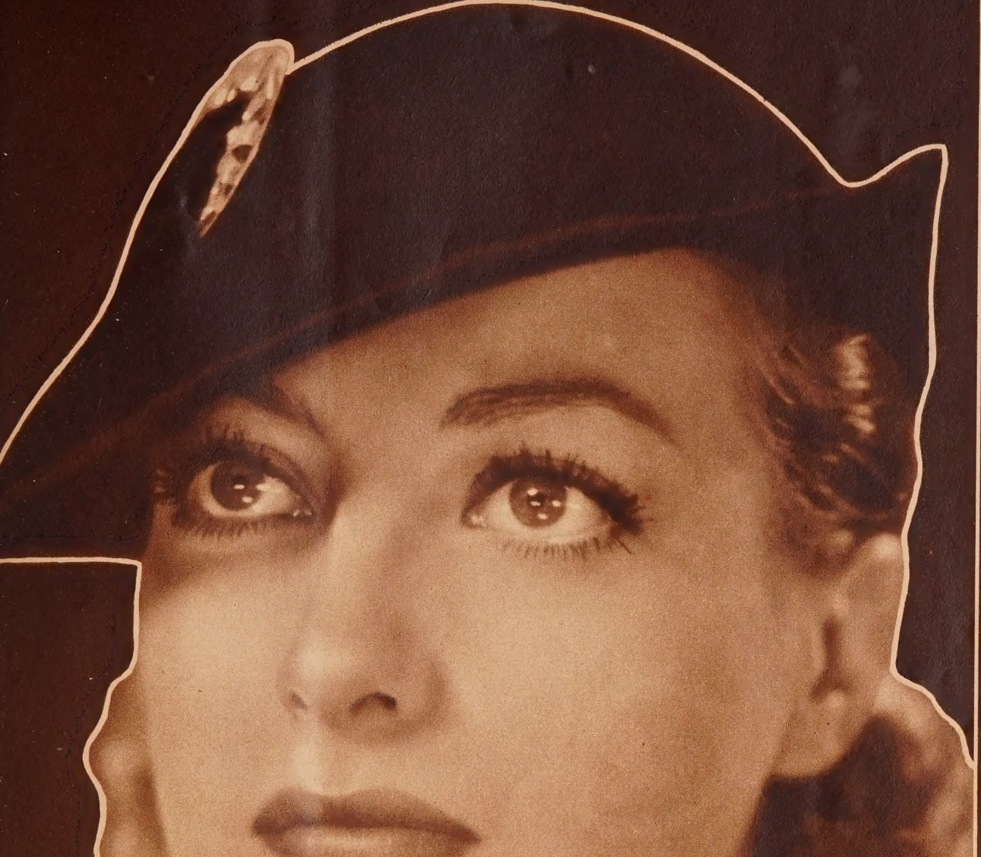


Madam Du Barry



Catherine the Great

STARS as they FACE the CAMERA



SADIE WAS A LADY

Joan Crawford looks into the camera as Sadie McKee, the girl who captivated three men with her wide, wise eyes. Actor, lawyer, drunkard, which does she choose? We wouldn't tell you for a big red apple

White bathing suits are devastating enough under any circumstances. But when you see one with that lovely youngster Jean Parker inside of it, you might as well just give up. Her next picture is *Sequoia*

Hey! Stop ogling this picture long enough to be told that Joan Blondell's next picture is *He Was Her Man*—and no wonder. Oh, for a little grass shack in Kali-ka-lulu-you-know, or anywhere with Joan as long as she's all decked out in Hawaiian glamour

A pair of smoothies teamed together in pictures guaranteed to pick you up as efficiently as a couple of quick ones before dinner—Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in *Manhattan Melodrama* and *The Thin Man*

We've heard of giving somebody the cold shoulder, but that's another story. This one concerns John Mack Brown, ex-football player from the University of Alabama, who plays without a headgear in *It Ain't No Sin*, against Mae West. There's them as say retakes on this scene went on for four hours!!!

CLEOPATRA Couldn't Shock HOLLYWOOD!

By Jack Smalley

CLEOPATRA, heiress of the Ptolemys and the Pharaohs, daughter of the Sun and Queen of all Egypt, lifted the jeweled goblet. Her mind was filled with misgivings; her nerves were on edge. If she quaffed too deeply, *that darned gown would split!*

She knew it, because the cloth-of-gold sheathed her like a snake's skin. Mr. DeMille liked 'em that way in his pictures. He sat there by the camera, the lights glimmering on his tanned bald scalp, nodding and smiling with satisfaction. But how he would scowl if she burst her dress in the middle of a "take."

"Turning," warned the sound man. The camera interlocked, the man at the microphone boom muttered cabalystic numbers. Cleopatra turned her great brown eyes on me and whispered tragically, "It surely will split when I sit down!"

But it didn't. The scene went off perfectly.

And I thought that Cleopatra, the temptress of the Nile, was probably Claudette's sister under the skin, confronted with the same human problems in her queenly affairs as a reigning star of Hollywood.

When her tiny reincarnation, Claudette Colbert, finished the shot and could relax and enjoy a cigarette, I asked her, "Suppose Cleopatra should arrive tomorrow on the Chief—do you think she would shock Hollywood?"

"Mercy, no!" Claudette laughed. "Not even Cleopatra could shock Hollywood. Do you know, I think she'd feel right at home here. Really. This warm, balmy climate is much like Alexandria. We women dress about the same—you can't wear much in warm countries."

"And as for her love affairs—?"

"We have love affairs just as tempestuous out here as that affair of Cleopatra and Marc Antony. Cleo really was a model of virtue; she married only twice—a piker, now, wasn't she? And she had no other lovers, so far as the history books show. Believe you me, if she had been promiscuous the Roman histories would have recorded them, for the Romans hated her and painted her as blackly as they could."

"But those Egyptian orgies—try to match those!"

"Well, Hollywood has tamed down a bit since the depression," smiled Claudette, "but I still maintain Cleo couldn't have surpassed Filmland in its palmy days. And as for shocking us—this picture business makes for too wide a tolerance of

"Cleopatra could put on a fine show when it came to seductive love-making—but she was no professional vamp"

Why should the Queen of the Nile shock the Celluloid City, wonders Claudette Colbert. She'd find a city whose climate and love affairs are as hot as Alexandria—and she wouldn't be the only siren there

The death scene from *Cleopatra*, showing Claudette Colbert intrepreting that famous fadeout

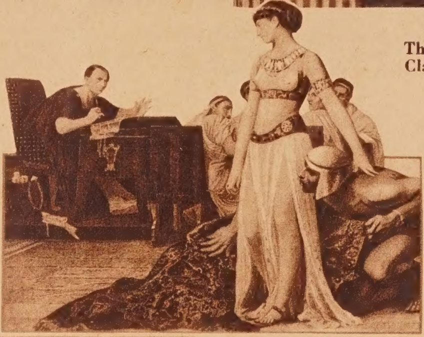
other peoples' manners and morals, brought by actors from every country, stirred and mixed into a hodge-podge that no longer is news. Everyone knows now that Hollywood isn't bad—we're too busy. But we *do* believe in 'live and let live.'"

Twenty centuries lay between Cleopatra and Claudette, yet here we were back in the shadow of the pyramids. Huge pillars surrounded us; the beautiful carven statue of a sacred dog provided an arm-rest; rich silks and brocades draped the couch, and on the glittering table sat a smoking dish with tiny reed birds spitted on ivory sticks.

Well, after all, had human nature changed so much? How now, Cleopatra, what thinkest thou?

"Of course it hasn't," grinned Claudette. "Didn't Caesar dunk his bread?"

That clinched it. If dunking can persist for some two thousand years, then there is still hope for humanity. If Cleopatra couldn't shock Hollywood, then neither could Caesar. We still like to dunk.



This is how one old master pictures Cleopatra in a conference with Julius Caesar, who looks as though he'd had a very unpleasant week-end

"So far, so good," says Cecil B. DeMille, as he and Claudette look over test strips of the previous day's work

It was fun to go on comparing other times with these. Claudette squirmed a little in her skin-tight dress, tucked her slender bare legs on the couch, and rested her chin on her palm.

"Did you hear about the time Cleopatra learned that the wife of Herod had a maid who was just simply too divine in the way she could dress hair? Cleopatra stole the maid from Mrs. Herod, and what a lot of back-fence bickering that caused! Well, isn't that just like a woman? If the banker's wife offers more money to the Jones' cook, she's certainly no better or no worse than Cleopatra.

"You know, I had always thought of Cleopatra as a wicked, slithery vamp. I understand Theda Bara played the rôle in silents, and I can imagine how it was staged, with the famous vamp writhing and snake-hipping it according to the popular fancy of the Serpent of the Nile.

"Actually, Cleopatra could put on a fine show when it came to seductive love-making, in order to impress that impressionable prize-fight hero, Marc Antony. But she was no professional vamp. After all, she had four children, and was terribly fond of them. You can't vamp all over the place with four kids underfoot!

"And I think it was no reflection on her morals to have married twice. She was terribly in love with Caesar, you know. There she was, a girl of nineteen, realizing that she must pit her wits against a middle-aged, unscrupulous Roman whose profligate nature was an open scandal. There are at least twenty divorce cases in which he figured—and that's something! She did fall head over heels in love with him. That trip she made up the Nile, on their honeymoon, is proof of it. No Hollywood queen would care to spend ten months poling a barge up a steaming hot river. Added to that, she was going to have a child. But she wanted to be with Caesar, and she stuck it out, while the

[*Continued on page 72*]

Snooping Around Studio Lots

Lighting Up Kay

Kay Francis summons up her best bedside manner as the lights are being set for a scene in *When Tomorrow Comes.* Think how the hospital business would boom if all doctors were as lovely as Kay!

Marian Makes Up

We never thought Marian Nixon was the "snooty" type until we glimpsed her on the set of *Embarrassing Moments,* busily arching her eyebrows

Monkey Business

Patricia Ellis captures a fugitive from the chain gang menagerie that is a part of Joe E. Brown's new picture, *The Circus Clown*

On Location

Democratic Marion Davies, decked out in her native garb for *Operator 13,* chats with an extra during a lull in shooting

Charlie Checks His Script

Charlie Farrell pauses on the Fox lot to brush up on his lines before stepping before the camera with Janet Gaynor in *Change of Heart*

HUSBAND NO. 1

Jack Kirkland, Nancy's first love, with their daughter, Patricia

HUSBAND NO. 2

Bolton Mallory, who wed Nancy Carroll after she became a star, and from whom she is now separated

HER NEWEST LOVE

Nancy's romance with Otto Kruger in *Springtime for Henry* is not real, but convincing

Three MEN *and* NANCY CARROLL

By Irene Thirer

NANCY CARROLL has learned important lessons from the men in her life. Two marriage failures have taught her that wifehood and stardom simply don't agree, and now there is another man in her life—a man who is not interested in her along romantic lines, but one who is helping her to regain the fame she lost so suddenly. That man is Otto Kruger with whom she appears in *Springtime for Henry,* and from whom she is regaining the precious talent for turning out an A number one job of acting.

To begin at the beginning—

It was in 1923 when Nancy met Jack Kirkland, a struggling but promising young newspaperman. She was a Winter Garden chorus girl then—inclined to plumpness, red-haired, blue-eyed, pretty as a picture in the baby-face type. For both of them it was love at first sight. They courted in a strange manner. Theater hours are bad but Jack's working schedule was even stranger. He was on what is called "lobster shift". He was due at work at two in the morning, and got through at ten o'clock. By that time Jack was tired out and ready for eight hours' sleep. Nancy had just about arisen from her beauty rest and was all set for matinee duty or a shopping tour. They met for dinner—Jack usually managed to be awake by that time.

After Nancy's show, they'd meet and romance over a sandwich and coffee at some not-too-expensive little joint. Money didn't run riot in those lean days! Often as not, Nancy would jump down to Jack's newspaper office and sit and watch the goings-on, while her boy-friend went about his copy-desk duties.

Well, and so they were married. Nancy quit the show. When Jack was offered a job as advance press agent for Tom Mix who was about to tour Europe with his horse, Tony, Nancy decided that the separation would be just too much for her. So she left Broadway and went to Paris with her husband. And during their sojourn abroad the event of a visit from Sir Stork loomed. I think that it was her unborn daughter [*Continued on page 71*]

In Nancy Carroll's whirlwind picture comeback there is no place for romance, unless it is in front of a movie camera

The Man Who Saved GARBO'S CAREER

How Dr. Arnold Genthe discovered for American producers the hidden genius of Garbo through the simple medium of his camera craftsmanship

By Greta Montebel

EAST 49th Street in New York . . . a small house . . . a photograph at one side of the door, the picture of a world-famous celebrity, and under it, an inscription, "Arnold Genthe."

Not so very long ago, Greta Garbo—then an unknown, simple young woman—entered through that same door. On reaching the studio of the great photographer, she told Doctor Genthe with a sad, resigned smile:

"I've come to say good-bye. . . . I don't think they want me here. They say I am a *type!*"

Dr. Arnold Genthe, a self portrait

Undoubtedly, she, then, looked with longing and admiration at the pictures of the "immortals" whom Doctor Genthe had photographed at one time or another. Once, had hoped to be among them—now she was definitely out—just a *type!* . . .

Today in that same studio, so full of atmosphere and personality, surrounded by pictures of immortals of the stage and screen, Doctor Genthe, the photographer of human souls as well as human features, talked of Greta Garbo whom he so deeply admires. And her lovely picture, presiding over that gallery of immortals, seemed to smile gratefully at the man who helped discover her!

"It was Mr. Mayer who, while in Europe, saw Miss Garbo playing in a Swedish film," says Doctor Genthe. "The picture had been directed by Mauritz Stiller. The great movie magnate thought that both the director and the actress offered a great chance for the American movies. He arranged that they should come to the United States, where their fate in American films would be definitely decided. All they were guaranteed was their traveling expenses. . . .

"Everybody knows how the officials who met the boat, felt about Miss Garbo. They nearly died when they first looked at the awkward Swedish girl. They couldn't see anything in her that might be of use in motion pictures. But their eyes, accustomed, American business-like, to judge only what appears on the surface, lacked the artist's ability of seeing beauty where it is not apparent to others.

"I knew Mr. Stiller from Europe, but not so Miss Garbo. My first meeting with her took place on the day of her arrival in America. It was the famous Swedish actress, the lovely Martha Hedman, who brought her into my studio that day—not a great treat, surely, for an actress' first day in New York—but she came, anyway. She was simple and youthful and charming. We chatted for a few moments—in German, naturally, for of English she knew as little as I of Swedish—and I showed her some of my pictures.

"'I would love to have you photograph me sometime,' she said simply.

"I smiled at her. 'Why *sometime?*' I inquired. 'Why not now? You are here and I am here—and my camera is ready!'

"'Oh, but I couldn't now!' she protested earnestly. 'Look at the dress I have on, and my hair—oh no, not now!'

"'But my dear!' I reassured her. 'I am not interested in a picture of your clothes, or your hair; I want to photograph *you*—your mind, your soul. I want to see what's in back of that lovely forehead and those unbelievable eyes!'

"She didn't argue any more, but quietly posed for me, while I took one picture after another. . . . I saw so many different personalities in her! I could see her soul—free, wild! I really don't think many people know the Greta Garbo I discovered in those pictures. Maybe it is that part of her very inner self which she shields so closely, which I was lucky enough to catch, unawares perhaps.

"MISS GARBO left my studio and I didn't see her again for a while. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took test after test—made innumerable pictures. Still, they couldn't *see* her! Mr. Stiller's career they investigated thoroughly. They decided right away that they needed him; but they didn't want Miss Garbo. She was just a *type,* they said.

"Eager to help this young woman in whom I personally saw such great beauty, I introduced her to another great movie magnate. She went to see him and he turned her down, too. Marie Sterner, then the wife of Albert Sterner, and today married to the famous English painter, Barnard Lintot, was present when this executive expressed his opinion.

"'She's no good,' he said. 'She's just a *type!*'

"Marie Sterner tried to convince him of his mistake; but to no avail. Years later, this same movie magnate would have given a fortune in order to obtain Miss Garbo—the same Garbo he had turned down before, saying she was useless!

"Mauritz Stiller refused to go to Hollywood unless Miss Garbo was also given a contract. Endless arguments ensued. Eager to obtain Mr. Stiller's services, the movie concern reconsidered Miss Garbo. But, hard as they tried, they could find nothing in the young woman which would justify their taking a chance on her.

[*Continued on page* 70]

THIS PORTRAIT—

—kept Garbo from sailing back to Sweden. Two other lovely studies appear on page 70

HOLLYWOOD

Two new favorites, Dorothy Dell and Shirley Temple, join hands to make a success of *Half Way Decent*, which stars Adolphe Menjou

DO YOU know what very famous feminine star (married) was so love-sick over a very famous director (recently divorced and married again) that he had to order her to cease writing "I love you" on his garage door with lipstick?

THAT Lupe! Any day now, she may be fighting a duel with the Countess di Frasso. It seems that Lupe, Adrienne Ames and Sandra Shaw overheard the countess make some remark Lupe thought derogatory to Gary, Sandra's husband and Lupe's former boy-friend. "You can't do that to *our* Gary!" Lupe is reported as shouting, and then to Sandra, "Can she, Sandra?" Anyway, they say Lupe wants the weapons to be Mexican bull whips, distance, ten feet.

NO, FOLKS, it isn't a George Brent-Jean Muir romance. Just a mutual interest these days that causes them to be seen together occasionally. The low-down is that both George and Jean are taking flying lessons, and patronize the airport handiest for both. It only takes some little thing like that to start Hollywood tongues wagging.

HA! WHAT did we tell you about Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres? Now it's Dick Powell in Ginger's life, and Dick, they say, wants all of Ginger's time. And gets it. Doesn't even want Ginger to *see* Lew, so that looks serious on Dick's part. As for how serious it is on Ginger's part—well, at this writing she's been obeying her new boy-friend implicitly.

WESLEY BARRY, that freckled-faced kid of the movies of a few years ago, is in Hollywood again to play in a number of pictures. He has lost most of his freckles, grown up, become handsome, and the other day celebrated his eighth wedding anniversary. How *tempus fugits* or whatever it does—now Wesley, who used to talk of growing up, is saying that Hollywood isn't going to bust up *his* married life!

A STATE-WIDE ballot of California school children in the fifth and eighth grades reveals the fact that their favorite movie stars are Mae West and Mickey Mouse. Mae got an overwhelming majority of votes from the boys, while Mickey Mouse cashed in on his popularity with both sexes. As a result of the masculine ballot, it's reported that all the little girls are practicing the art of saying "C'm up and see me sometime!"

THE girl we thought was Mae West the other day turned out to be that little blonde ingénue of the screen's silent days, Mary Miles Minter, who was once

The lurking camera steals a shot of debonair Mr. Menjou, enjoying a friendly chat with a friend just outside the sound stage

Tug-'o-war on the beach at Malibu with Elizabeth Young and Dorothy Wilson about to be dragged into the briny

FLASHES

paid $7,000 per week for her curls and giggles (which you couldn't hear, as the screen was then silent.) Mary has reduced to quite Westian proportions, and there's really quite a resemblance.

FILMTOWN observers have noted a tremendous increase in George Raft's popularity among the reigning movie belles. This sudden interest in him is somewhat a reversal of the situation that existed before Viriginia Pine came into the picture, Margery King's name was linked with his, and a hitherto nebulous wife leaped into clear focus with legal demands on George. All of which shows that in movieland, it pays to advertise!

WHILE Marlene Dietrich still speaks English with an accent, her daughter Maria Sieber in *The Scarlet Empress* spoke "American" without a trace of Teutonic gargling or flattening. Maria spoke German in ordinary conversation until she came to Hollywood a year or so ago, which makes her linguistic accomplishment quite a feat.

THEY do things right in Hollywood when it comes to engagement presents, as well as other things. The pre-nuptial trinket handed to Raquel Torres by Stephen Ames, ex-hubby of Adrienne Ames, was a brand-new, custom-built Rolls-Royce, an article that runs up into money.

[*Continued on page 78*]

Peggy Wood, a Hollywood newcomer who is to play opposite Will Rogers in *Merry Andrew*, is glad to bask in Hollywood's warm sunshine after a prolonged chill in dear old foggy London

Clara Lou Sheridan and Gwenllian Gill were the winnahs, but not without a struggle and two blisters apiece

Ever see a prettier girl? Her name is Maxine Loomis, and she has a twin sister, Virginia. You'll see her soon in Fox pictures

The One Star Who

Jean Harlow tells the philosophy of life which has helped her survive tragedy and escape petty entanglements in Hollywood

"I love the sun," says Jean. "I'd always rather walk than ride." Here she is walking to the sound stage after lunch

YOU know how Jean Harlow gets her men on the screen. This is going to be the story of how she got her interviewer!

When I was asked to question Jean on her philosophy as to the right way to live in the movie whirl, the editor instructed me, "Please give us a new slant on life in Hollywood from Jean, and don't send me the same old stuff." I am taking him at his word, which gives me an excuse to be extraordinarily unconventional.

To start at the beginning, I must identify myself as an unusual fellow. So far I've been the one interviewer who has *not* praised Jean Harlow! One of those indifferent types? Not at all. But somehow I just couldn't believe in Jean.

I have enjoyed her pictures, especially since she's revealed that sense of humor. But I couldn't reconcile the "headline" Harlow with the girl the writers persistently described a vamp whose personal affairs have been front-page material, yet whose mother calls her "Baby", a woman who is obviously a magnet for love, and yet ticketed "a regular girl" by her friends.

This being red-hot on celluloid and good clean fun in person annoyed me. I deliberately steered clear until, finally, I started thinking maybe I was wrong. After all, Jean Harlow has had more spectacular ups and downs than any other young star. She *must* have some successful philosophy to have bucked Hollywood so successfully. I went out to her home, I confess, in a Missouri frame of mind. I reassured myself that she couldn't fool *me*.

Smiling, her hand stretched forth for a firm, cordial handshake, she welcomed me—and I must report that she is as genuinely devastating "off" as "on." Her house is a white and gold setting for her platinum beauty.

To counteract the friendliness she radiated, I hurriedly turned on my most professional manner as I questioned her.

"The two hardest things I've had to learn in Hollywood," she said, "are how to smile, and how to talk about myself. I used to think I had the homeliest smile—and for that reason all my early portraits were glum affairs. Eventually, I practiced cheering up before my mirror, and now I can grin without feeling like a darn' fool!"

Was I melting at this good humor? I crossed my fingers!

"And then, about telling my thoughts. That was hard, too. One day a writer advised me that it would be infinitely easier all the way around if I'd speak up instead of forcing the poor interviewer to drag every detail out of me!"

I NEEDN'T have worried about "new stuff." Jean's opinions tripped forth and they proved as fresh and sparkling as her blue eyes.

"One important thing I've discovered about the right way to live here is the necessity for variety in one's life. There's a terrible chance of becoming a one-track soul. When you're acting for the movies, you're apt not to quit when you leave the studio. You continuously fret over a million problems.

"Everything from the way they lighted you in that last sequence to the kind of a gown you'll wear to a première can bother you. Your actions are so public that you have to be a jump ahead all the time. And that's why I've found it essential to seek outside interests.

"To be personal, I try to broaden my perspective by reading

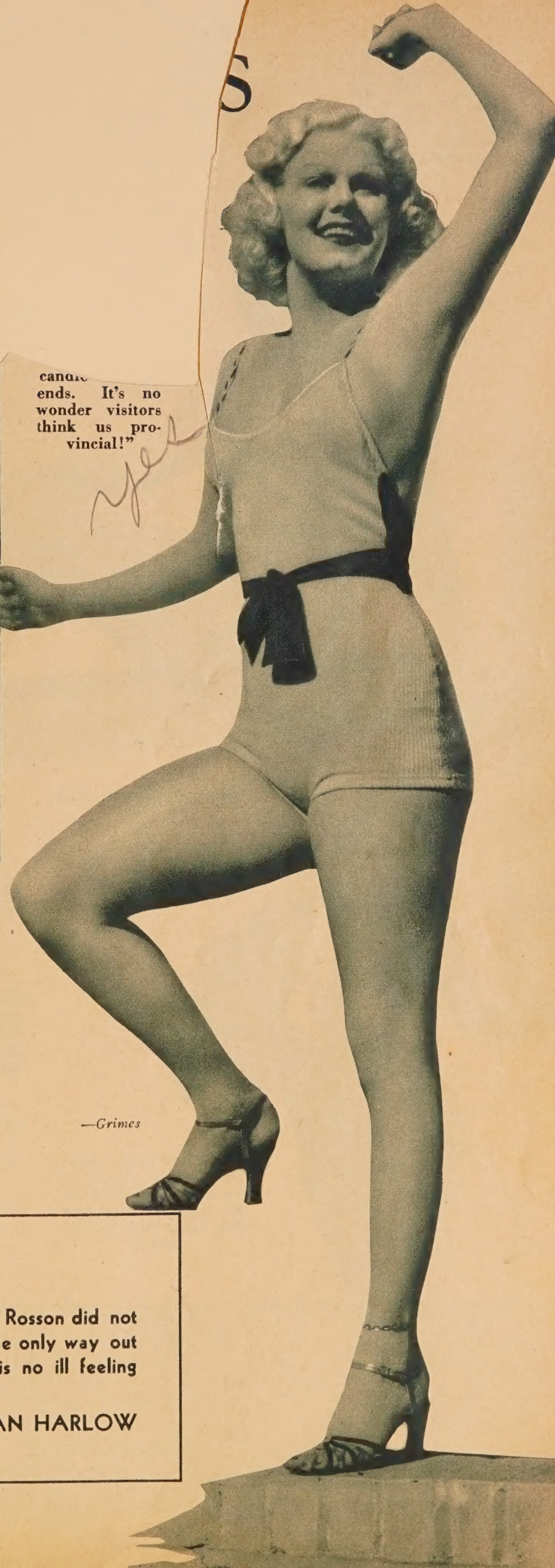
S

candl
ends. It's no
wonder visitors
think us provincial!"

She lays down the rules of good behavior for Oscar the Peke, evidently an excellent listener

as many good books as I can, by always studying something. At present it is French. You know how it is when you're growing up and in school. You are lazy. Until I was five I spoke French almost exclusively, as I had a Parisian governess. Recently I've been embarrassed to death at my inadequacy in French, so I have a tutor who comes to the house daily. In the future I'm going to resume piano lessons. It isn't *what* you study. It's that you get away from the temptation to concentrate on yourself, which makes you selfish and, therefore, unattractive to others."

[*Continued on page* 80]



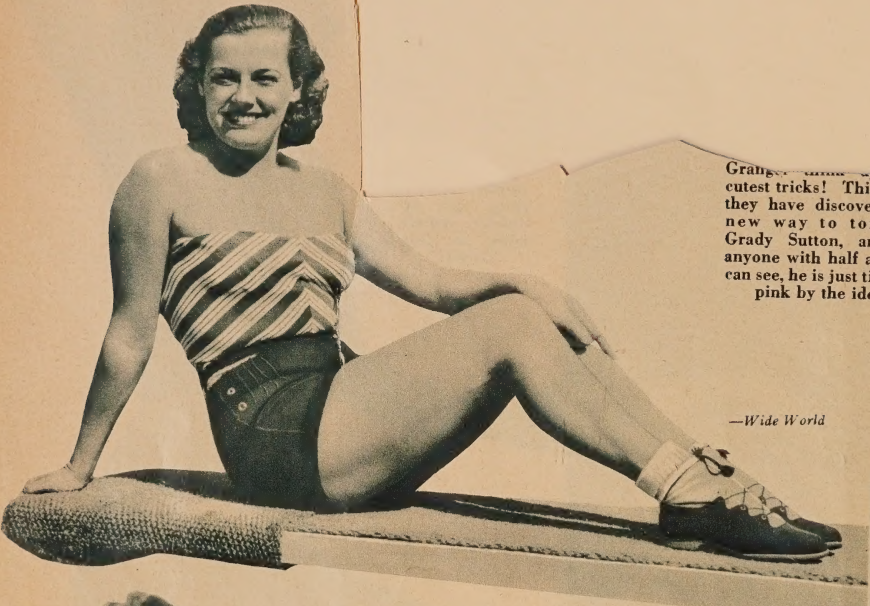
—Grimes

TO MY SCREEN BOOK FRIENDS—

"I regret more than I can say that my marriage with Hal Rosson did not work out. Believe me, this is no frivolous matter—but the only way out for both of us. We are uncongenial, and while there is no ill feeling between us we realize that it is best for us to separate."

JEAN HARLOW

The most popular diving boards this summer will feature Eleanor Holm in this breathless, backless, shoulder-strapless model

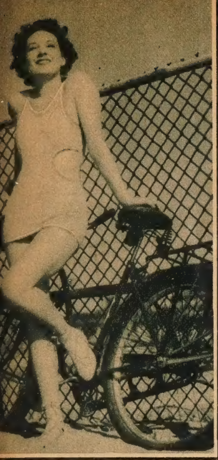


—Gantner Banda-Wikies Model

Grang cutest tricks! This time they have discovered a new way to torture Grady Sutton, and as anyone with half an eye can see, he is just tickled pink by the idea

—Wide World

Dorothy Granger, Carol Tevis and a couple of sea horses splash down the home stretch with Old Man Tide in hot pursuit

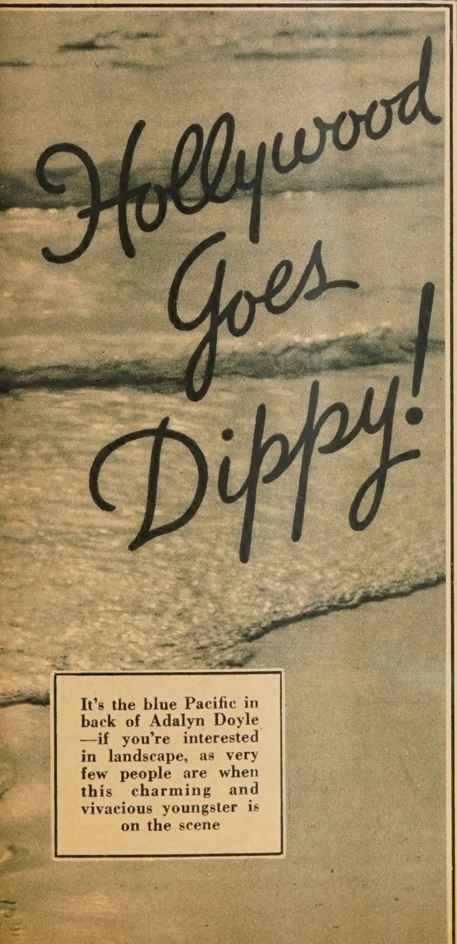


Phyllis Barry whom you'll see in *Where Sinners Meet,* is one of the Hollywood starlets who belong to the bicycling club at Malibu beach

Standing room only when Adalyn Doyle shows up in this one-piece suit

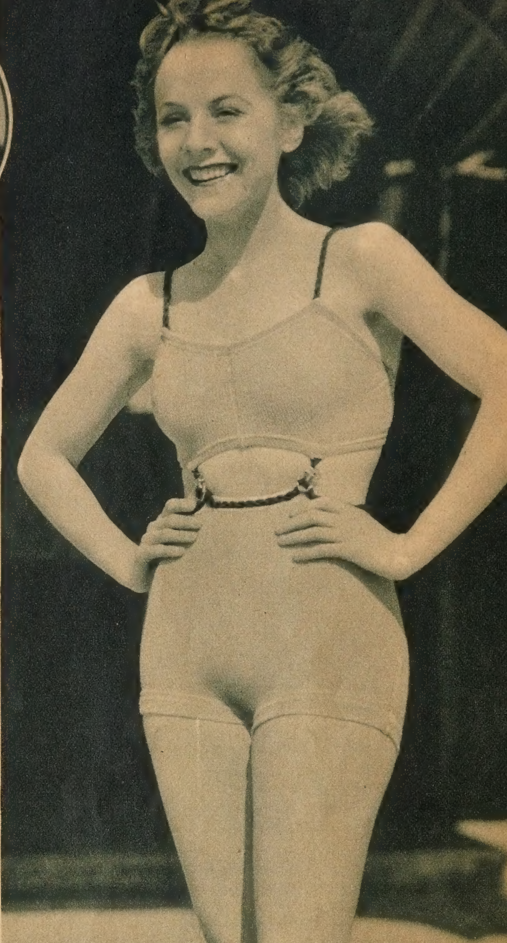
Adalyn again, sporting the latest thing in sailor caps

Hollywood Goes Dippy!



It's the blue Pacific in back of Adalyn Doyle—if you're interested in landscape, as very few people are when this charming and vivacious youngster is on the scene

Who's this crowding into the picture? Why, Ginger Rogers! We hardly knew you—all wrapped up in that huge terry cloth bathrobe



If you are tired of looking at Adalyn Doyle, just skip this. Ah, we thought not! After donning this extremely modern creation, Adalyn observed that many more people are going to wear less and less bathing suit this season

The baby of the McLaglen family, six feet two in his stockinged feet, and twice as tough as he looks

STILL LOOKING For A FIGHT!

Wearing a uniform is no novelty to Victor McLaglen—and his feet are as accustomed to stirrups as his fists are to jaws

By
Whitney
Williams

Colonel McLaglen reviews the newly organized California Light Horse Cavalry, the only fully equipped troop of lancers in the country

THE fightingest man in Hollywood. . . . You wouldn't have to see his picture to know we mean Victor McLaglen. His very name suggests the thud of leather on bare flesh, the crack of rifles. He is no *ex officio* soldier of fortune, no drugstore wrestler, however; he holds the rank of colonel in a troop of cavalry which has seen real action on several fronts, and has traded punches with Jack Johnson.

Six feet two in his stocking feet, the tallest man in his regiment during the war, and one of the giants of the screen, he is the baby of his family as far as height is concerned—the shortest member of a tribe of eight McLaglen brothers. At the age of fifteen, he joined the King's Guards, none of whom could measure less than six feet one. His son Andrew is thirteen and misses being a six footer by a scant half inch. It runs in the family.

McLaglen has experienced authentic adventures in far corners of the world, but seldom speaks of them. Most of his early life was spent in South Africa, where his father presided over a diocese as bishop. Victor held the position of chief of police in Bagdad when the British occupied that wicked old city during the war. . . . Perhaps you begin to see why uniforms fit his great shoulders as if they belonged there.

A man of great strength, who lives by a code he designed for himself many years ago, not many people, even his friends, really know McLaglen. To them, he is a powerful personality who does his work well, then disappears from Hollywood.

High up in the hills back of Glendale and Montrose, about fifteen miles from the center of the film colony, he has a home that for sheer beauty is seldom equalled by any of the picture great. A huge English mansion, it overlooks a vista worth traveling miles to see, and around his home are the grounds McLaglen has devoted four years of his life to developing.

When hell broke loose in the mountains last New Year's Eve, unleashing mighty torrents which swept everything in their raging paths, a river fifteen feet deep and nearly fifty feet in width missed his house by inches. Half of his acreage was

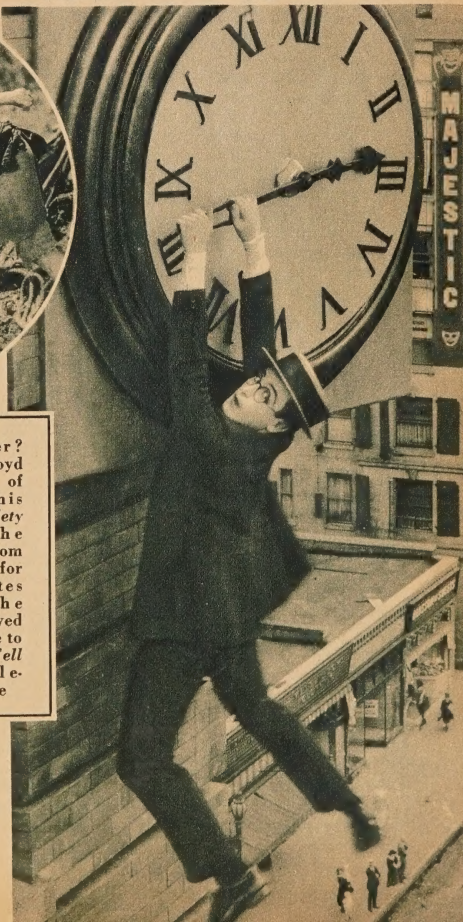
[*Continued on page* 59]

Remember When?

Remember how the villain got in Dorothy Burgess's hair in *Revenge?* That was when women were women, and wore their hair long to drive men mad

Remember? Louis Wolheim and John Barrymore in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—a couple of lowdown guys in lowdown guise

Remember our own Mary Pickford in *Sparrows?* Mary certainly used her head in this picture, butting the juvenile male menace clear out of the plot



Remember? Harold Lloyd had a lot of time on his hands in *Safety Last* as he dangled from Big Ben for ten minutes while the organ played the overture to *William Tell* in double-quick time

Remember *The Lamb?* "There's dirty work at these here crossroads," says Doug Fairbanks, as he rescues our Nell from the big bad wolf of the nineties

Alice White partially owes her continued success to the fact that she liked criticism

Appearing with Franchot Tone in *Sadie McKee*, Joan Crawford makes use of the lessons she learned when critics razzed her

Sylvia Sidney never resents anything critics say about her —she doesn't read the papers

Who's Afraid *of the*

How movie stars react to the merciless razzings and enthusiastic praises they receive from screen critics

IF YOU were a glamorous movie star, admired and adored by millions, would you feel badly if your histrionic endeavors were made light of by "those in the cinema know?"

Maybe you would, and maybe you wouldn't. It depends on your temperament. In my many years of personal contact with the screen "celebs," during which time I have praised them and panned them a-plenty, I've found that the great majority of them are good sports.

They can take it when it's a wallop, and they're extremely appreciative when their efforts rate a pat on the back.

Some of them ask for criticism. And indeed, there are a few who actually possess inferiority complexes—don't really believe they're as good as their critics say. I have one important actor in mind when I make this declaration—none other than Paul Muni, undeniably the greatest of his type on the screen today. Muni takes his film success too modestly. He isn't at all satisfied with himself, and when you tell him he's given a truly inspired performance in such-and-such a picture, he'll up and exclaim: "Did you really think so? I didn't like 'him' (meaning himself) in the 'so-and-so' scene. When I saw the rushes, I thought there should be a re-take. But the director was satisfied and so were the executives. And the reviewers acclaimed it and the public bought tickets. So I guess I was wrong. However, I do think I could have improved on the characterization. Now, don't you think—" and he'll launch a tirade of derogatory criticism of the rôle. He's so logical that before he's through you're agreeing with him. Some day, you hope, Paul Muni will be given full sway on all his movies after the manner of Arliss productions.

Incidentally, there is hardly a single actor or actress in the movie-making profession who doesn't welcome critical comment from the recognized reviewer and the public. They "eat it up." Don't let anyone tell you that some stars are oblivious to admiration or rebuke! The most retiring of them—such as Ronald Colman—likes being told that he has done a good acting job. "I work much harder trying to perfect a screen rôle

Be Your Own Movie Critic!

Carry this simple chart with you next time you go to the movies. If the picture is perfect, the plot will be rated 35%, performance of star or co-stars 20%, etc. Under "score here" mark the percentage of perfection you believe is attained. Then add your total. A four star picture is between 90-100%. Three star, between 80 and 90%. Two star, 70 and 80% and one star 70% or less. Compare your picture rating with that of a friend and you'll find out why it is that picture critics so often disagree.

	Perfect rating	Your rating
Plot	35%	[ ]
Performance of star	20%	[ ]
Performance of principal characters	15%	[ ]
Dialogue	10%	[ ]
Direction	10%	[ ]
Photography	10%	[ ]
Total	100%	[ ]

"I can't understand," says Dick Arlen, "why the public and press seem to go for my stuff"

Jean Harlow detested her work in *Hell's Angels;* now there is no denying her ability

Clark Gable, seen above with Elizabeth Allan in *Men in White,* has a sportsmanlike attitude toward his critics

Lee Tracy looks wild, but it's not about *I'll Tell the World.* Reviewers raved about him

Big Bad Critic?

By Irene Thirer

For several years the movie critic on a great New York newspaper, Miss Thirer writes authoritatively about the sportsmanship of Hollywood stars. You will enjoy this revealing peek into the business of screen reviewing and its effect on the movie famous.

than I used to when I was on the stage," Ronnie once told me. "On the stage you can improve your rôle night after night, but in pictures it's rehearsal that counts—and then the 'take' —and that's all there is. If I think I've turned in a satisfactory performance, I'm truly happy. I've always had splendid cooperation on the set." And—splendid retorts from press and picture-house patrons!

As for Jimmy Cagney—there's not an atom of resentment in the lad. Perhaps Jimmy's Irish has never been up because those who've had occasion to criticize his film wares have never said anything but the best about the sandy-haired, flip-tongued actor. And then I recall that on one occasion his current picture didn't quite do right by the Cagney talents. I remarked such. Jimmy was in town at the time. He 'phoned me and suggested that we get together for luncheon, which we did—only it was breakfast for James. "I want to tell you," admitted the world-famous Mr. Cagney, "that I felt just the same as you did. But I don't think I was any better than the script. Thanks for letting me down lightly."

SWITCH to the ladies: I remember that during a certain cinema season, Joan Crawford's work did not appeal to me in the least. The young woman was on the eighteen-day diet apparently, or some such reducing affair. She looked starved. Her eyes were wide and hungry, her cheeks sunken, her figure gaunt. In reviewing her pictures I said so and ventured to predict that if she didn't "fatten up," it would be a black mark on her future career. For some reason or other, Joan took these words hard. There followed a series of communications to me. "Dear Miss Thirer: Why don't you like me?" "Dear Miss Thirer: I hope I will some day act some rôle which will please you." And then, after she had gained weight and once again photographed as the lovely glamorous Joan in a part which was especially suited to her talents—which I remarked—there came a telegram which read: "Dear

[*Continued on page* 68]

How Critics Razz Your Favorites

The following are a few excerpts from recent reviews of motion pictures:

"*Kay Francis still holds all world records for terrible makeup. Her lips look like two polished ebony weiner-roasts.*"—Rob Wagner's Script.

"One drawback, it may be considered, is the many times which the picture permits Miss Pitts to sing her awful mother ballad."—Variety, reviewing *Sing and Like It.*

"*Miss Dresser* (The Scarlet Empress) *shouts her speeches in the manner of an East Side fishwife, without shading or dignity at any time.*"—The Hollywood Reporter.

"Fay Wray as the central character handled the part entirely too heavily and misses the rôle's intent by a mile. That's where the picture (*Countess of Monte Cristo)* falls down.—Variety.

Editor's Note: The above critics sometimes sing praises too, but when they don't like a thing they say so in the gustiest of language.

Jeanette MacDonald once thought Miss Thirer's criticisms were personal, but she soon changed her mind

Hollywood has lost its glamour for Ramon Novarro, who stands at the threshold of a new adventure that may bring him more fame and wealth than he has ever known

Scoop!

Ramon Novarro To Desert the Screen

An Exclusive Interview By AL SHERMAN

FOR nearly twelve years, Ramón Novarro has been a popular figure in the eyes of the movie-going world. That vast public has taken him to its heart; it has given him lavishly of worldly goods; it has been kind to him, kinder than to many who, flitting across the movie firmament, today are unknown and unheard.

Novarro knows and appreciates all this. But he has longed for more out of life than the baubles heaped upon him by his public. Deeply religious, Novarro has felt that life could and should give him the greater satisfaction of soul-revelation. In a small measure, he has achieved that satisfaction, only to learn, in introspective moods, that fame and fortune are meaningless, if the spirit suffers.

There is another side to the allegedly glamorous life of a motion picture star. That is why, in this exclusive interview, you will learn, for the first time, the real reason behind Novarro's planned trip to London and his determination to produce and star in his own play, *It's Another Story*.

I sat with Novarro backstage at the Capitol Theater in New York. Outside the stage door, a horde of anxious maidens were pushing each other, crowding their way close to the barred entrance, eager for a glimpse of their favorite.

Before I went upstairs to Novarro's dressing room, I was privileged to see a drama enacted before me, a drama that, perhaps, is an old, old story to those engaged to protect Novarro. But it was a touching bit of life just the same, a pathetic interlude.

A young girl, dark-haired, pretty, was waiting to see Novarro. She had a note for him. Frank Hanson, who is the star's manager, insisted upon seeing the note. After much hesitation, the girl gave Hanson the message. Novarro's manager read it and then, not unkindly, told the girl he was sorry but she could not see the actor. The girl insisted. She pleaded and finally, with tears in her eyes, cried that it was of utmost importance. Hanson, disturbed, said it was impossible. Novarro could not see her.

Novarro's latest portrait

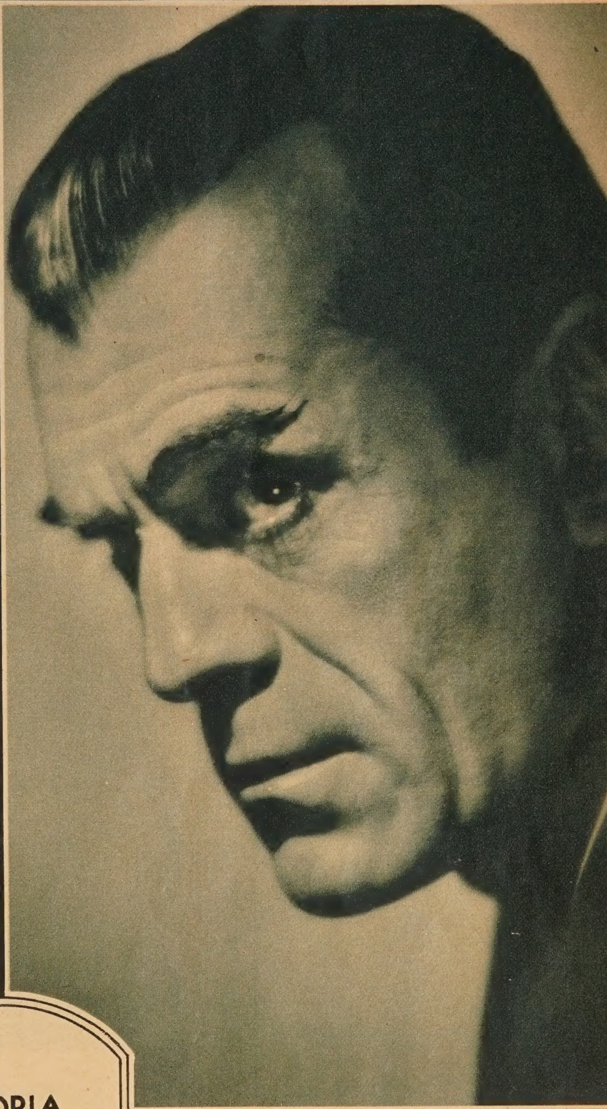
I followed Hanson upstairs to Novarro's dressing room. There were a hundred and one questions that I wanted to ask.

Who was the girl? What did she want? Why was she crying? Question after question was on the tip of my tongue. And yet I couldn't ask. It was just an interlude in the life of the star; just another instance where the king must be protected at all times.

Perhaps the girl did have an important message to tell Novarro. Perhaps the tears were genuine. But all this was supposition, fading into unimportance. For one must consider that a star has many such interruptions to his daily routine and that his manager or secretary then becomes a most necessary individual. The manager, secretary or what would you, must act not only as financial consultant, but as friend, guide and guard.

I never did learn what happened to the girl or the reason behind those tears. I did learn that [*Continued on page 73*]

The Beauty *and* The Beast



GLORIA STUART and BORIS KARLOFF

Strange as it may seem, the stately, orchid-like Gloria Stuart who works at Universal studios with Boris Karloff is one of the "monster's" best friends. On the screen, Boris scares Gloria into a graceful dead faint, but off-screen the two are as chummy as you please. Gloria's next picture is *Dangerous to Women.* SCREEN BOOK'S tip is not to miss it

Mr. Boris Karloff has the unique satisfaction of knowing that his face is seen in a hundred thousand nightmares every time he appears in a picture. At the moment he is trying to out-horrify Bela Lugosi in *The Black Cat*, a picture that will keep you and Aunt Minnie and the kiddies from walking into dark rooms alone for weeks and weeks

—*Photos by Freulich*

PICTURE

Sylvia Sidney gets the mumps

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS

★★★

IN a dual characterization, Sylvia Sidney brings unusual charm to this sprightly story revolving around the princess who comes to America to negotiate a loan but gets the mumps and is forced to hire an actress to take her place. Cary Grant, Vince Barnett and Lucien Littlefield in the supporting cast help make this picture spicy and different. If you like Sylvia don't miss this one.—*Paramount.*

PRIZE PICTURE of the Month

William Powell, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, stars of *Manhattan Melodrama*

Another George Arliss triumph

THE LAST GENTLEMAN

★★★★

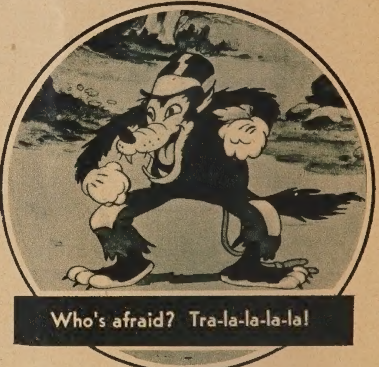
GEORGE ARLISS again proves that he is the peer of all actors with his amusing portrayal of an erratic old gentleman who has a fortune to give away. His antics in managing his relatives' lives in order to perpetuate the family name are superb comedy. Edna Mae Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan complete the excellent cast. This picture although completely finished will not reach the screen until fall.—*20th Century.*

Dix, the dashing bandit

STINGAREE

★★★

RICHARD DIX is the bold bad bandit who takes time out to help a timid girl to become a great opera star, and although he is thrown in jail for his pains, love finally conquers all and the fadeout sees them riding briskly into the night in passionate embrace. Irene Dunne sings beautiful songs as only she can. Take the story with a grain of salt and you'll like this one. Mary Boland and Conway Tearle are in the supporting cast.—*Radio.*



Who's afraid? Tra-la-la-la-la!

THE BIG BAD WOLF

★★★★

WALT DISNEY'S newest cartoon epic is certain to be one of the month's most popular pictures. Again the foolish little pigs put their knuckles into the plot and Red Riding Hood escapes the wolf's clutches only with the inspired help of the wise little piglet who dumps hot coals and unpopped corn into the villain's trousers. The musical score is delightful and the feature every bit as interesting as a full-length picture.—*Disney-United Artists.*

For other reviews and official rating method see page 74

TIPS

SCREEN BOOK'S Critics Choose

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

★ ★ ★ ★

A POWERFUL slice of realism that starts with a punch, ends with a punch and never lags in its climb to greater and greater dramatic intensity.

The plot concerns two youngsters who grow to manhood on diverging paths: Clark Gable, the gambler, William Powell as the lawyer and district attorney. Love for the same girl, Myrna Loy, does not destroy their bond. When Gable is accused of murder and Powell is forced to prosecute him, the climax is grim and uncompromisingly realistic. *Manhattan Melodrama* is a truly great picture.—*Metro.*

Mary Carlisle with Will Rogers

HANDY ANDY

★★★★

THE best Will Rogers comedy in many a moon. As the nagged husband who rebels at being told too, too many times that he simply must "relax and play," Will's humorous philosophy is more amusing than ever. The gags come so fast and furiously that it is hard to keep up with them. Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle, Roger Imhof and Conchita Montenegro all give excellent performances.—*Fox.*

Dramatic moment for Margaret

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

★★★★

MARAGARET SULLAVAN makes a strong bid for the best performance of the year with her powerful performance in this screen version of the best seller novel. Douglass Montgomery, too, proves with his fine performance that he is an actor of rare quality. *Little Man, What Now?* is a distinct triumph for its producers and a picture long to be remembered. —*Universal.*

Hit for Heather and Otto

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY

★★★

A DELIGHTFUL bit of satire and refined naughtiness that proves Otto Kruger a really fine artist and provides a comeback for Nancy Carroll. Otto falls in love with his secretary, Heather Angel, thus neglecting a love affair with his best friend's wife, Nancy Carroll. In the riot of fun, the husband gets the secretary and Otto, as it should be, gets the wife. There is not a dull moment in this swift-moving comedy.—*Fox.*

Dorothy Dell leaps to stardom

LITTLE MISS MARKER

★★★★

DAMON RUNYAN, author of *Lady for a Day*, again scores with the story of a tiny girl who is left by her father as security for a racing bet. When the father does not return, the daughter grows up to be a perfect gambler. Shirley Temple, Dorothy Dell and Charles Bickford take their roles perfectly in a story laden with thrills from start to finish. Dorothy Dell is now ready for her debut as a full-fledged star.—*Paramount.*

Spencer Tracy woos Alice Faye

NOW I'LL TELL

★★★

MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN'S story of the career of her husband and Spencer Tracy's characterization of his rise and fall makes the late "big time" gambler something of a hero, but the picture is splendid entertainment. Helen Twelvetrees as Rothstein's wife and Alice Faye as his sweetheart bring the characters of this drama back vividly into real life. Spencer Tracy's work is far above average. —*Fox.*

Every picture reviewed by competent Hollywood critics.

Half-Pint STORIES

VIVA VELEZ!

AN ANT on a hot brick is a study in repose compared to Miss Lupe Velez, and how she can continue to run at that rate of speed without blowing a fuse is something none of the big power and light boys has ever been able to explain. Nor should they attempt to. She must be regarded simply as an extraordinary natural phenomenon in the manner of typhoons, earthquakes, and Niagara Falls.

Born in Mexico, she spent her early childhood endangering the barracks where her father, a Colonel in the Mexican army, was stationed. Her education was annexed at Our Lady of the Lake Convent in San Antonio, Texas. Hovering between two praiseworthy ambitions, to wit: writing and championship roller-skating, she decided on neither. Instead, she became an expert dancer, and was appearing in musical shows at the ripe old age of fifteen.

From the Music Box Revue in Los Angeles, she headed for the movies and snared a contract to appear in Hal Roach comedies, though her first important rôle did not materialize until Douglas Fairbanks gave her a part in *The Gaucho.* Popularity, and many colorful successes followed, in pictures which could make capital use of her ability as a dancer and her immense and engaging vitality. In addition to all her other qualifications for pleasing the jaded moviegoer and infecting him with her own apparently irrepressible *joie de vivre,* she has a great comedy sense. All of which adds up to a combination that is pretty nearly hypnotic.

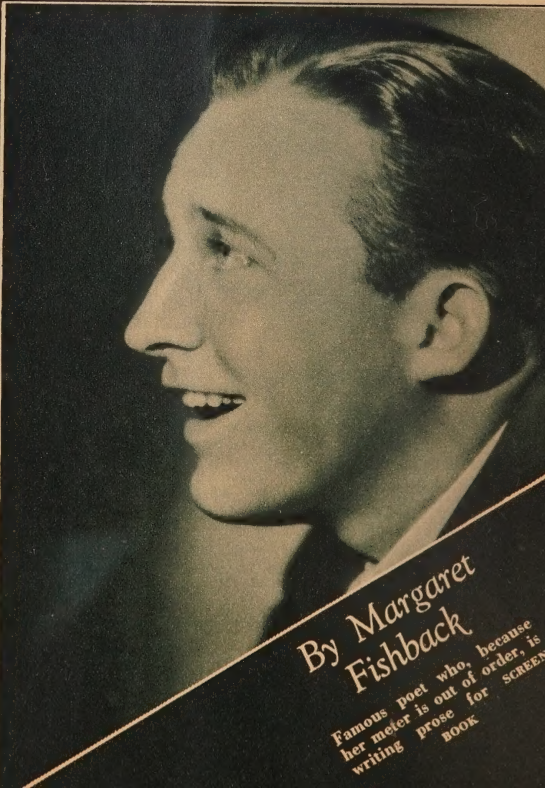
As to her vital statistics, she was born on July 18, now weighs 115 pounds, is five feet, five inches tall, and has brown eyes. She lives in a Spanish type home in Beverly Hills. Personally, I'd never think of her as lighting long enough to live anywhere, but I suppose even Lupe must catch up on her sleep sometimes.

BING! BING!

BACK in the early cowboy and Indian period of his Spokane school life, Harry Lillis Crosby picked up the Bing nickname by simply squawking "Bing! Bing!" with more persistence and violence than any of his fellow warriors. The sound of applause likewise figured in his history while he was yet young. Cast as J. Caesar, Esquire, in a school presentation, he went about his dying with neatness and despatch, until he became uncomfortably aware that he had died directly in the path of the descending curtain. This called for action, and the corpse pulled up stakes and sped from the stage.

At Gonzaga College, where his family sent him with the intention of evolving a lawyer, he sang with the Glee Club, and came down with the notion that there was money to be made out of a good set of vocal cords and a few horns. Mr. Al Rinker, also of Gonzaga, thought likewise, the result being a seven piece dance orchestra, with Crosby and Rinker warbling. A local theater man heard them and lured the boys into his vaudeville house, where they met with such success that they progressed forthwith to Los Angeles where Rinker had a sister in radio. Sister Bailey got them an engagement at the Tent Café, after which came vaudeville along the Coast, and then a turn at the Metropolitan Theater where Paul Whiteman happened in one day and loitered long enough to sign them up. With the addition of Harry Barris they became Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, and stuck to that story for three years, whereupon they were engaged to sing at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles.

A dozen talkies followed, and then the radio. As if his life weren't full enough already (he has a wife and baby son besides his success in the aforementioned fields.) Bing wants to write short stories. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.



By Margaret Fishback

Famous poet who, because her meter is out of order, is writing prose for SCREEN BOOK

Hopping Around Hollywood

New snapshots of Hollywood's most interesting citizens

Ann Harding, between scenes for her newest picture, *The Life of Vergie Winters*, goes for a stroll with the Doberman Pinscher which she purchased from Creighton Chaney

Can you believe your eyes? W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy sign a truce long enough to pose for a picture and prove to the great American public that their feud isn't too serious

What a school and what pupils! This scholastic scene shows a number of young actresses from Fox studio learning their ABC's on the sands of Malibu

Our idea of something too lovely is the vision of Alice Faye adorning the beach in her rubber bathing suit

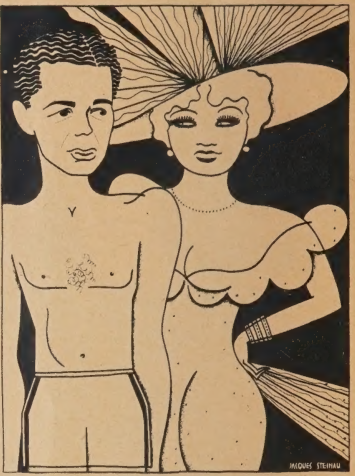
BROADWAY

Getting into the movie whirl—Frances Drake, who dances her way into movie-goers affections in *The Trumpet Blows*

I HAVE just witnessed Metro's latest growlie, *Tarzan and His Mate,* an all-roaring, all-spearing, all-juju spectacle. A dozen hardboiled movie critics sat on the edge of overstuffed chairs letting their cigarettes smoke themselves out, while a chorus of apes as well-trained as Rockettes hurled scores of screaming natives off the highest cliffs we've ever seen . . . while Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan slithered around in the loveliest underwater adagio swimming I ever hope to see . . . while Johnny battled with a huge crocodile. . . .

You just can't believe it. You know it's faked but you can't see how, and the perils come so thick and fast you don't even care if the whole thing was done with old razor blades. You think of the worst thing that could possibly happen, as more lions than you ever thought of are leaping around, biting gashes out of a crowd of safari boys. You think possibly *twenty* elephants might come along and tramp them out. But no—Metro didn't want to run short of help so they hired 250 elephants. Their weekly payroll for livestock alone must have equaled the amount of income tax J. P. Morgan would have paid if he had paid it.

When I walked out into the sunshine on Broadway, I said, "It couldn't be." But it *was.*



Mae West in the act of telling Roger Pryor that *It Ain't No Sin*

IN ORDER to keep the legitimate theater active and vital we must have a free interchange of artists from all over the world, say I—particularly from Hollywood.

Helen Hayes has the right idea. She makes the westward pilgrimage regular-

What Price Motion Pictures?

SCREEN BOOK'S Checker-Uppers Reveal Facts and Figures

1.	**SALARY COSTS:** For one "name" star and a support of three lesser "names," salary costs should run about.	$ 33,000
2.	**SALARIES OF EXTRA AND BIT PLAYERS:**	22,000
3.	**DIRECTOR AND OTHER SALARIES OF PRODUCTION STAFF:**	20,000
4.	**OVERHEAD** (general office expenses, studio managers' salaries, executives):	80,000
5.	**WARDROBE:** This item includes wardrobe dept., salaries, materials, hair-dressers and makeup department labors	18,000
6.	**STORY AND SCENARIO COSTS:** Including scenarists' salaries, clearing titles, story research and other items besides story purchase cost	24,000
7.	**ACTUAL COST OF FILM:** This includes salaries of cutters and projection room salaries	$ 7,000
8.	**RESEARCH:** Including location hunting, procuring of special props, costume bits and collection of data	6,000
9.	**PRODUCTION EXPENSE:** Including sets, locations, cost of transportation, hotel and food for cast, special effects requiring sets, material and labor	85,000
10.	**MUSIC:** Including composers, orchestras, special sound effects. This cost slightly larger due to the number of musicals being filmed	5,000
	Grand total negative costs	$300,000

Note: "Negative costs" means the cost of producing Hollywood's part of the picture. Other prints, advertising and publicity costs are not figured in this table. If $300,000 seems a large figure for an average picture, remember that some of the more lavish run far over a million dollars. The above is a typical cost estimate on the great numerical majority produced by major studios.

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beastie, he was just a p
it was hot!**

THEN there's lovely Cla
bert and her actor-writer h
man Foster. Ever eat any m
Claudette, to get even with you
man? Incidentally, it seemed
me that Norman couldn't have
his part in the talkie version o
Moon, as Ring Lardner wrote it esp
ly for him. Both Claudette and Nor
were very close to Ring and I remem
how dearly he cherished a little portab
phonograph they sent him at the hospita
during his last illness. How grand it would be if they could be in a dramatization of one of his immortal stories together. If there was a better student of the human comedy and shadings of the American language than Ring Lardner, the world has not discovered him.

WHILE on the subject of *June Moon*, I must talk about Jean Dixon whose playing of Lucille Sears, the acidulous wife of a hard up song writer, was one of the finest pieces of acting I

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s make no claim for its
nanence, they *do* say that
several cases it has retarded
egrowth.

Something as simple as a razor but much more beneficial is a new abrasive pad for removing hair. You simply rub this pad over the hair until it is "erased" by the friction. Rub slowly and lightly in a circular motion for best results. Unless your skin is abnormally sensitive it can't be irritated by this gentle rubbing; even if it is, cold cream will immediately soothe it. The obvious advantages of this type of hair remover are that it is *so* convenient and *so* inexpensive. One pad costing only a few cents will last about a month.

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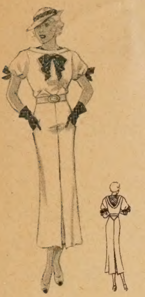
BESIDES this superfluous hair problem, summer brings up an allied difficulty in the [*Continued on page* 76]

Patricia Ellis Describes Her Fashion Creations

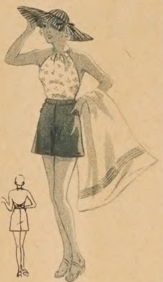


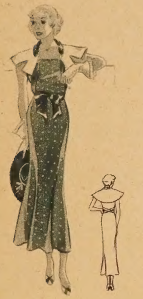
B 222

"My favorite frock—delightfully simple, yet smart and comfortable for sports wear. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch fabric and ⅞ yards of contrasting material. You won't be disappointed in this one."

B 224

"Here is your chance to copy my unusual beach suit. It is the very latest—backless top to give you an even tan that won't show when you don an evening gown—so simple to make that you'll be surprised. Size 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards, 36-inch fabric for trousers and 1 yard of contrasting material."





B 223

"The ideal creation for informal summer afternoons. The smart cape shoulder and combined sash is Hollywood's latest fashion achievement. It may be made in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric, 1⅛ yards of contrasting and 2¾ yards of 2½-inch ribbon."

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed ...... cents, please send me

☐ Pattern B222, Patricia Ellis sports frock.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B223, Patricia Ellis afternoon frock.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B224, Patricia Ellis beach suit.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Summer Pattern Book.

(Place checks in squares to indicate patterns in your order. Patterns are 15c each. When ordered in combination, one pattern and the pattern book may be obtained for 25c.)

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Street ....

City ....**State** ....

All pattern orders filled within ten days or less. Remember, there are many other smart creations in SCREEN BOOK'S Summer Pattern Book.

1. sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing
2. holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting
Wondersoft Kotex
Wondersoft Kotex

In size and shape the new Kotex package is identical to that of boxes widely used for packing ordinary articles

Discard old ways.. welcome the new!

NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women. The result is—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

Third exclusive Kotex patent

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. ***First***—came ***flattened, tapered ends*** that made possible undetectable protection beneath the lightest dresses. ***Second***—the ***famous Equalizer,*** providing controlled lengthwise absorption. And now—***Third*** and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the ***new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex!★***

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. The new Wondersoft pad is exactly the same size as the old. In width, thickness—in fact all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it. To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Package new in shape and design

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex! . . . Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★Three exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

"HELLO
Dirty Face"
Use FREE Coupon Below

● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's *new* skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) *Look* at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes *hidden* dirt—*neutralizes* alkali—*reduces* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

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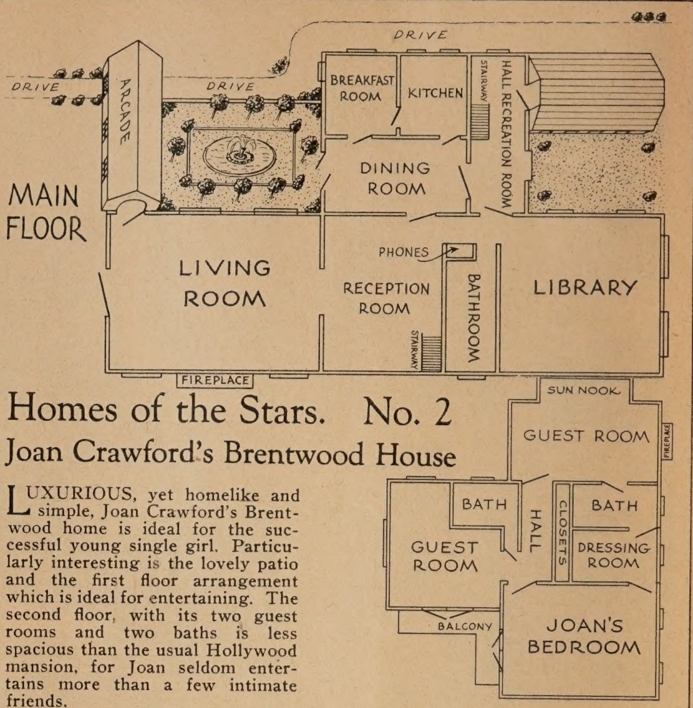


Homes of the Stars. No. 2

Joan Crawford's Brentwood House

LUXURIOUS, yet homelike and simple, Joan Crawford's Brentwood home is ideal for the successful young single girl. Particularly interesting is the lovely patio and the first floor arrangement which is ideal for entertaining. The second floor, with its two guest rooms and two baths is less spacious than the usual Hollywood mansion, for Joan seldom entertains more than a few intimate friends.

Speaking of Pictures

[*Continued from page* 18]

THAT story reminds me of the time John Barrymore was irritated by the multitude out front who were on a coughing spree as the curtain went up. Full of wrath, Barrymore stepped to the footlights and slayed them with this thrust—"Come now, let's all cough together!"

TOO bad you couldn't have come along to the *Viva Villa* opening the other night. The picture was grand, but the best performance of the evening was given by an actress who was having one too many at the bar next door where I stopped after the show. In the midst of a hot argument with the bartender she pointed to the boss and shouted, "This guy wants to throw me out—the %$&'$%&*! says I'm no lady!"

CHIEF, here's a laugh for you. The other day I ran across a magazine picture which showed Richard Arlen engaged in a chat with a pretty girl who is in her middle teens. The caption underneath explained that the girl was one of Dick's "relatives." Not far wrong at that, considering that the attractive miss is Mr. Arlen's grown up daughter by his first wife.

HEH, HEH! Three umbrellas were left in George Raft's suite at the Waldorf following a cocktail party given for the press—and it was a rainy day at that. Three young ladies walked to the street in a dazed condition and ruined their nice new spring hats. What a man this fellow Raft is!

THIS kills me! After reading "Dames Who Made Me What I Am Today," I was curious about Madame DuBarry, whom Mae West lists as one of her inspirations. A history of that notorious gal reveals the fact that DuBarry was "of low birth. The illegitimate daughter of a tax collector." Having just recently had your income tax headache you'll agree that's pretty low.

REMEMBER what a grand "kid" actor Wesley Barry was as the beloved, freckle-faced youngster in *Penrod* and other silent pictures? The other day I sneaked into a projection room at Radio Pictures and got a peek at his work in *The Life of Vergie Winters*. Wes is a knockout in his first grown-up rôle, and I'm thinking he'll be the first child actor ever to repeat the sensational success of more tender years.

BOSS, our contributors are making progress. Take Irvin S. Cobb, the young man who is getting a start in this issue. He's just sold his Judge Priestly character to Fox studio for Will Rogers. Mark my words, he'll be a famous author some day.

Oh, all right, I'll quit.

Stooge

Still Looking For A Fight!

[*Continued from page* 42]

reduced, in a few lightning seconds, from a paradise of landscape art to a watery grave. When the water ceased its downward course six hours later, muck and stones and débris resided where once had reigned exquisite beauty. The damage has cost McLaglen nearly $25,000 in repairs.

But what affected McLaglen the most was the loss of many of his birds, hundreds of them exceedingly rare in species, all friends, that had flocked about him when he would enter their aviary. This was a blow that nearly floored him; as with many large men, his heart is easily touched, and he regarded each feathered resident as a particular pet. Fortunately, his horses and his dogs—great Irish wolfhounds, setters, a chow, a Scotty and a bulldog—escaped the fate that destroyed millions of dollars worth of property below and caused the loss of scores of lives in the flood area.

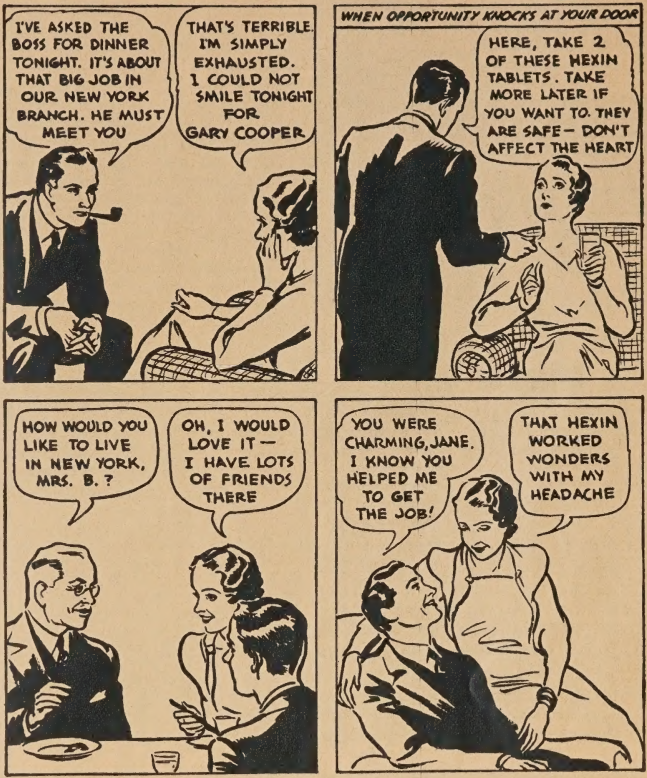
The predominating interest in McLaglen's life is his love of creation. That is primarily the reason why he journeyed so far away from Hollywood to make his home in what most people then considered a wilderness. Now, vast estates have been built even beyond him, higher up in the highlands; but when he settled there it was rough country. Much of the ground he cultivated and landscaped with his own hands, importing rare shrubs and flora with which to beautify his retreat. Slowly, the property grew from a waste into floral gardens that would grace the grounds of any park in the world. All this McLaglen watched with the eye of a proud parent, until that disastrous flood which created such havoc.

FIERCELY patriotic, McLaglen's best remembered rôle—and one which more nearly pictured the man than any of his other characterizations—is Captain Flagg, in *What Price Glory*. The motion picture populace greeted his work and that of Edmund Lowe so heartily in this film that four more features followed with the hard-boiled duet portraying Flagg and Quirt. Whenever virile, rugged co-stars are needed, producers invariably send for McLaglen and Lowe.

The Lost Patrol, released not so long ago, is another production in which the real McLaglen comes out. It shows him in a part that excellently illustrates his dramatic and robust power, at the same time projecting him back into the atmosphere he breathed when he campaigned in Arabia and Mesopotamia, back in '15 and '16.

Recently he initiated the organization of a troop of cavalry which he hopes to expand to six hundred members. Thus far nearly a hundred ex-service men have joined, the majority being Canadians, Englishmen and Austrialians, with a sprinkling of Americans. McLaglen is the colonel of the outfit. With their brilliant-hued uniforms the troopers present a colorful spectacle as they drill once a week. In the event of war, the troop would join the colors as a unit. The greater portion have seen bloody fighting on several fronts and are the owners of rows of ribbons and medals.

. . . HOW JANE WON HER HUSBAND A JOB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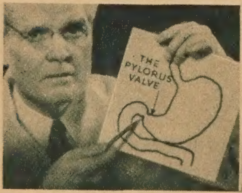

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PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Dames Who Made Me What I Am Today

[*Continued from page 26*]

skillfully used, will pierce the best suit of armor ever worn by a man.

"I placed Diamond Lil on the Bowery because I knew the Bowery, and because it's one of the most colorful eddies in the stream of modern life. I shaded her character to suit her environment. But Lil's technique is the same that the king's girl-friend used when she adjusted her garter, gave his majesty the once-over and whispered, 'Come up an' see me sometime, big boy!

"And don't forget," added Lil with a languorous, suggestive glance, "it's the technique that counts, baby!

"Sex-appeal," resumed Mae sedately, "has always been an ambitious woman's chief asset and sharpest weapon. All the famous women of history, from Eve to Greta Garbo, have used it—and that's the principal reason they're famous. Men write the histories, you see.

"My DuBarrys lived in a man's world—and knew how to use men to gain their goals. They knew what they wanted . . . and they wanted plenty!" said Diamond Lil. "And if you'd given me Du Barry's opportunities with that old rake, Looie—but why talk about that?

"Sex appeal is ten per cent physical and ninety per cent mental"

"I'VE championed sex on the stage and the screen," said Mae, "and I'm frank to admit that I've also used it off-screen. When I go into a business conference, I never forget that the man across the desk has all the susceptibilities of his sex—and I never let him forget that I'm a woman. If he's vain enough to get ideas—why, so much the better for the business conference. Ask any successful woman whether or not sex-appeal has aided her career. She'll probably tell you, indignantly, that it hasn't—and you can tag her for a liar! If she's smart enough to be successful, she's also smart enough to know what sex-appeal will do for a gal and smart enough to use it to the best advantage. And I don't mean to imply that she's immoral—*necessarily*. For instance, I'll match private lives with any woman.

"My famous dames of history were all rather careless about their private lives. They had to be, if they wanted to get ahead, for in their day it was unheard-of for a woman to compete with men in the professions, the arts or business. It's different now—now that women can be elected to office, appointed as ambassadoresses and elevated to positions of power in the business world. A clever, ambitious woman, today, can make herself world-famous without being immoral in the process—but she can profit, by the artful technique of those ladies of the past. Women have new rights—but it's still a man's world!

". . . and thank God for that!" added Diamond Lil, who knows her men.

"The Nell Gwynns and the Du Barrys," continued Mae, "were smart enough to surround themselves with an illusion of glamour. They built up romantic reputations and then cashed in on them, knowing that more prosaic men and women envied them their adventures and would like to do the same things—if they weren't afraid of paying the piper. Any smart novelist will tell you that people are far more fascinated by the mistress of an oil baron than they are by some demure little lady of unblemished morals who is a devoted wife and mother. People can predict the reactions of a model housewife, but the courtesan is always a mystery and therefore intriguing.

"My glamorous dames challenged the imaginations of men—and worked their sex-appeal overtime. They were glamorous because they were *different*. They dared to defy the conventions. They courted adventure. They weren't clinging vines, but women who used their brains!

"Sex-appeal is ten per cent physical and ninety per cent mental. Men still worship the idea that their sex has a monopoly on brains, and their vanity and interest is challenged by any woman who dares to *think*. Consequently, they are intrigued—and, being men, they can't disassociate the mental from the physical. That's a man's chief weakness.

"Some of the most romantic dames in history were physically unattractive, yet they wound men around their little fingers and numbered among their lovers the greatest men of their age. Pompadour was no raving beauty, but she knew how to *use* what charm she had. La Valliere was a cripple and many of her contemporaries described her as totally unattractive physically, yet she ruled Louis the Fourteenth as absolutely as he ruled France. Being a man, he misinterpreted his admiration for her mental brilliance as a physical passion.

"Most of the glamorous dames of the past came to unhappy ends. They played a dangerous game, for, once they had the power they coveted, they could keep it only by keeping their men hypnotized and . . . and . . .

"Hot, dearie, hot!" suggested that irrepressible Lil.

"Now," said Mae, "since women are allowed on equal footing in business, a smart girl can invest herself with glamour, vamp the boss into giving her a vice-presidency, and then hold her place, independently of any man, by force of brains. But, no matter how capable she is, it won't do her any harm to read Du Barry's Memoirs from time to time. She can always skip a chapter when Looie's girl friend goes too far. Some of Du Barry's escapades would be frowned upon in 1934!"

"So would some of Salome's," interrupted Diamond Lil. "There's a dame who threw a wild party and got up with a *real* head next morning."

Still Looking For A Fight!

[*Continued from page* 59]

Born an Englishman but now an American citizen, McLaglen is frequently enlisted to aid various legion posts of English, Austrialian, Canadian and American war veterans and is a heavy contributor to their funds. First a lieutenant, then a captain with the British in the World War, he has tasted every type of war experience, from the hot sands of Arabia and the dangerous hill tribes of Northern India to trench warfare in France. Familiar as he is with army regulations, he is highly respected in the armies of the world.

All but one of his brothers received commissions in the War, and that particular brother could not leave home on account of his youth. Leopold is rated as the jiu jitzu champion of the world. Cyril, the youngest, has acquired no little fame in England as a cinema star. He now resides with Victor, and while waiting to embark upon an American screen career acts as overseer of the estate, known as Fairhaven. Another brother has made a reputation for himself as an artist in Hollywood. Still another brother, a sergeant-major, was killed in action.

The family originated in Scotland, then settled in Ireland after an invasion of that Celtic land. McLaglen père, well over six feet [illegible] South Africa, but the sc [illegible] light of day in Lon [illegible]

Ro [illegible] g men, McI [illegible] hirteen an [illegible] s felt th [illegible] lete, h [illegible] rt

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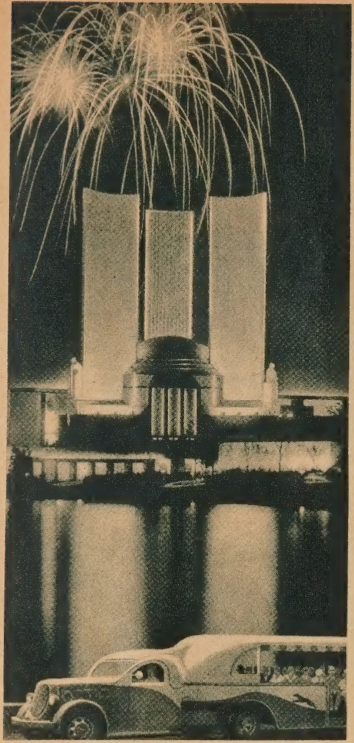

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Are Movie Makers Morons?

[*Continued from page* 25]

free-lance called up his benefactor, the novelist.

"I say, old man," he said, "I'm most everlastingly grateful to you. Already I've heard from those chaps you introduced me to last week. They've been most kind."

"I hope they've bought your stories," said the novelist.

"No," said the free-lance, "they didn't find any of them suitable to their purposes, the chappy wrote me who posted the batch back to me."

"Well then, might I ask why you're so appreciative of their favors?" inquired the novelist.

"Well, you see, they not only sent me back the three manuscripts I gave them but four more that I never saw before—seven scripts in all, by Jove!"

Could anybody, even a person so temperamental and touchy as the average author is, ask for more perfect service than that?

FRANKLY, the movie-magnates have my profound admiration for the artistic results they sometimes achieve under tremendous physical handicaps. A so-called legitimate producer has a chance to try out his new play inch by inch, so to speak; to rebuild it, if need be, during rehearsals; to get the reactions of an out-of-town audience to it before he presents the show in New York or Chicago; to change the cast or shift the scenes or rewrite the lines after its run is started. In other words, if luck favors him and the populace approves, he can tinker on the job after he begins getting the cost of the original production back through the box-office receipts.

But your movie producer must risk his own judgment or the judgment of his associates as to the merits of his completed production. With no way of knowing as he goes along how the public will regard the finished picture, he nevertheless must spend huge sums and trust to unseen and indefinite elements for success, if any success there be. He has no ready-made laboratory for preliminary experiment and tentative demonstration, as his brother of the legitimate stage has. He's no dramatic chemist, testing out his possible values before committing himself to the final plunge. He's a gambler shooting cra
in the dark.

And take the contradictory h
equations with which he must de
us fabricate a case which may
actly be the average case but
least includes some typical illu
For instance, let us say, he ha
male lead a veteran recruit fro
established stage, and anybod
had experience with veteran le
will tell you that such a perso
of a proper starring vehicle—
—is a practically continuous
monologue while holding the
a monologue interrupted only
applause; and he's apt to turn
unhappy if the management
anything else.

And for the leading woman,
the producer has a lovely creat
was suddenly translated from

curist's job at twenty a week, with tips, or a typist's job at thirty a week, without tips, to world's prominence and a salary about eight times as large as the president of the United States gets, and is behaving accordingly, as who could blame her?

And an ingènue whom some director is expected to model over for the screen into a vision of virginal sweetness, when people who know the young person's past might tell you in confidence that probably the first word she uttered after she reached the age of consent was "Yes."

Or, by the other way around, maybe it's a lady who because she bodily may suggest the seductive siren type, is expected to simulate the emotions and behavior of same, when, in private life, she's just one of those old-fashioned girls who want to be a help to mother and no more than a sister to mankind.

And so on and so forth all down the choosing of a large and unwieldy cast.

ALSO let us consider the structural harassments as regards the settings and investiture: What regular patron of the movies in Weeping Willow, Nebraska, or Buffalo Gap, Kentucky, but would reject a shot purporting to represent an interior in a characteristic American home which didn't have the general speciousness and cozy intimacy of the general waiting-room at Grand Central Terminal? Who would dare offer a scene on the lawn of a conventional Long Island home that failed to show in the background a modest family dwelling about the size of the Taj Mahal, only somewhat more elaborate, architecturally speaking?

And back of all that, think of buying a story from a professional story-writer and then having to decide which one of the fifteen or twenty entirely different versions—the trade-term being "treat-

Katharine DeMille is shooting toward stardom, her latest achievement being to steal several scenes from Mae West in *It Ain't No Sin*

ment," meaning by that "mistreatment"—which have been turned out to order by the fifteen or twenty adapters on the studio payroll—now that's a job for any supervisory intellect.

And think, finally, of the mental strain constantly imposed upon every right-thinking executive in his task of keeping all his kinsfolk firmly entrenched in good berths on the studio payroll. I never yet heard of a moving-picture executive who didn't have more cousins and nephews and things than a Belgian hare has. There must be a strain of Potomac shad in the breed. It's your true movie mogul who knows better than anyone else the meaning of that phrase so much parroted by politicians of the New Deal—"established industrial relations." For he not only has the relations, but also he must see to it that they're industrially established. Still, what does the Talmud say about the pious duty of looking after one's own family first?

In the last analysis, though, I figure the hardest job is picking out the "treatment" which the least resembles the original plan of the original author of the piece to be produced next. Perhaps that explains why I like the little yarn of the Hollywood producer who entered the brain room of his mammoth plan where his heads of departments sat in conference awaiting him, and with a dramatic gesture laid on the desk before him a sheaf of typewritten pages and in impressive tones said:

"Gentlemen, in all my career as a producer this is absolutely, positively unique. This—this, gentlemen, is the only perfect script I have ever read in my whole life. I tell you that before we start altering it!"

So, speaking, as it were, as an innocent bystander, but at the same time an earnest well-wisher for all art, I marvel not that the cinema nabobs turn out so many bad pictures—long ago I got over marveling at that and learned in a sort of dumb, numbed resignation to take my bitter medicine. What I do marvel at is that, despite everything, out of the welter, they nevertheless produce so many good pictures.

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TATTOO

The Mystery of Myrna Loy

[*Continued from page 23*]

Getting along. Wearing the makeup her producers told her to wear. Biding her time. Waiting for the Big Break. Outwardly, a static lotus, swaying in the breeze, her slender body shaken by strange storms of feeling—inwardly, capable, poised, clever, shrewd . . . on her way, not to a brief, consuming flame-like notoriety, but to stardom and permanent fame—and security.

Her studio, its index finger on the public pulse, arrived at this conclusion just as you and I, her dumb friends, out there in the Styx, began to discover that she was no Chinese lily, after all. Her press changed. It was boldly admitted that her real name was Myrna Williams. She was born far from the sound of temple bells, in a good old-fashioned American town. And for the first time Myrna talked for publication. She explained that she had been imprisoned behind her Oriental mask. Desperately unwilling to go on playing the part of Chief Lure, she had, at last, destroyed that misleading false face. It lay upon her dressing room floor, in ignominious pieces.

You see, the truth is: That old debbil Camera picks up everything! The prying lens has penetrated her disguise and had revealed the true Loy, even as you and I, her friends, had already found her out. Chinese, indeed! *Hi, there, Myrna!*

THE new Loy personality made its appearance, tentatively at first, as if it felt a little naked and ashamed without its slant-eyes and its gently malicious smile and its feline fingers, dipped in carmine, ready to claw or to caress!

Watching her, we, her fans, began once more to analyze—the way we analyze Cousin Lucy or big brother Jim's new girl. After all, we couldn't believe *everything* the newspapers and the magazines said. We'd have to make up our own minds.

And there she was. A modern creature. Slim, smart, intelligent. Humorous. And direct—no evasions about this gal! A young thing alive from top to toe. Ready to play or laugh or dream. Not afraid of life or experience. An idealist without the stultifying illusions of the romantic. A regular person!

It occurred to me, to you—just as it occurred to all the rest of her audience—that Myrna had been busy living. She projected on the screen a passionate, exciting creature, more dangerous than the impassive odalisque of her first appearances, more alluring, more interesting because, for the first time, there was an admission of weakness, of human suffering and human pity.

We gathered that Loy had had a romance. But when the press hinted that she was in love with Ramón Novarro, we knew better. Myrna wouldn't let the world in on *her* affairs! Not Myrna! We could guess anything we liked. And so we guessed that Myrna had loved someone very deeply, and had lost. Or that someone had loved Myrna very deeply and had lost. . . . Anyhow, that the shattered mask on the dressing-room floor had nothing on Myrna's heart. The lotus had become a crimson hibiscus. Life had overtaken the actress, and—behold! the woman!

We who do not know her, save through the personality we meet on the screen, have had to re-vamp our first opinion. The new Myrna Loy is more likeable, more understanding, than the old. She looks as if she might enjoy good music, good books, hard work. She has learned to laugh at herself. The slender, cold, cruel hands are warm, firm, friendly. She doesn't talk much, but she thinks a lot. And she doesn't try to be impressive. She is far too clever to let anyone guess how clever she is! She knows her power, and is brave enough to recognize her limitations. She is as strong as a lioness. Yet men—all men—long to protect her, to serve her, to bring her roses. The temptress has become the human being!

Win a Cash Prize In This Game of Limericks!

SCREEN BOOK offers $5.00 each for the two best last lines in the two Movie Limericks which appear in this column. Put on your thinking cap now and mail your last lines to The Limerick Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Mae's Famous Invitation

There was a young lady named West
Who was never in want of a guest.
  Her favorite line—
  Was "Come'n up sometime,"

....
(Write your last line here)

He Can't Be Bothered

The ladies in Filmland annoy
A young man named Baby LeRoy
  Their kisses he spurns
  As his fair head he turns

....
(Write your last line here)

Contest regulations: It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Contestants may clip out the above limericks or merely send a copy. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in each limerick, and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. This contest is open to every reader with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their relatives. All entries must be received on or before midnight of July 1st, 1934.

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RADIO ANN—*She Gets Her Man!*

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COME ALONG PHIL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU!
HOW DO YOU DO! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET ANY FRIEND OF RALPH'S
I HAD NO IDEA RALPH KNEW YOU!
STUDIO XYZ
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! BEAUTIFUL GIRL - BUT A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION!
ANN USED TO HAVE A LOVELY SKIN!
TAXI
SOME DAYS LATER..
DOCTOR, YOU'VE HELPED THOUSANDS WITH YOUR BROADCASTS. WHAT SHALL I DO TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN?
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SIX WEEKS LATER
I JUST SAW ANN MANSETT! WHAT A CHANGE - SHE'S COMPLETELY CLEARED UP THAT AWFUL SKIN!
NUFF SAID RALPH, I'M PHONING HER TONIGHT!
NOT LONG AFTER... ANN ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO HER FRIENDS AT THE STUDIO
CONGRATULATIONS ANN!
I'M SO HAPPY!
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WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

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MY MAKE-UP SECRET
to Create
Fascinating Beauty

As told to Florence Vondelle by
MYRNA LOY

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created originally by Max Factor, make-up genius of filmland. It is color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes! . . . as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals the perfection of Max Factor's make-up.

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● *Rouge should be like a glow of natural color and should harmonize with your colorings and powder. ...Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge is my correct shade. When applied it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and clings beautifully too.*

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And now you may know what a difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at all leading stores.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, in four shades, enclose 10 cents for the extra postage and handling.

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Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Broadway Scoops

[*Continued from page* 53]

instrument? Plenty of talent there and temperament, too. He got it honestly from his famous bandmaster father.

WONDER if the sparks will fly when Roger plays opposite the fair Mae West in *It Ain't No Sin?*

I have never played with Miss West but I remember a couple of years ago when we were having costumes made at Jenkins. She would arrive for her fittings punctually at nine in the morning—after two hours sleep at the most —(she was writing, acting and rehearsing her own play at the time) looking fresh as a daisy.

How I envied her unbounded vitality. She is a wonderful woman and she is regular, I know. But will Roger play with his back to a camera? That is a question.

IF you ask me, I'll say that Lee Tracy is all aces—as a person and as an artist. He'll dig deep in his pockets for a pal, and which is sometimes even more generous, he'll help you get your laughs if you're playing in a scene with him.

Lee is not destined to go streaming off into the void like a lost meteor. If I were crystal gazing, I would say:

"I see important papers to be signed—fatter and juicier contracts. I see a loyal understanding companion, petite charming. Isabel Jewell. Lucky Lee!"

ATTENTION Lyle Talbot. Remember when I looked into the future for you? It was in Oklahoma City the Christmas of nineteen twenty-eight. I was running away from Hollywood, having just completed my first and the first all-dialogue picture for Pathe.

You were working so very hard in stock, a long, difficult part to study every week.

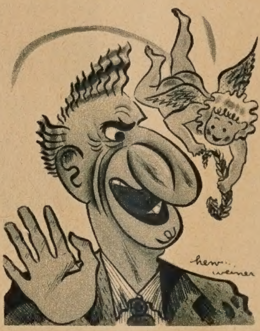
I begged my young cousin, Connie Harris, to introduce me to you just to say, "Cheerio. You've got something. You'll get places!"

You have! Come to think of it, Oklahoma City stock must be an excellent foundation for a screen career. Little Isabel Jewell served her sentence there too, for many hot months.

ONE of life's big kicks is picking a winner—whether you are watching the horses or peering into that magic world of make-believe. Winner? Flash in the pan or here to stay? Fame or oblivion?

In the words of one of my favorite authors, Don Marquis: "Dreams and dust and heartache and illusion and triumph and despair—eternal childishness — the laughter of broken hearts—the substance of life bartered for its painted shadow—the gold of youth traded for the tinsel of artifice—the fleeing hour of glamour that pays for the years of defeat—the priceless recognition of a fellow artist—the undying faith in a future that ever recedes. God help and bless the people of the theater!"

TO A WILD NOSE



By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

Last night I saw a thing so passing fair,
So great, so living, so *complete*, so rare
That in my veins my blood first burned, then froze
And burned again. I saw . . . Durante's nose!

No more for me the dregs of careless love . . .
I've seen Durante. By the heavens above,
No more I'll thrill to any long-lashed glance;
The screen's new lover has me in a trance.

When I beheld that vast expanse so bare
I knew on land or sea, in realms of air,
Never was seen a nobler proboscis
Than thine, Durante. Why, it's plain *colossus!*

TWO years ago Leslie Howard and I discussed his one great ambition across a ping-pong table. Leslie wanted desperately for someone to buy *Of Human Bondage* for him as a picture. Now he's succeeded at last, only Hollywood is calling it *Where Sinners Meet.*

THEY aren't doing right by our Katherine Alexander in Hollywood. Those old meanies, the cameramen aren't photographing her as they should. Look for her as the lady spy in *Operator 13.* She's gr-r-rand. Katherine has called it quits with Bill Brady, Jr., who fell in love with her when she was appearing in one of his father's plays. Katherine is like Peg Sullavan. Neither of them are really beautiful, according to Hollywood standards, but Katherine to my mind is every bit as talented as Peg.

DID you know that Paul Muni at the age of eleven years was playing old men on the stage? I played with Mr. Muni once in an ill-fated play called *Rock Me, Julie* and it's a not so secret ambition of mine to appear with him again before I have to hobble across the boards on crutches. Muni is the one star who gives his rôle absolutely everything. He really studies his characters and won't take the director's word for a thing until he has convinced himself of the proper manner in which the rôle should be played. Muni is truly a great artist.

EVERY time I see a George Arliss picture I'm happy to see that he carries a *real* flower. In *Disraeli* one of my girlish illusions was shattered to discover that the flower he gave to Mrs. Arliss was mere paper. "Why not use a real one—it would be so much nicer," I blurted out. He has, ever since—so I'm boasting terribly.

NEW YORK is yawning at Helen Kane's boop-boop-a-doop. Perhaps she should be sued for thinking of the idea in the first place.

ONE of the letters I must mail at once: Dear Frank Thomas, Jr.—I love you. You are the grandest trouper I ever played with. Hope your papa has bought that nice bicycle for you now that you are in Hollywood and may there be a million retakes on the big ice cream cone scene in *Wednesday's Child.* The best of success in Hollywood.
Love from Aunt Lee, the
Ice Cream Lady.

I MORE than admired Clark Gable's frankness in telling his public during that recent personal appearance in Baltimore that the *last* time he appeared in their fair city (before he went to Hollywood), the reception was nothing if not chilly.

IT IS amazing how Claudette Colbert's legs have disappeared. When she was appearing on Broadway in *The Barker* and *Kiss in a Taxi,* critics could think of nothing else. *Cleopatra* reveals *so* much of the divinely lovely Claudette, but still where are those legs? There must be a law agin 'em.

—*Acme*

Katharine Hepburn as she appeared on entering her home on East 49th street in New York just after her return from Mexico where she secured a divorce from Ludlow Ogden Smith

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Make it
INVISIBLE
with
Marchand's

That's the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are **more satisfactory.**

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. You won't have to worry about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
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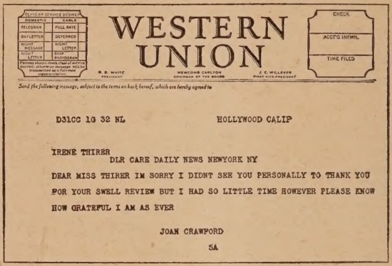
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Critic?

[*Continued from page* 45]

Miss Thirer: I'm sorry I didn't see you personally to thank you for your swell review, but I had so little time. However, please know how grateful I am. As ever, Joan Crawford." And shortly afterwards, Joan paid New York a visit and gave me a telephone call: "This is Joan Crawford. I'm so anxious to get together with you and talk things over. I've been worried for a long time about what you think of me as an actress. Of course I was flattered by your last review, but let's have lunch and thrash out my faults and my virtues—if any."

We had lunch and talked, I found out that Joan is a sincere, honest worker—that she had allowed herself to become thin and gaunt because she really believed it added to her appeal on the screen. And she did not say this in any sort of egotistical fashion. Joan Crawford is not vain about her beauty. She cares far more about being praised for her dramatic ability than for her appearance. From that time until the present day, Miss Crawford has given excellent accounts of herself in ensuing pictures. And now with the glamour of a new romance and with Franchot Tone to offer advice, she should rise to new heights.



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IRENE THIRER
DLR CARE DAILY NEWS NEWYORK NY
DEAR MISS THIRER IM SORRY I DIDNT SEE YOU PERSONALLY TO THANK YOU
FOR YOUR SWELL REVIEW BUT I HAD SO LITTLE TIME HOWEVER PLEASE KNOW
HOW GRATEFUL I AM AS EVER

JOAN CRAWFORD
5A

One of the many telegrams sent by Joan Crawford to Irene Thirer, whose movie criticisms helped the star to make more successful pictures

A GAL who seems flighty and unconcerned with publicly expressed opinion on her behalf is Alice White, cute, pert blonde who has made a marvelous comeback in pictures after a short run of hard luck. Alice is always ready for criticism and she takes it in the right spirit. Many times I have visited with her and her husband Cy Bartlett—who's handsome enough to be a movie star himself, although he prefers scenario writing. We'd discuss Alice's current rôle. No matter what the part happens to be, Alice is prepared for it. She wasn't aware that she had any singing voice at all, nor that she could dance—except in the ordinary ballroom manner—until pictures required the attributes. Alice put her mind, her vocal chords and her twinkling toes to work. The result—proficiency. Critics thereafter, dwelling on movies in which Miss White appeared, were bound to admit that Alice acquitted herself like a real trouper. She's a hard worker. She receives due praise. And she is mighty grateful.

"I am my own severest critic," Edward G. Robinson declared when I broached the subject to him. "And invariably I agree with others who make comment on my work. If I have played a rôle to my own satisfaction, I find that it is generally praised. And when I'm not quite sure about it or when I definitely dislike the characterization—which often happens in an actor's life—the critics and the public are down on me too. However, I'll say that everybody has been kinder to my film offerings than I myself am. I'm much harder to please than—well, even harder to please than my next-to-severest critic, Mrs. Robinson."

Richard Arlen at one time frankly admitted that he doesn't consider himself much of an actor; that he enjoys picture work because there's a lot of fun in it and it is so profitable. He's an extremely modest chap. "I can't understand," he'll tell you, "why the public and the press seem to go for my stuff. But if they do and as long as they do, I'm very very happy. And if they've suggestions to offer concerning my feelings, I'll do my level best to improve."

And very recently, the biggest male draw of them all told interviewers that, in his own opinion, he's not much of an actor. Whom? Clark Gable, of course—as regular a guy as you'll meet in any sort of business. Nothing high-hat about Clark. Pictures have given him a swell break and he's more than appreciative to all who have had a hand in his success. He has been "panned" at times too, but he's been a swell sport about it.

We mustn't confuse temperament with bad sportsmanship. If you're a placid person, nothing "gets" you. But if you've red hair and greenish eyes, you're just bound to get excited. And so it was that beautiful Jeanette MacDonald once or twice took offense at reviews I wrote about her pictures. Now there isn't any denying that Jeanette's initial movie and a couple which followed, did not present this colorful star advantageously. She photographed ravishingly. She looked like a lovely statue, and because she did not know much about camera tchnique, her performances were decidedly wooden. She sang gloriously—her voice was acclaimed immediately, even when critics took exception to her slight knowledge of movie histrionics. Then Jeanette started to learn a great deal under the tutelage of the super-director Ernst Lubitsch. Immediately her acting became vital. Her presence on the screen was important as well as ornamental. She was a foremost star—and indeed she will continue to reign for many more cinema seasons. I suppose Jeanette thought that I didn't like her at first because I didn't care for her performances. She informed me of such, through a mutual acquaintance. I sent word back to her that I certainly couldn't dislike her since I didn't know her, and that my reviews of current pictures never did become personal. When her next picture showed decided merit, I remarked so. After which I received a short note from the actress: "Dear Irene Thirer. I am so glad that my work pleases you now. When I am in New York I do hope to meet you." We did meet. I found her a charming person, beautiful indeed and far more intelligent than some of her early rôles had led me to believe. I liked her immensely—and I still do.

Jean Harlow didn't like herself a bit in *Hell's Angels.* She hadn't yet learned the art of camera makeup when this picture was made. It was easy to realize that she was a potential star. She certainly had an allure. Yet it wasn't until many pictures later that she made a definite hit as an actress—not just as a beauty. *Red Headed Woman* proved conclusively that Jean could act. And when I talked to her about her work and its new dramatic qualities, she was exceedingly pleased, in a becomingly modest fashion.

Sylvia Sidney maintained that she is unbothered by criticism—that she hardly ever reads the newspapers, in fact, I wonder!

She's too clever a young woman to make me fully believe that!

Many stars have proclaimed their displeasure at being handed some rôle or other by their big bosses. They rebel. Once in a while they walk out of the studio until some settlement has been made; improvement in the script, or perhaps another part provided. The great majority of motion picture stars in this day and age are exceptionally intelligent, and well able to predict for themselves those rôles which will be successes for them; those which will draw praise; those which will rate the razz.

Movie acting is an arduous task, certainly requiring as much ability as the legitimate stage does, with the added demand of having a photographic personality. I have seen dozens of film players take steps upward on the ladder to fame.

I don't believe I have ever criticized destructively.

Clark Gable behind the bars—but don't weep! It's just a scene from *Manhattan Melodrama* in which he appears with Myrna Loy and William Powell

"LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

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The Man Who Saved Garbo's Career

[*Continued from page* 34]

"Things continued this way until, one day, I was surprised by the sudden unexpected appearance of Miss Garbo in my studio.

"'I've come to say good-bye,' she explained quietly, smiling with resignation. 'They don't like me here. I'm just a *type*, they say . . . I think I better go back to my country.'

"I got rather excited. How could this marvelous personality fail to attract? Couldn't the movie executives see real beauty and art? I decided to advise a last move.

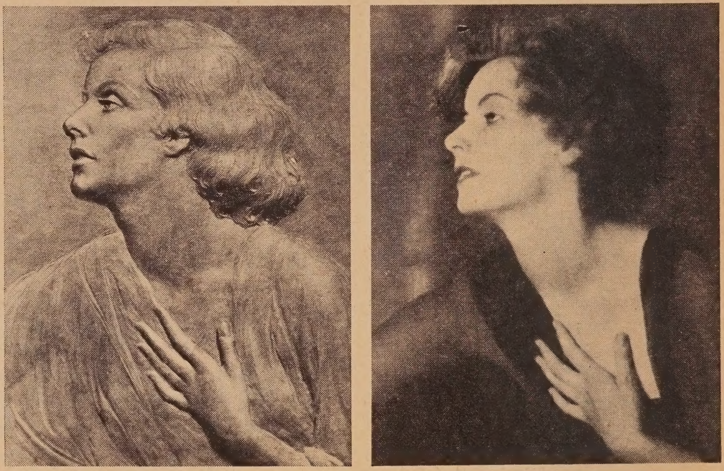
"'Have you shown them the pictures I took of you?' I asked her.

"She looked up in surprise. 'Why, no!' she answered. 'I haven't!' Apologizing, she explained, 'They've taken so many pictures of me at the studio, and

"They *did* sign her up at a salary of $350 a week. Mr. Stiller was signed up, too, and together they went to Hollywood. What happened there, everyone knows. Mauritz Stiller, didn't get along; his genius—for he was unquestionably a great genius—wasn't understood by Hollywood. And he couldn't adapt himself to Hollywood methods, either.

"Miss Garbo, on the contrary, succeeded almost instantly. She became the one and only Garbo!

"While Mr. Stiller was in Hollywood, one day while having lunch with him and Emil Jannings, I asked him what had become of Miss Garbo. He quickly shifted the conversation. 'She became an instant success,' he explained quietly. 'And—oh, well, what's the use of talking? You know how women are!'



Above appear two beautiful studies of Garbo. At the left is a bronze relief by Hilda Kelleher from the portrait at the right, taken by Dr. Genthe in his studio in 1925 soon after the star arrived, bewildered and unknown in the country which was destined one day to hail her as its greatest cinema actress

made so many tests that I thought they had more than enough. I wanted to keep yours for myself!'

"'Then go right back to your hotel,' I told her, 'and pack up all my pictures and send them by special messenger to the studio. After that, wait and see what happens . . . They can't help seeing what is right before their very eyes!'

"Miss Garbo did as I told her—went at once to the Hotel Commodore, where both she and Mr. Stiller were staying, and sent the pictures to the studio.

"From a report heard later from someone who was present, I learned that my pictures had arrived during a directors' meeting. They had looked at them in utter amazement. And one of them had expressed the feeling of the whole board, when he said wonderingly: 'Well! How could we have missed seeing before? If that blonde Swede can look like *this*, we better sign her up for good!'

"Undoubtedly, Mauritz Stiller was deeply in love with Greta Garbo. She was the one woman in his life. It is touching to learn that he died clutching in his hands one of the pictures I had made of her. And Miss Garbo, too, loved him. It cannot be denied that without him, Greta Garbo would never have been the great Garbo. He created her . . . and she has never forgotten it. When losing him, she unquestionably lost her best friend—not only her best friend, but her one real love. She probably didn't realize until after his death all that he meant to her.

"MAYBE that realization helped to bring about the new personality of Miss Garbo—that personality which seeks solitude and privacy, that personality described as shy, cold, aloof and reserved.

"She wasn't like that when I first

knew her. She was happy, then. Having always a great interest in definite personalities, I couldn't help being charmed at once by Miss Garbo. That simple, sweet child of nineteen absolutely conquered me. Maybe it was the chord of sympathy I felt for her, which immediately put her at ease, as far as I was concerned.

"While both she and Mauritz Stiller were in New York, I did all I could to make their stay a pleasant one. Friends helped me with their sincere, warm reception of them both. I remember one incident which took place at that time. One night, the three of us were to have dinner together. I went to meet them at their hotel. Mauritz Stiller was already in the lobby, rather upset. I asked if anything had gone wrong.

"'No, not exactly,' he replied. 'Except that I've just called Miss Garbo and she says she has a bad headache and so won't be able to come with us tonight!'

"I was disappointed myself. I had looked forward to the pleasure of her company. I asked Mr. Stiller if I might talk to her on the phone and tell her how sorry I was. My surprise was great when in response to my words of sympathy, she answered with a cheerful, mischievous laugh.

"'Is Mauritz really upset?' she inquired.

"'So upset,' I replied, 'that unless some radical measure is taken at once, I'm afraid I shall have to call a doctor!'

"At that she laughed—really laughed, like a child pleased at having achieved her purpose. 'Oh, but how *splendid!*' she spoke between laughs. 'Did he really believe I wouldn't go? The idiot!'

"At my insistent question as to whether she was coming or not, she replied, humorously serious: 'Of course I'm coming! All I wanted is that he should believe I wouldn't!'

"When a few moments later she joined us, she was in the best of spirits—simply divine! Her gaiety, her wit, her cheerful laugh, made that evening an unforgettable one.

"HOW Hollywood has affected her, is hard to say. Hollywood is such a strange place! They seem to have a standard type there—one type, which changes every few years. There was the Mary Pickford type—the time when everyone had to look like Miss Pickford. . . . Then, came Miss Garbo, and all the stars tried to be Garbo. A curious proof of that is the group of pictures which *Vanity Fair* published not so very long ago. On that page they presented a number of stars as they looked before Miss Garbo's time, and after her arrival in Hollywood. The change was most amusing. There was only one type among all those women—Garbo's! It is not true to life, but it *is* Hollywood! Garbo alone has been able to escape that standardizing fashion of Hollywood. She has never been 'Hollywooded'! That indestructible quality of genius she has, Hollywood has never been able to destroy, nor to mold into standard form. Look at her latest picture, *Queen Christina.* There are glimpses of the old Garbo—the Garbo I used to know. She looked simply beautiful . . . her profile—the marvelous line of her neck. It had taken the movies two years to discover the extraordinary beauty of that line. Ever since, they never fail to use it in every one of her pictures, as often as they possibly can.

"She hasn't changed either, in her inner feelings, I'm sure. Miss Garbo's greatest quality is her loyalty to her friends. Hers, is not an easy friendship to get, but if one does get it, it lasts untouched forever—in spite of distance and time."

Three Men and Nancy Carroll

[*Continued from page 33*]

who inspired Nancy Carroll with new-found ambitions.

A great friend of theirs revealed to me Nancy's plans at the time. "I'm going back to America before my baby is born," she had said. "I want a daughter, and I want her to be born on U. S. soil. Then, I'm going straight to Hollywood. In a year's time I expect to be an important figure in motion pictures. I'm going to be a star!"

"Don't talk foolishly," the pal told me he answered her. "You've quit the show world. You're not the type for pictures. Your face is too wide, anyway, and you wouldn't photograph well. You've never acted. All you've ever done is chorus work—and that not too, too well.

"Sure, you're going back to New York to have your baby. And in a year or so, you'll have another. You're going to live in the Bronx—just as your mother does (after she had moved up town from Tenth Avenue and the Fifties). You're going to keep house nicely on Jack's seventy-five bucks a week. You're not going to have any more 'career' and you know it."

"Wait and see," said Nancy.

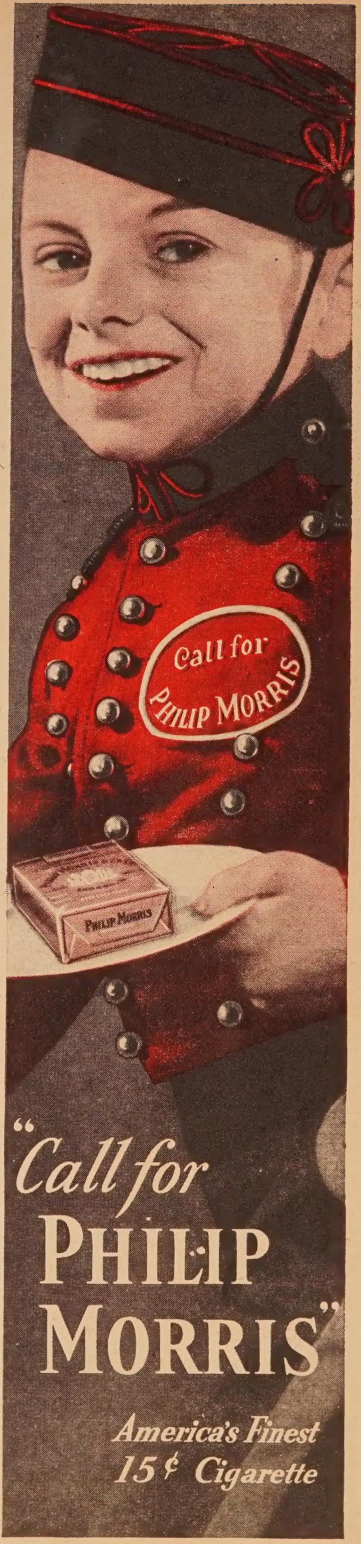
YOU know how the wheel of fate turned. The Kirklands returned to America. Patricia was born. Jack returned to his newspaper desk for a while. One day, when the baby was several months old, he came to me and said: "Irene, we're going to the Coast. I think maybe I can get a job out there, and Nancy wants to try to break into pictures. When a wife is so determined, there's nothing to do but go. Do you think we'll have a chance?"

"I'm sure it oughtn't to be tougher for you than for anybody else," I answered. "You're a swell writer and I think you could get a scenario job as easy as anything. As for Nancy—well, there are a million and one pretty girls in Hollywood. But maybe she could do 'extra' work."

I gave Jack a letter of introduction to a woman whose death was mourned by the movie industry some short time afterwards; a brilliant, charming person—June Mathis, scenario expert, responsible for some of the biggest successes in early pictures.

I don't know if my letter helped any,

[*Continued on page 79*]



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PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Cleopatra Couldn't Shock Hollywood!

[*Continued from page 31*]

rest of her court was home enjoying the cool sea breezes and luxury of Alexandria. Now, if that isn't love—!

"She was faithful to Caesar to the end, too. She adored their son, Caesarion, and when Caesar was killed—and it's a wonder somebody didn't run a dagger into him long before—when he was killed all she could think of was to carry on, as Caesar would have done, to place her son on their throne. Their child would rule the world!"

"Ready, Mr. DeMille!" The voice of the assistant director crashed through twenty centuries. Claudette arose gingerly and took her place by the table. Harry Wilcoxson, playing Marc Antony, sat down beside her. They went through the scene, Claudette and C. B. discussing a bit of business with a rose which she is to drop in Marc's wine goblet. This is a scene that comes some time following the famous barge banquet on the Nile, where beautiful girls clad in gold nets rise from the sea with sea food. Cleopatra believed in wooing with food as well as kisses. Marc, you know, had come to Egypt vowing to seize Cleopatra and take her back to Rome in chains.

Instead he remains, a prisoner of love, bound with invisible chains to the lovely queen. But the gorgeous barge scene is to be filmed later.

"Let's try the dialogue," C. B. says, as they take their places for a scene on the palace roof.

Marc is to reach for a glass wine decanter of odd shape, long of neck, and manufactured especially for this picture. He handles it carefully. Recently C. B. DeMille threatened to supervise personally the murder of anyone who broke it, for it is the only one in existence. As they go through the business of the scene, it develops they need more words to cover the pouring of the wine.

Deep in cogitation, everyone waits for inspiration. The pause grows painful. Eight more words must be found, but what should be added?

Claudette's great brown eyes turn innocently upon C. B.

"I might add the word 'Marc' to my lines when I speak to him," she suggests. "That's one more word."

"And I could say 'Huh?'" grins Wilcoxon.

DeMille chuckles. They have started a chain of thought in that brilliant brain, and in a moment he has given them the additional dialogue. They go through the scene, camera turning, and C. B. says at once, "We'll print that!"

—*Wide World*

More extras were hired for *Cleopatra* than for any other picture. We'll bet most of them begged to be the Nubian slaves who carried Claudette Colbert through the streets looking like this

Relieved, the players rise. DeMille comes over to the table, brushes the precious glass decanter—and *crash!* It lies in a thousand pieces on the floor. A ghastly silence follows. Claudette, pulling her gown away from the spilled wine, looks at C. B. in horror. How can they film the other scenes without that decanter? But that irrespressible French frankness bubbles over in her. "I'm glad *you're* the one who broke it," she says slyly.

That snaps the momentary tension. C. B. laughs and wags a finger at her. Then he confesses, "I had three of them made anyway, just in case," and a sigh of relief goes up.

Grips, juicers and cameramen spring into action to prepare for the next "take." Claudette comes wearily back to her couch, and the colored maid goes to work on her hair.

"Well, that's that. We were saying—?"

"Oh, we were talking about Cleopatra's love for Caesar and their son. Do you think she loved Marc Antony as much as she loved the great Caesar?"

"In a different way, but she loved him," Claudette said with conviction. "I interpret it that way, and histories seem to bear me out. But it was Caesar's son who made her set her cap for Marc in the first place. Marc was very popular with the Romans—a husky, happy fellow, always ready for a fight or a frolic. She set out to captivate him and through him to win power for her son, Caesarion. She was twenty-six or so by then, I believe, and it was no longer the hero worship of a girl in her 'teens for a Caesar. The marriage to Antony was a full-blown tempestuous affair of strong passions. But you know what happened. Antony was too much the playboy. He cut up and drank. They were up against the same thing that so many Hollywood marriages face. Cleopatra was a movie star, you might say, trying to carry on her career, work hard at business affairs and still keep her family life happy.

"She had four children; Caesarion, and three by Antony. But Antony couldn't be relied upon; his military schemes were too fantastic, his easy-going, trusting nature got him into difficulties, and he loved to romp and drink.

"Can't you think of some Hollywood stars who experienced the same thing? That's why I'm sure Cleopatra's life would hardly surprise Hollywood. Her marriage went on the rocks like too many others we could name, and for the same reasons.

"She and Marc Antony thought it great sport to go slumming in Alexandria's Bowery or Alexandria's 'Barbary Coast,' and when she had a terrible hangover, instead of an aspirin or two, she would take a dash of opium sap.

"Caesar never mixed with the common people but that was the particular delight of Cleopatra and Marc Antony. That's what makes me think that her marriage to Antony was a real companionship. It was just too bad that Antony was a weak sister in the final test of his character."

And now it is time to go to work, and Claudette is Cleopatra again, small, beautiful, intelligent — willing to go through the hard drudgery and exacting work of being a queen of cinema. She walks back to the set; the weary tedium of a long day's work falls away and is forgotten as she returns to the camera. A stately peacock twists its neck to look up at her, spreading its fan.

Claudette murmurs, "Another reason why Cleopatra couldn't shock Hollywood; she didn't have any fan dancers that could beat ours!"

Ramon Novarro to Desert the Screen

[*Continued from page* 46]

Novarro must be kept from such incidents. For his kind heart and good nature would force him to share all he has with those whom he thought needed it more than he does.

Seated in the dressing room, I asked Novarro just why he was planning to produce a play and what it was all about. It's impossible for me to reproduce his interesting accent—but you get the idea, anyway.

"I made up my mind that I would produce the play in London because, strange as it may seem, one of my outstanding faults is loyalty," said Novarro.

"You know, when I was in Europe last year, everyone was most kind. But, as I look back, it seems that London was kindest. And so, when I conceived the idea for the play and I decided to produce it, I said:

"'Ramón, you will have to put on the play in London!'

"I know that New York is an important theatrical center. But they were so kind to me in London that I feel I owe it to them. I do hope they'll like it.

"I believe they will—and I say this without conceit—because it is the sort of story that comes from the heart.

"It is the story of a Mexican lad who yearns for great things. He is so ambitious, so eager to make good. Finally, after many, many years of struggle, he becomes a great motion picture star. Everything is at his command; the world is his.

"But the young star, knowing all this, learns later that life has more to offer than just the pleasures of living. He feels that now, with wealth and power, he can do the things he always wanted to do. But the things he wanted to do, become meaningless.

"For there is no motivation behind them; he finds himself doing them—and it is a tasteless, meaningless proceeding. And so, with all his material dreams fulfilled, the young star discovers that life is empty, hopeless."

BUT there was one line in his talk that caught my attention. Novarro had said:

"A young Mexican lad who becomes a star."

I asked Novarro if the play was to be autobiographical.

"Yes — and no," replied Novarro. "True, the early scenes are laid in Mexico and the hero is Mexican. And, also, scenes from my childhood are a part of the play. But not all of it is my story. The hero is a composite figure; he is a study of four famous stars—two of them dead. I wish I could tell you their names—but I cannot."

Four famous stars—two now gone! The late Wallace Reid, whose untimely death some years back shocked a nation, was Novarro's guide and counsellor during the star's early days in the movies.

And Rudolph Valentino, a protége of Rex Ingram, the man who "discovered" Novarro, had elements of drama in his career. He, too, was known to Novarro. And Valentino, as you know, died just when his career was at its zenith.

Could these two be part of the hero of Novarro's play? There is no doubt Novarro is a third—and an important third. But who is the fourth? Novarro won't tell. But just how much of the drama's hero is Novarro—and how much Wallie Reid and Valentino and the unknown fourth—if Wallie Reid and the screen's greatest lover are parts of the composite portrait?

But no matter who the three may be, I choose to believe that much of the drama's leading character is Novarro.

NOVARRO has the world at his feet. And yet, some months ago, he tasted the bitter fruits of critical disapproval. Several of his pictures had failed to limn him in the proper romantic light.

"So I decided not to sign any more long-term contracts," said Novarro in explanation. "I now accept only those rôles that appeal to me. I liked playing in *The Cat and the Fiddle*. And I thought I'd be foolish to turn down the lead in *Laughing Boy*."

But this casual dismissal of what had happened before doesn't alter the fact that Novarro, keenly sensitive, feels quite deeply the whispered gossip that he was "on the skids."

But I still insist this gossip may have prompted Novarro to write the play. He told me he had mulled the idea over for many months. And that only recently had he set it down on paper.

"I find it easy to write—but one can so easily overwrite, too," he said. "I am finishing the first act and soon will start on the second act. And, by fall, it will be ready for production. But one must be careful in writing. I feel the play so keenly that I don't want to make any mistakes."

And if he "feels the play so keenly" it is only because *It's Another Story* for Ramón Novarro—a story that, until now, never has been told.

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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Size	Tires	Tubes
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7.50-20	6.95	3.75

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Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.25	$0.65
30x3½	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45

TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95
32x6—8-ply	6.95	2.75
32x6—10-ply	7.95	2.75
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Picture Tips

Something new in courtroom scenes: William Frawley as jury foreman in *The Witching Hour* has just taken a shot at district attorney Purnell Pratt, which doesn't seem quite cricket to John Halliday

THE NEW FILMS

JUNGLE WHOOPEE with thrills and romance galore—that's *Tarzan and His Mate*, with Johnnie Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton and more animals and cannibals than you imagined in your wildest dreams. Take the whole family to this all-roaring, all-juju growlie—it's a knockout.★★★★—*Metro.*

THEATER BUGS should like *I Married an Actress*, a backstage drama about a famous European actor who fails to click but whose wife meets with terrific success on Broadway, headlining Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi, with David Manners as the third side of the triangle. ★★★—*Paramount.*

A BIG BAD WOLF in writer's clothing, Warner Baxter, goes after Rochelle Hudson, innocent country girl, in *Such Women Are Dangerous.* But even an innocent country girl will turn, to give an old plot a new twist. Other dangerous women in the cast are Mona Barrie and Rosemary Ames.★★★—*Fox.*

HISTORICAL ROMANCE is beautifully and authentically presented in *Operator 13*, from the famous Robert W. Chambers story, full of the smell of magnolia and gunpowder, with Marion Davies as the Northern spy and the apple of Confederate Captain Gary Cooper's roving eye.★★★—*Metro.*

CRAZY PEOPLE will enjoy that insane pair, George Burns and Gracie Allen, in *Many Happy Returns*, a story all about a crazy town called Hollywood, which might have been written by Gracie herself, but wasn't. Joan Marsh, George Barbier and others also go mad.★★★—*Paramount.*

TURNABOUT is what happens in *Uncertain Lady*, in which Wifey Genevieve Tobin goes out to bring home the bacon while Hubby Edward Everett Horton plays around. With the other man, Paul Cavanagh, and the other woman Renee Gadd, they try nobly, but the sparkle fails to put anybody's eye out.★★—*Universal.*

FAMILY TROUBLES figure largely in *The Party's Over*, which would be pretty sad if it weren't for the star, Stuart Erwin, who turns in his usually dependable performance. Ann Sothern as his secretary is quite, quite decorative.★★—*Columbia.*

A BIT LONG-HAIRED is the verdict on the screen version of the noted stage play *Double Door.* Dominating dowagers, aristocratic weakling sons and pale young brides need comedy relief, but it's absent here. Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing and Kent Taylor are in the cast.★★—*Paramount.*

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY unjustly accused of murder is the *motif* of *Monte Carlo Nights*, with a dash of gambling fever and John Darrow and Mary Brian. It has all the ingredients of good melodrama.★★*Monogram.*

HOLD YOUR BREATH when you see *The Witching Hour*, to which you may have shivered in orchestra seats. Even folks who don't like horror pictures will like this, though it's based on hypnotism and other nasty subjects; the suspense is skillfully maintained and Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, William Frawley, Judith Allen, Tom Brown and others do a superb job.★★★★—*Paramount.*

IF YOU LIKE BRITISH HEROES you'll like the new English star, Hugh Williams, in *All Men Are Enemies*, even though it's a bewhiskered story of lovers separated by war and cruel parents. Hugh and Helen Twelvetrees finally get together. Mona Barrie and Herbert Mundin do well.★★—*Fox.*

HOMESPUN DRAMA insures entertainment in *Half a Sinner*, with Berton Churchill, who played the lead in the original play *Alias the Deacon*, priceless as the deacon card-shop. Joel McCrea and Big Boy Williams stage a wrestling match, and Sally Blane is the village belle. ★★★—*Universal.*

TRIPLE COMEBACK is staged when Bill Boyd, June Collyer and Dorothy Mackaill come through with excellent performance in *Cheaters*, as society crooks working a marriage racket on a millionaire eccentric. William Collier, Sr., also scores a hit.★★★—*Liberty.*

COLOR AND MUSIC help to make *Hollywood Party* a treat for those who like extravagant song and dance fasties. All-celebrity cast including Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Jack Pearl and others.★★★★—*Metro.*

MURDER MYSTERY, logical and exciting, and Paul Lukas, Patricia Ellis and Onslow Stevens make *Affairs of a Gentleman* one of the best pictures of its kind.★★★—*Universal.*

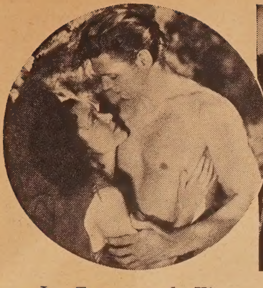
CHILLS AND SNICKERS fight for supremacy in *Private Scandal*, with Lew Cody sacrificed for the chills and Ned Sparks shining as the detective. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts help to make rollicking comedy of a murder. ★★★—*Paramount.*

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show . . . ★★ Average Movie . . . ★ Mediocre Offering

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

RADIO FANS will love *Twenty Million Sweethearts*, a musical without dancing, showing what happens around radio studios. A grand cast including Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, the wa-de-da Mills Brothers and Ted Fio Rito's band.★★★★—*Warner.*



In *Tarzan and His Mate*, this is how Maureen asks Johnnie if they can't move into a new tree next fall

Marion Davies, the Northern spy who is the apple of Gary Cooper's roving eye in *Operator 13*

Warner Baxter, in his newest film, finds out from Rochelle Hudson why *Such Women Are Dangerous*

FOR HAND-HOLDERS in the movies, the chef recommends *Change of Heart*, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell back together as college students. With Ginger Rogers and Jimmie Dunn, they learn all about love without money.★★★★—*Fox.*

MARITAL INTRIGUE (cheating to you) comes in for good treatment in *Where Sinners Meet* at the hands of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook.★★★—*Radio.*

A GOLDEN VOICE makes a hoarder out of Claire Trevor in *Wild Gold*. The voice belongs to John Boles, so no wonder. Harry Green runs away with the comedy scenes. Entertaining and exciting.★★★—*Fox.*

FOR LAUGHS AND LAUGHS, see W. C. Fields as the crazy inventor in *You're Telling Me*. The old golf-club gag is still funny. Joan Marsh, Adrienne Ames and Buster Crabbe laugh, too. ★★★—*Paramount.*

EVERYTHING SHE WANTS comes to Constance Cummings in *Glamour*, including Paul Lukas. A fairly pleasing little romance.★★—*Universal.*

SIR LANCELOT Ross of radio fame is the star of *Melody in Spring*—a little nervous at his first screen appearance, but what a voice! Ann Sothern is a pretty listener, and Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles an amusing pair of parents.★★★—*Paramount.*

A GREAT BOYS' EPIC which grown-ups and their youngers will like is *No Greater Glory* with Frankie Darrow, Jackie Searle and Lois Wilson. ★★★—*Columbia.*

NAUTICAL AND A BIT NAUGHTY is the verdict on *We're Not Dressing*, with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Ethel Merman, Leon Errol and Carole Lombard.★★★★—*Paramount.*

IT'S NO GAMBLE to go to see *Gambling Lady* if you like Barbara Stanwyck. Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien are the men in the case.★★★—*Warner.*

TIGER VISITS BABY and we don't mean animal crackers. It's just one of the high spots in *She Made Her Bed*, with Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen and son. Worthwhile.★★★—*Paramount.*

WEAK HOKUM—Such is the humble critic's opinion of *Voice in the Night*, a somewhat hashily done story of the telephone company giving its all to the public. Better pass it unless you are an ardent admirer of Tim McCoy.★—*Columbia.*

GENUINE ENTERTAINMENT—*Wharf Angel*, with Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster and the vampish Dorothy Dell, is the familiar brotherly love versus sex story, but it packs a good wallop. ★★★—*Paramount.*

GREAT FOR THE KIDS—Ken Maynard is the hard-riding, straight-shooting sheriff who beats Fred Kohler, the chief villain, in all his dirty work. *Honor of the West* is a fine western picture.★★★—*Universal.*

FAIR THRILLER PICTURE—Ralph Bellamy, as the inspector, saves Shirley Grey, a homeless steno, from taking a murder rap in this swift-moving film called *One Is Guilty*.★★—*Columbia.*

FOR MURDER MYSTERY FANS, *The Crosby Case* will be pleasing. Warren Hymer, Wynne Gibson, Skeets Gallagher and J. Farrell MacDonald do well in a story that will have every spectator guessing.★★★—*Universal.*

ROMANCE AND MYSTERY are pleasantly mixed in *The Mystery of Mr. X*, which presents Mr. Robert Montgomery in one of his best rôles as the clever diamond thief. Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes also in the cast.★★★—*Metro.*

HIGH PRESSURE COMEDY-DRAMA for an evening is insured by Jimmy Cagney in *Jimmy the Gent*, with Alice White and Bette Davis.★★★—*Warner.*

SING AND LIKE IT is what you'll do at the picture of the same name, with ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Nat Pendleton and Ned Sparks.★★★★—*Radio.*

FOR SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION we recommend Adolphe's warm love-making and Edward Everett Horton's hot flashes of humor in *Easy to Love*, with Genevieve Tobin and Mary Astor as the feminine lures.★★★—*Warner.*

FOR A SLIGHT SHOCK, see *Come On Marines* with lots of pretty girls and eager marines alone at night in the jungle. For instance, Ida Lupino and Toby Wing and Richard Arlen and Roscoe Karns.★★★—*Paramount.*

THEY DIDN'T NEED WOMEN to make a grand picture called *The Lost Patrol*. We mean Victor McLaglen and Boris Karloff. Don't miss this thriller—it's a dramatic hit!★★★—*Paramount.*

Don't Miss These Four-Star Pictures!

Twentieth Century—John Barrymore, Carole Lombard.
Sadie McKee—Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone.
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Ronald Colman, Loretta Young.
It Happened One Night—Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert.
David Harum—Will Rogers.
Viva Villa—Wallace Beery, Fay Wray.
Riptide—Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Bob Montgomery.
Wild Cargo—Animals, snakes and Frank Buck.
House of Rothschild—George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young.
Scarlet Empress—Marlene Dietrich.
Men in White—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger.
Affairs of Cellini—Frank Morgan, Connie Bennett, Fredric March.
Catherine the Great—Elizabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses when used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.

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YES, I GOT RID OF FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS ALMOST LIKE MAGIC!

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GETTING DARK AT THE ROOTS

BLONDES

heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to *keep* blonde hair always *beautiful*. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical $1 size, at any drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.*

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Summer Daintiness

[*Continued from page* 54]

shape of excessive perspiration. Excitable, nervous people suffer more in this respect than calm persons, and physically active ones more than those who live sedentary lives. Frequent bathing and the use of reliable anti-perspirants and deodorants are extremely helpful.

Bathing, however, should be thorough and leisured, not perfunctory. A warm bath at night, with plenty of lathery soap and a stout bath brush, and a cold shower in the morning are guaranteed to normalize the activity of the sweat glands to a great extent. If you are the "hurried" type, begrudging every minute spent in your tub, make your bath so refreshing and so relaxing that you loathe leaving it. There is a pine bath tablet impregnated with the tangy fragrance of pine forests that makes your bath exhilarating as well as refreshing. The tablet is effervescent and from the silvery bubbles comes the breath of pine. These balsamic ingredients also leave the skin soft and delicately scented. If you ever need a quick pick-up for the evening after a hard day's work, you'll find this pine tablet just the thing. Want the trade name?

The effects of even the most dawdling and soapiest bath are lost quickly on a broiling hot day, so there is need of something to prolong that feeling of crisp cleanliness. For this purpose, use a deodorant bath powder, one that discourages perspiration generally and also deodorizes it, keeping the skin fresh. A powder of this kind is grand when used under girdles and hose; it helps materially to ward off the spectre of body odor. All bath powders are refreshing, but not all have deodorizing properties, so write to me if you want to be sure before purchasing.

Those who prefer toilet water to powder after the bath and those who prefer a seductive rather than a flowerlike scent, will be delighted to know that a famous Parisian *eau de cologne* is now being offered at a low price, in a sapphire blue and silver bottle, with a sprinkler top to prevent waste. This container is especially designed to be grasped firmly and safely in the most slippery bathroom surrounding, yet has a very *boudoir* look.

WHILE these scented conceits are very fine for all-over protection, they are as nothing when it comes to checking and deodorizing perspiration. For this, you need a concentrated preparation that means business. There are several excellent ones on the market, some designed to afford complete protection for twenty-four hours, some for a much longer period. The secret in achieving results with any of them is to follow the manufacturer's directions minutely.

If convenience and speed in the application of a perspiration corrective are what you are interested in, you ought to approve of a new liquid deodorant that comes in an atomizer bottle and is *sprayed* on the skin. It can be operated with one hand in less than a split second. I greeted this newcomer with loud huzzas for I firmly believe that if the application of deodorants is simplified, more women will use them regularly. The price of this very fine personal daintiness aid is only 50 cents. I'll be glad to give you the trade name.

I must tell you about a new preparation for keeping the nail tips immaculate. This is pretty hard to do by putting ordinary nail-white under the free edge of the nail, for it soon grows dingy or wears away. The new discovery is an opaque liquid enamel just like liquid polish except that it is white. You brush it on the nail tips and let it dry and there you are! Even if dirt does collect under the nail, it is quite invisible.

If your nail tips are not prettily shaped, or if they vary in shape, you can paint on more flattering versions, giving your fingers and nails a borrowed beauty. Even stubby fingers can be made to appear tapering by means of this enamel. The price is 50 cents a bottle. Of course it can be removed with the ordinary polish removers.

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Rudy Vallee

Made Me a Star

says ALICE FAYE

Latest brilliant star to flash from radio fame to the movie screen is glamorous Alice Faye, protege of Rudy Vallée. She gives Rudy all the credit for building her up to stardom—but Rudy says he just recognized talent when he saw it. Read what they both have to say about their much publicized friendship and Alice's rise to fame, in the July

RADIOLAND

The News Magazine of the Air

JIMMIE DURANTE confesses in this same issue to a dark past as a song writer, involving Walter Winchell—BEATRICE FAIRFAX, famous love counselor, tells how she advises the lovelorn over the air—AL JOLSON fights for his future as an entertainer through radio—a revealing story tells why KATE SMITH isn't heard regularly on the networks—MYRT AND MARGE let you step behind the scenes to observe their fascinating lives—these and dozens of other stories make RADIOLAND the biggest ten cents' worth on any newsstand!

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RADIOLAND
10c
RUDY VALLEE Made Me a Star Says Alice Faye
Why Isn't KATE SMITH On The Air?

Now on Sale at all Newsstands

10c

Public Enemies of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 22*]

always been as gracious and charming when they've come for more interviews as though they had written her favorite stories about herself. And, what's more, she's made them all feel that she is anxious for and appreciates all the stories they can give her.

Ramón Novarro has made a personal friend of almost every writer who has ever talked to him and I don't ever recall having read anything unflattering about Ramón in all the time he's been on the screen. When he sees writers on the lot whom he knows, he makes a point of asking them to visit him in his dressing room or on his set. That's why the same writers do stories over and over again on him.

Norma Shearer has been publicized as one of the most intelligent women in pictures and she has seen to it that practically every story written about her has stressed that point. I don't mean that when a writer comes to see her she says: "Why don't you write about my intelligence?" She's far too clever for that. She treats them as intelligent human beings, discourses intelligently on almost any subject they bring up and they go away so impressed with her intellect that that's what they generally write about—and the public is interested in intelligence.

Marie Dressler has reached the point where she really needs very little publicity. She has become a subject, not for movie magazine writers but for editorial comment. However, Marie has been a showman for so long that the value of publicity is imbued in her to such an extent she never loses a chance to make a friendly gesture towards a writer. It was only when executives of the studio insisted she stop granting interviews because of the tax on her strength that she quit seeing writers.

ONLY recently a young lady wanted to do a story on her home and the studio sent her out there on a day when Marie was supposed to be away. It happened Marie had not yet left when the writer arrived. She could easily have remained in her room and either not seen the writer at all or excused herself. Did she? Not much! She took that writer over the entire house from roof to cellar, giving her the history of each little knick-knack she has acquired. Have you ever read anything derogatory about Marie? Has there been any lessening of interest in her at the box office?

The stars who have survived the longest are the ones who have always had plenty of publicity and who have cultivated the good will of writers.

When I hear of an actor becoming condescending about granting interviews I have to laugh. If they realized they are only hurting themselves and that for every story actually written there are a dozen people of equal importance and prominence about whom it *could* be written—and just as interestingly, too!—they would darned soon reach the point where they would talk as long as they could get anyone to listen!

Personal answers to your Hollywood questions—see page 82.

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Mary Brian's beautiful hands achieve added loveliness when they are smartly fashioned with MOON GLOW, the new nail polish that actually "flatters your fingertips".

MOON GLOW'S six smart shades will thrill you, and your nails will retain their smart appearance longer. MOON GLOW will not fade, crack or peel. Ask your drug or department store for the 25 or 50c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish, in all shades. Accept no substitute for genuine MOON GLOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon

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Resinol

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50c A Jar

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Hollywood Flashes

[*Continued from page* 37]

THE "hottest" novel that has come out of Hollywood to date is *Blondes Play Too Rough*, by Robert Neal Leath. At least, that's what the stars are saying. Six celebrities, in fact, have their endorsements of it printed on the book jacket. Everybody's reading it, giving it, or borrowing it. The endorsers, who acted as reviewers, were Bette Davis, Jean Muir, Mae Clarke, Dick Powell and Clara Bow. Warren William and Jack Holt also blurbed the volume, and were sore because their opinions weren't presented soon enough to be printed on the jacket of the first edition!

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S stunt of wearing a different style of hairdress with each of twenty-six costume changes in *Thirty-Day Princess* sounds like a plug for the nation's beauty parlors and hairdressers. But knowing Sylvia and being from Missouri, we're waiting to count those twenty-six ways—all different—in which she'll wear her hair. You've got to be cagey with that Sylvia gal, for she's one of the best straight-faced jokesters in Hollywood!

PUTTING Lee Tracy and Miriam Hopkins together in a single picture is cruelty to motion picture microphones. They are the male and female champions of the world for fast talking. Miriam deliberately slows down her verbal gallop for film rôles, and Lee has never half-way extended himself in lingual speed on the screen. But you should hear them chatter in real life! The worst of it is, no matter how fast they talk, they're really saying things, not mere words. What if they were married to each other!

Laughs from the New Pictures

IT AIN'T NO SIN—

John Miljan: "You know where Havana is?"

Mae West: "Yes—that's where they have bad women and good cigars!"

THE FIREBRAND—

Vince Barnett: "Did you kill him?"

Fredric March: "How the devil should I know? But I lost my dagger—I was forced to flee and leave it sticking in his throat."

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—

Rosemary Ames (Giving Warner Baxter medicine): "Don't make such a fuss! Why, they use this for babies."

Baxter: "Then find a baby to use it on."

THE SCARLET EMPRESS—

Marlene Dietrich: "Oh-h, I couldn't. Remember my husband!"

John Lodge: "Come, come now, don't be so old-fashioned. This is the eighteenth century."

LET'S BE RITZY—

Isabel Jewell to Frank McHugh: "You're the world's greatest alibi artist."

Frank: "Why?"

Isabel: "For being engaged to me for eight years without marrying me."

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***THE BLACK CAT*, featuring Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, David Manners and Jacqueline Wells.**

These are just a few of the great stories to be found in the July ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES. Also many personality stories of the stars, told in a way that will intrigue you and hold your interest to the end.

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Three Men and Nancy Carroll

[*Continued from page 71*]

but I did get a reply from Miss Mathis, saying that she hoped to place my 'young friend,' that she had found him diligent and clever.

I don't have to tell you how things turned out. Nancy Carroll was 'discovered' and given the lead in *Abie's Irish Rose*. From then on, the path to fame was smooth for her, and a fortune rolled at her tiny toes. Movie stars are made over night, you know. But a scenario writer can be doing important things for years before he is recognized. Thus, Kirkland labored in Hollywood ably, but without renown. He became known as "Nancy Carroll's husband."

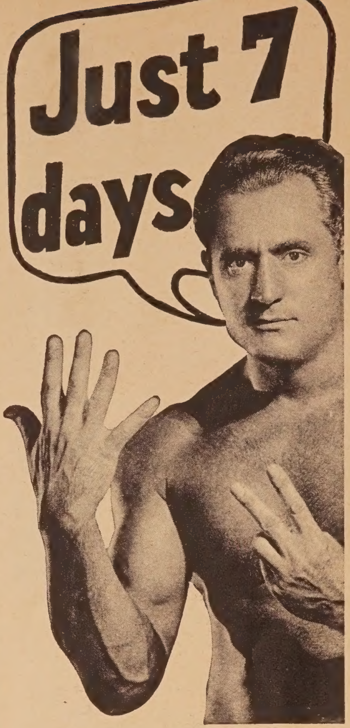
Paramount sent its star to New York for personal appearances, and Jack came along. He had written a play, *Frankie and Johnny*. With the help of Nancy's money, he put it on Broadway. It flopped. So, at this time, did their marriage. They were divorced in June.

A month after the decree was final, Nancy married Bolton Mallory who, coincidentally, had once been employed by the same newspaper which provided desk duty for Jack during the time he was courting Nancy. Soon Bolton too was being referred to as "Nancy Carroll's husband."

AND this is where the story changes! Without a doubt, young Kirkland possessed a play-writing flair, even though his first attempt did not hit the mark. Jack tried his hand at the legitimate stage once again. He wrote the Henry Hull play version of *Tobacco Road*. It was a tremendous success. Movie companies galore bid for the screen rights, at fabulous sums. Jack was acclaimed "brilliant young playwright." He was no longer referred to as "Nancy Carroll's ex-husband."

That would be about that—except that I should say a word or two about Nancy as regards her screen work. For six years she remained one of the brightest names in pictures. Then her star suddenly dimmed—just as Jack was taking bows for his splendid work in the theater. Nancy became 'difficult to handle.' She staged walkouts. She was temperamental on the set. She irked her fellow players—according to newspaper accounts. Eventually, she parted company with the organization which was responsible for her rapid climb to movie fame. Since then she has worked for other outfits—not with too, too much success.

Now, following her separation from Bolton Mallory, Nancy Carroll is through with romance for awhile and her work has become the only important thing in her life. That's where Otto Kruger comes in. He is much, much older than Nancy. He is happily wed and his interest in her is not at all romantic. But it is through Otto Kruger, her first leading man in a comeback campaign, that she is making great strides toward the top. With a perfect leading man, one who can loan her all the wisdom of his years on the New York stage, Nancy's troubles are over. *Springtime For Henry* is also springtime for Nancy—after a long winter of disappointment.



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The One Star Who Has No Enemies

[*Continued from page 39*]

"What about social activities? What is your viewpoint on this aspect of Hollywood?"

She smiled. "I don't play bridge, or go to many parties," she answered. "Actually, Hollywood night life isn't as black as it's painted. In the first place, we have to get up too early when we're working; secondly, most of us are athletically inclined. No wonder visitors dub us provincial!

"The old, old line about burning the candle at both ends still is a very true one. The camera is enexorable. Make-up can cover a few sins, but it can't hide those haggard, late-hour circles which will creep under tired eyes! When I am working, unless I've a night call for more scenes, I am in bed and ready to sleep at nine o'clock. No matter if I've been late getting home and haven't had dinner, or if I should be learning my script for the next day—nothing interferes! Lights go out at nine!

"Maybe," she mused, "it's the climate that causes me to be so crazy about the outdoors. I can't wait to get into the sun. If I woke in the morning and had to moan, 'Oh, another day!' . . . well, I wouldn't call that living!"

An excellent way to waste energy in Hollywood, Jean contends, is to fall for the "being seen" routine. "The truth is that if you are seen in the social spots too much, people will assume that if you have unlimited time to play around you can't be serious about your work. One must conscientiously build a reputation for reliability. The method for that is to stay home, little girl, stay home!"

Common sense from this siren was undermining my armor of doubt. I feebly rallied with the comment that she evidently lived expensively.

"I don't, and it's silly to throw money away. My home is comfortable, yes. But I've always lived so. The house in which I was raised in Kansas City had eighteen rooms! That certainly dwarfs this. And I drive a three year old Cadillac!

"I'm *home*-conscious, if there's a phrase like that. I'd rather have a love-

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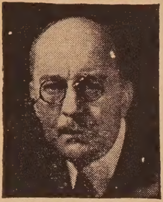

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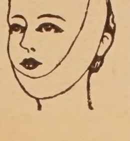

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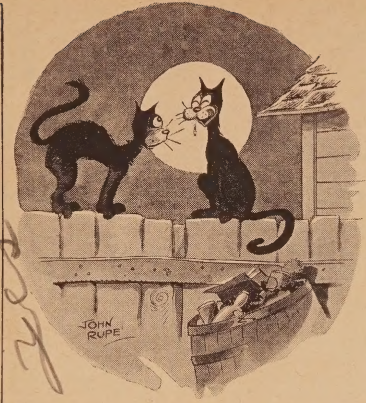

"Oh boy! Mickey Mouse in PERSON at Loew's State next week!!"

ly home than any amount of jewels."

Golf, I was informed, is her passion. "I'm the world's worst golfer!" she exclaimed. "But you ought to watch me pounding the greens. You'd think I was training for the championship!"

I ASKED her—in a final endeavor to be stern—what advice she had for newcomers, in view of mistakes she might have made herself.

"So far as the business end is concerned, I'd suggest they not sign a contract for more than a year. If a company wants you badly, they'll take you on that basis. Then, if you click, you can profit on your rise. I got into a mess, myself. For *Hell's Angels* I signed a long contract. Howard Hughes had nothing for me to do for months afterwards, and I was loaned for some of the worst pictures ever made. It's a miracle to me my career wasn't completely ruined by them! . . . As to accepting advice—a normal person has native good judgment, I'd say. When in doubt, consult a clever agent or attorney. Otherwise, be yourself!"

Before leaving I asked Jean if there was any one particular principle she followed in her constant, every-day battle with Hollywood.

"Yes," she immediately responded, "one word sums up my theories as to the right away to live. It is *gratitude* Battle? I don't waste my precious hours in fighting, and I have no enemies because I have only friends!

"Gratitude, I am convinced, is a good foundation for progress and success. The law of appreciation has worked marvelously for me. When I played my very first rôle at seventeen, I realized that my career would depend upon whether folks liked me. I make every effort to reciprocate any interest shown in me."

Jean went on, recounting incidents where mutual appreciation has built bonds of friendship between people and herself. She has *faith.* It is this trust in the elemental goodness of people that has freed her from the petty entanglements of a movie career—which has, indeed, enabled her to survive tragedy. Why, she even had faith in *me*—and that chip fell off my shoulder long before I left her house. I can resist anything but sincerity!

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Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
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29x4.50-20	2.35	.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6 00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.35	.75
31x4	2.95	.85
32x4	2.95	.85
33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1 15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1 55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5 Truck	$4.25	$1.95
34x5 Truck	4.25	2.00
32x6 8 ply. Tr.	6.95	2.75
32x6 10 ply. Tr.	7.95	2.75
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HOLLYWOOD *Information Bureau*

Conducted by Doris Jean
If you wish a personal reply to your questions send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Doris Jean SCREEN BOOK, 665 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. She will reply promptly.

WHAT are the names of Franchot Tone's next pictures? Can you tell me what a fan club is? How does one join them?—*Mrs. John Kennedy, 133 Homecrest Ave., Trenton, N. J.*

Franchot Tone's next pictures will be *Sadie McKee* and *The World Moves On* . . . A fan club is a group of admirers of a certain star, named after the star. They are usually started by an admirer, who creates an organization. If you wanted to start a Franchot Tone fan club, you could do so by getting together a group of his admirers. You can find out whether there is already such an organization in your city by writing to M-G-M Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Would appreciate your telling me what was used to gray Spencer Tracy's hair in *The Power and the Glory.*—*E. J. Swartz, Canton, Ohio.*

An off-shade white grease paint was used. Didn't it look natural?

I saw *Bolero* four times, and would like to know the name of the music that George Raft and Carole Lombard danced to in George's apartment. Is there a record available?—*Hal G. Trout, 307 W. Wildwood Ave., N. J.*

The name of the music is *Hot Georgie.* No record has been made of it, and the music was not published. There is a possibility that you might get a copy of the manuscript by writing to the Music Department at Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

I would like to know the age of Janet Gaynor.—*Eleanor May Strauss, Shoreland Hotel, Chicago.*

Janet Gaynor is 25 years old.

Why does Greta Garbo look so mysterious? What is her ideal type of man to marry?—*Miss Yung Chot-tsu, Amoy, Fulien, China.*

Miss Garbo is just naturally that way—it is not a pose at all. Those who know her well say that she looks and acts just the same in real life as she appears on the screen. As to the sort of man she will marry—she just won't talk!

What is the name of the young man who played the part of Julio in *Flying Down to Rio?* How old is he? Is he married? What is his nationality? How may I get a picture of him?—*Judith Marshall, Philadelphia, Penn.*

His name is Raoul Roulien. His wife was killed in an auto accident during the filming of *Flying Down to Rio.* He is 27 years old, and was born in Brazil. Write to RKO Studio, 780 No. Gower, Hollywood, Calif., for a picture.

Is Constance Cummings the daughter of a Seattle attorney? I was formerly employed by an attorney there named Halverstadt (which I notice is her real name) and he had a little daughter named Constance who used to come in my office and play on my typewriter. . . . Why don't we see more of Lilian Harvey?—*Kathren Dimock, 1241 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles.*

Yes, Constance is the same girl . . . Many fans feel the same way about Lilian Harvey. However, Fox is getting a couple of pictures ready for her.

What is the age of Jackie Coogan?—*Benjamin Jones, Madison, Md.*

Jackie was born in Los Angeles on October 26, 1914.

I saw the picture *Untamed Africa* twice. Both times it was supposed to be accompanied by the voice of Wynant Hubbard. The first time sounded like his voice, and the second time, in a different theater, like Preston Foster's voice. Can you account for this?—*W. J. Gloria, 114 Powell St., San Francisco.*

I am sure that it was Hubbard's voice both times. Different sound equipment in theaters changes the tone of a voice.

How old is Dorothea Wieck? What is her real name? Is she married?—*Ellen M. Benson, Baltimore, Md.*

She is 25 years old; her real name is Dorothea Olavia Wieck, and she is married to Baron Ernst von der Decken, of Germany.

Are Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone really engaged? When are they going to be married?—*Jean Schwarzkopf, 904 West Huntington Dr., Arcadia, Calif.*

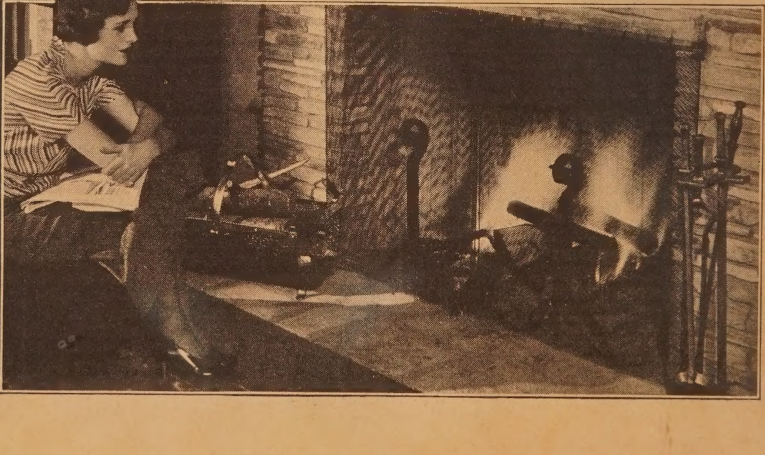
By the time this is printed, you will probably know more about it than I do now. The young lady says no, but the young lady is also a notorious fibber.

Where would a letter reach Jackie Cooper? What is his mother's name? Who are some of his friends? Does he play any musical instrument?—*Teddy Lyman, 1305 Sheridan St., Camden, N. J.*

You may write to Jackie at M.G.M. Studio, Culver City, Calif., his mother's name is Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow. He plays with all of the neighborhood kids. A drum is the only instrument that he can play.

Were Mary Astor's parent's justified in demanding support from her in court?

While we don't know full details, we do know that Mary has always lived sensibly herself and that she's one of the sweetest girls in Hollywood. There may, however, be some very good reason her family had to maintain a lavish establishment and gigantic swimming pool; if so, we feel certain Mary would have been reasonable without taking the situation to court.



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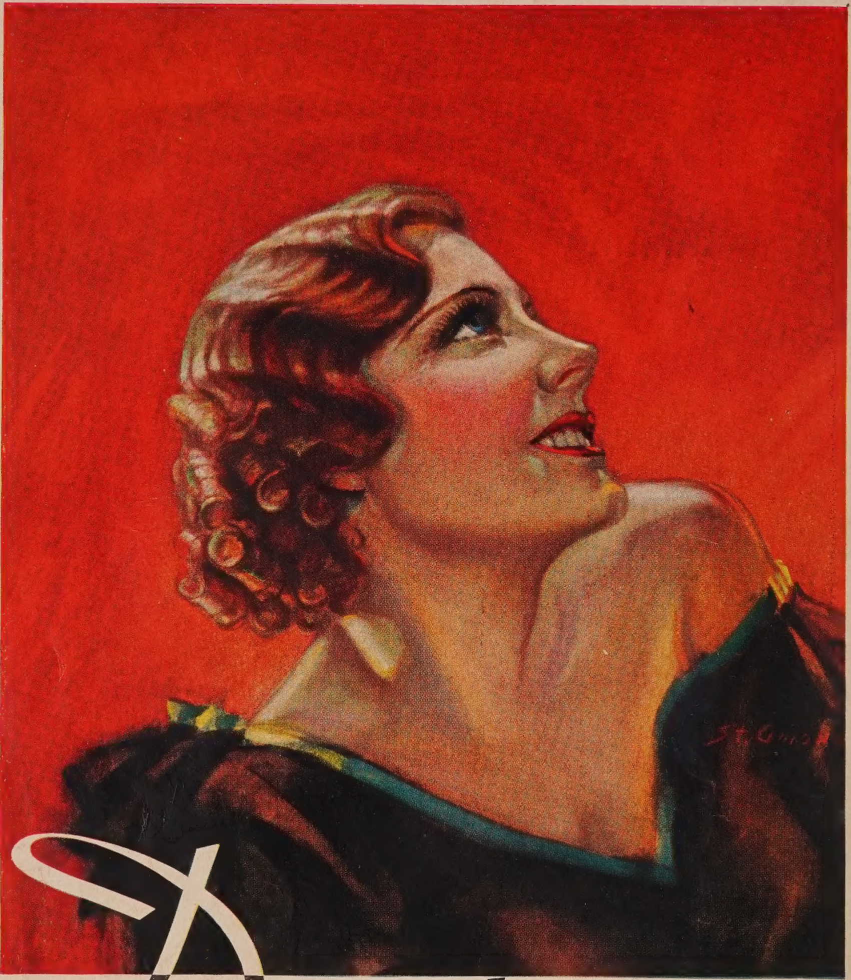

★IRENE
DUNNE

Charming star in **RKO** *pictures*

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★ ★ CHOICE OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

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SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

August

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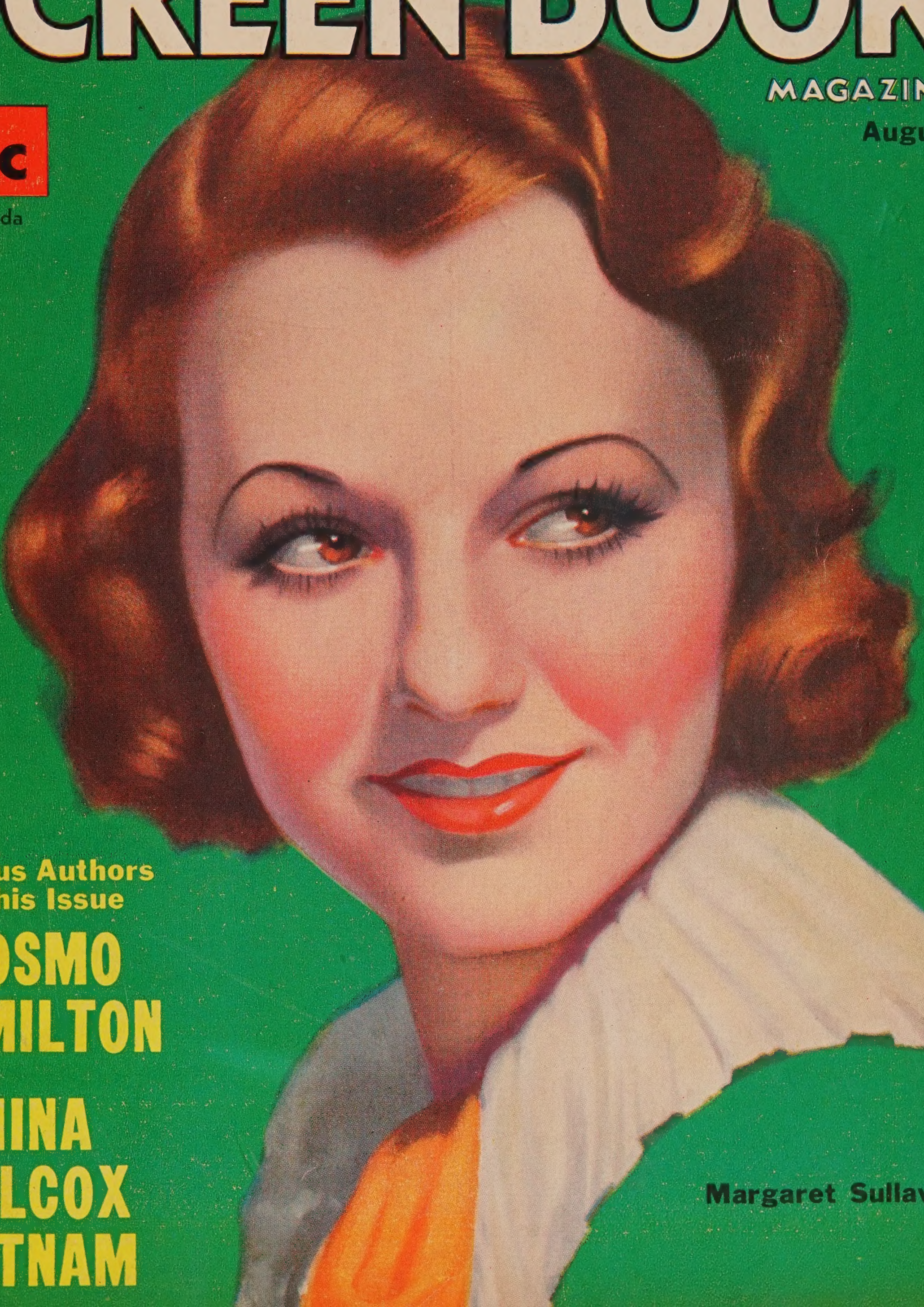


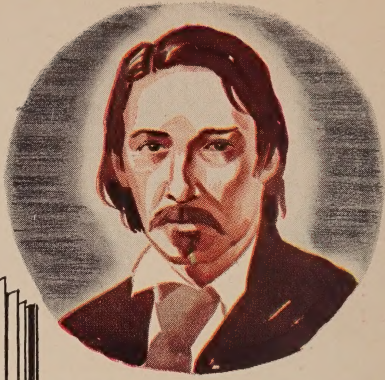
Margaret Sullavan

Famous Authors in this Issue

COSMO HAMILTON

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera . .

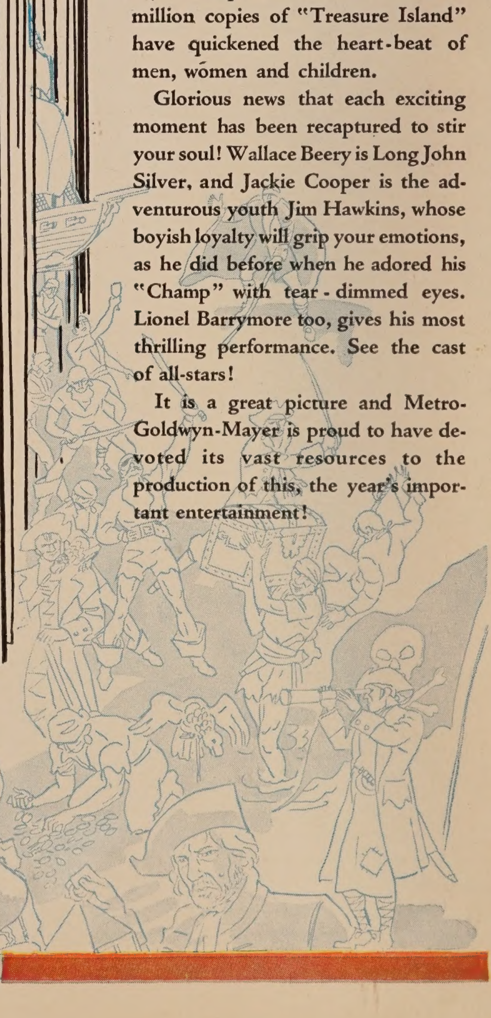


Wallace
BEERY
Jackie
COOPER
IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!



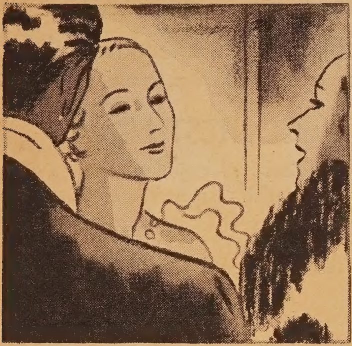
WALLACE BEERY	*as Long John Silver*
JACKIE COOPER	*as Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE	*as Billy Bones*
OTTO KRUGER	*as Dr. Livesey*
LEWIS STONE	*as Captain Smollett*
"CHIC" SALE	*as Ben Gunn*
WILLIAM V. MONG	*as Old Pew*
DOROTHY PETERSON	*as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • *Produced by* Hunt Stromberg

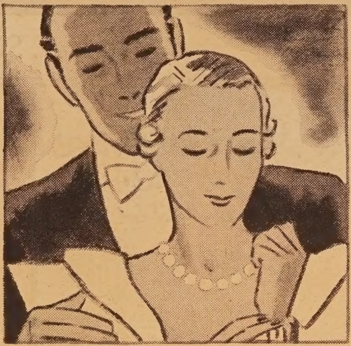
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Isn't It A Shame!

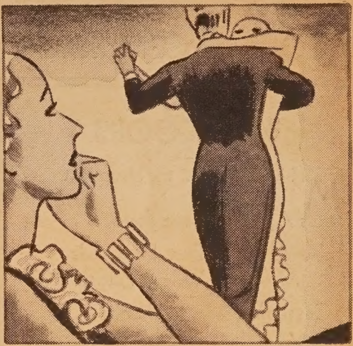
SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



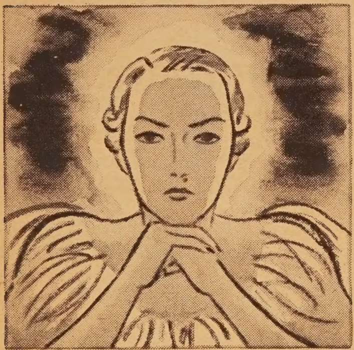
Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



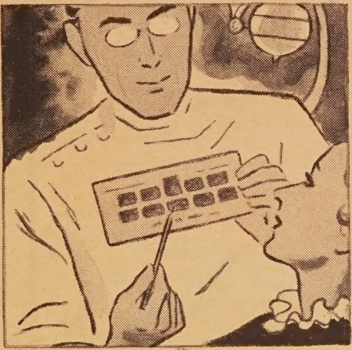
Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



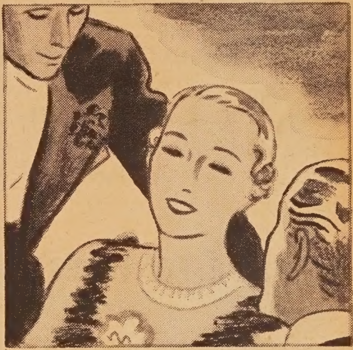
When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for *clean* teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

AUGUST, 1934 VOL. XIII NO. 1

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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SCREEN BOOK tells all the News First

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A Special Message from the Editor

The September issue of SCREEN BOOK will contain what we believe to be the most remarkable collection of stories ever written about Hollywood—from the first page to the last, brimming over with sensational, boldly written features about the screen's most famous stars.

Glance at a few of these daring titles and then make a date with your newsdealer and the September issue of SCREEN BOOK—

Mae West Should Get Married!
By Ruth Biery
Margaret Sullavan's Mystery Husband Talks
By Boris Nicholai
Daring Death with Iron Nerved Heroes of the Screen
By Mortimer Franklin
Don't Be Afraid of Hollywood!
By Mildred Duim

These are only a few of the exciting news scoops in September SCREEN BOOK. Don't miss it!

—*The Editor*

The Mystery Man in Marlene Dietrich's past

Read about this strange chapter from the life of a famous star as revealed for the first time exclusively in the September issue of SCREEN BOOK!

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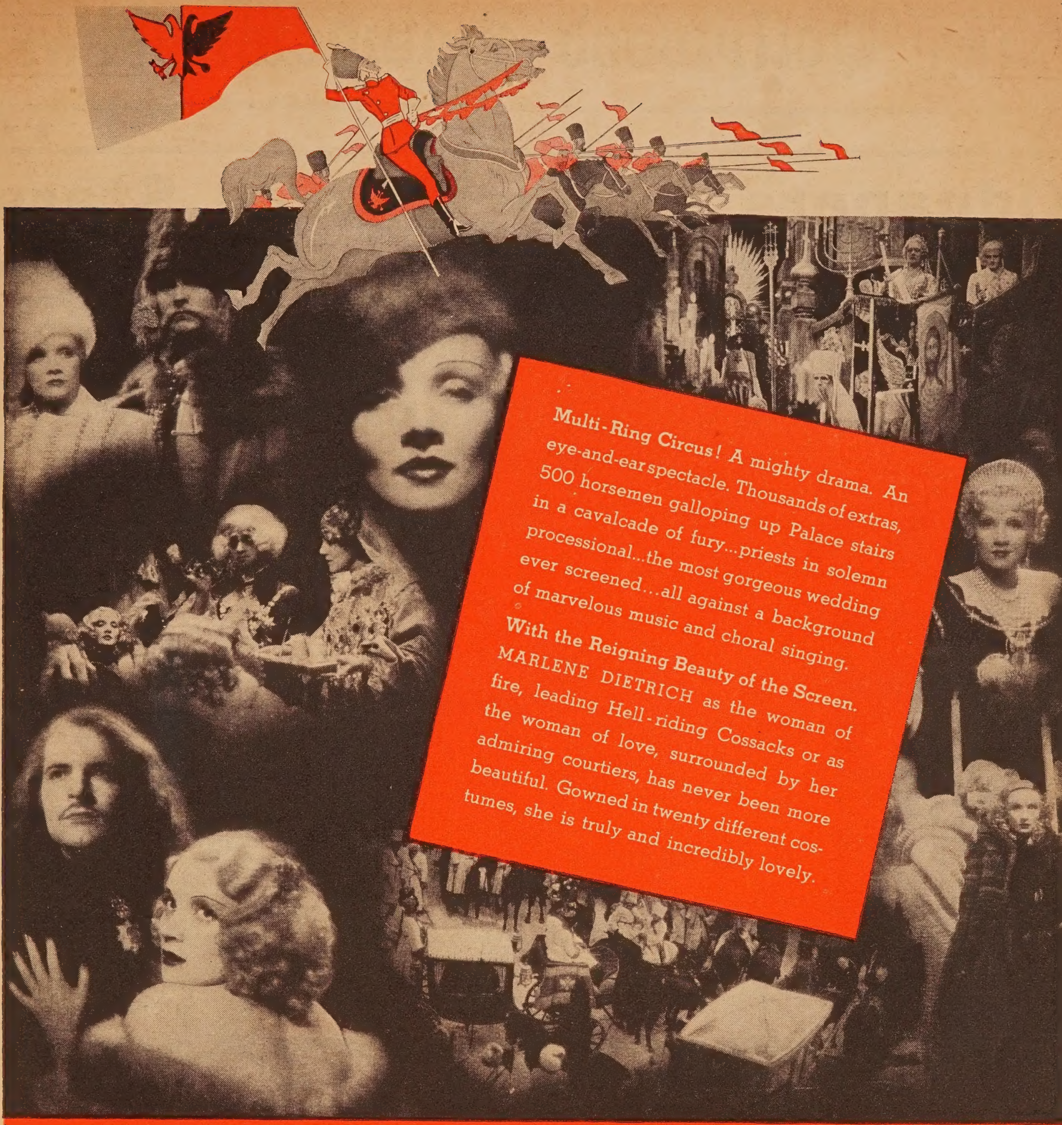

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With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

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with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!

EXTRA Hollywood Lowdown NEWS

★★ AUGUST, 1934 ★★

Kidnapers Again Menace Stars

Reformers Find New Sport In Picking On Picture Biz

Despite the fact that Hollywood in the past two years has produced more fine, inspirational pictures than in any similar period in its history, the reformers who have had little to do since prohibition gasped its last arid gasp are now opening a powerful campaign against "indecent" pictures.

Since the movement is well under way with organizations behind it that are prepared to fight for harsh legislation by wholesale lobbying of Washington legislators, the movie-goer finds himself faced with the probability of being treated to dull and censor-riddled screen fare in the immediate future.

SCREEN BOOK and other publications urge every screen patron to wire and write their public representatives expressing appreciation for the tremendous strides movie-makers have taken toward better pictures, urging that such nonsensical propaganda as that now being spread be disregarded in favor of the dire need for more constructive legislation.

One SCREEN BOOK reporter interviewed five highly irate motion picture reformers only to discover that none of them had seen *Little Women, The House of Rothschild, Catherine the Great, David Harum, The Lost Patrol* and other really remarkable screen achievements.

Dorothy Dell Tragedy

Just at the verge of stardom death overtook Dorothy Dell in a tragic automobile accident. The fatal crash occurred as Miss Dell was returning from a party with Dr. Carl Wagner. Her last screen appearance was in *Little Miss Marker.*

Kay Shows Courage

Kay Francis shows Leslie Howard her injured arm

Mystery Surrounds Accident to Star

Two decidedly different reports are told about how Kay Francis was injured in an accident from which she escaped with a severed artery and tendon in her right wrist.

One report insists that Kay lost control of her automobile in approaching her own driveway, crashed into a cement retaining wall and sustained her cuts from a broken windshield. The other account insists that she was hurt while attempting to smash a window in her home on returning late, rather than to disturb her maid.

Why officials issued conflicting reports has not been determined, but Kay has now completely recovered, except for the agony she experienced as twenty-five stitches were taken to close the cut in her wrist.

Lew Cody Dies

One of the popular favorite's last portraits

Hollywood Mourns Its Gay Cavalier

Despite warnings of physicians who insisted that he was living on borrowed time, Lew Cody continued his gay life in Hollywood to the final fadeout. Cody had been in pictures for 19 years. He was twice married—to Dorothy Dalton and later to Mabel Normand, for whom he deserted the screen several years ago in a valiant attempt to help the star regain her health. Cody was 47 years of age at the time of his death.

Where Doug and Mary Will Honeymoon?

—Wide World

Rumors swiftly growing to the effect that Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford will be reconciled when Doug returns in the fall are strengthened by the hum of activity around Rancho Zorro. Mary, however, has filed divorce papers

Stars Renew Vigilance Against New Gang Invasion

An amazing aftermath of the kidnaping of William F. Gettle, Beverly Hills millionaire and neighbor to such stars as John Barrymore, Joe E. Brown, Leslie Howard and Edmund Lowe is revealed in the many pleas for protection on the part of screen stars.

It is known that even Garbo has sought the aid of bodyguards as a result of threatening letters. The latest news from what is known as "kidnap block" is that special guards have been ordered to constantly patrol the district.

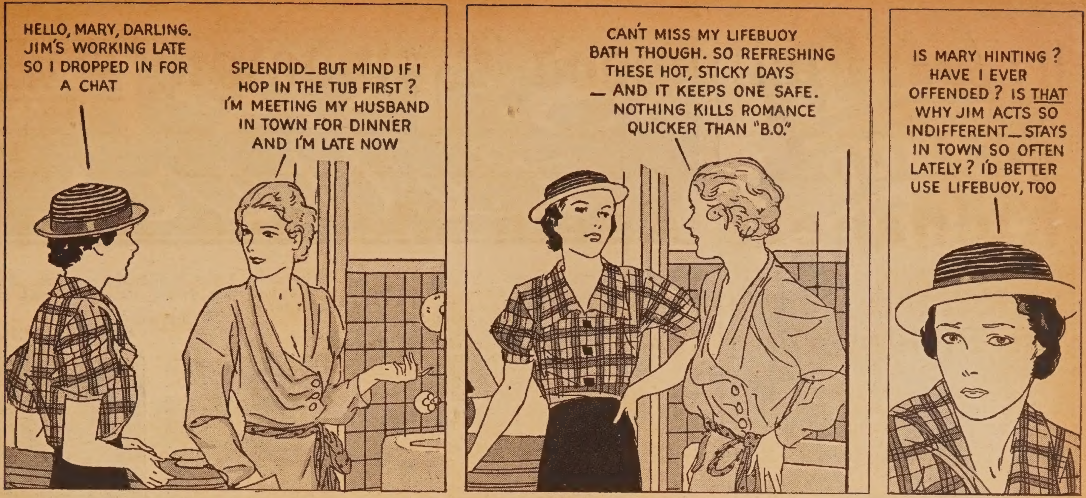
New threats have perturbed Ann Harding, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bing Crosby and Constance Bennett. In the case of Mae West, bodily injury and disfigurement were threatened as revenge for her appearance in court against underworld characters concerned in her much-publicized jewel robbery.

Star's Home Guarded

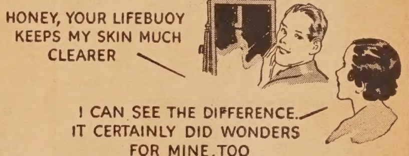
BARRED WINDOWS

In addition to guards about her home, Ann Harding has the windows heavily barred

Renewed precautions are being taken everywhere in Hollywood, and many cases of attempts at extortion have been paid quickly and hushed up. District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz of Los Angeles county are leaders in the drive against kidnapers.

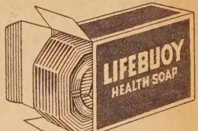

HELLO, MARY, DARLING. JIM'S WORKING LATE SO I DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT
SPLENDID—BUT MIND IF I HOP IN THE TUB FIRST? I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN TOWN FOR DINNER AND I'M LATE NOW
CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBUOY BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS — AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE. NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE QUICKER THAN "B.O."
IS MARY HINTING? HAVE I EVER OFFENDED? IS THAT WHY JIM ACTS SO INDIFFERENT—STAYS IN TOWN SO OFTEN LATELY? I'D BETTER USE LIFEBUOY, TOO

LATER
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBUOY BATH! NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY
NO "B.O." NOW—*good times for all*
YES, I'M CALLING FOR JIM AT HIS OFFICE. WE'RE DINING IN TOWN
SO ARE WE! LET'S MAKE IT A FOURSOME


HONEY, YOUR LIFEBUOY KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH CLEARER
I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS FOR MINE, TOO

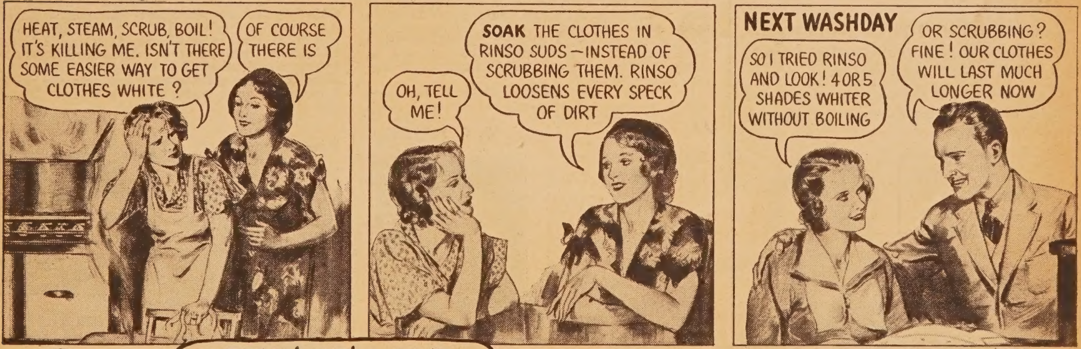
MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths—whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, *protects!* Stops "B.O." (*body odor*), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau

NO MORE HOT WASHDAYS FOR HER

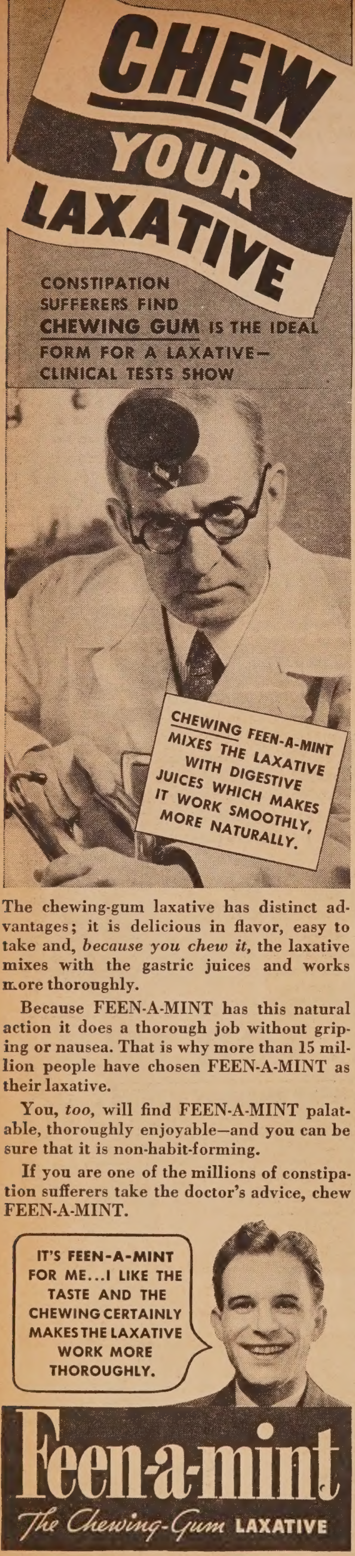

HEAT, STEAM, SCRUB, BOIL! IT'S KILLING ME. ISN'T THERE SOME EASIER WAY TO GET CLOTHES WHITE?
OF COURSE THERE IS
OH, TELL ME!
SOAK THE CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS—INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM. RINSO LOOSENS EVERY SPECK OF DIRT
NEXT WASHDAY
SO I TRIED RINSO AND LOOK! 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT BOILING
OR SCRUBBING? FINE! OUR CLOTHES WILL LAST MUCH LONGER NOW

HURRAH! WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY!

SOME women have saved up to $100—just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves clothes from being scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.


CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS FIND CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—CLINICAL TESTS SHOW

CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES WHICH MAKES IT WORK SMOOTHLY, MORE NATURALLY.

The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it*, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, *too*, will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

IT'S FEEN-A-MINT FOR ME...I LIKE THE TASTE AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES THE LAXATIVE WORK MORE THOROUGHLY.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

STAR *Letters*

Gary Cooper

Dear Editor:

This is an open letter to you, the fans who read SCREEN BOOK, and Mrs. Harriet Weeks, winner of your Gary Cooper contest. I want you all to know how grateful I am for such frank and illuminating criticism. It isn't often that an actor receives such an analysis of himself from the motion picture theater patron's point of view, and I for one appreciate the opportunity to learn what people think of me and my work, when the criticism is so frank and intelligent.

I was particularly gratified to learn that the impression I create on the screen is that of a "native American." As for whether or not I belong in sophisticated drawing rooms, naturally I can't say. I'm too close to the problem. Of course, I've traveled, had part of my early education in England, associated to some extent with sophisticated Continental people. But you may be right. Montana, the state of my childhood, is strong within me and close to my heart. So is the West in general. So is America.

Just the same, you meet some strange fellows in the best of real-life drawing rooms!

Thanking Mrs. Weeks again, and with warmest regards to the readers,

Sincerely,
GARY COOPER.

W. C. Fields

My Dear Sir:

This is to protest against your ill-judgment in combining two such objectionable people as Baby LeRoy and J. P. McEvoy in one prize package, as you did in a recent issue of your excellent magazine. I have a special grudge against both of them. Le Roy and I, you know, have a regular feud. One of these days one or the other of us is going to die without booties on. He packs a sawed-off shotgun, and I have my old .45. If we ever meet where there are no witnesses, watch out!

As for McEvoy, the grudge I bear against him is a peculiar one. He is responsible for some of the very funny dialogue in a recent picture of mine. And when I listened to the people laughing at the stuff I did and the lines I said at the preview of the picture, I couldn't tell whether they were laughing because what he wrote was so funny, or the way I said and did things. It was plenty disconcerting.

So look out. The McEvoy-Baby LeRoy team will do you up, too, if you're not careful. Don't say I didn't warn you.

W. C. FIELDS.

Gracie Allen

Dear Mr. Dillinger:

The readers of SCREEN BOOK will know by that I mean the editor of the magazine because I like artichokes. You're such a big-hearted editor and artichokes have nice hearts, too. George told me to write and tell you we often read your magazine together but that doesn't make good sense, does it, Mr. Editor? You can't read a magazine together. You have to open it, don't you think so? My brother reads it, too, but not as much as we do because he can't see very well, on account of losing his hearing. He lost his hearing diving in the ocean, and he's been down there hunting for it ever since. And you can't read a magazine very well when water gets in your eyes, can you?

SCREEN BOOK is a good magazine except it is a little crazy. I like sensible things better. Altogether too many people are crazy, don't you think so?

Ours truly,
GRACIE ALLEN.

John Boles

Dear Editor:

Just a note to tell you that I'm glad to be doing dramatic rôles once in a while, an impression which the publicity I get from "musicals" doesn't always convey. As a matter of fact, I'd rather do a great variety of parts on the screen. I like singing, but prefer not to do musicals all of the time.

I came into pictures not as a recruit for talkies from the musical stage, but as an actor in "silents," by the screen test route. Before *The Desert Song* introduced me in talkies, I had done silents such as *Shepherd of the Hills*, doing my regular bit as a voiceless actor. That I had a trained singing voice was coincidental, and at the time, not particularly important. Before I had had a chance to be in many silent films, however, the talkies arrived, and anyone who sang and could also act before the movie camera was in a fortunate position.

Pictures such as *The Life of Vergie Winters* and *Back Streets* are particularly good for the actor who plays the principal male character. They introduce the hero as a young man and take him through various stages to old age. Ideal preparation, that, for future character acting—which is what I shall be doing, I hope, when I get older.

Cordially,
JOHN BOLES.

Carl Brisson

Dear Editor and Readers:

If there is anyone in America curious to know how I like this fine country, and enjoy working in Hollywood films, I shall volunteer the information, and take your interest for granted. It is true that I have received a good deal of mail from movie fans here, following my appearance in *Murder at the Vanities*, but my principal reason in thrusting this communication upon you who have not written me is that I am so enthusiastic over film work here, and life in America. I speak with little authority, for I have seen so little, comparatively, of either. But I can say that this country, motion picture work here and the people I have met have made me very happy. Thank you.

CARL BRISSON.

Loretta Young

Dear Editor:

Will you accept a little pat on the back for having invented such a fine new department for a movie magazine, as your Star Letters? And here's a secret I know you and the readers will be pleased to learn. Your department called *Handclaps and Hisses*, in which readers have their say, is carefully read, issue after issue, by many an interested movie star, including

Yours truly,
LORETTA YOUNG.

Dear Editor:

Presenting through your kindness the greetings, love and best wishes of Baby Robert Kenaston and his mother to our friends among SCREEN BOOK readers.

BILLIE DOVE.

Andy Devine

Dear Editor:

This is a bellyache from a benedict but not because I'm married but on account of all the life-saving I'd have been doing of beautiful blondes about which you shouldn't tell my wife if I'd have passed a civil service examination four years ago to become a lifeguard when I needed a job so bad you coulda—well, I needed a job. Did my civil service exam jell? Did I get a job? Yep. When do you think? Yesterday! After four years. And I'm a married man! And all tied up with film work. Always did want to be a lifeguard. But if I'da been a lifeguard maybe I'd be drowned now, or not in pictures so maybe come to think of it I'm glad I didn't get that job. So long,

ANDY DEVINE.

Louise Fazenda

Dear Captain Fawcett:

It is great to feel, that no matter what happens, there are friends always ready to assure one of their affection and support. I never realized until I signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that so many people were watching my career with such interest. It was gratifying to receive your good wishes in what I think is the start of a new phase in Hollywood life for me.

Naturally, I could have a very full life apart from my work in pictures but I would not feel that I were really living without having to go to the studio and put on the grease paint and work out characterizations. Under my present contract my work is going to be more interesting than ever. Don't forget that I have someone who will perhaps turn out to be my severest critic, young Hal Brent Wallis—so I must look to my laurels for his sake.

Wishing you everything good, I am

Sincerely yours,
LOUISE FAZENDA.

Glenda Farrell

Dear Editor:

The thought occurs to me that it's time someone gave credit for the success of a motion picture to someone else besides the star. For, after all, there are so many items which contribute to the success of a screen performance.

First of all, no actress is greater than her rôle, for which she must thank the writer. Next, without proper direction, an actress can scarcely hope to achieve perfect results. And right at the top of importance to a motion picture actress is the photography she received! Oh, how important that is!

And the "mixers," those technical arbitors of the fate of your voice! By the time an actress thanks the executives for casting her properly—the writers for giving her scintillating dialogue—the director for his careful supervision of her interpretation of the part—the cameraman for his artistry—the designer for clothes of the proper "line," and the sound men for true recording of her voice—quite humbly, she realizes that whatever personality the rôle has is her own contribution to the successful performance, and her only one.

Sincerely,
GLENDA FARRELL.

Adrienne Ames

Dear Editor:

Thank you for telling me that the fans approved my work in *You're Tellin' Me*. This is the first picture I have made in which I felt natural, and was at ease. It is the first human rôle I ever have played. I am not a dressed up clothes rack, but I seem to always get these rôles. I wish the fans would be nice enough to ask to see me in a real, honest to God part some time. I'm sick of wearing smart clothes for pictures.

ADRIENNE AMES.

[*Continued on page* 79]

WHY JEAN!
HOW DID YOU GET
SO THIN ?"

TEST the...
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
For 10 Days at Our Expense!

"*I have reduced my hips Nine Inches*" writes Miss Healy!

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it... the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

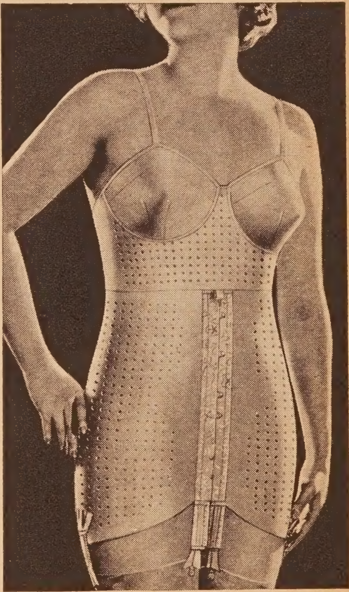
Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

"*You can be* YOUR SLIMMER SELF *without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!*



This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept.78, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name __________
Address __________
City __________ *State* __________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Two new cinema youngsters who are forging ahead answer to the names of Jack Haley and Patricia Ellis. You'll see them sitting together on this garden wall in *Here Comes the Groom*

Other prize-winning letters to Handclaps and Hisses appear on page 82 of this issue. Read them and write one of your own to compete for the valuable cash prizes offered each month

Handclaps and Hisses

Where movie-goers speak the truth about Hollywood and its stars

$15.00 Letter

Money Versus Brains

THE other night I saw a farce that tried so hard to be funny that it was pitiful. The audience sat coldly back and when the picture was done they hissed it! It was evident that no end of money had been spent on the picture. Money provided every requisite but merit. The plot was utterly improbable, cheap and vulgar—an awful hodgepodge of movie hokum.

Then I saw *The House of Rothschild,* in which George Arliss brought laugh after laugh with his delicate humor. When his picture ended, a great burst of applause shook the house.

I doubt very much whether the Arliss picture cost more than the pitiful failure I mentioned above. When *will* some producer give their audiences credit for intelligence enough to be discerning in the matter of humor? Dollars may buy many things, but they can't buy laughs.—**Meta Lane, 207 Kelvin Place, Ithaca, N. Y.**

$10.00 Letter

Why Be Circusy?

SHEARER had to flaunt yards of cloth . . . Harlow displayed much flesh . . . Dietrich wrapped her legs in trousers . . . Hepburn had to rent a monkey . . . and Garbo had to lose her tongue. All in order to build up that mysterious "glamour." Now, perhaps if Gloria Stuart shaved off her hair and Mary Brian had her nose pierced and wore a ring through it these two versatile actresses might also gain a little publicity. Why is it that the movie public does not recognize talent on its own merits without the ballyhoo of acquired pedantic accessories? Am I mad?—**Josephine Bures, 1640 Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, Ill.**

$5.00 Letter

Tip For Lilian

I THOUGHT it only fair to pass along this tip, for perhaps it may help a very fine little actress—Lilian Harvey. On the way out of the theater after her last picture I heard several remarks and most of them (I am sorry to say) were detrimental to Miss Harvey. At least, it seemed to be only one thing—she *was* lovely but she acted too much, had too many mannerisms. In fact, she had her lovely little face twisted in pouts most of the time. This took away her natural personality, and the public didn't seem to like it. Cheer up, Miss Harvey, that being all, you should soon be able to correct the trouble.—**Kathleen Gore, 39 Groveland St., Haverhill, Mass.**

WIN A PRIZE!

Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters received from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of tie, and the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

$1.00 Letter

A Movie Mistake

I WISH to air some complaints on the picture, *The House of Rothschild.* There were some things that just didn't jibe. For instance—the modern type which was used in the newspapers. And the piano, which changed miraculously from a harpsicord to a grand, and simultaneously to a different position in the room. However, in spite of these technical errors, it was an excellent picture.—**Clara Gentry, 1431 16th St., Denver, Colorado.**

$1.00 Letter

More Complaints

WHAT is the matter with the makeup artists? Does Joan Crawford's mouth have to look like the aftermath of a huckleberry pie dinner? Do her eyebrows have to look like slightly curved nails? Does Lilian Harvey have to follow the same line with spikes outlining her particularly lovely eyes? With "natural" pictures, *Cavalcade, Little Women* and others leading at the box office, shouldn't we have a return to the natural in makeup?—**Mrs. Goforth, 2915 Chestnut St., New Orleans, La.**

$1.00 Letter

Kiddies Needn't Worry

IT IS hard to understand why there should be a campaign carried on to make pictures safe for children. What

[*Continued on page* 82]

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

THE GARDEN PARTY BEER

WHEN the party is young and smart, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When hearts are gay and laughter fills the air, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When good taste and good fellowship are in order, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the vital and vivacious beer, the sturdy and stimulating beer—the beer of truly superlative quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. N B C Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

Maybelline
(MASCARA)
beautifies every type

MAYBELLINE adds charm to "sweet 16"
MAYBELLINE lends glamor to "smart 25"
MAYBELLINE takes 10 years from "only 38"
MAYBELLINE beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

BEAUTIFUL EYES are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon *genuine* Maybelline! Black, Brown and the new dark Blue. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.

The Approved Mascara

New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

$100.00 in Cash

with the compliments of

JOAN BLONDELL

The Winners

1st Prize—$50.00: Enez E. Blackburn, 2974 Dwight Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa. 2nd Prize: $25.00: Virginia Lee Hall, Box 475, Ronceverte, W. Va. 3rd Prize, $10.00: Bertha Cooke, 300 Armadale Ave., Toronto. Ontario, Can. 4th, 5th and 6th Prizes—$5.00 each: E. N. Whelan, 3325 S 24th St., Omaha, Nebr.; S. J. Crooke, Third and Franklin Sts., Columbus, Ind.; Gertrude C. Taylor, Box 133, North Charleston, S. C.

Winners of Joan Blondell's personally autographed portraits: J. A. Wallace, San Francisco, Cal.; Booth Mooney, Troup, Texas; C. L. Andrews, Paris, Tenn.; Miss M. Keily, San Francisco, Cal.; Mary Manning, Dorchester, Mass.; Genevieve Ward, Berkeley, Cal.; Dee Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.; Jeanne Dreyfus, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mary Frances Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

My Opinion of JOAN BLONDELL

By Enez E. Blackburn

Joan Blondell—a grand gal with a grand sense of humor. With her ready wit, her absolute naturalness and genuineness, her ability to laugh at herself, she is a welcome relief from the superficial, gilded, so-called glamorous stars of Hollywood who take themselves and their art, my deah, oh! so seriously.

Miss Blondell has proven herself a capable actress and a splendid comedienne. Since the day she was first introduced to the screen as the typical gangster's moll, she has constantly handed in fine portrayals. But Miss Blondell, being the actress she is, has seemingly convinced Hollywood that she is the original flippant wise-cracking gal with the heart of gold beneath, and consequently, these are the rôles she has been given. Given a chance to show her versatility, Miss Blondell would advance to a far brighter place in the cinema sun. She could take more dramatic parts, more subtly humorous parts. Her sparkle, her vivacity, and her quality of "differentness" add so much to even the trite stories she's been cast in.

Now's the time for Miss Blondell to kick up a little dust, if necessary, at Warner Brothers' against that big bad wolf—"typing." She is far too talented a young lady to be typed to death. Let's have our Blondell rising to greater heights in worthier pictures.

Joan Crawford Contest Winners *Announced in* Next Issue

HOLLYWOOD BRIEFS

—*Wide World*

On charges that screen lover husband John Gilbert was "violent and abusive" Virginia Bruce wins her divorce suit. Virginia is now eligible for the "Happy Ex-Wives of Gilbert Club," other members being Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy and Ina Claire

Break-ups: John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce are finally divorced. Ditto Gloria Stuart and Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor . . . Jayne Shadduck and Jack Kirkland separated already, after two months . . . Elissa Landi and John Cecil Laurence are glaring—also Eugenie Leontovich and Gregory Ratoff . . . Heiress Merry Fahrney's marriage to Frank Van Eiszner in Chicago annulled in Los Angeles.

Oh, Promise Me: Elizabeth Young and Joseph Mankiewicz, scenario writer, wed . . . Lola Lane (who was once Mrs. Lew Ayres) becomes Mrs. Al "Director" Hall.

Tiny Garments Section: The Rex Bells (Clara Bow) . . . the Andy Devines (Dorothy House) . . . the Harry Langdons . . . the Allan Mowbrays (Mabel Sheldon) . . . the John Waynes . . . the Phil Bergs (Leila Hyams) all diaper-shopping. . . . Born, a son to George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. . . . Adopted, by the Fredric Marches, a son Anthony.

Moviana: Clark Gable is now a Mason . . . Sweden will have a postage stamp to immortalize Greta Garbo's likeness . . . Jean Harlow has a platinum dahlia named after her . . . Burns and Allen want to adopt a bebe . . . Cary Grant owns a men's furnishings shop, and Adolphe Menjou and Conway Tearle are real estate magnates in their spare time . . . Metro is screen-testing all the robots in Southern California for *Sasha Gerhard*. Who will be 1934's Baby Wampas Robots? . . . Wallace Beery designs clothes for his tiny daughter Carol Ann. . . . Pert Kelton claims "Pert" stands for "Perticular." . . . Jackie Cooper's newest heart is Otto Kruger's daughter Ottilie—he gives ice-cream-and-cake parties in her honor.

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"
"He's swell! But is he human? He never looks at me!"

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me.".

SHE: "He certainly is grand—*but is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

SCREEN BOOK'S popular stooge receives a letter from the BIG BOSS, who has decided that there is a limit to what he can take

"She has made prudism and nudism the laughing stock of the nation"

My Dear Stooge:

SO YOU want to know what I have been doing in Hollywood all this time. It is none of your business, Stooge, but in my milder moments my weakness is to try and satisfy your pathetic curiosity. First, let me say that you have a nerve, aiming veiled references at my noble fervor for Mae West. Mae, if you don't know it, is the "Sweetheart of the New Deal." She has sent hundreds of thousands of dollars clanging into the cash register at Paramount. She has swept cobwebs off the box offices from Bangor, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington. She has turned the censors purple and pulled the corset manufacturers out of the red. She has made prudism and nudism the laughing stock of a nation. And in the face of this she is rewarded by being the target of gangster hoodlums and must work on a guarded set, ride in an armoured car and live in the shadow of burly bodyguards. If the blue noses will stop heckling Mae and smoke out the thugs who are making her life miserable, I'll be the first to admit that the self-appointed guardians of our morals are on the right track at last.

"A knife thrower tosses every imaginable kind of battle axe at her"

WHILE enjoying the superlative hospitality of Marion Davies, Jean Harlow, Miriam Jordan, Clara Bow, Alice White, Neil Hamilton and others of Hollywood's most delightful folk, I was impressed by the aspect of Filmtown's social life, which is not at all like the old days. A certain satiating informality prevails—yet all the little graces of the best society are observed strictly in the homes of movie immortals.

ALL of Hollywood, however, hasn't lost its crazy house habits of yesteryear. It's typical of a part of the picture mob that they come rushing into a home to drink and carouse in a manner that would cause even you to lift a shaggy eyebrow. Believe it or not, I saw one guest sidle up to a lady who stood in utter neglect in one corner and remark: "Dull, isn't it? Let's go find another shindig." To which the lady replied: "Well, I'd like to, but I can't. You see I'm *giving* this party."

IF YOU want to get ahead in this business, you've got to have nerve. Something like Minna Gombell's cool indifference to danger, for instance. At a recent charity affair I saw her stand against a board wall while a professional knife thrower tossed every imaginable kind of razor-edged battle axe at her. One dagger went zipping through her frock, fairly grazing her thigh. But Minna didn't flinch or shiver. She stood at her post until the last axe went quivering to its place a half inch from her arm.

"People should deal sympathetically with Jean in her matrimonial trouble"

AT MARION DAVIES' beautiful home in Santa Monica one afternoon I fell into conversation with Clark Gable. It surprised me to learn that he once worked for Portland's foremost paper, *The Oregonian.* Long before the war, this same sheet used to furnish my sirloin and truffles. And would you believe it—John Gilbert earned his first meagre pittance as my Boy Friday on the [*Continued on page 56*]

"If the truth were known, Joan Crawford's apparent decision not to wed Franchot Tone probably is the result of hundreds of letters from her movie fans"

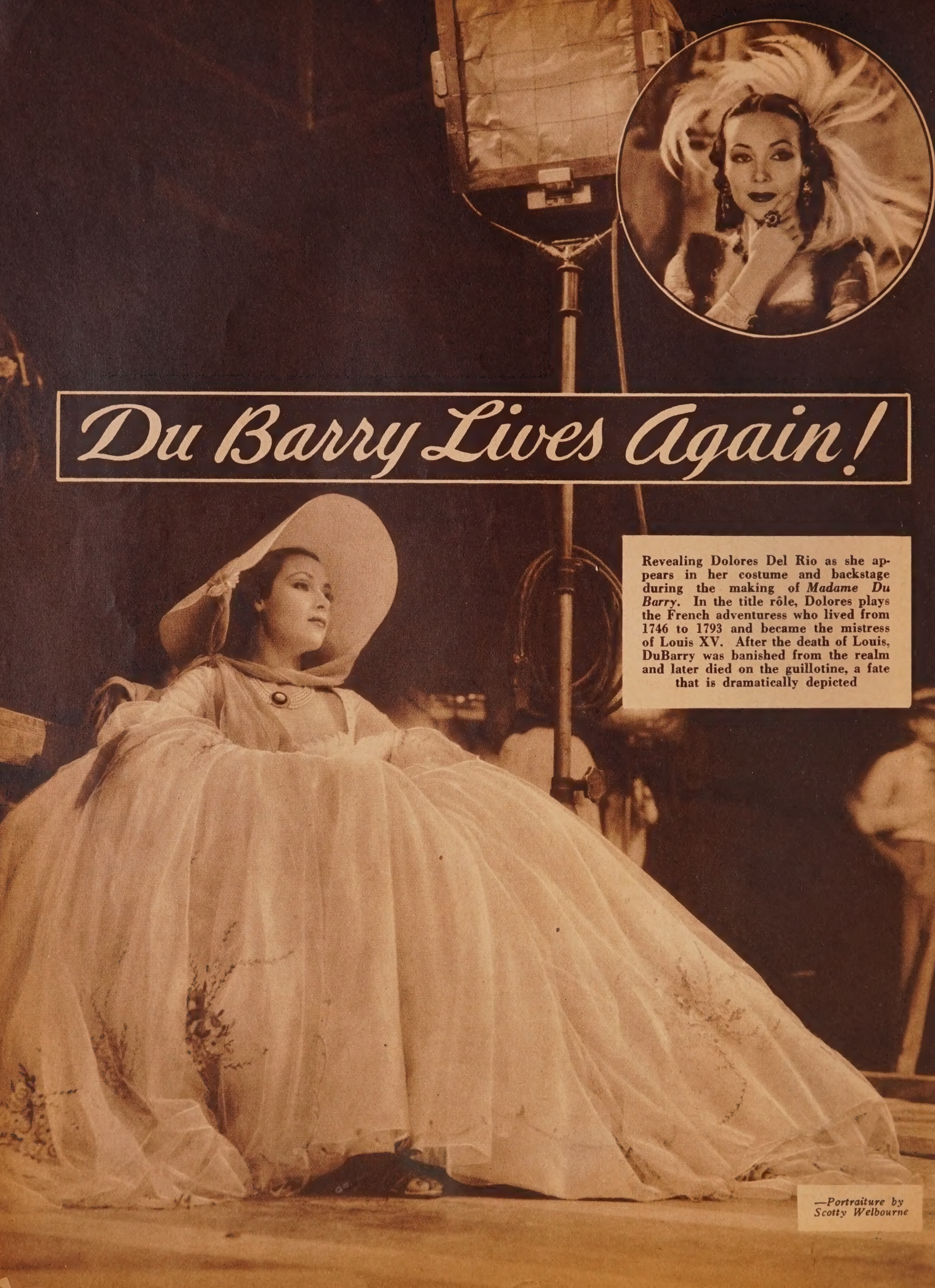
1934'S MOST PROMISING YOUNG ACTRESS

Frances Drake
Selected by Readers
of
Screen Book Magazine
as 1934's
Most Promising
Young
Actress

Frances Drake Wins
SCREEN BOOK'S Baby Star Award

Among all the younger actresses of the screen who are currently making earnest bids for fame, Frances Drake stands first in the opinion of SCREEN BOOK readers. Although recently arrived from London, Miss Drake is a native New Yorker. Her parents spirited her to Canada at the age of four, and there she remained until 1928, when she went to London and became the dancing partner of Gordon Wallace. Disliking night club atmosphere, she plunged herself into dramatic work and her enthusiasm carried her swiftly to Hollywood where in *Bolero, The Trumpet Blows* and *Ladies Should Listen,* her success has been instantaneous. At the right, Miss Drake is seen accepting the engraved plaque presented to her by Cary Grant in behalf of SCREEN BOOK. On page 67 you may read the prize winning letter which nominated Frances Drake in the name of her many admirers for this unusual honor.

LLES à POISSY
RAPID
RAPID
Frances Drake
Selected by Readers
Screen Book Magazine
Most Promising
Young
Actress



Du Barry Lives Again!

Revealing Dolores Del Rio as she appears in her costume and backstage during the making of *Madame Du Barry*. In the title rôle, Dolores plays the French adventuress who lived from 1746 to 1793 and became the mistress of Louis XV. After the death of Louis, DuBarry was banished from the realm and later died on the guillotine, a fate that is dramatically depicted

—Portraiture by Scotty Welbourne

SCREEN BOOK

AUGUST, 1934

Ex-Husbands Make Best Husbands *Say the Stars*

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

WHAT is the most interesting reason why Hollywood stars divorce their husbands? Let me call your attention to a peculiar fact, and then you will be able to answer that question for yourself.

In nine cases out of ten the divorced couple go around together on the most amicable terms as soon as the divorce has been secured.

Think that one over carefully and you can come to only one conclusion: *they like each other better that way!*

I have known not one, but a dozen instances in which a husband and wife have quarreled bitterly and then, when the decree has been handed down, dined blithely together at the Brown Derby, or danced at the Cocoanut Grove, smilingly denying the inevitable rumors that they are about to remarry.

When Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. were first separated they promptly began to be seen together everywhere, and Joan was free to admit that her divorce from him gave her a fresh point of view. His charm, his unquestionably intellectual appeal, seemed to attract her anew. She has, I am sure, no hatred for him—on the contrary, being an extraordinarily fair-minded person, she has often declared him to be a delightful companion, and I believe that these two will always be friends. I also believe that in the case of really serious trouble, they would go to any lengths to help each other. I base these statements on the fact that I lunched with young Doug just before he sailed for Europe, and was bold enough to ask him a direct question as to why they divorced.

[*Continued on next page*]

Divorce cheaters—Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert

A Few of 1934's Friendly Divorces

Sidney Fox from Charles Beahan
Gloria Stuart from Blair Gordon Newell
Kay Francis from Kenneth MacKenna
Adrienne Ames from Stephen Ames
Esther Ralston from George Webb
Katharine Hepburn from Ludlow Ogden Smith
Helen Vinson from Henery Vickerman
Miriam Jordan from Joseph Davis
Jean Harlow from Hal Rosson
Virginia Bruce from John Gilbert
Norma Talmadge from Joseph Schenck
Joan Crawford from Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Elissa Landi from John Cecil Lawrence

Photos by Wide World

Divorce victims—Michael Farmer and Gloria Swanson

A brand new slant on divorce revealed by a famous author

Welcome, Fair Ladies!

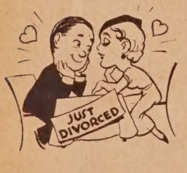
Left: **After almost a year in English pictures, Marion Marsh returns to Hollywood**

Right: **One of the most distinguished newcomers ever to arrive in Hollywood is Binnie Barnes, who after finishing her appearance with Doug Fairbanks in London in *The Private Life of Don Juan* at noon on a recent Saturday, traveled by boat and plane to Hollywood in exactly six and one-half days. She is under contract to Universal to appear in *There's Always Tomorrow***

Photos by Wide World

"98% of Hollywood Divorces are Devoid of Scandal"

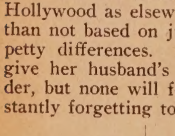
[*Continued from previous page*]



Not a strange sight in dear old Hollywood

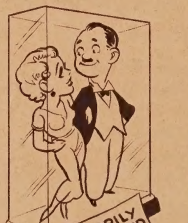
"The real reason?" he said thoughtfully. "Well, to be perfectly honest, the straw which broke us up was the fact that I brushed my teeth at the wrong time, while she—well, she *would* forget the sugar in my coffee!"

That seems a silly answer, perhaps, but I for one believe it. Divorces in Hollywood as elsewhere are more often than not based on just such absurd and petty differences. Any wife may forgive her husband's committing a murder, but none will forgive him for constantly forgetting to post her letters.



Columnists make marriage almost impossible

IN THE case of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, the continued friendliness after divorce was most pronounced. Nobody hesitated to ask them both to the same parties and they were obviously pleased by such encounters. Moreover, Hoot was the first person Sally wired about her elopement with Harry Joe Brown, and Hoot's wire of congratulation has become a classic in Hollywood divorce history.



It won't be long before museums will get 'em

All this seems to point to the fact that an artist, particularly one concerned in the irregular, complicated life of the studios, must travel his road alone. There is a phrase: "An artist should never marry." One begins to wonder, in the face of all the evidence Hollywood presents, if this saying is not perhaps true. Yet artists are human. They love even more than ordinary mortals do. The artist is seldom if ever an ascetic; love, passion, requited affection are essential to creative work. Without the tempests and calms of love their work would be flat, cold, uninspired. Moreover, without this fire, they fail to catch the public's fancy. But that same public which supports them is a strict moralist, especially in America. So Hollywood marries. And, logically, divorces in time, and in great numbers. Many devoted couples have struggled against the devastatingly destructive outside influences of Hollywood in vain, giving up the fight only after years of endeavoring to live together in normal, happy fashion. These influences to which I have reference are by no means the product of undue dissipation or extravagant living. The Hollywood "wild party" is the least of the reasons why movie couples break up.

How wives adore the men they couldn't get along with!

THE worst of these influences is nothing more or less than the studios themselves—the source of the actor's employment. When you are practically never in a position to tell your

[*Continued on page* 66]

How Hilary Gaynor has helped her famous sister, Janet, win and keep her place in the sun as Hollywood's greatest box office star

News Scoop
by
Fred Rutledge

The Untold Story of Janet Gaynor's Sister

Innate shyness keep Janet Gaynor's sister Hilary, from allowing her picture to b published, but th author of this articl is not hesitant abou insisting that she i every bit as lovely a the star herself

ONE of Hollywood's most dramatic stories is that of a mother and her two daughters who have united their lives against heavy odds—because they know that happiness can come only when they are together. It is the untold history of the house of Gaynor, which is being printed for the first time on these pages.

Their story follows through all of life's tragic and exciting events—marriage, death, divorce, unbelievable success.

Without fanfare or publicity, Janet Gaynor, her mother Laura, and her sister Hilary, have gone through life together sharing each other's burdens, bringing each other the real joys of life.

Because, at present, the house of Gaynor is divided, a beach cottage near Venice does not resound with shouts of laughter as it did last spring. A beautiful home in Beverly Hills is quiet these days. Janet is waiting for Hilary to return from New York.

A short time ago everything was serene. A short time ago, Janet was united with her mother and her sister. The separation, caused by Hilary's forced return to the East, will be ended before long, according to Janet's present plans.

The relationship of the two red-headed girls with their mother has always been the same. Laura Gaynor has been a third sister, a playmate, to them. It is a family to which Janet owes the fact that she is in Hollywood today, making a continuous succession of hit pictures.

When Janet's father and mother separated many years ago, the wife and two daughters were already boon companions. The separation more firmly welded the bonds which had tied them together. None of the succeeding events which threatened to split wide apart this house of Gaynor has been able to do so.

LAST winter, Janet came to New York with her mother to be united with Hilary once more. When the time came to leave, Janet could not reconcile herself to having the family break up after so short a visit. She made up her mind that something had to be done.

When the train pulled out of the [*Continued on page* 54]

Secrets of HEPBURN'S

You have been waiting for this! Now SCREEN BOOK *presents a truly accurate account of Katharine Hepburn's off-screen life, written frankly by one who knows her intimately*

"HEPBURN is temperamental!" "Hepburn is eccentric!" "Hepburn is rude!" "Hepburn is mad!" . . .

If we believe the stories printed up to now, Hepburn is all that, and even more . . . But if we watch closely her life as a private person, we will find that she is just an average, normal, human being. Let's just take a few glimpses of that unknown, *true* Hepburn.

At Hartford, Connecticut. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Hepburn, Katharine's parents, live there. They always have; that's where Hepburn was born, where she grew up with her three brothers and two sisters, where she played as a child, where she had her first "crush" on a celebrity—a celebrity whose picture she took to Bryn Mawr and kept with her during her college years.

Today, though already a famous star, Hepburn forgets all about her fame and position when she goes back home for a visit—forgets that she is *Hepburn* of the movies, and becomes just *little Katie.* A Sunday night at the Hepburn home in Hartford, means a happy family dinner. Up there with her family, newspaper stories mean absolutely nothing to her. The afternoons are spent playing tennis, or golf, or swimming. Friends are welcome; they drop in for dinner, and can always be sure of a wholesome meal—chicken, vegetables, spinach, potatoes, ice cream, cake. Hepburn loves it. And after dinner, while the friend gets in the car that will drive him to the station, Katie goes out for a bit of skating. She hasn't changed at all—friends who know her since her childhood vouch for that fact. Hepburn in the midst of her family today is exactly as she was yesterday—simple, charming, sweet, still looking up with glee at the celebrity whose picture she used to keep in school.

BUT let's move on to Rumson, New Jersey, where lies one of Hepburn's favorite hide-aways—Laura Harding's country place. There she leads a restful life, mostly dedicated to sport. Laura Harding is undoubtedly Hepburn's best friend. Older than Katharine, still the difference in their age doesn't affect a friendship that was started long ago. Miss Harding's hobby is horses; Hepburn shares her fondness for riding, and together they take long canters in the open country. Their tastes are almost the same—both enjoy fun, gaiety, a good time.

Hepburn's confidence in her friend Laura Harding is absolute. An incident which happened recently proves it. A young man approached Hepburn asking her to be on a committee for a new organization. He mentioned the fact that he had talked to Laura Harding about it, and that Miss Harding was quite interested in the idea. He men-

SCREEN BOOK'S *photographer stalked Hepburn's house for weeks and caught this snap the day after she moved away*

The Beverly Wilshire hotel, where Katharine Hepburn now lives. The arrow indicates her suite of rooms

You don't have to believe this photo, but Katharine still behaves like this with her fans—when she's in the mood

By GRETA MONTEBEL

tioned, too, names of several young society women who had already joined the committee.

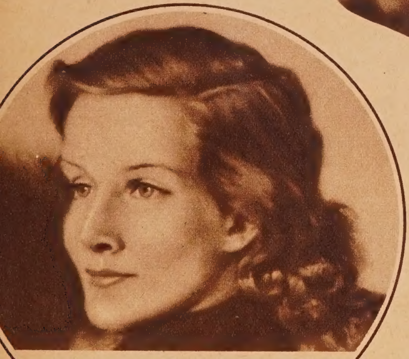
Hepburn quickly replied, "But I'm not a society girl!" then added, "However, if you've talked to Laura, she'll tell me all about it, and if she thinks it's all right, it'll be o.k. with me!"

Just after her return from her recent trip abroad, Hepburn decided to go away for a few weeks of rest. Miss Harding went with her. "Katharine and I are disappearing today for two or three weeks," Miss Harding said while driving towards Hepburn's home in New York. "Where we are going is a great secret—but we are sure to have fun!"

However, if anyone had taken the trouble of a little trip to Rumson, he probably would have found both young women roaming all over Miss Harding's place, free, unknown — enjoying

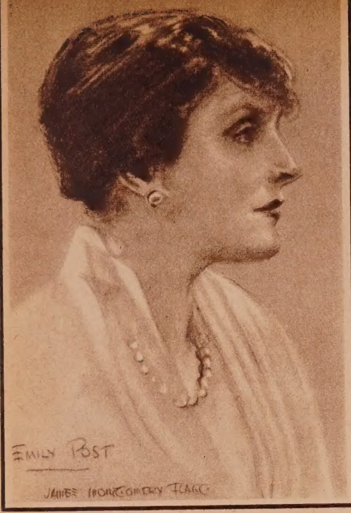
[*Continued on page* 55]

Don't sympathize with Katharine Hepburn! She is a normal, happy human being—too busy enjoying the results of her success to bother about what her public thinks. When they talk about the price that must be paid for Fame, you may be sure that Katy isn't doing the paying



A strikingly beautiful portrait of Katharine Hepburn done by the artist Enrique Dorda, for whom she sat for hours

PRIVATE LIFE



Emily Post

EMILY POST
Razzes the Stars!

In which the world famous etiquette authority, gives stars and movie-makers a sound spanking for their naughty manners

By Nanette Kutner

THERE is nothing bigoted about Emily Post. She chuckles at life. She loves it impersonally.

And she is a motion picture fan. To her, Marlene Dietrich is the most beautiful woman on the screen; Claudette Colbert typifies a really clever actress who has not received sufficient plaudits from the critics, and Helen Hayes is a great emotional star. Among the women players, these three are her favorites.

"A butler never wears livery. Knee breeches and powdered hair! They've been out for years"

Because she is an ardent movie-goer, Mrs. Post, with her knowledge of society, cannot help noting Hollywood's errors: mistakes that are glaring and crude, yet mistakes that could be easily rectified.

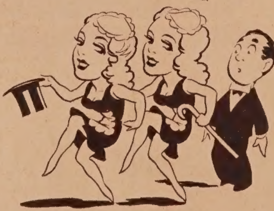
Mrs. Post feels, and rightly, that so long as producers insist upon filming society dramas, they should take the trouble to do them correctly.

There is the matter of servants.

"When American actors play butlers, they are preposterous," said Mrs. Post. "They are either ramrods, suggesting sword swallowers in the middle of the longest sword, swallowed to the hilt, or else they are impossibly familiar. Clive Brook, being an English gentleman, makes a perfect butler; but most of the others are terrible.

"There's a certain Hollywood star who brags that she employs three butlers. This star doesn't know that a butler is like the captain of a ship. There can only be *one* captain, and there can only be *one* butler. You can have fifty footmen if you desire, but *one* butler.

"And a butler never wears livery," added Mrs. Post. "Neither does a valet. A footman wears a uniform, and so does a chauffeur. But knee breeches and powdered hair! They've been out for years.



"In first class houses no maid wears a cap, and they are not dressed like soubrettes"

"Maids are usually given the wrong directions. A ladies maid never wears a cap, nor does she wear a white apron. In first class houses no maid wears a cap, and they are not dressed like soubrettes, with short skirts and their hair bunched out at the back in tumbling curls.

"Flaunting servants is inexcusable. Recently, a well known New York woman told me that she crossed the ocean on a steamer which carried, among its passengers, a certain young blonde picture star. Every time she walked on deck, she was followed by two maids, each toting three fur coats.

"The director ordered him to slap the butler on the back . . . Mr. Biddle, on the grounds that he never acted that way, refused"

"In pictures I notice they have trouble when they serve dinners for eight. To avoid having either two ladies or two men seated at the head and foot of the table, the hostess should relinquish her place to the guest of honor. She should sit at his right. The host keeps his place.

"I have been told by visiting foreigners that there is one Hollywood custom that has given all Americans an illiterate reputation, and that is the typical impulse of every new-rich hostess to have herself served first. There is no excuse for the impoliteness of this behavior.

"At one time Hollywood actually *did* ask for instruction in etiquette," said Mrs. Post, and with a reminiscent smile, she told the story of Edward C. Potter.

It was in the days of the silent films. Mr. Potter was one of the smartest men in society. His clothes were made in London. He lived as a country gentleman. He was an outstanding sportsman, like Tommy Hitchcock of today. A well known author, in Hollywood, suggested that his company persuade Mr. Potter to lend his talents to the screen. So they telegraphed a liberal offer, which Mr. Potter, father of ten children, was tempted to accept. And he departed for the Coast. He was told to bring his [*Continued on page* 52]

"Not long ago a motion picture actress gave what she called a formal party. When the guests arrived they found that their hostess was wearing lounging pajamas!"

For a Complete List of Emily Post's Forbidden Words See Page 52

Hollywood's Champion Heartbreakers

Co-starred with Mickey and Minnie MOUSE

—*Photo by Bert Longworth*

—*Photo by Elmer Fryer*

"I'll admit I'm burned up about the way you get all heavy-lidded about these movie queens, Mickey. Patricia Ellis, for instance, with her picture right above you—I suppose you can't wait to see her in *The Circus Clown*. Why don't you pick on somebody your own size? Huh?"

"Aw look, Minnie, any man would feel that way about Pat Ellis. How about it, men? . . . But just now I'm looking straight at Ruby Keeler. Her new picture is called *Dames*, and both her hubby Al Jolson and I are willing to bet she's the cutest dame in it. I'm afraid you just don't understand us men, Minnie."

"If any red-blooded male, mouse or man, could fail to get excited about this tropical heat wave, Madeline Duke, there's something the matter with him. If this is what millionaires find when they're *Down to Their Last Yacht*, no wonder they've stopped jumping off tall buildings"

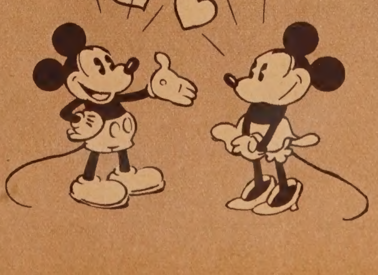
"Boo-hoo! Mickey, it's *you* who don't understand. It's unfair competition, that's what it is. I've worn this polka-dotted dress for two years —how can I compete with a gorgeous vision like Ann Dvorak, in black sequins and not much else? The idea of a costume like that for a picture called *Housewife!* No wonder I stay home and weep into the dishwater!"

—Photo by Elmer Fryer

"Women, women, women! To hear you talk, Minnie, you'd think I was a regular Don Juan. . . . That reminds me, Hollywood producers aren't content with bringing temptation to us men in the shapes of American women; they go overseas and bring in British sirens like Merle Oberon, in *The Private Life of Don Juan*. Look at her, will you? You can't blame us men for falling apart."

"Then there's Joan Crawford. I just get over the spell of her glamour and can sleep nights without whimpering, when up she pops in a swell new picture, and then where am I? Remember, Minnie, I'm only human. . . . Besides, you know how fluttery you get about Ronald Colman. How about the time we went to see that new *Bulldog Drummond* picture and you found you were holding hands with the guy on the other side of you instead of me? Huh?"

"I'll let you in on a secret, Minnie. We men all get excited about vamps, but underneath it all we still like the old-fashioned gals. In the picture above, Thelma Todd is looking her seductive best. She'll break her share of hearts in *Cockeyed Cavaliers,* but off-screen she's just a regular person—and she used to be a school teacher . . . while I may shop around, I always come back to you because you're just as tall as my heart, and—gee, Minnie, let's make up!"



"I guess you're right, Mickey. It's awful hard to keep from being jealous with Judith Allen up there in that costume that just misses being anything at all. Why, with clothes like that, they're calling her picture *The Old-Fashioned Way* is more than I can see. Still, as long as you like me and don't pay any attention to these gals outside the studio I don't care. And, Mickey, I really think you're much cuter'n Ronald Colman. *Let's* make up!"

Bing Tells the TRUTH!

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help us, we've never presented a more remarkable story about Hollywood!

"I acquired the reputation of being a pretty heavy drinker"

"If you're married and having troubles with your wife, keep your troubles to yourself. If you're married and happy with your wife, keep your happiness to yourself. It's a typical Hollywood gesture, spreading your private affairs around town"

By BING CROSBY

as told to

DICK MOOK

"GOING Hollywood" is such a nebulous phrase and has already been the topic of so much discussion that I hesitate to add my two bits' worth to the uproar. However, any actor only needs a little prodding to get his views on any subject—whether he knows anything about it or not.

"But you said *actors!*" I hear you jeer. Well, I've been living in what the natives laughingly term "God's Country" for well over a year now, and no concerted action has been taken by the residents to expel me from the community. I've played leads in six big features and the Hays office, so far as I can learn, have taken no steps to have me suppressed, so I'm going right on calling myself an actor—whether you like it or not. Anyhow, my contract says I'm an actor.

I think Hollywood is swell!

But getting back to "going Hollywood"—and I'm not talking about the picture I made by that name—I think it is a misused and overworked expression. So far as I can figure out, it is a term employed to describe any person who develops an unpleasant trait after they've become successful or who begins to put on a show as soon as they make some money.

Helen Mack came pretty close to hitting the nail on the head when she said in a recent interview, "I think people confuse 'going Hollywood' with becoming ritzy. Most people have some hidden, long-cherished desire. As soon as they make a little money they set about gratifying it—which is human—and immediately they are stamped as 'going Hollywood' because they appear in an ermine wrap or an expensive car."

A small-town banker might go to New York and amass a fortune. He would probably—first crack out of the box—lease a penthouse on Park Avenue and hire the most expensive decorator in town to furnish it. His acquaintances might laughingly mention that he was "putting on the dog"—but they wouldn't say he had "gone New York."

Most of us in pictures come from families where money hasn't been too plentiful. We have been, so to speak, on the outside looking in. As soon as we get a little dough in the jeans, we feel that, for a change, we'd like to be on the inside.

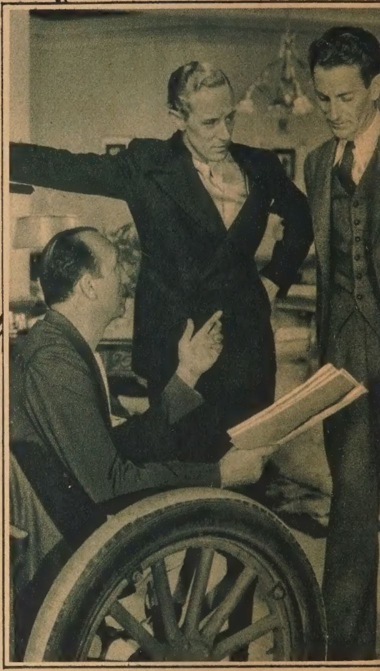
I SUPPOSE, according to popular conception, when I first came out here with Whiteman, I went as Hollywood as anyone who has ever hit the town. People made a fuss over all three of us Rhythm Boys—not on account of our fatal charm, I hasten to add, but because we happened to be in the public eye. If I was invited around more than the others it was probably because I was more accessible. Besides, if I got an invitation on Friday night and was enjoying the party, I just stayed on for the week-end, so my hosts saved on their 'phone bills—they didn't have to keep calling me.

The other two did all right by themselves, though. The result was we never got around to working up any new numbers. If I'd been to a cocktail party in the afternoon and found myself somewhat the worse for wear when it was time to appear at the night spot where I was working, I simply didn't show up.

Accordingly, I'd "gone Hollywood." It never seemed to [*Continued on page 78*]

My Greatest Movie Thrill

By
J. Brien
Chapman



Director Michael Curtiz explains to Leslie Howard and J. Brien Chapman, SCREEN BOOK's Western Editor, the action of the intensely dramatic riot scene in *British Agent*

LESLIE HOWARD paused in the act of giving himself a final inspection in his dressing-room mirror, and shot a whimsical glance at me.

"I trust that you don't mind the noise of military machine-gun fire, and bullets flying around," he said.

"Machine guns? Bullets? I thought this morning's scenes were at that swank social affair in the British Embassy at Moscow."

"Quite so. But in the middle of the affair there is a bit of a riot outside. Windows are smashed, pictures perforated, and we shall have a glass shower on our heads as the bullets wreck some of those large chandeliers in the ballroom."

Just then the assistant director came to summon Leslie to the set. We emerged from the star's little portable dressing room and hurried over to the glare of lights, noise and confusion that surrounded a huge ballroom. Extras faultlessly attired in formal clothes of the sort they sported in Russian diplomatic circles on the eve of the Revolution thronged the set. Off-stage, an orchestra was tuning instruments. The head electrician was shouting instructions to his men on the catwalks above, spidery structures just visible against the gloom of the dark upper regions of a great sound stage.

Director Michael Curtiz, with a final word to Chief Cameraman Ernest Haller, turned to Howard. Then his eye lit on me, the only person on the big set who was not part of the work about to begin.

"Oh, so here *you* are!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgotten. Let's see, where shall we put you? It wouldn't be clubby to have you sitting somewhere in the path of stray bullets."

Bullets seemed to play quite a strong part in this particular ball, and so far, I hadn't seen any evidence of machine guns. I began to suspect they were ribbing me, and declared that my life was entirely in their hands.

"Everyone working on or near the set is out of danger, insofar as we can arrange it, but the available places from which a good view can be obtained are pretty well taken by cameras," Curtiz explained. "Perhaps your best stand is in that doorway, just out of camera—and bullet—range."

I started for the doorway indicated, but Kay Francis caught my arm.

"I've the real vantage point," she said. "Come share it with me. Behind the principal machine gunner and in full view of most of the set."

"You aren't working this morning, Kay?"

She laughed, indicating her leather

The Exciting Plot

Out of the chaos of the Russian revolution, H. Bruce Lockart brings the story of British Agent, *in which Kay Francis and Leslie Howard are co-starred. As an aristocratic Russian who has become obsessed with the oppression of the peasants, Kay Francis meets Leslie Howard, who plays the rôle of a diplomatic agent whose mission is to prevent the Soviet from signing a separate peace with Germany. Instantly, the two who are pledged to different causes fall in love. Throughout turbulant days in which they fight desperately*

Left: Kay Francis as the Russian girl in *British Agent* Right: The Russian Embassy setting outside which most of the pictures great dramatic scenes occur

On the set of *British Agent*, starring Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, SCREEN BOOK'S Western Editor encounters the most exciting moments he has experienced in more than ten years of intimate association with the makers of motion pictures

of British Agent

for opposing forces, they meet occasionally until Kay Francis is called upon to discover the hiding place of Howard, so that the building may be blown up by a bomb. She carries out her orders and then rushes to the doomed building that she may die in the arms of her lover.

British Agent *is based on the actual experiences of its author. The cinema is moving, powerful and performed with a touch of inspiration. You will find it one of the best of this year's picture offerings.*—The Editor.

coat. "In this outfit—at an Embassy ball? Hardly. But I shall be—"

A bell rang, and half-a-dozen voices echoed Curtiz's warning: "Quiet!"

We tiptoed to our places. *The British Agent* was off to a flying—perhaps I should say shooting—start!

FROM my vantage point I watched Curtiz, who sat quietly in his folding canvas chair, his expression intent, but unflurried. Before him were a hundred extras, a complicated scene about to be taken, some rather elaborate and dangerous technical effects to be achieved. He was about to spend, for his company, several thousand dollars within the space of a minute or so. It had to be right, or more thousands must be spent on a retake. Howard's lean, sensitive face showed no more nervous strain than the director's. He was standing in his place under the huge chandelier that was to be shattered by machine gun fire. In the few minutes elapsed since I had talked with him, a subtle change had come over him. Suddenly I realized what it was. Out there under the lights, before the camera, he was no longer Leslie Howard, the actor, who had thought about bullets and falling glass and remembering his lines and the importance of this scene to the picture.

He was the young British agent, the diplomat, in the midst of a boring social affair—*and he didn't know, yet, that the place was presently to be perforated by bullets.*

Came the time when the machine guns were supposed to go into action. The sudden confusion and flurry on the set was a credit to the extras employed, considering the fact that all the destruction which might spur them into the right emotions later, in the real scene, were merely imagined!

"Cut!" Curtiz called. After a moment's conference with Howard, he was ready to take the scene. I utilized the interval by speaking to the machine gunner, who had been a very tense spectator at our side.

"Are those real bullets you're using in that gun?"

"Practically," he replied. "The charge is somewhat reduced, but it's still strong enough to operate the gun mechanism by recoil, which means a good healthy kick. The bullets are specially made, so they'll tear [*Continued on page 76*]

She's Got Everything that Cleopatra Had—*And* More

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is sold on her formula for success. She claims it's adaptable to any line of endeavor, and since the prescription calls for luck, confidence, and hard work, I see no reason to doubt its efficacy. Certainly it's worked for her. Her emphasis on the importance of self-confidence is persuasive, and should stimulate smaller fry to have no further traffic with inferiority complexes.

Though born in Paris, all her professional work has been on this side of the Atlantic. It began with a three-line part in "The Wild Westcotts" by Ann Morrison, into which auspicious medium she was precipitated through sheer luck. Having planned to be a designer, she encountered a friend of Miss Morrison's at a tea. The friend opined Miss Colbert would do well to go on the stage, and arranged an introduction to the playwright. Since then a series of Broadway and Hollywood successes has kept her constantly before an enthusiastic public. Occasionally in the past, she has been moved to do a little griping at being so habitually cast in the roles of gentlewomen. "Who remembers the unsullied heroines of history?" she asks plaintively. It is indeed the bad girls who have made the teams as far as literature and art is concerned, and the bad girls therefore whose names are perpetuated. Perhaps that is why Claudette is so enthusiastic at being Cleopatra in De Mille's opus of the same name.

The lady has been happily married for five years to Norman Foster. Because they preferred to keep their marriage a secret at the start, they maintained separate residences. This worked out so pleasantly that they continue to avoid the usual pitfalls of connubial bliss by the same method. And a very sensible arrangement it is too. Like having a lover instead of a three-meal-a-day husband.

Half Pint Stories

By Margaret Fishback

The Hard Little Guy of "*Hey Sailor!*"

AT THAT gruesome moment in "The Public Enemy" when the murdered youth's body was being returned to his tortured family, the only thing that kept my blood from freezing permanently in its veins was the furious dialogue in two neighboring seats. One of the speakers, a bulging middle-aged mama, was standing wedged in front of me while she glared and jerked at her fat young female offspring, who refused pointblank to move. Mama threatened hoarsely. "You come along with me. Don't you look at any more of that pitcher. You shut your eyes and come along with me." The child paid not the slightest attention to her frenzied parent. I, meanwhile, was dodging around mama so as not to miss one grisly split second of that memorable home-coming. And what a movie it was! A few more pictures of that calibre, with Mr. Cagney reducing the onlookers to chills and fever, and we would have no public enemy. Public indignation would get somewhere.

Definitely, this James Cagney has a way of making his roles excruciatingly real. Funny or tragic, they come alive with a loud report. He is a remarkable actor regardless of the fact that he feels he would rather be an artist. Indeed he tried to be in his early days between bundle wrapping at Wanamaker's and chorus-boying in one "Pitter Patter." But owing to the skimpiness of family finances, he had to resort to more lucrative work than art in order to help feed the seven mouths at home, all of which had a curious preference for oatmeal to oil paint.

His youthful occupations included the job of office boy on "The New York Sun," then bundle wrapping, and from that to work in a branch of the Public Library, during which time he entered Columbia. It was from there he loped into musical comedy and then into vaudeville via the tank towns.

Five years later he achieved a part in Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In," and thus arrived on Broadway. Big time vaudeville and other Broadway ventures kept him busy in the East until Warner Brothers bought "Penny Arcade" which took him to Hollywood and fame.

Today while yearning for rustic isolation and art, he keeps fit by daily devotion to exercise. He likes tennis, vegetable dinners, Turgenev, Stephen Vincent Benet, cookies, Budapest, George Kelly, Joan Blondell, Roland Young, swimming, Debussy, and sailing. He is five feet nine, weighs, 153 pounds, and has red hair. His eyes are brown, his complexion fair, and his future bright. If you miss seeing him in "Hey Sailor," you're no friend of mine.

The FALL of the House of Bennett

Both Joan Bennett and her famous writer husband, Gene Markey, are willing to let their daughter Melinda live her own life. A typical modern career woman, this smallest of the Bennetts

Sean Morton Downey, son of Barbara Bennett and Morton Downey, has likewise scorned his theatrical heritage. He has other things in mind for himself—a bright red fire engine is one of them

By

Marie Louise Van Slyke

THE third generation of the histrionic Bennett clan is not going to follow in its famous family's footsteps. Take it on the word of the youngsters themselves, Melinda Markey and Sean Morton Downey, Jr.

Melinda, the daughter of the blonde and beautiful Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, scenario writer, definitely announced that she had no intention of ever donning grease paint.

"Gurgle," she said hospitably, upon being interviewed in her sumptuous nursery in Beverly Hills. That, interpreted, was Melinda's way of saying hello. "Goo umph waaaah," she next exclaimed, protestingly, which on being translated proved to mean that she saw no point in being awakened to answer a lot of questions. Sticking all five fingers of her right hand into her left eye, she assumed an ultra-blasé pose and consented to being interviewed from her yellow crib.

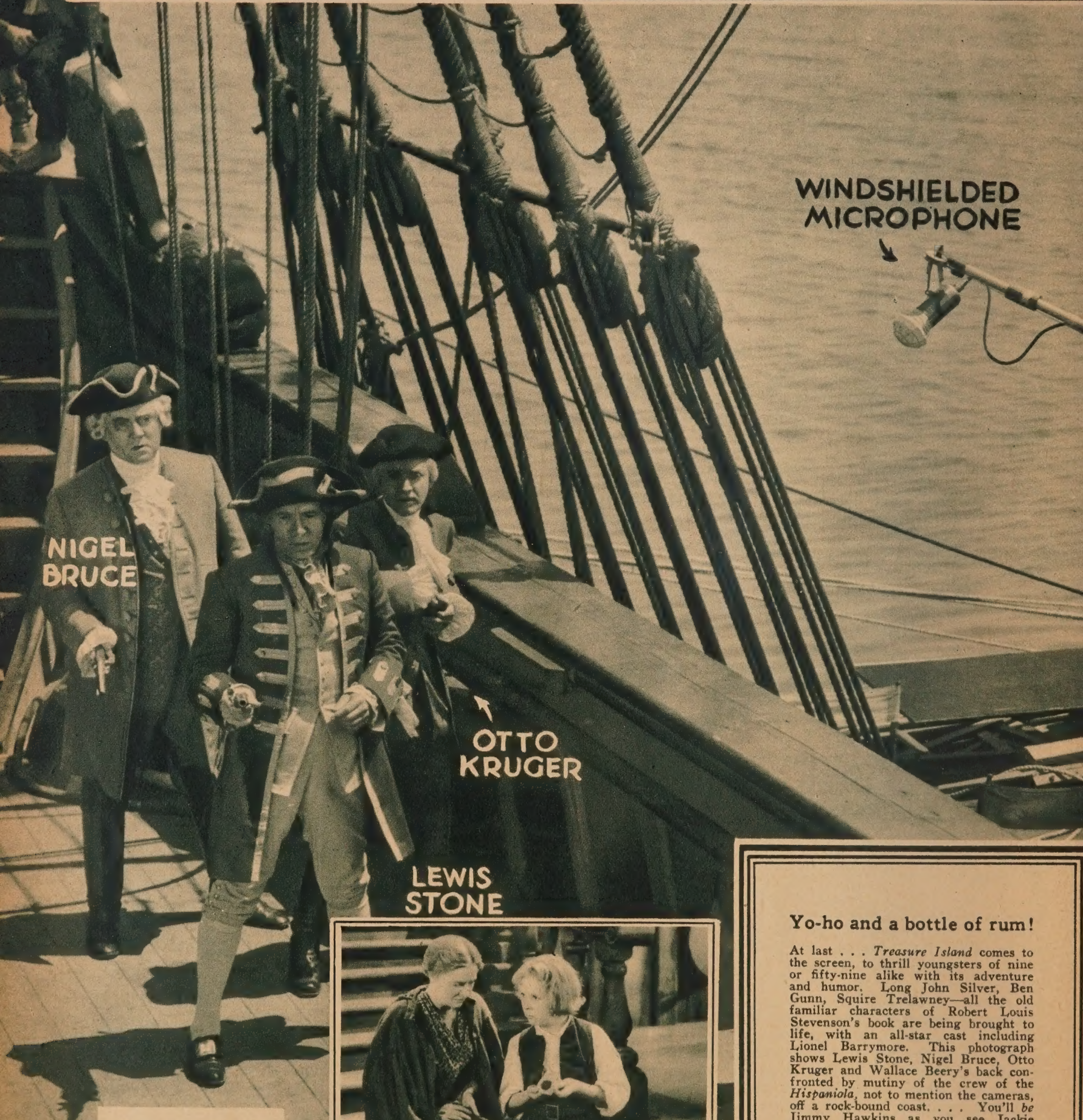
"No, I most certainly shall never enter the cinema," she said in accents that would do credit to an Oxford don. Her English intonation comes from her associations with her nurse, a loyal British subject. "Nor shall I eveh enteh into the field of the legitimate theateh."

"And why is your feeling so strong against the career that your maternal grandfather, to say nothing of your famous aunts, Constance and Barbara, and your mother, found success in?" we asked her. She was pulling at her toes, trying strenuously to get them into her rosebud mouth. "Grandfather Richard, it is true, is a distinguished actor," she answered. "My mother and my awnts portray their rôles cleverly, too. But in choosing acting as their life work they were all doing what they *wanted* to do. I don't care to act, and my parents are in complete accord with my wishes."

[*Continued on page* 68]

The first exclusive interview with the newest and youngest generation of Bennetts

An Adventure On

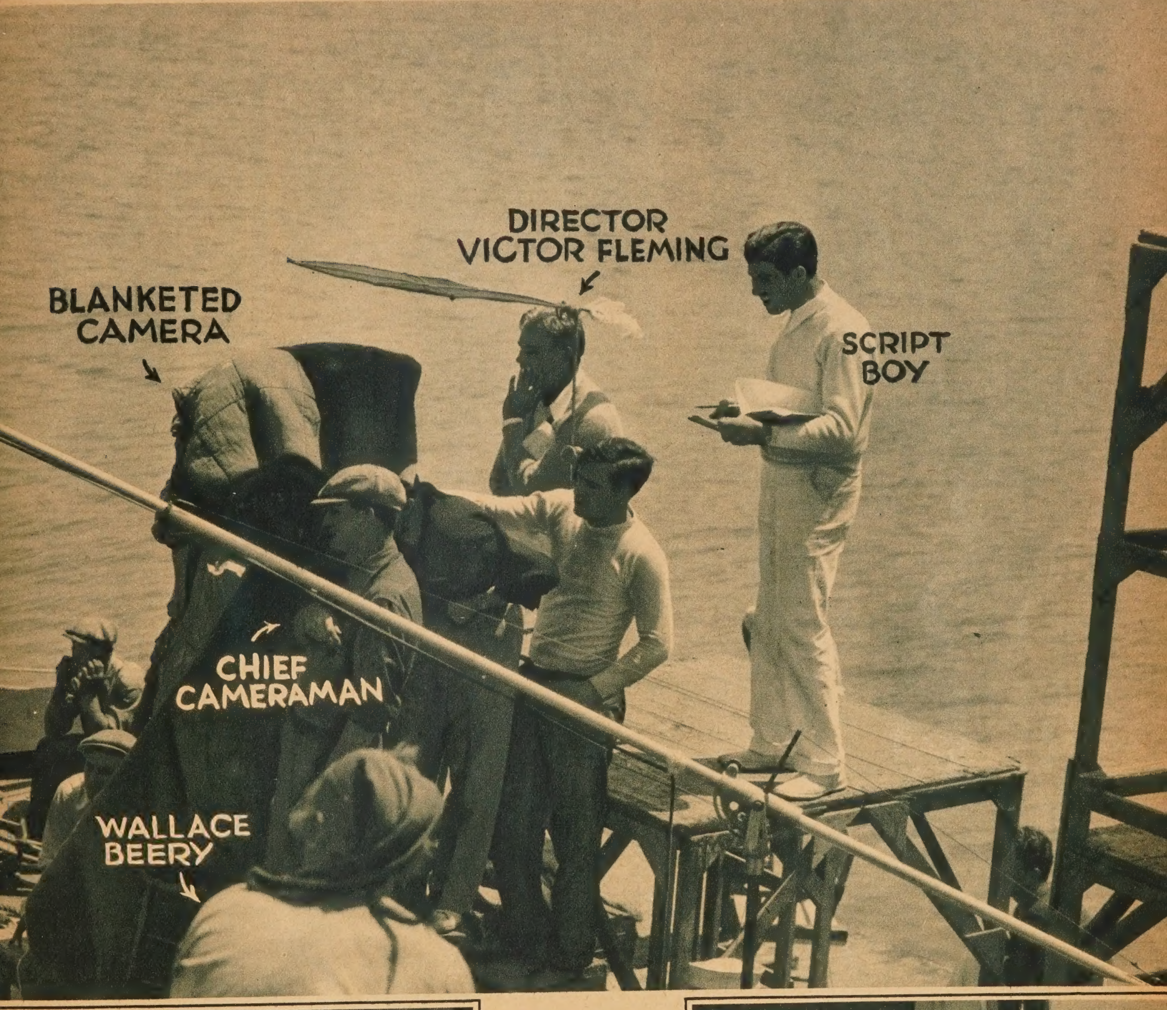


A big moment in the picture! Jim Hawkins (Jackie Cooper) finds the body of Billy Bones (Lionel Barrymore) and the plot thickens

Yo-ho and a bottle of rum!

At last . . . *Treasure Island* comes to the screen, to thrill youngsters of nine or fifty-nine alike with its adventure and humor. Long John Silver, Ben Gunn, Squire Trelawney—all the old familiar characters of Robert Louis Stevenson's book are being brought to life, with an all-star cast including Lionel Barrymore. This photograph shows Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce, Otto Kruger and Wallace Beery's back confronted by mutiny of the crew of the *Hispaniola,* not to mention the cameras, off a rock-bound coast. . . . You'll *be* Jimmy Hawkins as you see Jackie Cooper facing a gang of cut-throat pirates as fierce as any that ever sailed the Spanish Main. It's a strong picture, with the smell of the sea and the motion of lashing waves—and a boy hero everyone loves

Treasure Island


DIRECTOR VICTOR FLEMING
BLANKETED CAMERA
SCRIPT BOY
CHIEF CAMERAMAN
WALLACE BEERY

Left: Lionel Barrymore as the big, bad pirate threatens to make mincemeat of Doctor Livesey (Otto Kruger)

Right: "You'll do what I say and like it!" Wallace Beery in the rôle of Long John Silver takes no back-talk from Jackie Cooper

THE SUBJECT: George Arliss, Hollywood's most charming actor, beginning with his sudden dramatic debut at the age of twelve, to his present brilliant position on the screen

By COSMO HAMILTON

AMONG the men of artistic distinction who are personally known by me, the only one who discovered, while a boy, what work he intended to do and stuck to his determination through thick and thin, is that fine actor, George Arliss, who is still so hard at work.

He was born, as he has told us in a very charming book, on the Good Friday of April 10, 1868, in a dull street in London, within a few steps of that perpetual amazement which is the British Museum. In the house in which his father carried on as a printer and publisher, something happened when he was twelve which drew him to the stage. "Up to that time he had wobbled in his choice of a career."

His first determination was to be a clown when he grew up. Later he decided that the life of an omnibus conductor would be more to his taste, and still later, though still very early in what is usually the hoop, marbles and tin soldier period in the life of the average boy, he turned his thoughts to the church and saw himself in the pulpit in a crisp white gown.

In the vague consideration of these three professions it does not require the psychology of the practised analyst to see that the already active mind of this remarkable boy was working towards those public appearances which the theater so well provides. As a bus conductor or a clergyman there was, too, that combination of guidance and leadership which, it must have been noticed, has followed him through life. As Arliss is fond of telling in his dry quiet way when, with the inevitable eyeglass in his kind and twinkling eye, he is to be found, though only occasionally, between his bursts of work, it was at a Christmas party in the parental drawing-room that he started his career.

The person who was inadvertently responsible for this historic event was a cousin, nicknamed "Fatty" by his cruelly descriptive friends. The curious workings of Fate which shape the ends of us all had put this boy at school with the two young sons of an actress who had London at her feet. Her name was Nellie Farren and it was a magic name. The elder of these two lads had written a one-act farce in which he and his brother and Fatty had offered to appear. "The offer was accepted and the excitement was intense. An impromptu stage was erected at the end of the drawing-room, a program was nicely printed and a workable curtain put up. The anticipation of great enjoyment was almost unbearable. All the ribbons trembled on the little girls' heads and all the round faces of the usually grubby boys were shining with excitement in the crowded dining-room. Mince pies and plum pudding, crackers and mild punch were almost wholly neglected at the prospect of the play."

Then something so frightful happened that, even now as he tells the story, there is a break in Arliss's voice. Fatty had overeaten himself and had been hurriedly put to bed and as no one else had learned his part the play could not be given. The situation was desperate, but the blow was kept from the party while a consultation was held. "I became uncomfortably conscious," he writes, "that the keen eyes of Joseph had settled themselves on me. He looked me up and down in that cold appraising way to which later I became accustomed when authors were casting their plays. 'Why shouldn't you play the part?' he asked, as my heart stood still. There was a chorus of 'Yes, why not, of course,' with the eagerness which so often occurs when a way out is discovered which does not affect ourselves. 'But I don't know the lines,' I said. 'Oh, that's all right,' said Joseph. 'I'll tell you what it's all about and you can gag the words.'

"We were hustled into a small room in which we proceeded to work, and to bring this thrilling adventure into plain unvarnished facts, I gagged the part in question and the piece was a huge success. Little girls screamed with laughter, little boys howled like

SIR GEORGE ARLISS:

It is more than probable that George Arliss, who is now in London on a quiet holiday, will have been knighted by His Majesty King George of England by the time this article is printed. Certainly no gentleman of these or other days more truly deserves this honor than the kindly film favorite, whose courtliness and wit would grace any court in the world

THE AUTHOR: Cosmo Hamilton, prominent magazine writer and playwright, author of many sensational novels, among them "Scandal" and "The Blue Room", who is now in London

wolves, while aunts and uncles and parents applauded vigorously. The fact that the wretched curtain refused to work at the end was nothing to worry about. It was all part of the fun."

BUT it was not until twenty years later, ten of which George Arliss spent in the provincial wilderness, living in cheerful poverty in all the smallest towns, playing old men and young men in third-rate companies, with periods of what actors so inaccurately call "rest," and always with eyes of longing on the London stage into which he tried again and again to break, that at last he repeated his twelve year old success.

He was engaged to play a big man in a well-known American play and his success was all the greater because he was small and thin. In this he remained for two years in a theater in the Strand along which he had tramped so often in hopeless search for work. During that comfortable period he married the charming lady with whom he had been so long in love in what he describes as "the prettiest church and the prettiest day that I had ever seen."

Then came his momentous association with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, momentous because it resulted in his going to the United States.

At the Royalty Theatre in Soho he appeared in several interesting plays, among which were Max Beerbohm's only dramatic effort called *The Happy Hypocrite*, and a delightful thing it was, as I remember very well; Rostand's *The Fantastics* which in the French original was called *Les Romanesques*, in a masterpiece by Sudermann — *Magda*, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was superb; and in a society drama which was doctored by Frank Harris and was said to be the last thing which Oscar Wilde wrote.

I was very young in those good days and saw much of Mrs. Campbell for whom I wanted to write, and it was then that I met George Arliss who was very kind to me. I would watch him from the wings and admire the delicate rightness of everything he did. I well remember telling him while he was playing the Duke of St. Olpherts in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* that he greatly resembled Disraeli, and he nodded and said, "I know," and made a note of it—a note that he didn't mislay, as history goes to prove.

Then Mrs. Campbell was engaged to make a long American tour. She accepted George Tyler's offer and Arliss left with her. He little dreamed that twenty years would be added to his life before a London audience was to see his work again.

—AND LADY ARLISS

George Arliss' best star part has been his role as husband of his "beloved Flo", whom he married as a struggling actor years ago in "the prettiest church on the prettiest day". Mrs. Arliss appears with her husband in the middle picture on the opposite page, in her role as Nathan Rothschild's wife in that magnificent picture, *The House of Rothschild*

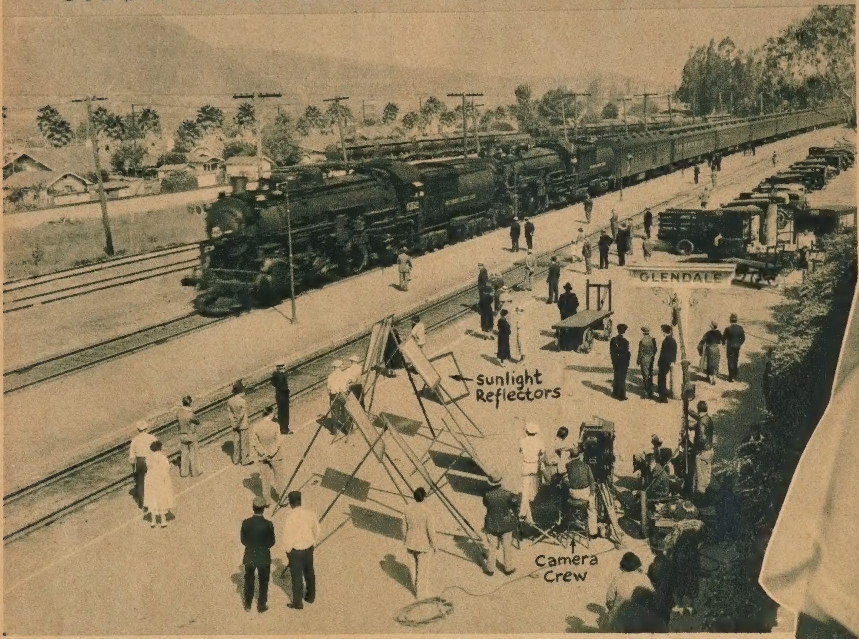
THE crossing was a rough one and he was very ill and it must have been in smooth water in sight of Liberty that he wrote these words of advice. "Don't believe the steward when you're feeling very queer and he tells you that other passengers are up and feeling fine. Don't believe anybody who tells you anything. Don't leave your stateroom and sit out on deck—a terrible thing will happen when you're feeling at your worst. You will develop a sixth sense. As you lie in your deck-chair pale, green and inert, you will sense the things that are unknown to everyone else. You will hear a certain footstep which is quite strange to you and although it is in the distance at the far end of the ship you will know that some kind creature whom you are certainly going to hate will stop, bend over, place his hand on your shoulder and say, 'Aren't you feeling well?' And so take my advice. Glue yourself to your cabin until the sea is as smooth as a pond and then wait for your power of resistance to exert itself again."

Mrs. Campbell's first tour was a triumph for all concerned and she and her little dog, "Pinky Panky Poo," who may have been the ancestors of "Winnie the Pooh," perhaps, were never out of the papers in any single town. The dog was adored by her mistress and was carried about by her and it blinked at press photographers with an expression of deep disgust, which was undoubtedly justified.

Some years [*Continued on page* 80]

HOLLYWOOD

Studio Rents Entire Train for New Picture



When Paramount wanted to shoot train scenes for *Here Comes the Groom*, they rented an entire train for a day. The above picture shows the location crew preparing to shoot scenes at the Glendale station. Featured in the picture are Jack Haley, Mary Boland and Patricia Ellis

Lord Over All

WHEN you act for Director Ernst Lubitsch, you do what he tells you to do in the way he says to do it. And if you think Maurice Chevalier, whom Lubtisch is directing in *The Merry Widow,* is a temperamental actor, you should see him carefully, almost painfully following the smallest details of the great director's instructions during the filming of the picture! Jeanette MacDonald, no longer at war with Maurice, but seemingly very, very friendly with him, does likewise.

Social Error

LOUIS B. MAYER, big boss of Metro and all therein (yeah, even Garbo!), proved himself a good sport the other day when visiting royalty—His Highness, Sir Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore—made an unwitting *faux pas.* While Mr. Mayer was entertaining him and introducing him to stars, His Highness several times casually mentioned Mae West, Paramount star. Finally Mayer asked the Sultan if there were anything else he could do for him.

"Yes," said His Highness, "I should like best of all to see Mae West."

Garbo Is Interested

WHAT'S this? All the world knows that Garbo saw the preview of *Murder at the Vanities,* in which her one-time boy friend, Carl Brisson, holds forth to great advantage. But only your reporter knows this, and it sees print here for the first time. Garbo viewed the Continental star's initial American picture for a *second* time.

Does that mean purely professional interest, loyalty to a fellow-Scandinavian, or a warmer emotion?

—Longworth

Ruby Keeler didn't have a care in the world when this picture was snapped on the set of *Dames,* but only a few days later a kidnaping threat sent her scurrying home for protection. "Hollywood Flashes" reveals how the "snatch racket" nearly trapped one of the screen's best loved stars

Additional Movie Gossip on Page 48

FLASHES

By
The Studio Spy

All the
Movie News
FIRST in
SCREEN
BOOK

Carole Lombard, who daily grows more beautiful, takes time out for an hour each morning to acquire a tan before facing the cameras with Gary Cooper in *Now and Forever*

Keeler Kidnap Case

NO WONDER Ruby Keeler was so jittery she couldn't finish a certain day's work on a picture at Warner Brothers studio, and had to go home. What was reported as a visit to her house by ordinary burglars was suspected—with reason supplied by considerable evidence—of being attempted kidnaping instead. And at the time the Gettle and Robles kidnap cases were headlining!

Irene to the Throne?

IRENE CASTLE, for years known as "America's best-dressed woman," is said to be winning the title left vacant in filmdom by the death of Lilyan Tashman. There were many contenders, but from present appearances the two titles—"of Hollywood" and "of America"—hitherto separately held by their respective queens, seems to belong to Irene.

Shame! Shame!

THERE'S a brand-new rivalry between the two most popular male idols of motion pictures. Each had been given the most thorough mauling and "woman-handling" ever passed out to an actor at recent events in which they were exposed to the full fury of their public's adoration. One is Clark Gable, who got his at the hands of 300 red-blooded bluebloods at the Spinsters Ball. The other is Baby LeRoy, who was mussed and kissed at a meeting of a woman's club at which he was guest of honor!

Gable Tells One!

CLARK GABLE postcards from a mountain fishing trip: "Trout here come out on dry land and eat the bait before you can get it on the hook. Caught two tons first day. All fish in this region so big Indians offer rewards to anyone who gets a little one. They put the dwarfs under three feet long in a museum and label them minnows." Is that a fish story—or a fish story?

Oddities

"PART of knowing how to ride horseback is knowing how to fall," philosophizes Diana Wynyard, one of Hollywood's most expert bridle path users, following a tumble. Unlike so many who have been injured seriously that way, Diana was only slightly bruised. Incidentally, Diana says it feels a bit odd to have Frank Lawton, the man who played one of her sons in *Cavalcade*, enact the rôle of her sweetheart in *One More River*.

Ever See This Done?

A studio hairdresser is shown in the act of getting in Veree Teasdale's hair via stepladder. All this is necessary because the elaborate gown makes it impossible for the actress to sit down during the shooting of scenes from *Madame Du Barry*

True?—Or False?

Mark the words "true" or "false" opposite the statements below. Each question correctly answered counts 10%. See if you can score 100% in this test of your knowledge about the stars. Answers on page 80.

1. Frances Drake was born in London ....
2. Baby LeRoy's mother is not living ....
3. Marie Dressler was born in Philadelphia ....
4. Greta Garbo has never been interviewed ....
5. Wallace Beery has never met Gloria Swanson ....
6. Paul Lukas never rides in an airplane ....
7. Janet Gaynor has been married twice ....
8. James Cagney was once a professional boxer ....
9. Clark Gable was brought from the stage to star in the movies ....
10. Creighton Chaney is no relation to the late Lon Chaney ....

Enter the Limerick Contest. See Page 64

HOLLYWOOD FLASHES

—Kahle

Democratic Tom Brown seldom eats his luncheon with the stars in the dining room at the studio. He grabs a snack between scenes at the lunch counter with extras and workmen for company

The camera sneaked up on Jackie Cooper as he strolled home from work dressed in his *Treasure Island* costume and trying his durndest to unravel a knotty problem

Mae Refuses To Burn

WHEN some other famous film gals were strutting their sun-tan (shades from coffee-lait to bitter chocolate) before Mae West, and asking her why she retained her peaches-and-cream complexion instead of getting a coat of solar dye, Mae cracked back thusly: "I don't mind having the skin you love to touch, but I got sunburned myself once, baby—and they not only touched me but thumped me. No more of that for Mae."

Hepburn Turns Munchausen

YOU know all about Katie Hepburn's heart affairs now—at least as much as we do—but this is our first chance to call attention to Kate's little fibs. She denied in no uncertain terms that she'd get a divorce from Smith, and a few days later the divorce *which she'd already taken steps to get* was announced. Katie, Katie, was that the way you was brung up? And how much have you been stringing us about Leland Hayward, your handsome and engaging manager?

Punch for Englishmen

'TWAS very sporting of Herbert Marshall to admit to us without so much as a cue line that while English pictures are showing vast improvement lately, some of the credit must go to American technicians who help make them. And a broadcast from English picture studios where Doug, Jr., filming *The Private Life of Don Juan* introduced a British lass who sang in the style of Dietrich, and for good measure spoke a line or so in Mae West's drawl!

Take Our Advice

OPEN Letter to Movie Stars Who Pose in Athletic Snapshots: Have an expert at the game represented instruct you in the proper form for your poses. There are countless golf and tennis experts among your fans. And while Bing Crosby knows his golf and Marion Davies her tennis, those of you who don't should learn how to hold club and racket respectively, if you pose in "snooping photog" shots as experts. I showed Ben Gorchakoff a star's tennis pose recently and Ben (who's pro at the Ambassador, you know) remarked: "Say—he's using a tennis racket to make a mashie shot!"

Mean Competition

NOW we have in the movies a White Hope to put up against Stepin Fetchit for the Slower'n Molasses Championship. If Sterling Holloway and Step were to enter a Lazy Man contest and really try, we could put them both in a museum as examples of suspended animation.

A Man to Avoid

IF THIS gets to print before some Hollywood star gets killed in an accident, a certain under-cover soothsayer who bootlegs the occult to filmdom (it's agin the law to sell spooks out

LeRoy Prinz, Hollywood's duelling dance director, shows his chorus lassies a new and snappy routine for *Murder at the Vanities*

—*Dyar*

Pat Paterson is so busy these days that she has her her noon repast at her dressing room table on the set of *Call It Luck*

this-a-way) will be all wet. Before Mae West nearly got killed by the fall of a 400-pound derrick arm, Kay Johnson and John Cromwell crashed their car on a dangerous mountain road and hung on the brink of eternity, Jack Holt was injured and Kay Francis got her glass cuts, he prophesied four nearly and one *quite* fatal accidents to stars during the month!

Flash! Flash—just as we go to press the shocking news of Dorothy Dell's death bears out the prophetic words of the soothsayer who predicted a series of accidents to famous stars. That Dorothy Dell herself had a premonition of danger seems apparent in the words she whispered to a friend at Lew Cody's funeral. "These things run in cycles of three," she said referring to the deaths of Cody and Lilyan Tashman, "I wonder who will be next?"

Joan Doesn't Fib

THAT Joan Blondell girl has a memory a mile long. Shortly after she announced the fact that she's going to have a baby—'twas to a few friends at Carmelita Geraghty's wedding, the same at which Jean Harlow announced her divorce plans—Joan says to your reporter: "And what did I tell you three years ago, about having a baby?" We had to have a lotta memory prodding before we remembered that the Blondell, sitting barefooted in Ruthie Jones' office at Warner's one hot summer day, had said she was going to have a baby in a few years, startling all of us who knew that, at the moment, she was heart loose and fancy free.

A Smart Dumb Dora

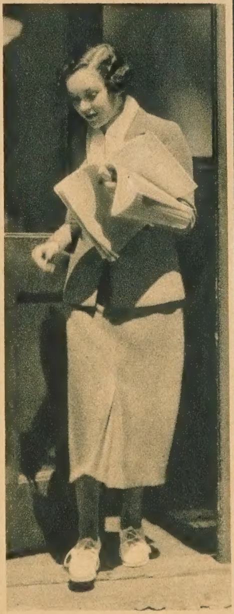
JOAN REDDELL, a right smart gal who is now in Hollywood trying for screen fame, got her start toward fame as a New York show girl when she won a night club's "Dumbest Dora" contest—without realizing that she was competing! She thought the whole thing was a gag and answered all the test questions in a facetious vein. Was her face red—when they presented her with the first prize!

Edmund Lowe As A Cattle Rancher

IF YOU don't think Edmund Lowe is a sure-enough cattle rancher—between pictures—you should hear him talk about the profits and losses of the business, and how he helps his boys ride herd on some 1,500 head of baldfaces! The Lowe "spread" is several hundred miles north of Hollywood.

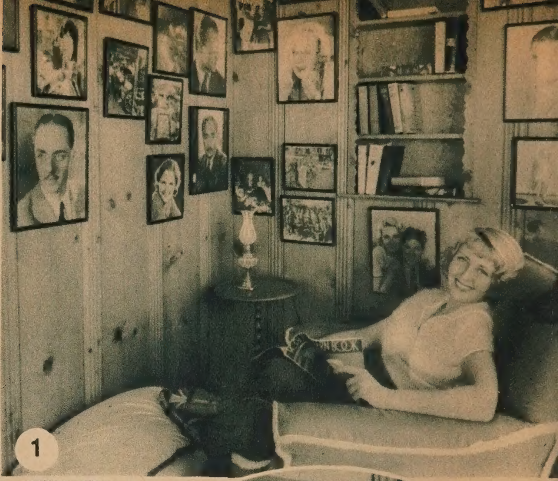
Shirley's Little Secrets

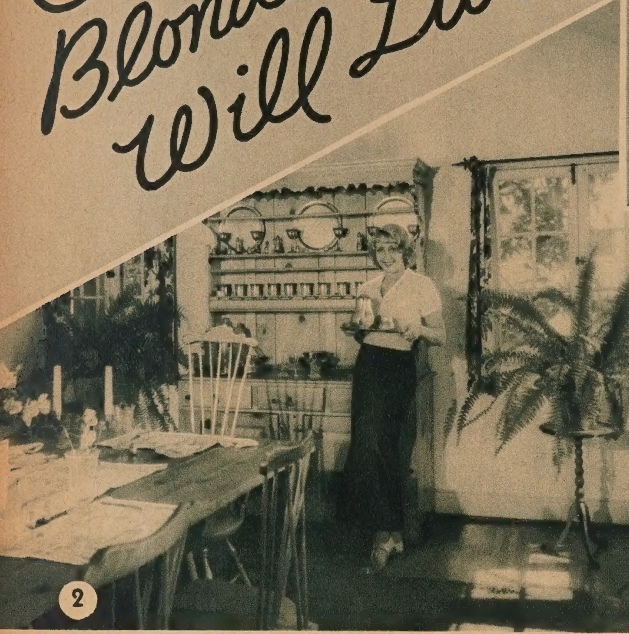
SHIRLEY TEMPLE tells me that the way to eat a strawberry ice cream soda is to sip it through a peppermint-flavored hollow candy stick, meanwhile munching a sweet pickle; that ice cream is nicer if liberally covered with "gravy"—chocolate sauce, to you!—and that if she puts a flat all-day sucker the size of a dollar and a bit thicker in *both* cheeks, nobody can tell she's eating candy. And what's more, Shirley seldom has tummy aches!

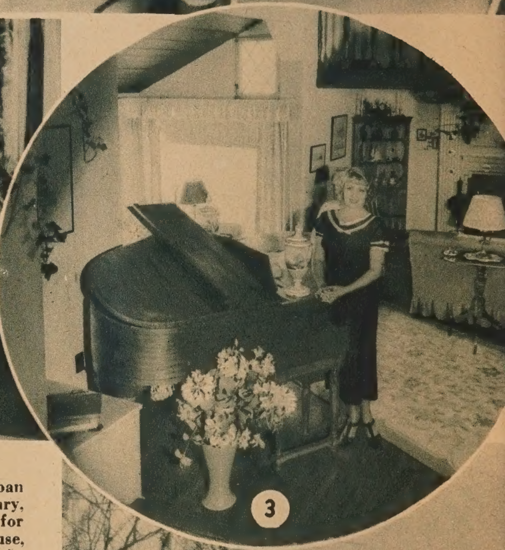


Out of the jungle at last, Maureen O'Sullivan studied her script for *The Thin Man* wherever she went, just to prove that she can be a real actress as well as a mate for Tarzan

Where the Blondell Baby Will Live







1. A corner in Joan Blondell's library, with lots of books for Baby Barnes to peruse, and lots of star pictures to look at

2. Joan's charming Early American dining room

3. Can you imagine Joan as the harsh mama goading her offspring into practicing scales on her baby grand? We can't

4. It will be great fun for the baby to play in the sunshine in this attractive patio

5. "Welcome, little stranger," says Joan, as she stands at the gate of the lovely home. We nominate Joan Blondell Barnes in advance as Hollywood's cutest mother

A New Attack on the Movies!

Exclusive Feature
By
Al Sherman

WHEN a man bites a dog, journalistic preceptors insist it is news. But when a Robert Montgomery, who has achieved fame and fortune in movie-making, takes film producers to task, berates the very source of his success and affluence and yearns for a chance to give his soul a break, that's news! But NEWS!

Montgomery is well known as a fighter. Not the sort of fighter, perhaps, who indulges in physical fisticuffs, but the kind of person who'll battle for all that is in him to maintain his principles. That's why this writer pricked up his ears when the tall and handsome Montgomery, with serious and fighting determination, started to take Hollywood to pieces to see what makes it tick. And when a Montgomery starts taking things to pieces, he does a downright good job of it.

"Hollywood takes everything out of you—and gives you little in return," was one Montgomery declaration of independence. And, "Hollywood is just like a great big factory, as soulless as a machine," is another lash of Montgomery sarcasm at the things he believes wrong with Hollywood. "Further, creative ambition is given little or no opportunity in Hollywood," a jibe at movie-making tactics that should make some opponents wince. "That's why I have to get away from Hollywood to get a new perspective of things and a new slant on myself," continued Montgomery.

We were discussing the various things interviewers sometimes discuss with actors. But when I asked Bob to explain the "what's wrong with Hollywood" [*Continued on page* 64]

"Hollywood—takes everything out of you! . . . . Bad as some theatrical producers are, I will say that some of them put on plays to please their artistic bent . . . . Creative ambition has little or no opportunity in Hollywood."
—Robert Montgomery

Masking deadly seriousness with his usual grin, Bob Montgomery does what few actors would dare to do, revealing his honest opinion on the faults of the industry that gives him his job

The story behind Shirley Temple's AMAZING Career

At the age of six, little Miss Temple is Hollywood's greatest box office star! This exclusive interview tells why, and reveals everything you want to know about this irresistible darling of the movie world

By
Neil
Barclay

Shirley doesn't know she's cute—that's the secret of her charm

—*Wide World*

"I *GUESS* you're nice," said little Miss Shirley Temple to me, after a grave and thoughtful inspection. And a tiny half-smile, which expressed the same measure of doubt but polite willingness to be shown as her words and emphasis had expressed, came to her lips.

To my intense relief, Shirley's mother didn't chide the little curly-headed blonde heart-stealer for the words or the way she said them. Maybe that helps explain Shirley. She is allowed thoughts about people, opinions distinctly her own, and even reserves.

Most movie kiddies—*g-r-r-rh!*—give one the impression of having been trained as either sirens or yes-men from birth. If they fail to coo and smile at Big Nice Interviewer or Newspaper Mans, it's going to be just too bad for them when mamma gets them alone.

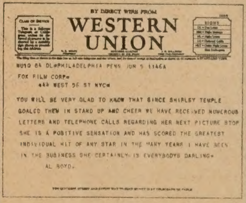
Not Shirley. That was why even partial endorsement from her warmed my heart. It was as sincere and natural as her acting, dancing and singing on the screen.

Maybe you don't think Shirley, who is on the verge of being six years old, knows the value of being natural. According to Harry Lashman, who directed *Baby, Take a Bow,* someone once asked if there had been any other actresses in Shirley's family. Mrs. George Temple, her mother, had replied: "No. Shirley is the only one who has shown any theatrical leanings."

Whereupon Shirley, with a shocked expression on her little face, shook her finger at her mother. "Oh, don't say *theatrical!*" she cried. "That's what they don't want me to be, don't you 'member?"

[*Continued on page* 63]

Shirley with her dad, a Los Angeles banker



BY DIRECT WIRE FROM
WESTERN UNION

WU10 84 DL=PHILADELPHIA PENN JUN 5 1146A
FOX FILM CORP=
444 WEST 56 ST NYC=

YOU WILL BE VERY GLAD TO KNOW THAT SINCE SHIRLEY TEMPLE GOALED THEM IN STAND UP AND CHEER WE HAVE RECEIVED NUMEROUS LETTERS AND TELEPHONE CALLS REGARDING HER NEXT PICTURE STOP SHE IS A POSITIVE SENSATION AND HAS SCORED THE GREATEST INDIVIDUAL HIT OF ANY STAR IN THE MANY YEARS I HAVE BEEN IN THE BUSINESS SHE CERTAINLY IS EVERYBODYS DARLING=
AL BOYD.

One of the thousands of telegrams received from theater-owners by Fox studios

Little Shirley with her attractive mother

Ann Harding, noble heroine

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS

★★★★

ANN HARDING as the small town milliner who has a sans clergy affair with John Boles. Helen Vinson, wife of Boles, becomes involved in the affair as the latter becomes a powerful political figure and the picture develops dramatically. Excellent picture.—*Radio.*

SMASH HIT

CLEOPATRA

★★★★

NEVER has the screen seen a more spectacular picture than *Cleopatra,* with its historic scenes beautifully and humanly portrayed. To Cecil B. De Mille, the director, SCREEN BOOK offers congratulations on another great triumph and pays tribute to the entire cast for its remarkable performances.

Cleopatra, as you have every reason to suspect from the title, is the dramatic story of the Egyptian queen who used sex as a weapon in her fight against Rome and succeeded rather well for a time, but wound up as a suicide, preferring a snake bite to any more Roman kisses. Claudette Colbert in the title rôle is amazingly beautiful and uses her dazzling charm to good advantage in developing her best rôle to date. Warren William, Harry Wilcoxon and Gertrude Michael are particularly outstanding in the large cast.

Pictorially, the picture is astounding. Hollywood magic presents the love scenes, chariot races and battles so that they seem fairly to leap from the screen.—*Paramount.*

The TEN BEST PICTURES

Again, love conquers all

OUR DAILY BREAD

★★★

BEAUTIFULLY written and directed. *Our Daily Bread* shows the struggle of a young couple during the depression and the back-to-the-farm solution of today's hardships. Tom Keene in a big rôle for the first time makes a fine hero and shows great future promise. Karen Morley is excellent and Barbara Pepper, a new screen discovery, is one of the most effective sirens yet seen on the screen. The picture is a fine evening's entertainment.—*20th Century.*

The idiots are at it again

COCKEYED CAVALIERS

★★★

WHEELER and Woolsey at their best, ably supported by Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery, in a senseless but highly comical fun vehicle of the middle ages. From the time the boys in their absurd costumes ride into the picture on the "rods" of a fancy coach and Wheeler steals it, to the time it's discovered that they are not the king's medicos but bums, the film is a complete humorous riot. Dorothy Lee is unusually beautiful and remarkable in her rôle.—*Radio.*

Jean woos Franchot Tone

BORN TO BE KISSED

★★★

COMEDY drama packed with entertainment, again revealing Jean Harlow as a versatile star. With her in this picture are Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone, all of whom contribute fine performances. Franchot is the rich young man and Jean the little struggling chorus girl. Just how much money interferes with real love you'll find out in this picture, which has rated high praise from critics everywhere.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

For other reviews and official rating method see page 74

SMASH HIT

MADAME DU BARRY

★★★★

ONE of the most lavish productions to come out of Hollywood this year, *Madame Du Barry* is history well-distorted. Its biography served in a bantering comedy vein and beautiful pictorial effects lift the picture easily into the smash hit class. Dolores Del Rio, as the French courtesan who vamped a nation into political insensibility, again proves that she is not only an outstanding actress but perhaps the most dazzling of all Hollywood beauties. She plays her rôle lightly and with a finesse that more than once during the course of the plot brings a round of applause from the audience. Others in the cast—Reginald Owen, Veree Teasdale, Victor Jory and Anita Louise are outstanding in the big cast.

The costuming in *Madame Du Barry* is particularly beautiful and historically accurate. The settings, music and direction are considerably above the average Hollywood effort. You'll probably have to stand in line to see this one, but it's worth the time.—*Warner.*

Harold and the girl friend

CATS-PAW

★★★★

HAROLD LLOYD at his funniest as the son of a missionary who has been brought up on Chinese maxims. Harold gets mixed up with racketeers in a mayorality campaign but uses his Chinese tricks to save the day and win the hand of Una Merkel.—*United Artists.*

# of the New SEASON

Selected by
SCREEN BOOK'S
Jury of Critics

A pair of batty detectives

Sleuth Powell gets his man

Shirley steals the show

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD

★★★

EDNA MAE OLIVER and James Gleason teamed as detectives who solve what seems to be a gory school room murder—and the result is completely hilarious and entertaining. In addition to the murder, thrills and comedy, there's an interesting love triangle between Bruce Cabot, Barbara Fritchie and Gertrude Michael. James Gleason's performance is one of the finest bits of comedy the screen has ever offered. It's excellent movie fare for old and young. —*Radio.*

THE THIN MAN

★★★★

DASHIELL HAMMETT, dean of all mystery writers, contributes the basis for the best exciter the screen has seen in many months. *The Thin Man* is replete with choice humorous situations and dialogue. How you'll enjoy William Powell as the gaily inebriated detective. Myrna Loy, Minna Gombell, Maureen O'Sullivan, Nat Pendleton and others do their bit in this rare dish of entertainment. You'll never guess who the murderer is unless you've read the book.—*Metro.*

BABY TAKE A BOW

★★★

SHIRLEY TEMPLE runs away with the show in this laugh-punctuated comedy. There are thrills galore as James Dunn and Ray Walker, former convicts, try to return a stolen necklace, while detective Alan Dniehart chases after them and little Shirley continually confuses the plot by hiding the necklace. Shirley Temple becomes more and more fascinating with each picture. If it keeps up the rest of our stars will take their hair down and tie it in ribbons.—*Fox.*

Every picture reviewed by competent Hollywood critics.

Do You Remember When?

Back in 1926 Garbo enjoyed posing with the kiddies for publicity purposes. But that was before the "I tank I go home" era, and before Greta learned not to love interviewers

Who can ever lose the memory of those immortal scenes from *Peter Pan,* in which Betty Bronson and Mary Brian were starred?

Back in the days before "C'mup sometime," there was a young lady, a very proper young lady as you can see from the photo, whose only passion was to buzz around town in her cream colored two-cylinder roadster

Remember how Carole Lombard did those undressed bit rôles for the old Pathé studio not so long ago?

Jean Parker tamed Gato, the mountain lion, by rubbing him behind the ears

They Might Have Killed Me

—if I hadn't known their weaknesses

By JEAN PARKER

THE filming of *Sequoia* was a wonderful experience for me, not only because I enjoyed being heroine of such a film, but because it taught me so much about animals.

From now on, animals are going to be *people* to me. Not pets or freaks in the zoo, but people. Different from human people, of course, but creatures in whom I recognize a certain kinship. I realize now that they have thoughts and emotions and fears.

In the picture we had certain wild animals which have been trained to act in motion pictures. There was Malibu, the buck deer; Gato, the puma or mountain lion; little Beadie, the baby puma; Micky, the coyote, Barak, the raccoon, and several others. These were the real actors of the animal cast. Innumerable other deer, and creatures wild and tame were our "extras."

That is the way I like to think of our animal cast in the picture. The so-called trained animals are not beaten, subdued creatures, set apart from their wild kindred. Their training is in acting, just as some of us humans are trained in acting. They have learned their art, and believe me, they're conscious of it, and *proud.*

We had owners and trainers of our trained animals on location with us. Since I was to work with the animals, they were immediately curious about me. The trainers, I mean. It seemed that *I* had to be trained a bit, in order to understand the animals, before I even met them.

They gave me little lectures on the individual peculiarities of their pets. Malibu, the buck deer, for instance, didn't like jerky, nervous people. He disliked sudden, *illogical* noises or movements. Gato, the puma, disliked a prolonged, hostile

[*Continued on page* 62]

Micky, the coyote, is grinning from ear to ear, and why not when he has a closeup in *Sequoia* with a girl as beautiful as Jean?

Malibu, the deer, doesn't like nervous, temperamental people. That's why he immediately fell for Jean Parker—that and a few lumps of sugar

Gato, occasionally as fierce as any jungle beast, hates people who look at him with a hostile glare, so Jean was careful to keep the lovelight in her eyes

BROADWAY

Peg Sullavan's accidental discovery . . . an intimate peek at Charlie Farrell . . . tales out of school about Clark Gable . . . news of Hollywood favorites sojourning on Broadway

Doing the Town

BROADWAY'S bright lights are brighter than ever these days by reason of the many stars holidaying from Hollywood . . . Lupe Velez, with Tarzan, arrives in town much to the delight of reporters who adore her . . . Peg Sullavan back from Europe with a Hepburn gesture toward reporters . . . Jimmy Dunn arrives for reasons more romantic than businesslike . . . but don't ask me about the girl . . . Alice Faye commuting between here and the coast frequently with eyes only for Rudy Vallee, they say . . . Edna Mae Oliver relaxing at the Waldorf . . . but that's enough of this, for they'll probably all be here at some time or another this month.

New Slant on Gable

"CLARK GABLE just oozes sex," says bubbly little Tucker McGuire—and who am I to question a gal who played with him on a personal appearance tour? Tucker told me the most amusing story I've ever heard about Clark. After the show they emerged to take a taxi. The driver didn't recognize Clark and over his shoulder said to Tucker, "How is that big sheik you're playing with?" Before Tucker could answer, Clark broke in, "Oh, that ham! I don't think much of him—they say his wife is really the only one who can stand him." So as they sped along, Clark and the taxi driver gave Clark an awful panning. Later Clark paid the fare with a flourish, grinning from ear to ear. Who else but Gable, the great guy, would have been amused at such an episode?

Slapping Minna Around

I DON'T like the way my friend Minna Gombel is always being beaten up on the screen. She certainly has been more bruised and battered than any other player—but she seems to like it! I have a particular fondness for Minna because she introduced me to the handsomest, gentlest dentist in the world.

Mae West is "Dead"

ON my way to the Lombardy to see Gene Raymond, who is plenty cute, stopped to say hello to my pet news dealer. "What do you think of Mae West?" I asked. The lad looked at me sourly. "Aw, she's dead!"

That's just one opinion against the multitude, however, as Paramount predicts that *It Ain't No Sin* will be bigger box office than any of her pictures.

A Gal Who is Dynamite

SNAPPY little Polly Walter has had them standing in the aisles for months in her Broadway performance as the little hussy of *She Loves Me Not.* Now the news comes that she has been signed by Universal to face the cameras again in the early fall. Intimates tell me that Polly's voice which is three shades lower—and more seductive—than Marlene Dietrich's won't kill the microphone. In fact, they say, Polly's voice is the one thing that will make her a screen sensation. It looks like a great season for indifferent, hey hey, Polly.

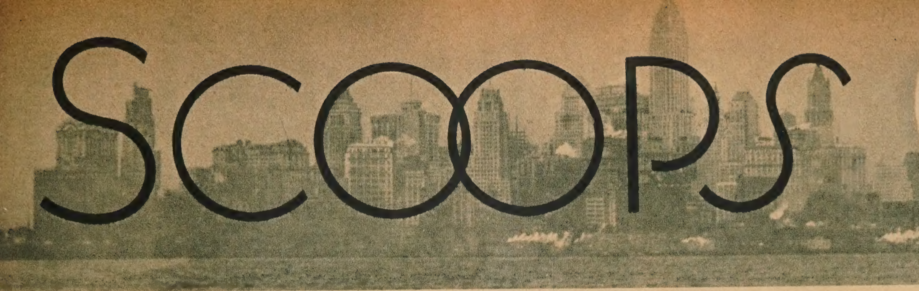
Snapping at Von Stern

FROM Hollywood my spies report the latest nifty on Josef Von Sternberg. During the filming of La Dietrich's latest, a certain well-

Virginia Pine, so the suspicion grows, is one reason why Georgie Raft hustled back to the coast from Broadway. Now that the Chicago heiress is in Hollywood, all the males are pining for Pine

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Have you seen the lovely frocks worn by Pat Paterson, Rochelle Hudson and Ginger Rogers in their newest pictures? You can own exact duplicate of these lovely creations. See page 57.



SCOOPS

By Lee Patrick

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lee Patrick, one of Broadway's most popular young actresses, has an intimate acquaintance with many of Hollywood's most famous stars. Read her news and gossip each month exclusively in SCREEN BOOK.

known actor objected to the abuse administered by Von and suggested that Von himself play the part—or else! To which the mighty Von replied, "How dare you speak to me like that! Don't you realize that I have three million followers?" Nothing abashed, our hero snapped, "Dear, dear, and our Saviour only had twelve!" Heh! Heh!

Lowdown on Sullavan

DO you know that Margaret Sullavan's first dressing room was a piano box? While Peg was attending the Copley School of the Theater, up Boston way, a certain unmentionable actress (I mean nameless actress) was taken suddenly ill. The manager frantically called the school and little Missy Sullavan, slick Southern accent and all, was sent to the theater to pinch hit. After a few hours rehearsal she made her debut as Julia in *The Rivals.* The costumes were several sizes too large for Peg but there was no time for alterations. Her dressing room was an empty piano box.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Helen Vinson, appearing with Ann Harding in *The Life of Vergie Winters,* has the world's smartest dog, according to Lee Patrick, who ought to know because she's interviewed the black rascal

In the early fall Hollywood will be gasping again at the audacious little Polly Walters, who, by virtue of her sprightly work in *She Loves Me Not* on Broadway, has won a Universal contract. Looks like a bad winter for the Harlows and Hepburns

Who Says I'm Crazy?

By
Gracie Allen
As told to
Sonia Lee

Dear Readers—If, after reading this story, you think Gracie is cracked, we'll call the wagon and have you locked up

FOREWORD: *They are the panic of the air, the riot of the screen, this inimitable pair—George Burns and Gracie Allen. George's ineffectual efforts to make Gracie talk sense have added to the gaiety of the nation. Gracie goes on and on talking about her missing brother—who happens to be living in San Francisco—and about her husband George, who, in Gracie's opinion is quite "pretty." The failure of the rest of us to keep step with Gracie's involved thought processes merely proves her contention that the world is completely batty.*—The Editor.

SO I am crazy—huh?

Just because I talk about my brother, and even George can't understand me at times. But the world's just too crazy to really know what I am saying. What's more—I can prove it! See if I don't!

Everybody trots out and buys raincoats, rubbers and umbrellas so they won't get wet. But the moment it stops raining, what do they do? They jump into bathing suits and go swimming—and get wet all over.

And I am crazy!

Then what do rich men do—they go out and buy expensive automobiles and hire chauffeurs so they won't have to drive, because it makes 'em tired. And then they go and join a gymnasium class to get exercise—and I am crazy!

Take the movie business for instance. Big producers put on beauty contests to find the most beautiful girl in the country—and they give her a contract. They bring her to Hollywood—the very prettiest girl they can find—and then they begin to make her over!

First they pluck her eyebrows. They move her ears forward or back; they make her wear a wig, or bleach her hair, make her mouth all over, and do things to her nose. Then they put her on a diet, and starve her to death. And they've got it to do all over again. So they spend another million to find another beauty contest winner, and bring her to Hollywood, and starve that one to death. And go on like that year after year after year. And I'm crazy.

Everybody's always talking about burglars, and taking out burglary insurance. Then they lock all the doors—but when they go to bed they open the windows. What do they think—that a burglar insists on going through a door before robbing a house?

And I'm crazy!

Take the police for example. They ride around in radio cars and wait for announcements of burglaries, and robberies, and accidents. Now I think that's sort of silly. They can read all the facts in the morning newspaper—but they keep awake all night just to hear the news hot off the griddle, when they might just as well be home and asleep.

Then there's the weather. The moment it gets hot in New York people rush off to Switzerland; and when it gets cold in New York they dash madly down to Palm Beach. If they'd wait in New York long enough they'd get all kinds of weather—but no, they've got to go chasing after it all over the world. Yes—and I'm the one that's crazy.

I've just been reading in the

[*Continued on page* 71]

Foolish Passion

Gloria Shea and Buster Crabbe in the midst of a stupendous, colossal, palpitating love scene from *We're Rich Again*

What Romance!

Herbert Marshall hasn't a chance when he comes under the spell of Connie Bennett in *The Green Hat.* Don't miss this sophisticated love story!

What does the dean of a famous college do when Miriam Hopkins as the little night club dancer corners him in *She Loves Me Not?* See the picture!

One of the most thrilling scenes ever filmed—the sinking of the S. S. Balkan in *Whom the Gods Destroy*

Nuts Knighted

Exquisitely beautiful Dorothy Lee meets up with Wheeler and Woolsey again in *Cockeyed Cavaliers*

Highspots from New Hits

Introducing Leading Characters in Three New Screen Hits

Upper left: Helen Vinson and John Boles play important rôles in Ann Harding's new starring picture, *The Life of Vergie Winters.* **Center:** Grace Moore returns to the screen in the title rôle of *Madame Butterfly.* **Upper right:** Fredric March and Norma Shearer dramatize the immortal romance between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

Emily Post Razzes the Stars

[*Continued from page 22*]

entire wardrobe, his dinner coats, his yachting flannels, his polo clothes.

Arriving, he was given a royal welcome, and everything went smoothly until they were ready to shoot the first scene of his first picture. He was supposed to be the host at a dinner party. Mr. Potter went forward, offering his arm to the guest of honor. Thereupon the directors stopped him, and said the hostess must lead the way.

"But," protested Mr. Potter, "they don't behave like that in any society in the world. In Paris, in Newport, or London, or New York, the host leads the way with the woman guest of honor."

The director was not content with Mr. Potter's opinion. The entire production was held up while he telephoned Douglas Fairbanks in order to find out what he did. Fairbanks was out, but his valet obligingly condescended to come to the studio and tell them how things were done at Pickfair. The valet said that not only did Mr. Fairbanks give his arm to Mrs. Fairbanks, but after going into dinner first, they always sat next to each other. This was enough for Mr. Potter. He went home, had his valet pack, and returned to New York.

Then, there was young Craig Biddle of Philadelphia. He also was imported to portray the society man. The scene was the foyer of a house. He was to enter, paying a call upon the girl he loved. The director ordered him to slap the butler on the back, pause in front of the hall mirror, and rearrange his tie. Mr. Biddle, on the grounds that he never acted that way, refused to do this. The director insisted, and Mr. Biddle, like Mr. Potter, also went home.

"This reminds me of the continual screen habit of slapping everyone on the back. It is impossible. And yet, actors supposed to be playing men of the world go about, not only slapping backs, but holding arms and clinging to each other's shoulders. Men in society never do that sort of thing. Neither do they carry ebony canes—ever! No smart New Yorker, no member of the representative New York or Boston or Philadelphia or London clubs, carries ebony sticks. They are as taboo as yellow shoes with evening clothes. If a man plays the part of a vaudeville actor, or a successful gangster, then his ebony cane would be all right; but society carries malacca ones.

"GOOD manners are the outward expression of an inward grace. You can't get them any other way. Probably that is why Dickie Moore, Baby LeRoy and that precious child, Shirley Temple, the one little actress in all the world that no one could want to spank, have charm that few can equal!

"Not so long ago, a motion picture actress, the wife of an important film executive, gave what she called a formal dinner party. Actually, a formal dinner is a dinner of ceremony. When the guests arrived they discovered that their hostess was wearing lounging pajamas! This would have been all right had she asked none but her most intimate friends. But pajamas and place-cards do not mix!

"The clothes worn by actresses portraying society women are incredible. A society woman looks chic, not grotesque. Besides, a good actress never wears extreme clothes because the attention of the audience is liable to wander to her gown; she prefers them to concentrate upon her performance.

"I think Constance Bennett is one of the best dressed women on the screen. When she plays an actress she dresses like an actress, and when she plays a lady, she looks the part.

"A pseudo-English accent, as uttered by one of our most popular feminine stars, is ridiculous. It is correct to say 'secretree' if the rest of your pronunciation follows suit, but phrases such as 'cuppa cahfee' are like velvet patches on overalls."

Mrs. Post sat for a while discussing many mistakes made in society pictures deal with expressions that never should be voiced. And, taking a page from her blue book of etiquette, she gave me a partial list of the forbidden words. Here they are:

NEVER SAY	CORRECT FORM
Permit me to assist you	Let me help you
I presume	I suppose
Tendered him a banquet	Gave him a dinner
Converse	Talk
Mansion	Big house
Brainy	Brilliant or clever
Attend a luncheon	Go to a luncheon (You attend a peace conference)
Pardon me!	I beg your pardon! Or, Excuse me! Or, Sorry!
Lovely food	Good food
A stylish dresser	She dresses well, or she wears lovely clothes
Charmed! or, Pleased to meet you!	How do you do! Or, I'm very glad to meet you!
Drapes	Curtains, or, if necessary. draperies
Phone, photo, auto, mints	Telephone, photograph, automobile, peppermints

AFTER furnishing me with this list, Mrs. Post sat for awhile discussing personalities.

"Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Fredric March (without a black stick), Clive Brook, Walter Huston and Lee Tracy are my favorite actors.

"I have, of course, joined Mrs. August Belmont's Committee on Motion Picture Censorship," she told me. "Mrs. Belmont was not only a great actress, she is a great lady. And she *does* know the theater. I've never been in favor of censorship, but I do think pictures should exalt life instead of presenting it as cheap, blatant sex, than which nothing could be less glamorous!

"I do feel that our picture actors and actresses are capable people, and, if given the proper instructions, could easily overcome their social deficiencies. At present, society films are a mass of faults. Perhaps if the producers, instead of imitating scenes in previous successful dramas, would imitate real life, they could remedy their mistakes."

Information Please

Personal Replies to Your Questions

Write a letter to Doris Jean today, asking any questions you choose concerning Hollywood and the stars. Remember only that your curiosity must be within the bounds of good taste. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. Postage Only), addressing your letter to Doris Jean, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

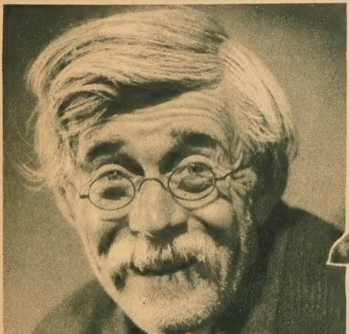
Conducted by
DORIS JEAN

WILL you please tell me whether the man who took part of Mala in *Eskimo* is a Holloywood actor or a real Eskimo? Was he once an assistant camera man by the name of Ray Wise? Where was he born? Where did he got to school? Has he an accent now?—*Joan Rosse, Chicago, Ill.*

Mala is half Eskimo. He was an assistant camera man in Hollywood before he ever appeared on the screen, and his name then was Ray Wise. He was born in Alsaka and went to school most of his life there. Yes, he still has a decided but very charming accent.

Will you please tell me when the following stars were born: Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Robert Young, Douglas Montgomery. Would I have to write to the studio to send any mail to these stars? If not will you please tell me their home addresses?—*Mary Catherine Bogart, Daytona Beach, Florida.*

Jean Harlow was born on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City. Clark Gable was born February 1, 1901, in Cadiz, Ohio. Robert Young was born in Chicago, February 22, 1907. Douglas Montgomery was born October 29 in Los Angeles. Yes, you would have to write to the studios to reach these stars by mail.



Whatever became of Christian Rub? **Answer: He's in Hollywood now, and his current picture is *Little Man, What Now?***

Will Henry Wilcoxon continue to appear in American pictures? What is his next? **Answer: It appears that Hollywood won't let Mr. Wilcoxon go since his fine performance as Marc Antony in *Cleopatra.* His next is reported to be *Samson and Delilah***

Why doesn't Harold Lloyd appear again with his wife in pictures? **Answer: That's one it's hard to answer, particularly since the above picture shows the former Mildred Davis to be as lovely as ever. Una Merkel is Harold's leading lady in *Catspaw***

Is Norma Shearer going to play in *Marie Antionette* or *Barretts of Wimpole Street* first? Is she really going to play in *Marie Antionette* and what will be her next picture after these two? Also how old is her son?—*Grace Doeller, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Norma Shearer is now working on *Barretts Of Wimpole Street* and *Marie Antoinette* is scheduled for her next picture. Due to studio policy and changes of plans a studio seldom announces more than two pictures in advance. Miss Shearer's next has not been announced. Her son is now four years old.

How old is George Raft and what is his height and weight measurements? What is the title of his next picture and who will be his leading lady? Is George Raft his real name?—*Ethel Abrams, Verona, New Jersey.*

You would have to ask George personally his age — then, I'm afraid he wouldn't tell you. Stars seldom do. His next picture has not yet been decided. Address him at Paramount studios in Hollywood.

The Untold Story of Janet Gaynor's Sister

[*Continued from page* 19]

Grand Central station, Janet, her mother, Hilary, and Hilary's two step-children were aboard. The house of Gaynor was joined, but against what odds! Hilary left behind her in New York a husband with whom she is deeply in love. Two young boys had been withdrawn from a public school.

UNDER the warm blue skies of California, the months flew by as if by magic. Then Hilary began to receive frantic wires from her husband. She went to Janet with them. What was she to do? Janet was torn by conflicting emotions. It was a hard choice she had to make, whether to keep the House together or send Hilary back to her husband.

"You go to New York now, Hilary,' Janet decided. "We'll find some way for the whole family to get out here again by next fall."

"Hey, Mom!" Billy, the younger of Hilary's two step-children broke in. "Let me stay here with Auntie Janet. You'll have Dad, brother Jack, and Snapper with you in New York." (Snapper is the pet of the family, a toy Boston bull.)

It took a full week of persuasion before Billy was ready to leave Hollywood and Auntie Janet. Jack, aged ten and three years Billy's superior, was more philosophical about it.

"The teacher can't flunk me now, 'cause I missed two whole months, and it won't be my fault if I'm dumb!" he reasoned.

So, in the end, it was decided to let the house be divided, with the understanding that the separation was only temporary. Hilary and Jack between them managed to drag Billy to the station and into their compartment on the train.

Janet and Laura went to the station with them, and once again it took the combined arguments of the family to keep Janet in Hollywood. Because Janet cares more for the presence of the family than she would for a dozen new offers from movie studios. Always, her mother and sister have forbidden her to leave.

UNTIL Janet entered the movies, the mother and her two daughters were living a completely happy life, satisfied just to be together. Laura Gaynor had married a second time, but the new father to Janet and Hilary died a short time later, leaving the three alone again.

Then came the first serious threat to the solidarity of the house. Janet went into motion pictures, for Fox Studios, and was cast for the lead in *Seventh Heaven*. Everyone knows that Janet was plunged into international fame and recognition as a result of that picture. But few know how the family clung together.

How many daughters, with success at their feet, would remember the days with a mother and a sister, and want to go back to them? How many sisters would stand by and watch a younger member of the family surge ahead, and be overjoyed at the sight?

Yet that is exactly what happened when the first hectic weeks after the release of *Seventh Heaven* were over. Janet, with a great future at her fingertips, wanted nothing better than to continue the old way of living. So they remained together in Hollywood.

It was Janet's refusing to be swept up into a new life that has been her greatest success. While other actresses have grown older and cast about frantically for new parts that fit them, Janet has continued in her natural rôle and has continued to charm millions of movie audiences. She has not lost freshness and spontaneity. She has stayed with the House of Gaynor.

At this time, love entered the picture, and once more the family was threatened. Hilary met the man who is now her husband. When he proposed to her, she put him off until the House had a consultation. The three of them had been expecting just such a crisis, fearing the time when it would come; but they faced the issue boldly.

Hilary went back with her answer. It was yes. The House could not stand in the way of love. The Gaynors would be separated a greater part of the year, but Janet promised to increase the number of her trips to New York. The girls' mother stayed with Janet.

SHORTLY after this, the family faced its most serious threat of disruption in Janet's whirlwind courtship by Lydell Peck. Hilary raced to the Coast to throw in her vote of consent. When Janet knew that her family approved, she was married.

The marriage was destined to failure, and Janet saw it wrecked within a year on the shoals of incompatibility. Her first real romance in life doomed! It was almost more than her romantic Irish heart could bear. There was but one consolation, her family.

It was then that the bonds between the three women proved their worth. Sickened, discouraged, Janet was ready to shake the dust of Hollywood forever from her feet. Laura and Hilary stood firm. Janet must stay and conquer her disappointment.

The house had some shaky times the first few months after Janet's divorce. Women, in daily close companionship, have to be broadminded about little things, and Janet was in no mood to be impartial in her judgments.

Laura Gaynor recognized this. She shooed Hilary softly back to New York and threw herself into the battle to keep Janet's interest in Hollywood alive; she became everything to Janet that a mother, a sister, a husband had been.

Hilary was not long absent. When she returned, the joy of having the House united was the last touch to Janet's recovery. And last winter, when Janet came to New York, she was the Janet of old. The last few months had done wonders for both her and her mother. Laura Gaynor had been getting younger looking every day. Down for a week-end at the beach house, back at Beverly Hills for a Sunday night supper—everything of happiness that life held for them before Janet's marriage—was theirs again.

By the time this story appears the family should be together again. It begins to look as though Janet, with her one marriage behind her, is ready to seek the permanent comforts of the House. It seems doubtful that she will marry again.

Hilary in New York is ready to pack any moment to leave for California. Her husband hopes that some time before too long, he may be able to effect a transfer by his company to Hollywood.

When Janet has the future successes which are sure to be hers, she will go to the family to voice her thanks.

Richard Dix Goes To Jail Again

After spending most of *Stingaree* languishing in a prison cell, Richard Dix has to play the part of the poor prisoner again in *Family Man*

Secrets of Hepburn's Private Life

[*Continued from page* 21]

themselves to their hearts' content!

And now moving on to New York, we find ourselves in East 49th Street. A private house; in front of it a luxurious car attended by a smartly liveried chauffeur. Hepburn's home, and Hepburn's car. If you ring the bell, a butler will undoubtedly open the door for you, and tell you whether Hepburn is in or out. If the caller is expected for lunch, he will be ushered before Miss Hepburn, who will probably receive him in pyjamas. At luncheon she will sit in whatever position is most comfortable to her—possibly with her legs on the same chair where she is sitting. This seems to be one of Hepburn's weaknesses—her legs are always propped up on whatever is near her—a chair, a table, a trunk, anything! It is a habit acquired in her childhood—friends who knew her then remember vividly this one detail.

HEPBURN'S FATHER ATTACKS CAMERAMAN

When SCREEN BOOK'S cameraman went to Hartford, Connecticut on the innocent mission of securing a photograph of the Hepburn family home, he found only the maid at home. So he set up his camera and went to work. Suddenly Doctor Hepburn descended on him with a wild roar, grabbed the camera and rushed into the house. He emerged a minute later with the remains of the camera and suggested the camerman's early departure. If there is anything a Hepburn can do without, it's publicity!

Her life in New York is just like that which anyone else would lead. Theaters are one of her pet loves. She has seen almost every show presented in New York this season. Here are two amusing incidents involving her frequent visits to theaters.

One happened during the performance of *Peace on Earth,* one of this season's Broadway successes. During intermission, the ushers passed around little cards asking the audience to write several names on them. Hepburn, attending the performance with friends, was handed one of them.

"What shall I do with this?" she asked.

"Write some names," she was told.

"What names?" she insisted.

"The names of friends of yours whom you think might be interested in this play," was the reply.

"But I haven't any friends!" was her quick answer. "How then can I write their names?"

The friends with her, looked at her in surprise. What were they, then, they seemed to ask with their eyes. And at their amazed look, she laughed cheerfully.

Then there was the opening night of that successful new revue, *New Faces.* Hepburn arrived at the theater, all dressed up, accompanied by her husband and a few friends, just as a sketch called "Katharine Hepburn Gets in the Mood For Little Women" was being presented on the stage. She waited for it to be over, before taking her seat. But from the back of the house, everyone could hear her happy, amused laugh. It was a good joke on her, she had to admit. And after the performance, backstage, she enthusiastically congratulated the young actress who had given such an excellent imitation of herself—so excellent, in fact, that it is said that when Hepburn herself left the theater, an elderly lady stopped her and said:

"I must congratulate you on your excellent imitation of Miss Hepburn. You were marvelous, and you *do look so much like her!* I'm one of her great admirers!"

Then there is music. She goes quite often to Carnegie Hall to attend the Symphony Concerts. She goes to the opera, too, but not as much. She doesn't care a great deal for the human voice, although she is an enthusiastic admirer of some opera singers—Lily Pons, Lucrezia Bori . . . .

"I adore Bori," Hepburn said. "I met her when she came to California last fall. She's marvelous. But I don't think she liked me very much. I was so dreadfully shy with her! She's so great—and she impressed me tremendously."

LILY PONS she met just recently, after the première at the Metropolitan Opera House of *Linda de Chamonix.* Hepburn had arrived after the performance had started, and had bought good old standing-room. Later an usher had given her seats in the last row of the orchestra. She didn't specially care for the opera, but she raved about Lily Pons, and met the great French prima donna in her dressing-room after the performance.

"She's a darling!" Hepburn said later, speaking of Pons. "So sweet, so charming! I simply loved her. But—she's so *tiny!"*

A curious coincidence—the first thing that Lily Pons said after meeting Hepburn was, "She's so nice—*charmant!* But—so *tall!"*

Hepburn also goes to fashionable places for tea or cocktails. There is the day when she went to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. She looked around with curiosity. Debutantes, young women with their friends, chatted gaily and freely. Suddenly those with her noticed that she had remained silent and thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts!" one of the men in the party said, jokingly.

She waited for a moment before replying. "There's a question in my mind," she answered at last. "Look at all these young people—" she pointed at those around them— "cheerful, free! I wonder which life is best—theirs, unknown, or mine, famous!"

Those with her laughed. Just another of "Hepburn's moods," they called her reply. Still . . . .

The Ritz Hotel is another place where she pops up once in a while. For "tea with a friend of father's," as she once said, or for lunch or dinner with someone else. Private parties she attends, too. There was one she went to, with three or four of her friends. Just as they were leaving, she and one of her crowd—an elderly lady—almost "crashed" into each other at the door, in their hurry to get out. Hepburn quickly moved aside and with her precious sense of humor apologized. "Excuse me, please. You go first—age always before beauty!"

The lady in question, however, didn't seem to especially enjoy Hepburn's joking remark, and curtly replied as she regally stepped ahead, "Yes, my dear. Pearls always before swine!"

Hepburn didn't even laugh. The reply was so unexpected that it left her absolutely flabbergasted. Someone who couldn't take a joke? It seemed unbelievable to her!

ASIDE from theaters, concerts, opera, and parties, Hepburn's days in New York are filled with a thousand small things—singing lessons, voice training, posing her hands to be done by a well known sculptor, posing for her picture to be painted by a famous foreign artist.

But let's move on. For there is still one other glimpse of *true* Hepburn—as a traveler. During her recent trip abroad on the S. S. Paris she behaved just like any other passenger who desires to lead a quiet life while on board. She kept to her cabin most of the time. She read, she wrote, she exercised. The trunkful of lovely clothes she took along, she hardly used at all. When asked why was she taking all those dresses when she was going over for such a short time, she replied: "How can I tell how long I will be away? It might be three days . . . three months . . . a year!"

[*Continued on next page*]

Good Throw, Ginger!

SCREEN BOOK'S cameraman catches Ginger Rogers playing ball on Malibu Beach

We Doubt if You'll Believe This

Edward G. Robinson plays a dual rôle in *The Man With Two Faces*, and although one figure is heavily bearded and taller than the other, the two men in the above photo are both Eddie

When those on board had a first glimpse of her, they felt that she must be rather masculine. She wore pyjamas most of the time. But later: "Her pyjamas undoubtedly made her look like that," they commented, "but she isn't really masculine at all! On the contrary, she's a most feminine woman. She looked simply adorable in her negligee, with the most beautiful ruffled lace!"

Those who attended to her personal service on board, are full of praise for young Katie. "She's so nice," they said. "So sweet, so simple! A great number of stars have traveled on this boat—Maurice Chevalier, Marlene Dietrich, and so many others! Still, none of them were like Miss Hepburn. So lady-like—so *charmant!*"

She didn't bother anyone with requests for extra attentions. Quite often she was asked if she was comfortable—if there was anything she wanted or needed.

"Why, no!" she would answer. "I'm perfectly all right. Everything is fine, and I'm enjoying it all so very, very much!"

When someone remarked to her that she must be glad to be away from Hollywood and movies and everything else connected with her work, she quickly replied with a bright smile, "You said it!"

ALWAYS considerate, she thinks of others first rather than of herself. One day, for instance, while she was lying on her couch reading, she noticed that her ship companion, Miss Suzanne Steel, had fallen asleep. The portholes were wide open; there was a cold breeze. She called her stewardess. "Marietta, you'd better cover Miss Steel with something," she said. "She might catch cold." She never thought that she might catch cold herself—but was definitely worried about her friend.

The ballroom of the luxurious French liner was never visited by her. Not even once did she dance on its marvelous floor. Likewise, the famous bar was neglected. Hepburn, in spite of the world-wide fame of French wines, drank nothing but plain water.

When the S. S. Paris arrived at Havre, she found, to her relief and surprise, that no reporters or photographers were anywhere in sight. No one seemed interested in her. Contrary to the reports of her having landed in the company of a Georgian prince, Hepburn remained behind when all the other passengers left in the train that was carrying them to Paris. It wasn't until one hour or so after their departure that she left the boat and started on her way to the French capital.

The great city welcomed her unnoticed—just like any other traveler. She left the station, no one stared at her, no one pointed and said, "That's Hepburn!" Paris hasn't learned as yet who Hepburn is.

Her visit to the "Capital of the World" was a brief one indeed! Just four days—but she made the best of it. Most of the time she spent shopping. One of the things she bought was a beautiful hand-bag. "Just a present for mother," she explained.

On her return to New York, when she was asked for her impressions of Paris, she was concise.

"I loved it! Whether for a day, for a month or for a year, Paris is always interesting. It's women's paradise!"

She got along easily in France. The language was no handicap to her, for she speaks perfect French with a strong Anglo-Saxon accent—but fluently and correctly.

Now, after these few glimpses of the true Hepburn—which present her in different aspects of her life—Hepburn's fans will undoubtedly agree with me in the fact that the "crazy," "rude," "temperamental" Katharine Hepburn they've been shown before doesn't exist at all! Katharine Hepburn—today as well as yesterday—is nothing but just KATHARINE HEPBURN! A young girl from Hartford, Connecticut, who through hard work and talent has achieved success, without losing her principal attraction—her simplicity and her charm!

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

[*Continued from page* 14]

same newspaper. John finally tired of his job and moved across the street to the Baker Theatre where he was spawned as an actor by his step-dad manager. That makes me two years junior to Methuselah.

IN ALL seriousness, people should deal decently and sympathetically with Jean Harlow in her matrimonial trouble. There's a little platinum-haired, pint-sized figure of tragedy, if there ever was one, and a brave, gallant one at that. Fate seems bent on dealing her difficult cards. Yet she refuses to abandon her ideal of finding happiness in that good old institution, marriage. It may be old-fashioned in these days of open *liaisons* for the famous, but it's what the French call *beau geste.* Translated literally, that means "beautiful gesture," but in our language the word gesture seems to connote carelessness or insincerity. Jean is anything but that. She is a lovely person and my prime favorite.

IF THE truth were known, and it will never be, Joan Crawford's apparent decision at this writing not to wed Franchot Tone probably is the result of hundreds of letters from her movie fans. For some reason, Joan's fans have been super-critical of her romance with Franchot. Joan's fans are screaming, "Don't marry anyone." And Joan with a sensible glance in the direction of public reaction apparently has decided that such advice is the best she has had in a long time.

HOLLYWOOD'S spirit of swashbuckling adventure isn't all on the screen. I have found circulating here refreshing evidence that some of the old fire still flames in the breasts of celluloid famous. I have watched lusty punches settle to rest on offending jaws in a spirit of hearty indignation mingled with good clean fun. So don't let me catch you chiding Clark Gable or smarting at George Raft for flooring a producer. Nor yet LeRoy Prinz for fighting a duel with a rival's choice of weapons. In Hollywood they say there is even a mere lad who backed down Maxie Baer with a glint in his eye and iron-headed golf club in his hand. If you feel pugnacious, go after W. C. Fields. Baby LeRoy has him groggy, so he ought to be a cinch for you.

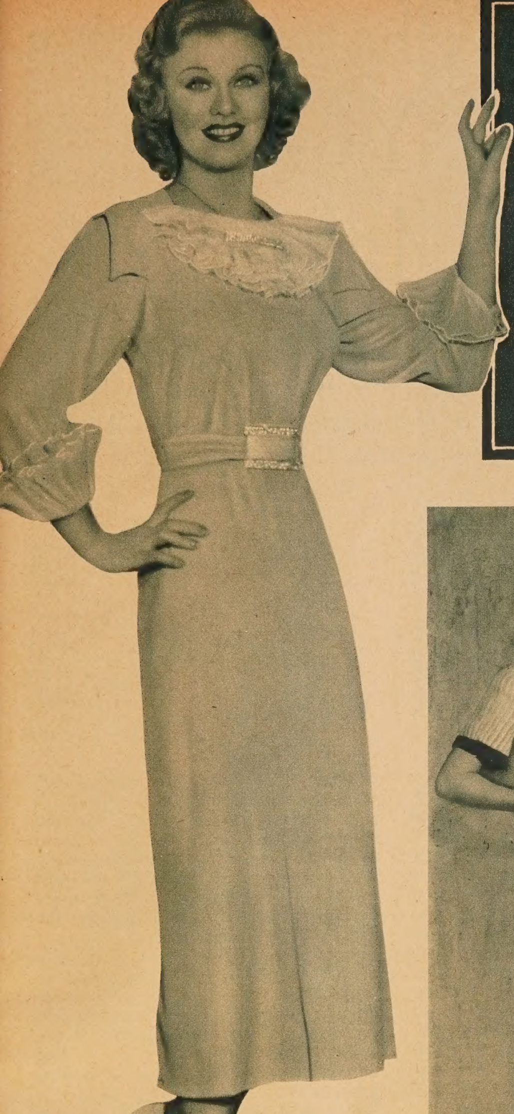
SPEAKING of tough guys, I was chewing the rag with Jim Tully, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels at Clark Gable's swank party one evening. We were talking of polite matters when I caught a baleful gleam in Jim's eye. "Say!" he shouted, "I got your check for my last article in your magazine, and judging from the size of it, I figure Dillinger must have become an editor."

WHILE I think of it, don't forget to visit the doghouse to see how Dr. Louis E. Bisch is getting along. He's been there ever since he wrote "Why the Stars Don't Know How to Act" in a previous issue. No less than a dozen stars leaped on him brandishing mean words. Now Helen Gwynn, writing in

[*Continued on page* 61]

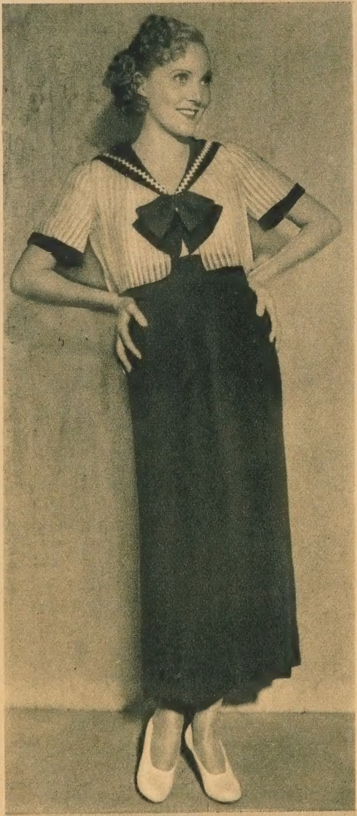
Charm

THREE CHIC SCREEN STAR FROCKS



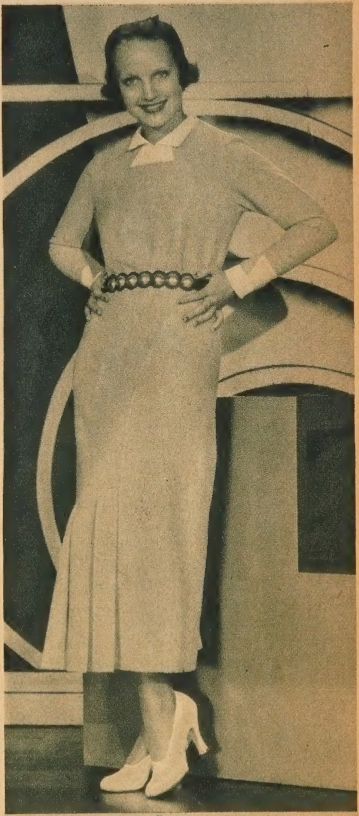
B225

Ginger Rogers looks enchanting in this pale silk crêpe frock in *Change of Heart*—but no more so than you will. It's really a cinch to make!



B226

Why not go nautical in organdie and rickrack on navy silk crêpe, as lovely Pat Paterson does in *Call It Luck*, for that "different" outfit you'll want whether the Fleet's in or not?



B227

Lightweight gray flannel is used in this smart one-piece dress worn by Rochelle Hudson, with crisp piqué collars and cuffs—the perfect costume for early fall coolness

Complete Descriptions of these Lovely Creations and Coupon on Page 59

What's Under YOUR Makeup?

True beauty is literally skin-deep, and must be nurtured and protected. This article tells why, and—more important—*how*

By Janet Lynn

Nourishing creams and refreshing lotions have as prominent a place on Marian Nixon's dressing table as do make-up aids

MAKEUP serves more than one purpose—or should, at any rate. Perhaps its most important function is to guard your skin from grime and elements which may destroy its rose-leaf delicacy. True, makeup greatly enhances your natural beauty; but all the powders and rouges in the world will not serve their best purpose unless you are also taking other proper precautions against lines and wrinkles.

The discovery of that first wrinkle is a bitter one for any women—but it is especially tragic for cinema queens, whose popularity depends to a great extent on youthful appearance. Gray hairs can be readily concealed and figure defects remedied; but wrinkles and the accompanying sagging of facial muscles are harder to battle. However, these things must be banished, so Hollywood charmers with their battalions of beauty experts have worked out some very effective preventives and cures which I am going to tell you about. Even though you haven't a personal maid who is a licensed cosmetologist and a cohort of eager studio beauty operators at your beck, you can still do wonders toward fending off the relentless onslaughts of time.

Before we discuss methods, however, let's find out exactly what causes wrinkles. Knowing the causes, you whose skins are still soft, smooth and unlined will be able to keep them that way as long as possible. And those of you who have already discovered the first, the second, or even the third telltale wrinkle, will have a clearer idea how to proceed in eliminating them.

The most common cause for premature wrinkles is the lack of sufficient sebaceous oil. Those who suffer from oily skin probably often wonder why things like sebaceous oil and mosquitoes were ever thought of but it may console you to know that this oil is manufactured by the oil glands expressly for the purpose of protecting and preserving the skin, although it shouldn't be superabundant. And much as you may hate that over-supply of oil, you'll find consolation in the fact that your skin will remain unwrinkled long after your dry-skinned friends have despairingly stopped counting their facial lines!

FREE!

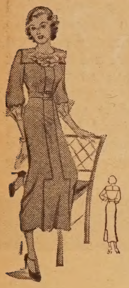
To all SCREEN BOOK readers, Janet Lynn offers free advice. Write to her explaining your beauty problems, at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope (U. S. postage only). She will reply quickly and in strictest confidence

A second cause of wrinkles is the constant emotionalizing we all do with our facial muscles—frowning, smiling, laughing, crying, going through a hundred characteristic facial contortions every hour, every day. The deep muscles controlling these actions are so frequently contracted that after a few years they force away portions of the fatty pad beneath the skin and allow crevices to deepen. This condition is most marked in persons of extremely nervous disposition. They are always contracting muscles tensely, even when it is quite unnecessary. On the other hand, the bland, quiet individual who "takes life easy" and never contracts a muscle unless it is absolutely essential, usually has a youthful, unlined skin.

A third cause is the all-over loss of the fat pad underlying the skin, as the result of strenuous dieting, prolonged illness or old age. When a young person loses this pad, the muscle fibers are still so firm and elastic that they are able to take up the slack, and there is no change. But after thirty-five when these muscles have lost their elasticity, folds and sagginess result.

AND now for our preventive and curative measures. First, what is the best way to supply the deficit of sebaceous oil? Some have found that a diet rich in oils [*Continued on page* 70]

The Stars Describe their New Frocks

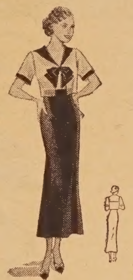


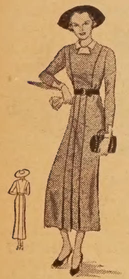
B225

"Simple, this little frock is, but with that Hollywood simplicity that cloaks an amazing amount of cleverness. As for the double frills at the neck and arms, you may buy them ready made and attach them, or make them yourself from the pattern. This frock is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards of 39 inch fabric and ¾ yards contrast."—Ginger Rogers.

B226

"I adore this little organdie bolero. It's so new and devastatingly smart. Although plain organdie is used in the drawing you may have a bolero exactly like this by purchasing the material already tucked. You may have a pattern for this creation in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 39 inch fabric and ⅞ yards contrast."—Pat Paterson.





B227

"This frock is from my personal wardrobe. I think nothing human in the way of a man could resist the flattering little collar and cuffs, and the side pleats in front are as chic as they are original. SCREEN BOOK'S stylists have made this frock up in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Pattern for size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54 inch fabric and ½ yard, 36 inch contrast."—Rochelle Hudson.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
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For the enclosed ...... cents, please send me

☐ Pattern B225, Ginger Rogers afternoon frock.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B226, Pat Patterson nautical frock.

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☐ Pattern B227, Rochelle Hudson tailored street dress.

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All pattern orders will be filled promptly. Remember, there are many other smart creations in SCREEN BOOK'S Summer Pattern Book.

"I WANT THINGS *different* . . .

AND *Delicious* TOO"

"I'm funny that way. I like people and places and things that are unusual — different. *So when I first tried* Dentyne *I was thrilled. Its flavor is entirely different from other gums . . . and it's delicious."*

Dentyne is different in another way, too. It is especially good for your teeth and mouth health. We do not chew nearly enough, doctors and dentists say. We need to give our mouth muscles more vigorous exercise.

That is why the firmness of Dentyne is so important. It helps improve the mouth structure, stimulates the tissues, improves the condition of the teeth, and helps the mouth cleanse itself.

But whether for health or pleasure, you'll want to chew Dentyne frequently anyway. Its spicy, savory flavor, its smooth firm chewiness are just too good to miss. Your whole family will enjoy Dentyne. Buy a package today.

Chew delicious
Dentyne
KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
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5c
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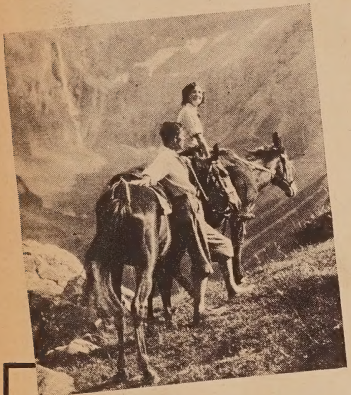
"We couldn't have taken this wonderful trip

..IF OUR FEET HURT US!"



"We had a thrilling time, hiking and riding through beautiful country!" "Of course we got tired, but our feet were good to us—because we have always been good to them. The moment a corn appears, we put on Blue-Jay, and that's the end of Mister Corn!"

Be kind to your feet. Use Blue-Jay, the scientific corn remover. It is gentle, safe, mild—yet sure. The pain stops instantly, corn is gone in 3 days. Blue-Jay, invented by a famous chemist, is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. *25c at all druggists.*

1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3. After three days remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

How Blue-Jay Works

A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is adhesive strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tues. and Fri. afternoon NBC

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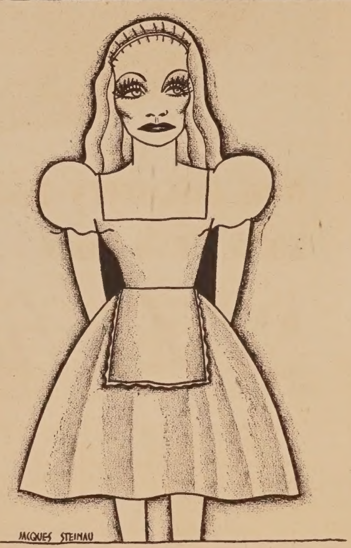
Broadway Scoops

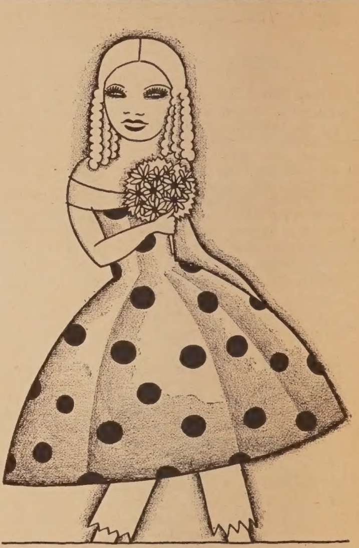
[*Continued from page* 49]

Whatta Gal! MATINEES three times a week, Peg didn't bother to take off her makeup between the afternoon and evening performance on those days. She had her dinner in the theater lying flat on the stage, consuming sandwiches and milk. Peg would look up at her leading man and in her naive manner inquire: "Do you all think I should go on the stage?" The answer was always, "Yes, Margaret." So here she is one of the day's most famous stars, but not because she tried very hard to be.

Rôles I Hope They Never Play



Perhaps those movie-goers who moan about the similarity of Garbo's glamorous rôles would like to see her in something different. Like her as *Alice In Wonderland?*



CARICATURES BY JACQUES STEINAU

And Mae West, they say, is too hardboiled. She ought to do a nice rôle for a change. Here, the artist in a coy mood pictures her as *Little Eva*

A Girl and her Dog WHEN Helen Vinson visited New York not long ago, she was followed everywhere by a little black gentleman Scottie by the name of Jock. I later discovered that Jock was the world's smartest dog. He has been across the continent three times by plane and has never given out an interview, which is more than Hepburn and Garbo can say. He has walked into more scenes to the despair of directors than any other star in Hollywood. He simply refuses to wear any of the bright-colored dog uniforms Helen buys for him. He hates telephones and gets rid of them by dragging them to the floor with his teeth grinding the cord to bits. He couldn't understand why Helen was horrified when she discovered that he had been traveling one whole day in the baggage car with a corpse for company. He endures with quiet, outraged dignity the perfume Helen occasionally sprays on his doggy fur. Helen wouldn't sell him for a year's salary.

Message from Joan THROUGH a mutual friend, Jean Dixon, who played with Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee,* I learn that Joan is insisting with much gusto that she will remain single from now on. Also, that Joan is one of few stars who insists that all her closeups be made at nine o'clock in the morning when her makeup is completely fresh. That's how she happens to be so completely beautiful on the screen.

Clara's Hubby Jealous MY PALM SPRINGS detective reports that Clara Bow Bell plays bridge that would make Mr. Culbertson sit up and take notice. Said detective reports too that Rex Bell is completely, madly in love with Clara and so-o-o-o jealous.

Untold Love Story SAM JAFFE, who was unforgettable in Marlene Dietrich's *Scarlet Empress,* returns to the screen shortly to play opposite the glamorous Anna Sten. His wife Lillian Taiz, the singer, calls him by the name of the character he was playing twelve years ago when they met and fell in love. You see, there is romance left in this hectic world.

Another actress says goodbye to the Gay White Way. Josephine Hutchinson is seen alighting from the plane which rushed her to Movieland for a Warner contract

the Hollywood Reporter, takes a whole column to prove that the good doctor doesn't know what he is talking about. A patient, the doc says, hardly ever hollers when you poke him unless there's something wrong, and besides, he says, tittering at the row his article precipitated, "What's one man's Bisch is another's poison!"

SOMETIMES I sympathize with you. Don't think I don't appreciate how you worked and worried for days trying to get a picture of Hilary Gaynor to go with Janet's story in this issue. Nobody in the world, as far as I can figure out, has a picture of Hilary, except Janet, and she's doing a Garbo. Shucks, her fans would have been tickled to death. Then there's the matter of getting a picture of Hepburn's home in Hollywood. It was funny to think of that big strong arm who threatened to smash your skull and the camera too when you tried to snatch the photo—but it wouldn't have been funny if he had. You have no idea how I guffawed when I heard how you called the home at which Margaret Sullavan was staying for a week-end to ask for her, and how a gruff man's voice told you she had left. That man's voice belonged to Margaret. She always talks that way to avoid pests like you.

NOW that I've properly put you in your place I'll tell you something that should soften your calloused soul. Until the incident I am about to relate, I'd always considered Miriam Hopkins intelligent as well as charming. "Do you know the nicest thing about you?" she said after a build-up had thrown me completely off my guard. "It's that delightful, intelligent, gentlemanly little stooge of yours."

Your boss,

Roscoe Fawcett

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"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick
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Results guaranteed

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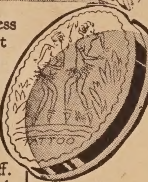
TATTOO YOUR LIPS AND CHEEKS
into a symphony of devastating smartness



Of course, there's smartness in luscious color . . . but there's *distinction* of a still more exciting kind when lips have tempting color, without pastiness. Pasteless lip color . . . that's TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Nothing remains but truly indelible transparent color that's smarter than smart . . . and that stays even and smooth for hours, *regardless*. Then . . . to complete the illusion, Tattoo *your cheeks* with the matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. Select your proper shade of TATTOO by testing all four . . . at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in leading drug and department stores. TATTOO FOR LIPS is $1. TATTOO ROUGE (for cheeks and lips) is 75c.
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TATTOO

Jean Harlow's Most Dangerous Rival

Barbara Pepper, said by movie experts to be the first real threat to Jean Harlow's crown as queen of the platinum beauties, as she appeared with Mortimer Offner during an idle moment on the set of *Our Daily Bread*

They Might Have Killed Me

[*Continued from page* 47]

stare, although you could stare at him in a friendly way as long as you liked. Micky, the coyote, disliked certain perfumes; fortunately not the sort I use. Barak, the raccoon, would tolerate being picked up only when the picking up was done in a certain way. Clumsy or insecure attempts to handle him made him nervous and crabby!

After I had been coached, I was introduced. There was a little conversation between the owner, the animal and myself, which went something like this:

"Gato, this is your new playmate, Jean Parker. Here, smell her hand. Nice girl, eh? Pat him, Jean."

Gato: "G-r-r-h-H-H!"

Jean: "Oh!"

Owner: "That's all right. That was a friendly growl. See, he's warming up to you. Rub him behind the ears, like this. That's right. Ah, what did I tell you?"

Gato: "Pur-r-r-H-H, purr-r-r-r!"

And so on, with the other animals. I hasten to add that I did not make entire, immediate conquests. Working with Gato, for instance, was never without its thrill of danger. Of all the cats except leopards, experts have told me, mountain lions have the touchiest tempers. Sometimes one offends them unknowingly, and they'll cherish a grudge until they've bit or swiped a paw at you. But by and large, we got on pretty well.

THE problem wasn't so much to have the animals understand me, as to cultivate the sort of attitude toward them they'd understand was friendly, but firm and decided. An attitude they'd not resent, or fear with the sort of fear that brings revengeful rage. And above all, to show them that I understood them.

All of the things that you see me doing with them in the picture were done without trickery. They were animal actors, and good ones, doing their stuff. But it required patience. A good trained movie animal actor isn't like a trained animal in a circus. There they go through a certain routine on a forced schedule, and good acting on their part is sacrificed to rigid discipline.

Motion picture animal actors are not rigidly disciplined. Since acting of the most natural and effective variety is demanding of them, real "emoting" for the screen's big, revealing closups, they must be treated patiently and considerately, and have an interest in what they are doing. Their manner of training and handling consists simply in teaching them, first of all, to like to do things suggested, and finally to do those specific things as the need for them comes up.

I am told by the animal experts that it may take several years to teach a wild animal to do tricks in general, but having gotten the habit of doing them and the liking for the work—just as an Alaskan sled dog *likes* to pull a sled—they learn any new trick in a very few minutes, or at most, hours. In fact, it is a rule not to try an animal's patience too much. The expert trainer knows when to call a halt for a rest or change, and later resumes his efforts to get his pet to perform the stunt at which it began to show signs of balking.

That system might very well be applied to the training of one's home pets. And here is a little hint that applies especially to that most popular of all pets, the dog. Your dog will be healthier, happier, and closer to you if you teach him to do simple little tricks around the house. Not just tricks of obedience, but constructive things, in which he feels he is helping you.

Let him bring in the morning paper, bring your slippers, carry a parcel home from the store. And by all means let him perform before your friends. He'll be as proud as a peacock of his accomplishments, and pleased no end to show them off before company!

Shirley's Amazing Career

[*Continued from page* 42]

Shirley was born not five miles from Fox Movietone Studio, April 23, 1929. Santa Monica, California. Naturally, nobody in the family suspected that little blonde baby sister was going to make them all famous. Papa, George F. Temple, is a Los Angeles banker; mother has been fully occupied in rearing brothers George, now twenty, Jack, seventeen, and Shirley herself.

"Shirley showed such enjoyment of music and such a natural liking to dance to it, that we sent her to dancing school in Santa Monica," Mrs. Temple explained. "It was there that scouts for Educational comedies first noticed her, and presently they asked if it would be all right with her father and myself if they made a test of her. We thought it would be amusing. The tests were good, and what we had thought might be a novelty in Shirley's life—facing a movie camera—suddenly became a serious problem for us to solve. We didn't want Shirley spoiled, didn't want her made artificial, didn't want her to lose her childhood, regardless of what screen fame meant otherwise. Our boys are going to college, and Shirley would too. So at first we were a bit doubtful about a screen career.

"However, Ben Bard, who is dramatic teacher at Shirley's school, told me it would be wrong to refuse to let Shirley act in pictures. He had studied her, and of course knew motion pictures. We made other inquiries, and finally decided that even if some screen children *were* spoiled and all that, it wasn't *necessary*. So we went ahead."

And Shirley, to date at any rate, is far from spoiled. She played first in comedies (lead, if you please, almost from the beginning!), and then like those famous actresses who were graduated from Mack Sennett comedies in the old days, made her real fame in the musical, *Stand Up and Cheer*. 'Twas a fine gang of famous grown-up actors and actresses she stole that picture from! Then she played the title rôle in *Little Miss Marker*, borrowed from Fox by Paramount, and came back to her home studio to make *Baby, Take a Bow*.

All, you'll perceive, like an adult star. No youngster since Jackie Coogan has made such a hit, and even Jackie got his start on a big boost from Chaplin and *The Kid*.

Of course, there's Baby LeRoy. Baby may grow into an *actor*, but he began by being a photographically wonderful bit of animate scenery. Shirley did it by acting *plus* personality.

Where did she learn acting? Well—

"I told stories," she assured me. "And I played with dolls, and my doll house. I played school teacher and house and party."

"In other words," Mrs. Temple interpolated, "she was always pretending. From the time she learned to talk she carried on imaginative play-acting. She had imaginary play-fellows, and she played all their parts. Dolls were actors to her—and she spoke their lines for them.

"It was the same way with her dancing. She danced almost from the time she learned to walk. Both dancing and play-acting have always been genuine

[*Continued on page* 67]

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A New Attack on the Movies

[*Continued from page* 41]

that today engages the attention of all intelligent individuals, he responded with a forthright attack. He didn't pull his punches; he didn't hesitate or falter. He knew what he wanted to say and he said it.

"As I said, I have to get away from Hollywood to study myself," continued Bob. "That's why you'll find me, at vacation time, on my farm at Pawling in the heart of New York's most beautiful farming section.

"My first reason for buying the farm in Pawling was to get somewhere that was *old*. That lovely section of New York has an air of stability, of sureness, that appeals to me. It's so unlike Hollywood which is so new, so recent, that everything dating before 1900 is considered 'antique.'

"That's the reason I built the place. But after I moved in I realized more and more that it meant something more than just a vacation spot. It gave me a chance to think, to look around and really find out whether I had gained or lost in furthering my career, despite stardom on the screen. And, while I was digging around on the farm, I realized more than ever before how *enervating* Hollywood really is—how much of movie-making is just machine work, with imagination and creative instinct soft-pedaled and subordinated.

"I realized then that Hollywood takes everything out of you. I learned that you are bound to make a big mistake if you take Hollywood seriously. For you can fall into a rut—and, first thing you know, the career that once was so important to you has gone haywire! That's why you'll find such honest and sincere players as Helen Hayes and Walter Huston insisting upon a chance to rehabilitate themselves on the stage.

"Hollywood is just like a great big factory. They work you hard—but I don't blame them for that. Pictures are made with an eye to one thing—profit. But, truthfully, I think that's all wrong.

"Bad as some theatrical producers are, I will say that some of them put on plays to please their artistic bent. If it makes money, well and good; if it doesn't—well, they've had lots of fun. But motion picture producers don't work that way. Even 'artistic' productions are made with an eye to their commercial possibilities. Which may be a good idea—that's something only time can answer. What I object to is the fact that *experimentation* is frowned upon in many important Hollywood circles.

"What I want to point out, however, is that creative ambition has little or no opportunity in Hollywood. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that I had an idea I wanted to suggest to the powers-that-be. Now, I'm only an actor. So, first, I'd have to take it up with the director, who would decide on its merits, if any.

"If the director says it's no good, then I'd have to take it from there to the production head or studio head. And then, perhaps, to a couple of other executives—presuming, of course, that I believed my idea worth all that time and trouble. By that time I'd have to be a man of iron to have any energy left for acting. Naturally, after one or two experiences like that, you'd begin to feel that the easiest way to get along in Hollywood is to follow the line of least resistance. And that's never a good idea, especially if you have any creative or artistic ability."

"But surely all companies aren't like that?" was my rather naive query.

"No, I shouldn't say everyone in Hollywood is like that. There are some exceptions. I do know that my relationship with Irving Thalberg, for example, has been more than pleasant during the years I've been with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He understands and appreciates a fellow's difficulties and tries to help him along. But the exceptions are rare. What I object to, and what

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Can you think of a clever last line for these limericks? SCREEN BOOK offers $5.00 each for the two best last lines in the Movie Limericks which appear below: Mail your entry to The Limerick Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Mickey's Temptation

A Hollywood vamp of great fame
Tried to tempt Mickey Mouse with champagne.
But he scorned jewels and silk,
Bravely said, "I'll take milk,"

....
(Write your last line here)

What A Vamp!

A young lady starlet named Shirley
With blue eyes and blonde hair so curly
Makes slaves from the prop men
Right up to the top men—

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(Write your last line here)

CONTEST REGULATIONS. It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Contestants may clip out the above limericks or merely send a copy. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in each limerick, and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. This contest is open to every reader with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, or their relatives. All entries must be received on or before midnight of August 1, 1934.

others object to, is the machine-like manner in which most movies are made. Everything must be done within a certain time. And, good, bad or indifferent, that picture goes out—just to meet the demands of a production schedule.

"You are forced to work very hard; you get up at six or seven to get to the studios by nine. You rehearse, act, stay on the set until six at night. Then you send out for dinner or, if you live near the studio, go home for a bite. Then back to the studio to look at the day's 'rushes', and finally home about ten or eleven. You feel less and less like an actor and more like an automaton as you go through this sort of routine for two or three weeks at one stretch.

"The average Broadway producer, no matter how he may be rushed for time, allows himself enough time for rehearsal and for a chance to cut and fix his show before bringing it to Broadway. And the actor is at liberty to make suggestions that are helpful and aimed to aid the production."

"DO YOU intend to go back to Broadway in a show?" was my interruption.

"I'd like to, if I could start on Broadway where I left off," was Bob's reply. "I'm not kidding myself into thinking that just because I had a certain success in Hollywood, I'm starring material on the stage. I don't want to do what Katharine Hepburn did. I truly think she was ill-advised in attempting a starring rôle in a Broadway production, despite the fact that she has scored so decided a success in motion pictures.

"What I would do, given the opportunity, would be to take a minor part, to be just one of the cast. And I'd insist upon billing down at the bottom if, in the judgment of the producer, the part didn't warrant any better billing. I'm not putting on an act when I say this, either. Of course if the critics and the audiences later thought my work warranted further mention, I wouldn't object to better billing. But I wouldn't want to be listed high in the cast just to serve as a 'come-on' at the box-office.

"Just because I happen to have made good in Hollywood doesn't imply that I'm a better stage actor than I was when I quit the theater to go into the movies. No, sir. If I return to the stage—and I hope I'll be able to soon—it will be with the hope that I may succeed there on my own merits, not because Hollywood thought I was good."

Very few people know of Montgomery's New York rendezvous. Most everyone knew that, come the changing season, Bob would always begin to chafe and fret. Out in the sunshine of Hollywood, he would yearn for something California's balmy climate couldn't give him—a chance to be himself. With this understandable objective in view, Bob would pack away his new pyjamas; Helen (that's Mrs. Montgomery) would get her things into shape, and the two, with the rest of the Montgomery family, would hurry East.

That Pawling country place is Bob's "hide-away," his sanctuary, where he prepares himself for another tilt at the Hollywood windmill for the good of his soul and for the eventual furtherance of his career. Knowing Montgomery, I have little doubt that when he breaks a lance for a principle it's because the Montgomery fighting spirit insists it's worth his while—which is a good reason for a battle any time.

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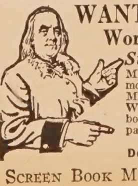

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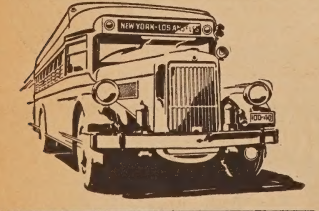

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Ex-Husbands Make Best Husbands

[*Continued from page* 18]

wife when you'll be home; when the studio can call you away from home at all hours and for protracted periods; when in an emergency you are unable to reach your husband or wife, as the case may be, because they are in conference, domestic life becomes complicated to say the least. Hollywood couples can't plan a dinner party together because one of them is "shooting." They seldom get a vacation together, and I have known of at least one case where it was necessary to invoke the law and compel a producer to permit husband and wife to see something of each other. Norman Foster sent his lawyers to Paramount with a writ demanding that, under the law which prohibits a California employer from keeping married employees apart for more than a period of six months. Norman was going to see Claudette Colbert or else.

And speaking of why ex-husbands are best husbands, the Norman Foster-Claudette Colbert arrangement is a direct compromise between a futile attempt at normal married life and divorce. Despite anything you may have heard, there is no fake about the Colbert-Foster double menage. He lives in one house and she in another, and it is *in order that they can remain happily married.* To date, thank you, it is working very nicely.

That Ruth Chatterton found her ex-husband, Ralph Forbes, a delightful friend is almost too well known for discussion here: the companionship of Ralph, Ruth and George Brent has been equalled only in the field of drama, as shown in Noel Coward's *Design For Living.* Now that Miss Chatterton is in the midst of an apparently amiable divorce from Brent, the gossips already are wondering if there will be an agreeable foursome in her future. Yet, after all, why not be friends with three husbands, if all three are nice men?

Of all the well known Hollywood divorcées, Gloria Swanson is supposed to be most adroit at keeping on friendly terms with her ex-husbands. There has never been an ugly quarrel with any of them, so far as we know; they have met her not infrequently with all the nice friendliness and mutual interest with which a new and desirable acquaintance would be greeted. And there is no reason why this should not be so, once the cause of their mutual irritation has been removed.

THE second of the great outside influences which cause irritation and strain in any Hollywood marriage lies with the local gossip-columnists. Dependent for their living upon delivering a daily ration of highly spiced "inside information" about the private lives of screen personalities, these columnists have probably done more to break up homes by the publication of rumors than any twenty old-fashioned village gossips. The local papers—even the trade-papers—carry such stories daily. Often they mention names. More often the malicious innuendo is thinly veiled. While narrowly escaping libel suits, the characters in these alleged scandals are so accurately and unmistakably described that no one could fail to identify them.

Esther Happy Again

Esther Ralston, after achieving success in *Sadie McKee*, is resting before taking the next step on the road back to stardom

This is the sort of thing that is printed in such a column: "A certain director who has been unduly attentive to the redhead in his latest picture is laying up trouble for himself when his wife finds out." The story may be true—then again, the director may be and often is, wholly fictitious. The tip-off may have come out of the columnist's own head. Yet every redhead trembles; every director who has a redhead in his cast trembles. But it is certain that plenty of Hollywood divorces have been traceable to this outrageous practice. It's a Hollywood racket, and one which leads to disaster. One wonders there are not even more divorces in the Film Capital! Take these columns by and large, if the worst they can say of you is that you've been seen out with your ex—well, that makes an ex all the more desirable, doesn't it? And incidentally, bad as these columnists are, the very fact that they frequently point out the continued devotion of Hollywood's ex-husbands is overwhelming evidence that such devotion commonly exists.

IT'S a curious fact, but it's the truth that ninety-eight per cent of Hollywood divorces during the past ten years have been wholly devoid of any scandal. There has been practically no blaze of jealousy, no "other woman," no raiding of "love-nests," no bitter exchange of accusations. The California law which provides many innocuous grounds for divorce such as the favorite "mental cruelty" is partially responsible for this lack of scandal, but as a matter of honest fact, the scandals have actually been very few. Most often the real reason for the break has been a question of career, of the need for freedom in order to work more freely. There is no question but that in almost every instance, the divorces of the past year were founded on the fact that one of the parties was in some way hindering the studio work of the other. Even in the most famous separation of all, that of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the basic reason seems to be proving out as a question of their individual careers in pictures. These two fine people may, and I hope will, discover a new friendship and a new interest through the work they are both now resuming actively. And though I hate to say so in view of the sentimental regard in which they were held as a couple, the separation may well turn out to be a mighty happy and wholesome thing for both.

Shirley's Amazing Career

[*Continued from page* 63]

fun to her, and she is never happier than when she is doing one or the other."

Shirley's memory for lines is little short of amazing. Her mother reads them aloud to her the evening before she is to speak them in the film scene. Shirley "says them back" to her mother. This is repeated a few times. Then *that* problem is forgotten. Thereafter, for many days, Shirley can turn them on at will, just as infallibly as though her mind were the wax of a phonograph record, and her mouth the reproducing apparatus.

Her father's bank handles Shirley's salary, which goes into a savings account and is not touched by the family. It's to see Shirley through college, for one thing. For just now, papa and mama feel that while she belongs to her public, she will have to leave it long enough, come what may, to get a good education!

The Frances Drake Prize Letter

63 Seneca Street
Hornell, N. Y.

Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
New York City,
New York.

Dear Editor:

I nominate Frances Drake as SCREEN BOOK's Baby Star for 1934.

I saw Miss Drake in *Bolero*, gasped at her beauty and admired her good work in this picture. Only one picture to judge her by; but what delightfully clear enunciation, vivacity, expression of superior intelligence and unlimited gift of that intangible something called screen personality, to remember her by!

I understand that she was on the stage and screen in England but that she is an American girl. And with her presence, poise and allure, plus individuality, Miss Drake surely cannot be stereotyped as a second Garbo, Crawford or Hayes, but just an All-American who deserves to win SCREEN BOOK's 1934 Baby Star pennant.

Respectfully,
(Signed) Mrs. H. E. Myers.

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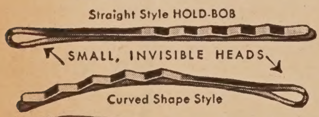

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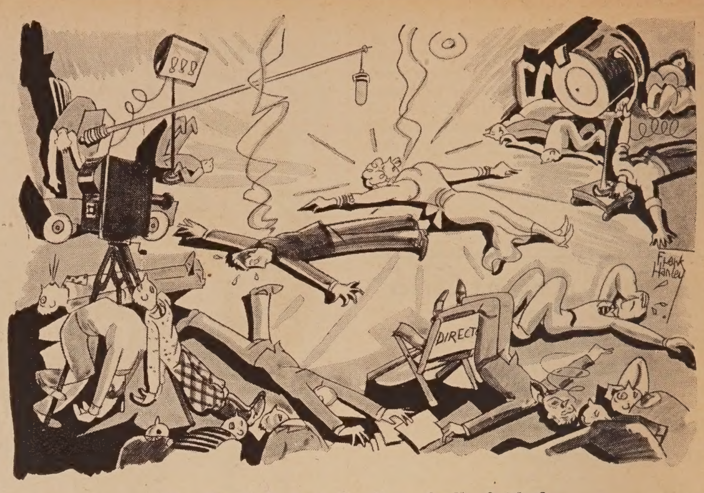

"Mae West's *It Ain't No Sin* is finally finished

The Fall of the House of Bennett

[*Continued from page* 31]

"If you're renouncing the stage, what then do you plan to do with your life?" we asked this precocious infant.

"Now, really, if that isn't THE most stupid question," she said bluntly. "I've been on this earth only a few short months—since February 27, of this year, which happens to be my mother's natal day, too—and you expect me to know what I shall do twenty years hence," she continued, as illogically as any woman. I refrained from pointing out to her that it didn't take long for her to decide what she did *not* want to do.

"I made it quite plain to my parents that I should never be an actress, and thank heavens they are reasonable people. They had also decided that they never wanted me to follow the traditional Bennett calling. Why? Well, for one reason, people have come to believe—and I can't say we've done much recently to make them think otherwise—that all we Bennetts can do is act. We're actually a versatile lot, and I mean to prove that we can do other things as well as we can act . . . Perhaps," she continued, "I may turn to writing. I get that from my father, you see. Although," this was added hastily, "I shall never be a reporter."

"Why?" I asked, falling into her trap.

"They're too snoopy," she replied. "But to continue, one of the things that I should most hate about being an actress, is that you can never call your soul your own. You're dragged from your home to go on location for weeks at a time, and when you're working on a picture right here in Hollywood you're so busy you have no time to enjoy home life. That's what I like, a quiet life," she muttered, snuggling deeper into the covers of her crib.

To glance around Melinda's nursery it is easily understandable why she should hesitate to venture far from the lovely room. A yellow rug with blue ducks and ducklings covers the floor. A yellow screen with blue ducks surrounds her crib to shield her from draughts. And a blue one with yellow ducks hides her from the curious who might wish to gaze upon her sturdy little body when she is being bathed in the yellow and blue nursery tub. Yellow chests of drawers contain her luxurious wardrobe. (She already has the best dressed ladies in Hollywood looking to their laurels.) And comfortable modern blue and yellow chairs dot the room, often occupied by Hollywood notables when the little lady deigns to entertain them.

BUT let's fly East for a few minutes to Rye, New York, where another Bennett grandchild has a few things to say for himself and against the theater. For in this fashionable suburb, Sean (pronounced Shawn—it's Irish for John) Downey lives with his mother who was Barbara Bennett before she married the singing star of the stage, screen and radio, Morton Downey.

"Grrruumph," he greeted us. By this time we were on to infant lingo and knew that he was trying to say, "How are you?"

"So you vant to know why I don't go on the stage, yah?" he asked. Sean, like his cousin Melinda, is impressionable and has already picked up a German accent from his nurse who is of that nationality.

"I know too much inside stuff on this acting business," he said with an authoritative air. "My father always says it looks grand to an outsider—you know, like green grass from a distance, but when you get up close it's nothing but dry hay; I've other things in mind for myself."

"What do you suppose your grandfather will say about you and Melinda turning up your noses at the stage?" I demanded of Sean.

"Oh, he doesn't care. Do you know what he wired Dad the day I was born? Let's see, when—oh, yes, December 9, 1932. The old boy is a wag, all right. He telegraphed, 'So! Another Irish cop in the family stop!' . . . I don't think I'll be a cop, though.

"And as for that Melinda, the next time you see her, tell her to stop stealing my stuff. She's a copy-cat, that's what. I decide to be the first relation to the Bennetts who will have nothing to do with the stage—and then she goes and gives out the same statement, just as though she had thought of it herself. It makes me sick," he said petulantly. "Gosh, a man can't have a thing to himself. I thought up about having ducks for my nursery. What does she do? She has ducks in hers, too. I'll fool her, though."

Sure enough, Sean was right. His nursery is simply covered with yellow ducks, but is decorated more to a man's taste, red and yellow being the predominating colors.

"And another thing," he continued. "I have the largest eyes in the world. I heard something, I don't know whether it was Melinda or her mother who said it, but something to the effect that *she* had the largest eyes. Maybe she has the largest brown eyes, but mine are larger than hers although they're blue. I don't know why anyone pays any attention to what a child of her age has to say, anyway. She probably hasn't ever swallowed a mouthful of food from a spoon, and I've been eating like a man for months now. And has she ever stood up?" he inquired witheringly. "Of course not. She thinks her feet are made to chew on, the big baby."

Sean further asserted his seniority by toddling through his beautiful garden where he enjoys playing most of all, muttering to himself, "I'll bet she has no garden and if she did she wouldn't know what to do with it."

WE RELAYED Sean's messages to Melinda, who is entitled to the last word. Knowing her rights, she used it to best advantage.

"That's just like a man," she remarked, "thinking that it was his original idea about not acting. They never think anyone has ideas except themselves! I've never been interested in his ideas, if any, and I can assure you I did not get that idea from him . . . Furthermore," she continued, "you just tell him I'll stand up when I choose to, and not before. And as for eating—I have orange juice, coddled eggs and spinach. If he's so stupid he thinks those are taken from a bottle, it just shows the type of mind he has. *He* didn't have solid food when he was two months old," she reclared.

Melinda refused to discuss the optic argument verbally but preferred to open her large brown eyes as wide as she could, to let people decide for themselves whether hers were larger.

"I'd like you to add," she said, "that I have so much hair and have had since birth, that I have been able to wear it tied up with a bow. Of course, boys don't wear hair ribbons, but he hasn't enough to tie up even if they did."

As you can see for yourselves, there is nothing that the cousins agree about except—"We aren't going on the stage." And their fond parents agree with them in that, wholeheartedly.

Advice to Blondes
. . . on Make-Up
by Genevieve Tobin

GENEVIEVE TOBIN *and* CARY GRANT *in* "Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by P. B. Schulberg.

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What's Under Your Makeup?

[*Continued from page* 57]

and fat increases the output of the oil glands; but this is not always true. In some cases, where there is a tendency toward acne as well as dryness, a fatty diet does more harm than good. So the most effective way is to apply a rich, refined cream externally. It is absorbed to a certain extent, and the rest remains on the skin surface protecting the epidermis and ironing out tiny lines. In areas where the skin is dryest and thinnest, the creams should be applied more generously, of course.

OF COURSE you want to know what kind of local care I advise to prevent and eradicate lines. A routine based on lubrication, protection and stimulation is to be preferred, which can be accomplished with the aid of some special preparations rich in refined oils. They consist of a scientifically blended and *whipped* cleansing cream that is completely non-irritating, a tissue cream and a special formula cream that "picks up" a relaxed skin miraculously. There is also, in this line, a delicate flesh-tinted foundation cream which leaves an invisible protective film and makes an ideal powder base for outdoor use. Each item costs less than $1, although they are in a class with $3 and $4 salon toiletries. If you want some real aid in your fight against dry, aging skin you need these creams. I'll be glad to send you the trade name, if you like.

There's been quite an epidemic of brittle nails and dry cuticle, which conservative souls, who disapprove of highly tinted nail polishes, are only too happy to ascribe to these "evils" and to enamel removers. Of course, they may be right, *if* the products used are cheap and inferior; but the better grades of polish are quite harmless. Many women, however, in an effort to economize, buy polishes that cost only ten cents for almost a half-pint—and then wonder what's wrong with their nails! Others begrudge the price of 25 or 35 cents for a reputable polish remover and buy caustic substitutes made up by their local druggists, which are so strong that they practically anesthetize you!

All of this is false economy and will reward you eventually with a bad case of brittle nails, ragged cuticle and vile temper. One of the most reliable manufacturers of manicure accessories, knowing about all this, recently perfected an *oily* polish remover. That sounds like a paradox, but it's not; there *really* is oil in the remover. You can see it and feel it, and yet it doesn't prevent lacquer from adhering to the nail surface smoothly. This remover is the answer to your prayer if you want to bring ruined nails back to normal and coax dry cuticle to a smooth suppleness. It costs only 25 cents a bottle.

There is also a cream designed especially for remedying stubborn cases of brittle nails and cuticle. You rub it gently into the cuticle, being careful not to force it under the edge. Do this at night and several times a day, if you can. The cream costs 55 cents a jar, and should last a long time, as only a tiny bit is used at a time.

If you want to sun-tan painlessly at the beach and be swanky at the same time, you should invest $2.50 in a stunning white glazed pique kit trimmed in blue which contains a bottle of a famous sunburn cream that filters out the burning rays, and a tube of a soothing, emollient cream for sensitive skins.

Some of our more glamorous stars like Joan Crawford have been appearing lately with their skins powderless and glowing luminously. Naturally, when anyone like Joan wears a sensational new type of make-up, I get dozens of letters asking what it is, where it can be bought and how it is used. Here are the facts about this new shiny make-up: It comes in a jar, is a sort of greaseless cream and costs $2. When rubbed in smoothly it does not run or smudge but gives your face a very sophisticated gleam. To match this make-up are luminous eye-shadows, one blue with silvery shine and another, brown with gold. If you know your way around and own a glowing sun-tan and daring new frock, this shiny make-up should be just what you need to get on in the world.

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Champion Don Juan

Every leading woman in Hollywood wants Cary Grant for her leading man. Genevieve Tobin has all the current luck in *Kiss and Make Up*

Who Says I'm Crazy?

[*Continued from page* 50]

papers that the Los Angeles police are hunting a Chicago gangster. But why should they want one from Chicago—can't they be satisfied with a home-town boy? It just shows that people are crazy. They don't know what they want half of the time.

JUST because my Uncle Willie is in the Insane Asylum people think he's crazy. But I just got a letter from him saying that he's met George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon and Julius Caesar. The authorities put him there to punish him, and now he's meeting the nicest people he's ever met. Famous people, too. He was never able to make friendships like that on the outside. It just goes to prove that the authorities are goofy.

Women spend thousands of dollars to get thin. They sit in steam cabinets for hours, and are pounded until they're black and blue—and then they go to afternoon bridge parties and eat the pounds right back on again.

Men complain if their wives want them to beat the rugs and move the furniture, but chasing a ball around a golf course when it's a hundred in the shade isn't work!

WOMEN can't rest until they have a lot of jewelry, and when it's given to them, they put it in the vault because they're afraid to wear it.

And I'm crazy!

Almost every day women divorce their husbands for cruelty, but they go into hysterics of joy when Jimmy Cagney pushes a grapefruit into a lady's face, or when Clark Gable leads with his right to a feminine jaw. It doesn't make sense!

But never mind—it wouldn't to me. *I'm* the one who's supposed to be crazy!

But confidentially, don't you think the world is crazier?

I think so!

(Written by Gracie Allen—
Disapproved by George Burns)

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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This new policy pays up to $1500 for death from any cause; up to $3000 for accidental death as specified. It is offered exclusively by this strong, licensed insurance company, which maintains a guarantee reserve fund with the State of California, as required by the State Insurance Laws, and which is the largest life insurance company of its kind in the State, having over 35,000 policy holders, who carry more than $30,000,000.00 life insurance.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name, age name of beneficiary, and a policy, fully made out in your name will be sent to you for 10 days free inspection. NO AGENT WILL CALL. If you decide to keep it, send only $1 to pay for your policy for at least 45 days . . . then only about 3c a day. If not, you owe nothing. OFFER LIMITED. So write today without obligation.

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Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

*She LOST 50 Pounds
without Diet or Exercise

● There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

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EASY-TO-USE—SAFE—EFFECTIVE when used according to directions. Doctors prescribe the ingredients which science combines for you in RE-DUCE-OIDS, in easy-to-use, tasteless capsule form. Hundreds of letters tell of permanently reducing as much as 70 pounds . . . and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. No weakening diets, no reducing baths, no exercises!

FAT GOES — OR NO COST TO YOU!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back. Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. . . . **Your druggist or department store has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly.** If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package, or $5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.—or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

FREE Send no money for this valuable book — "HOW TO REDUCE." Free and Postpaid, plain envelope.

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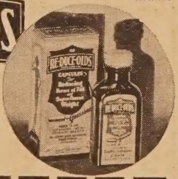
In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form

For Women Who Want to Become Slender

For Women Who Want to Stay Slender



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City................................State.......................

SCREEN BOOK'S

Introducing a handy guide to inti-
Watch for this Lowdown Chart each

Questions	Mae West	Jean Harlow	Ruby Keeler
Age?	Refuses to tell	23	25
Birthplace?	Brooklyn, New York	Kansas City, Kan.	Halifax, Nova Scotia
Real name?	Mae West	Harlean Carpentier	Ruby Keeler
Nickname?	None	"Baby"	None
Brothers and sisters?	One of each	None	3 sisters, 1 brother
Married or single at present?	Single	Divorce pending	Married
Number of marriages?	None	Three	One
Husband's name and profession?		Hal Rosson, cameraman	Al Jolson, actor
Best friend?	Boris Petroff, former director	Her mother	Sisters, Helen and Gertrude
Began career?	On the stage	Not on the stage	On the stage
How long in Hollywood?	2 years	6 years	2 years
Studio address?	Paramount	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	Warner Bros.
Lives in?	Rented apartment	Her own house	Rented apartment
Servants?	3	4	2
Cars?	Dusenberg	Cadillac	Ford and Packard
Musical instrument played?	Piano	Piano	Piano
Favorite sports?	Prize fights, boxing	Golf	Swimming, golf
Hobby?	Prize fights, boxing	Fishing	Being with family
What do you collect?	Books on famous courtesans	China figures	
Favorite food?	Steak and lettuce salad	Chop suey	Chicken creole
Favorite color?	Dusty rose	White	Red
What do you dislike most?	Snails	People who pry in her affairs	?????
Color of hair?	Blonde	Platinum blonde	Light brown
Color of eyes?	Blue	Blue	Blue
Color lipstick worn?	Bright red	Vivid	Medium
Color nail polish?	Bright red	Red	Medium
Size gloves worn?	6¼	6¼	6¼
Size shoes worn?	4½	3½	4
Height?	5 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 3½ in.	5 ft. 2 in.
Weight?	119 lbs.	109 lbs.	112 lbs.
Bust measure?	37½ in.	36 in.	33½ in.
Waist measure?	29½ in.	23½ in.	25½ in.
Hip measure?	37½ in.	35½ in.	36½ in.
What do you sleep in?	Nightgown	Pyjamas	Nobody's business

Watch for Another Remarkable Personal

LOWDOWN CHART

mate facts about Hollywood stars.
month exclusively in SCREEN BOOK!

Alice Faye	Myrna Loy	Ginger Rogers	Joan Blondell	Kay Francis
20	29	23	25	31
New York City	Helena, Montana	Independence, Mo.	New York City	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Alice Faye	Myrna Williams	Virginia Rogers	Joan Blondell	Katharine Gibbs
None	None	"Ginge"	None	None
2 brothers	1 brother	None	One of each	None
Single	Single	Single	Married	Single
None	None	One	One	Three
			George Barnes, camera man	
Rudy Vallee and her mother	Non-professional, won't say who	Her mother	George Barnes	Mrs. Richard Barthelmess
Singing with Rudy Vallee's orchestra	Dancing on the stage	In vaudeville	On stage	On stage
4 months	10 years	4 years	4 years	6 years
Fox	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	R-K-O Studios	Warner Bros.	Warner Bros.
Rented apartment	Her own house	Rented hillside house	Her own hilltop house	Rented house
2	3	2	2	2
Ford	A red coupe'	Ford	Packard	Ford
Piano	Piano	None	Piano	Piano
Horseback riding, prize fights	Horseback riding	Football, polo	Fishing, football	Polo, tennis, football
Dancing	Driving at night with the top down	Dancing	Looking through telescope	Sailing
Her favorite songs	Antique jewelry	Tiny dogs of wood, jade, ivory	Silhouettes	Antiques
	Ham and eggs	Ham and eggs, strawberry jam	Chop suey	Lamb chops, creamed mushroom sauce
Yellow and blue	Green	Poppy or orange	Blue	Green
Pretense and artificiality	Insincerity	People who try on her clothes	Beets, bridge, ritzy people and mashers	Posing for photos and being fitted for clothes
Blonde	Red	Gold-red	Blonde	Black
Blue	Green	Blue	Blue-gray	Blue-gray
Bright red	Vivid	Bright red	Vivid	Ruby
Bright red	Natural	Dark red	Dark red	Dark rose
	6½		6¾	6¼
4½	6½		6	4
5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 5½ in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft 4 in	5 ft. ?
112 lbs.	125 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	125 lbs.
34½ in.	32½ in.		35 in	34½ in.
	26 in.		26 in	27 in.
35 in.	36½ in.		35 in	38 in.
Pyjamas	Nightgown	Pyjamas	Who cares?	Bed

Questionnaire in September SCREEN BOOK

Relieves summer teething in 1 minute

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".
—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf. DRUM

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NOW YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

You're Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show!

No Re-Growth Worries When You Use MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations. Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive.

Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail Use Coupon Below

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G.834
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
Name..
Address............ City .... State..........

Picture Tips

Alice Faye, looking very enchanting and seafaring. The title of the film is *She Learned About Sailors*—but this photograph shows how sailors learned about her

THE NEW FILMS

BANG-UP FILM ENTERTAINMENT is guaranteed in *Smarty*, with Joan Blondell as she who gets slapped by two successive husbands, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton. Frothy, but lively and enjoyable. With Frank McHugh. ★★★—*Warner.*

UNUSUAL GANGSTER STORY—that's *Midnight Alibi*, with Richard Barthelmess giving his best performance in years. Lots of plot mechanism, suspense and human interest. Ann Dvorak plays the feminine lead. ★★★★—*Warner.*

THE FLEET'S IN AGAIN in *Let's Talk It Over*, with Chester Morris attractive but crude in his gob rôle, Mae Clark convincing as the wealthy philanderess, and Andy Devine being comic. ★★—*Universal.*

SWEEPSTAKES PRIZE is won by London cabby (Herbert Mundin) who doesn't know how to spend it, in *Call It Luck*. Gordon Westcott and Theodore von Eltz as villains have designs on the money. As romantic lead, Charles Starrett has designs on Pat Paterson. Good comedy. ★★★—*Fox.*

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show . . . ★★ Average Movie . . . ★ Mediocre Offering

PRACTICAL JOKERS will howl at the plight Chester Morris gets in in *Embarrassing Moments*. Marian Nixon, Alan Mowbray, Walter Woolf and others join in the general panic of hilarity and unrest. ★★★—*Universal.*

LADY IN DISTRESS is a hackneyed idea, but a fine cast gets *Once to Every Bachelor* over in spite of its moth-eaten plot. Neil Hamilton is a slick hero; Raymond Hatton, Don Alvarado and Aileen Pringle give fine support. ★★★—*Liberty.*

CRIME TANGLES are always fascinating; in *The Man With Two Faces* the audience watches detectives unravel the plot, knowing the answers all the time, which is fun. Good cast includes Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez and Mae Clark. ★★★—*Warner.*

FAIR HOKUM is all that can be said for *I Give My Love*. Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson co-starred as artist and model. Picture covers period of twenty years, ten of which Wynne spends in prison. Story vaguely reminiscent and only lukewarm. ★★—*Universal.*

WHOLESALE MURDER for them as likes it, with John Halliday, Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and Frank McHugh. Excellent comedy, which makes you forget the familiar bag of murder-mystery tricks. ★★★—*Warner.*

HEY RUBE! The circus is in town, with Joe E. Brown at home in his dual rôle in *The Circus Clown*, playing his own father, a clown, and the ambitious son who wishes to be a tumbler, in love with Patricia Ellis, trapeze star. Packed with comedy, pink lemonade and the smell of sawdust. ★★★★—*Warner.*

INTRIGUE IN IRELAND in the days of the Sinn Fein Rebellion, with William Powell, Colin Clive and Edna Best giving fine performances, make *The Key* a fascinating human drama well worth seeing. ★★★—*Warner.*

CROOKS WHO ARE NOT GANGSTERS—that's news! You'll come across them in *Fog Over Frisco*, a fast-stepping melodrama with Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods. Good old-fashioned excitement. ★★★—*Warner.*

NUTTY FAMILIES will enjoy *The Merry Frinks*, with Aline MacMahon as the mother and the only sane member of the Frink clan. Hugh Herbert is a swell drunk as her husband. Allen Jenkins, Joan Wheeler and Frankie Darro lead the family through a fog of fun and disaster. ★★★★—*Warner.*

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES leads Gloria Shea as an extravagant wife into difficulties in *Money Means Nothing*. Although Gloria is a capable spendthrift and Wallace Ford excellent, the picture doesn't mean an awful lot either. ★★—*Monogram.*

YOUTH AND AGE come together with a clash in *Most Precious Thing in Life*, with Jean Arthur playing a difficult part with real skill. College background of twenty years ago and the present. Donald Cook does nicely; Richard Cromwell and Anita Louise play second-generation lovers. ★★—*Columbia.*

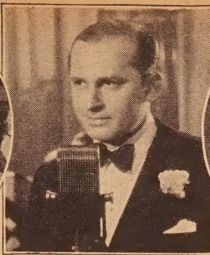
THE FACTS OF LIFE come in for a lot of attention in *High School Girl*, with a brace of good young players. However, it doesn't settle the problem "Shall we tell our children?", and won't have wide general appeal. ★★—*Bryan Foy.*

HYPNOTIC POWERS shouldn't need to be given Nils Asther, as they are in *The Love Captive*—he does well enough without them. He's a doctor in this, with Gloria Stuart one of his victims, and Paul Kelly and Alan Dinehart trying hard to save both her and the picture. ★★—*Universal.*

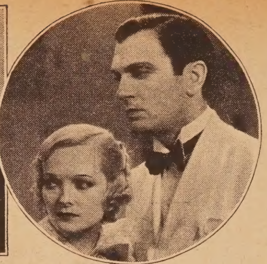
MATRIMONIAL AGENCY is the scene for *Bachelor Bait:* Stuart Erwin is capital as the agency head, and Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson help to make most pleasant comedy. ★★★—*Radio.*

SPINELESS GENTLEMEN are always good copy; when played by Charles Ruggles, the result is always successful. In *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, this master of vague rôles is a timid writer in love with the secretary of his editor. Eugene Pallette finally inspires him to turn devilish, with hilarious results. ★★★—*Warner.*

In *Sour Grapes*, Diana Wynyard and Irene Hervey both love the same lucky fellow



The Old Maestro in a love scene with his favorite microphone in *Thank Your Stars*



Marian Nixon and Walter Woolf in one of their most *Embarrassing Moments*

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

MONEY TO GIVE AWAY is the theme of George Arliss' new picture, *The Last Gentleman*, not yet released. A most amusing character portrayal—and in addition, Edna Mae Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.★★★★—*20th Century.*

REFINED NAUGHTINESS mixed with satire—that's *Springtime for Henry*, with Otto Kruger and sweet Nancy Carroll back with a bang. Husbands and wives get all mixed up with best friends and secretaries, and there's not a dull moment. ★★★—*Fox.*

THE CUTEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE WORLD (we don't have to say she is Shirley Temple) is left by her father as security for a racing bet in *Little Miss Marker*. Dorothy Dell and Charles Bickford help to add thrills and human interest.★★★★—*Paramount.*

A PRINCESS WITH MUMPS—that's Sylvia Sidney in *Thirty Day Princess*, a charming film, further aided and abetted by Cary Grant, Vince Barnett and Lucian Littlefield. Don't miss it. ★★★—*Paramount.*

HUMOROUS PHILOSOPHY is always guaranteed by a Will Rogers picture; *Handy Andy* will not disappoint. Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle, Roger Imhof and Conchita Montenegro all give excellent performances.★★★★—*Fox.*

BIG TIME GAMBLING is in the spotlight in *Now I'll Tell*, Mrs. Arnold Rothstein's story of her husband's career, with Spencer Tracy in the leading rôle. Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye are capital as the two women in his life. Splendid entertainment.★★★—*Fox.*

A BANDIT AND AN OPERA SINGER, in the persons of Richard Dix and Irene Dunne, do excellently in *Stingaree*, a rather unbelievable story laid in Australia Mary Boland and Conway Tearle give good support; the result pleases.★★★—*Radio.*

MAGNOLIA AND GUNPOWDER flavor *Operator 13*, the famous Civil War spy story by Robert W. Chambers, with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper faced with problems of conflicting loyalties. Grand historical romance.★★★—*Metro.*

CRAZY PEOPLE will enjoy *Many Happy Returns*, with George Burns and Gracie Allen, a story about Hollywood so crazy that Gracie herself might have written it. Joan Marsh, George Barbier and others also go slightly mad.★★★—*Paramount.*

A REAL THRILLER is the verdict on *The Witching Hour*; it's a horror picture done so well by Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, William Frawley, Judith Allen and others that everyone will like it.★★★★—*Paramount.*

COLOR AND MUSIC both help to furnish a treat for those who like song-and-dance fasties in *Hollywood Party*. Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Jack Pearl . . . the list of celebrities goes on.★★★★—*Metro.*

BACKSTAGE DRAMA fans will like *I Married an Actress*, dramatic story of a European actor who failed on Broadway but whose wife became a shining star. Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou give outstanding performances.★★★—*Paramount.*

BRITISH HERO WORSHIPERS will like Hugh Williams in *All Men Are Enemies*, even though it's a bewhiskered story of lovers separated by war and hard-hearted parents. Helen Twelvetrees is the gal; Mona Barrie and Herbert Mundin also appear.★★—*Fox.*

CHILLS AND SNICKERS fight for supremacy in *Private Scandal*, with Lew Cody and Ned Sparks the principals. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts help make rollicking comedy of a murder.★★★—*Paramount.*

INNOCENT COUNTRY GIRL turns into a menace in *Such Women Are Dangerous*, in the person of Rochelle Hudson, involved with Warner Baxter as a city slicker in writer's clothes. Other dangerous ladies in the cast are Mona Barrie and Rosemary Ames.★★★—*Fox.*

FOR HAND-HOLDERS, the chef recommends *Change of Heart*, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again as college students in the big city. Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Dunn also excellent.★★★★—*Fox.*

RADIO FANS will love *Twenty Million Sweethearts*, a grand musical without dancing, showing what happens around radio studios. Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, the Mills Brothers and Ted Fio Rito's band make up a grand cast.★★★★—*Warner.*

Don't Miss These Four-Star Pictures!

Twentieth Century—John Barrymore, Carole Lombard.
Sadie McKee—Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone.
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Ronald Colman, Loretta Young.
Manhattan Melodrama—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell.
David Harum—Will Rogers.
Viva Villa—Wallace Beery, Fay Wray.
Tarzan and His Mate—Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan. Neil Hamilton.
Little Man, What Now?—Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery.
House of Rothschild—George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young.
Scarlet Empress—Marlene Dietrich.
Men in White—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger.
Affairs of Cellini—Frank Morgan, Connie Bennett, Fredric March.
Catherine the Great—Elizabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

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MERELY FILLED IT WITH PARKER'S MARVELOUS NEW INK THAT MAKES A PEN A SELF CLEANER.

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Actually Cleans Your Pen as It Writes!

Trial Bottle FREE—Mail Coupon

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And Qu*ink* dries 31% faster on paper due to instant penetration,—yet resists evaporation, hence doesn't dry in your pen.

The Parker Pen Co. paid $68,000 to produce the first bottle to guard the famous Parker Pens from inks that clog and gum. So it's priced as low as ordinary inks, although it costs Parker more to make Qu*ink*. Two kinds—(1) PERMANENT Qu*ink* for office records; (2) WASHABLE Qu*ink* for home and school.

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Send demonstration bottle of Qu*ink*—
☐ PERMANENT ...*Blue Black* ...*Royal Blue* ......*Red* ....*Green* ......*Violet* ......*Black*
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Address________

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LATEST BRASSIERE. 2 to 3 inch, compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure..$2.25
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REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures......$3.75

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Dr. Jeanne F. G. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

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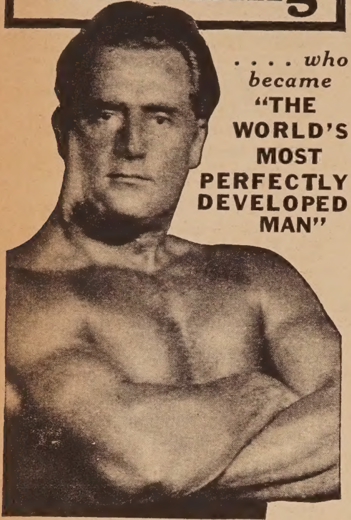
Trade Mark

The 97-lb. Weakling


. . . . who became "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"

By CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," won in open competition in the only national and international contests held during the past 15 years

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic Tension.* It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer: *At my own risk* I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days that my* same method can make *you* over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I can PROVE that *Dynamic Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or apparatus that may strain your heart or other vital organs — can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! In just a few minutes **a day!**

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Mail coupon or a postal card NOW for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about *Dynamic Tension.* Shows actual photos. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy *today.* Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 94-H, 133 East 23rd Street, New York City.

Everlasting Health and Strength

FREE BOOK

Gamble a stamp today. Mail coupon for free copy of my new book "Everlasting Health and Strength." It shows you from actual photos how I have developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. Where shall I send your copy? Write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Mail it today to me personally.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94-H
133 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic Tension** will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address ....

City ....State ....

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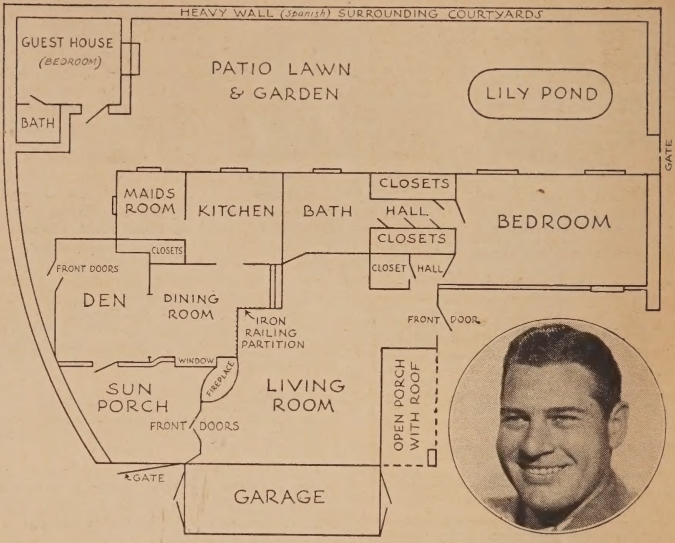
Homes of the Stars, No. 3

Richard Arlen's Toluca Lake Home



A VERITABLE fortress is the Toluca Lake home in which Richard Arlen resides with his wife, "Joby", and their young son. The above plans show the ground floor, almost entirely surrounded by a high wall. Note the unique little guest house and the spacious patio and garden which features a beautiful lily pond.

My Greatest Movie Thrill

[*Continued from page* 29]

to bits when they hit. They'd be nastier than a dum-dum if they hit a man, but they won't glance so wildly as regular ones would, or go right through the stage walls out into Hollywood."

I could visualize those long, sharp-pointed pellets tearing to bits and spraying the extras—and Howard—with said bits. But at least it was some consolation that they wouldn't tear holes in the stage walls, or cross Cahuenga Pass and break windows in Hollywood.

"Sh-h-h—they're going to take the scene!" Kay told me. "Now don't get excited and step in front of the machine gun."

Kind but needless warning!

THE machine gunner squatted tensely behind his weapon. Electricians and camera operators within my range of view also tensed like racers on their marks. Miss Francis was visibly excited.

A camera boy held in the scene his board containing the scene number. "Turning!" someone called. "Action!" ordered Curtiz. "Click" went the signal to mark, audibly as well as visibly, the exact beginning of the scene for cameramen, sound men and film cutters.

Howard's voice came to me directly from the set, against a sound background of social chatter supplied by the extras. It was a bit more—well, expressive, for lack of a better term to describe it—than in the rehearsal. Despite his poise, this was *the scene,* not rehearsal, and it got that little extra vibration of emotion and shading and emphasis which a good actor can deliver only in the actual scene or when the play is on before a packed house.

I knew the spot at which the machine gun fire would break up that lively party, but in my excitement over the scene itself, I forgot it. The infernal thing ripped and shattered what had been—compared to it—profound silence. Kay and I jumped a foot or so, then looked out. We were just in time to see the extras, who had also taken off, alighting again. The cut-glass chandelier was spraying. For the first time I became aware that another machine gun, concealed somewhere else, was ripping plaster from the set wall at another angle. Two chattering, roaring bursts, then ear-ringing silence. Then an outburst of exclamations on the set, for the benefit of the microphones, and the script lines, and ad libbing by extras. One frequent comment in the hub-bub: "My deah—I say—is anybody hurt?"

Curtiz, as serene and thoughtful as ever, terminated the scene. Out onto the set rushed first-aid and makeup men. Again—but not for the sound machinery

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this time—I heard someone say: "Is anybody hurt?"

Howard walked off the set, shaking his coat lapels to rid them of glass slivers. Several extras were treated for scratches. That was all. Presently star and director faced each other inquiringly.

"Satisfactory?" Howard asked.

"As the French say, okay!" chuckled Curtiz. "Now for closeups. Then we'll move to the street set while they're cleaning this, and making those changes—are the Cossacks ready, Eric?"

THIS big set, built entirely inside one of the huge Warner Brothers sound stages, was partly "dressed" with very realistic-looking artificial snow. Just little drifts and eddies of it on bare pavement, or where it might catch in fences and trees of the Embassy courtyard and the street alongside, across which were three stories of a wall representing Moscow buildings. Here, not in any one scene but during an afternoon, I saw Cossacks charge into a disorderly mob in which Miss Francis seemed to be a leading spirit. I saw Kay struggle up from falling in the crush, under feet and whirling hooves of Cossack horses; saw her produce a revolver and shoot down a burly Cossack who was beating an old woman with his whip. Saw her slip for refuge into the Embassy garden, and saw Howard, who in scenes to be taken later would be shown watching the riot, first hide Kay—whom, in the story, he meets thus for the first time—then order a gigantic Cossack who was hunting for her off the grounds.

"This is British territory!" he shouts. "Get out!"

And with proper reluctance, the furred, bearded soldier got out.

Despite familiarity with movie sets, it never fails to impress me how speedily "big" scenes, with many people and long-range, comprehensive camera shots, are taken. Those of that first day were typical. And how slowly, and with what care, the seemingly uncomplicated, closer scenes with only the principals in them, are made.

Just a few days on the set with Howard, Kay, William Gargan, Walter Byron and others established two things pretty definitely in my mind. They are as follows:

One: I shall see *British Agent.* It promises to be the sort of picture that I like: intensely dramatic, pleasingly romantic, and with the background of what is probably the most significant event in thousands of years of human history — the Russian Revolution—fittingly subordinated to the more intimate and understandable story of a few human beings.

Second: I'm glad to be out of that melee with a whole skin. As for Howard, Kay and the rest of them—I wish them luck!

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Bing Tells the Truth!

[*Continued from page 27*]

me I had. I wasn't "ritzing" anyone. Lord knows anybody who wanted to see me could always get to me, but people don't take those things into consideration. Naturally, the management of the place where I was working was put out—and I got the reputation of being temperamental.

"Temperament" and "going Hollywood" are almost synonymous. There you have it.

When I walked out of the Grove, because they had repeatedly promised to put me at the head of the orchestra there and showed no signs of doing it, I had "gone Hollywood." I was ungrateful because they had given me another chance after Whiteman had practically fired me.

That's true, they had. But they didn't do it because they liked me or because they felt charitable—they did it because they felt I would draw people. If I hadn't, they would have fired me without the quiver of an eyelash. When I made good I felt they should make good on their promises. When they failed to do so I walked.

As I remarked, people don't always bother to analyze things. All they knew was I had been working at the Grove, they still wanted me and I wasn't there any more. So I had "gone Hollywood." It seemed to me I was merely standing up for my rights.

When Dixie and I first married we scrapped pretty constantly during the period we were adjusting ourselves. I had acquired the reputation of being a pretty heavy drinker so, of course, it was all my fault. I'd "gone Hollywood." A play was written once about the difficulties newlyweds have in accustoming themselves to each other. It was called *The First Year*. Audiences loved it and held their sides from laughing. The couple in that play weren't accused of having "gone Scranton." But when I had similar marital difficulties it wasn't funny to friends or even to strangers. I, undoubtedly, had "gone Hollywood."

WHEN I was ready for my first broadcast in New York I contracted laryngitis about an hour before I was to go on. I had been rehearsing in a refrigerated hall all day and I suppose the draft I had been in, coupled with the nervous excitement, settled in my throat. Immediately all my old cronies decided I was drunk. Would anyone, they asked themselves and each other, who hadn't "gone Hollywood" get drunk at a time like that? As a matter of fact, I hadn't even had a drink in over a week. But nobody would believe that.

Well, here's what I honestly think of all this: Very, very few people really "go Hollywood." You come out here after a little success on the stage or air and if there is any likelihood of your succeeding in pictures, people take you up. They want to ride the bandwagon with you. The Hollywood idea of hospitality is to shove a glass in your hand as soon as you get inside the door.

You're new out here and you don't like to refuse for fear of offending people and acquiring the reputation of being "high-hat." So you accept it. The glass is kept filled—until you're a flop. The human body can only stand so much punishment and the first thing you know you're in a fog.

Maybe you don't realize how much you've been drinking and it hits you all of a sudden. Perhaps you're unable to show up at the studio when you're wanted—perhaps you miss a party where they're expecting you later. Nobody tries to understand what's happened. They simply shrug and say you've "gone Hollywood."

After you've been out here awhile you adjust yourself. You learn that work comes first and if people want to feel offended because you refuse a drink—well, it's too bad.

I haven't been tight in so long I can't remember the last time. I still take a drink or two when I feel like it but when I feel I've had all I want I let the next one stand. If I don't happen to feel like drinking, I don't.

Dixie and I have learned all about each other's whims and foibles and how to deal with them. She remarked the other evening, that we haven't had a good row in so long neither of us could consider ourselves a contender for a Marital Wranglers Championship bout without at least six months' heavy training.

SOMETHING happened not long ago that upset me at first and then amused me. The make-up man on one of my pictures asked to be transferred to some other picture because I had "gone Hollywood." Asked in what way I had gone Hollywood, he said I was so gruff I made him uncomfortable.

I don't know whether he expected me to rush up and kiss him every morning or what. I always spoke civilly to the spook. When they asked what to do about it I said, "Sure, transfer him." If I had really gone Hollywood I would have kept him on for fear if I let him get away with what he wanted, people *would* think I'd gone Hollywood.

To sum it up in a nutshell, or maybe a cocoanut shell, here is what I mean when I say you don't have to "go Hollywood:"

Don't feel you have to kow-tow to everybody for fear of what they will say or think if you don't.

If you feel like taking a drink, take it. If you don't feel like it, refuse it.

If you're married and having troubles with your wife, keep your troubles to yourself.

If you're married and happy with your wife, keep your happiness to yourself. It's a typical Hollywood gesture, spreading your private affairs around town.

Don't feel you have to put up a "front" because you're a star. Live according to the dictates of your own desires. If it isn't in accordance with the way people feel befits your position, the devil with them.

In other words, borrowing from our old friend Shakespeare, "To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man!"

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Star Letters

[*Continued from page 9*]

Alice White

Dear Mr. Schroeder:

Recently I heard an actor complaining because your book had criticized a performance of his. When I came home I looked up the copy and read your article. Your remarks were constructive, and while not flattering to the ego, would have done much good to the young man, had he studied them and appreciated them.

Please do me the favor to criticize my work at any time. I love constructive fault finding. The only thing I ever resent—and most actors will agree, I'm sure—is when a writer makes remarks from a personal viewpoint. His job is one of service to his paper, to tell the public what he honestly thinks of a picture.

What we all want are real, truthful remarks from critics and editors. Give us plenty of them.

Sincerely,
ALICE WHITE.

Fay Wray

Dear Editor:

I thought it might interest you to know that I, for one—and I think the same may be said of many other motion picture actors and actresses—pay a great deal of attention to the criticism of our work in such publications as SCREEN BOOK, in which, I suppose, picture reviews are given primarily as a guide to theatre-goers.

As a matter of fact, I think I pay more attention to adverse criticism than to the favorable variety. That is, of course, the sort constructive enough to offer one ideas and suggestions for improvement, or definite enough to point out faults. As a rule, such reviews of my work have been invaluable aids in the improvement of my future portrayals.

In my opinion, the true aim and duty of criticism should be to justly discriminate, and honestly award. Don't you think so, too?

Very sincerely,
FAY WRAY.

Jean Harlow

Dear Editor:

May I make use of your department to answer a few of the questions most frequently reiterated in my fan mail? Questions which, Captain Fawcett tells me, also come to your magazine.

They pertain to the preservation of health, vitality and appearance, so important in the motion picture industry.

To protect my health, build my vitality and preserve my appearance I make these hobbies a necessity: swimming and golf. I am starved for fresh air, sunshine and exercise during the making of a picture, most of which is indoor work—from the time of making up early in the morning through the day's work before the cameras to seeing the "rushes" in crowded projection rooms at night. So between pictures I miss no opportunity for getting outdoor exercise.

While keeping fit in this manner preserves the appearance, I supplement it by caring for my skin and hair most carefully. I use fine, pure soap and creams twice a day, on my skin, finishing with ice water. And for my hair, twice a week my scalp gets a thorough massage with hot castor oil, then a soap shampoo. If I'm fortunate enough to have the time at the moment, I dry my hair in sunshine.

That answers those oft-repeated queries of my friends in full, I think. Regards to them and to you.

Cordially,
JEAN HARLOW.

Have you a question you wish answered by personal letter direct from Hollywood? See page 53.

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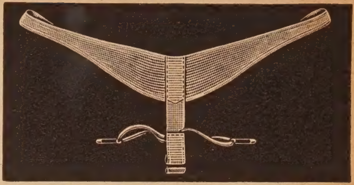

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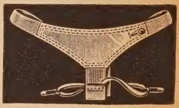

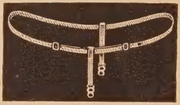

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Arliss

[*Continued from page* 35]

later, during that long illness which Mrs. Campbell had, when Bernard Shaw wrote those love letters in order to cheer her up, Mrs. Arliss called. The usual greetings over, Mrs. Arliss said, "Where's Pinky?" and looked about the room. Mrs. Campbell gave a sob and put her hand to her eyes. "Oh my dear, don't ask. Poor Pinky's gone to heaven. He's sitting on God's knee."

ARLISS stayed in America when Mrs. Campbell left. David Belasco secured him for *The Darling of the Gods*, and in this, after long and arduous rehearsals in Japanese shoes and arduous rehearsals for nearly two years. At the end of that engagement, a short holiday in England and a bad illness. There he joined Mrs. Fiske and remained, as he describes it, in the bosom of her company for three good years.

As to the manner in which Arliss was made a star, the story cannot be told better than in his own dry words. "On the night of August 18th, 1908, there were produced two versions of the same play at two separate New York theaters. Both of them bore the same title, *The Devil*, as a matter of fact. Whereas on the 18th the electric sign outside the Belasco Theater read 'The Devil with George Arliss,' on the 19th one of those mysterious mechanics who manipulate electric signs with such amazing ease caused it to read 'George Arliss in "The Devil",' and so in one bound I had the unique distinction of becoming a star in one night, since when I have made no effort to escape from the position."

During all these years, and they were years of great success, Arliss had been nursing a keen and secret desire to appear as Mr. Disraeli and to find the proper manager with whom to play the part. He gave the idea to Tyler at breakfast in a New York hotel in a moment during a discussion as to the choice of a future play.

Tyler jumped at it, and going soon to London, commissioned Louis N. Parker to set to work at hot speed. Arliss followed him, called on Louis Parker

ANSWERS TO TEST
on page 37

If you wrote "false" after every statement on page 37, your score is 100 per cent. Frances Drake was born in America . . . Baby LeRoy's mother lives with him in Hollywood . . . Marie Dressler was born in Canada . . . Greta Garbo was interviewed several times when she first came to this country . . . Wallace Beery was once married to Gloria Swanson . . . Paul Lukas owns his own airplane and flies it constantly . . . Janet Gaynor has been wed once to Lydell Peck, from whom she is separated . . . Jimmy Cagney is a good boxer but has never been a professional . . . Clark Gable appeared on the Broadway stage, but later won his way to stardom in Hollywood via the extra route . . . Creighton Chaney is the only son of the late Lon Chaney.

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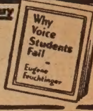

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whom he had never met before and "found him rather stout and rather short and more than rather fierce." He told him that he had come to show him the sort of man he was and also to remind him that he was waiting for the play. "For the first and the last time we were exceedingly polite. We afterwards became very rude and very great friends."

Months passed away and no play arrived, and with a certain amount of impatience Arliss called again. He found Parker much disturbed. "I don't think I can write this Disraeli play," he said. "I've tried, but it's all no go. His life, it isn't dramatic—I mean theatrically, of course. He was in love with his own wife and nobody else, you see. He did lots of great things but they're no good for the stage. But I don't want you to think that I haven't had a try. The first act is written but it isn't any good. If you'd care to hear it I'll read it to you now."

Arliss heard it and liked it, coached the reluctant Parker through all the remaining acts, produced the play in America in the due course of time where, after it wobbled badly from the box-office point of view, it became a tremendous success.

The rest of the little story, so far as it has gone, with Arliss still securely at the top of his self-made tree, is very well known of course. Long may it continue to the benefit of us all. Whether in plays or pictures, the delicacy, the patience, the painstaking and indefatigable care and, above all, the kindness and the consideration of this most charming man increase as he goes on. But only the closest and most intimate of his friends, those who respect and love him as the man behind the scenes, know how beautifully and truly he has played his best star part, his part as the husband of his "beloved Flo" whom he married as a struggling actor in "the prettiest church on the prettiest day" in this struggling world of ours.

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6 00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1 15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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The big sissies! These two lads, former all-American football players, are having their tresses curled for rôles in *Cleopatra.* Nellie Marie Manley is doing the job and making the boys like it

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ARIZONA
Jimmy Cagney and Gloria Stuart see the world through a lifesaver while at work on *Hey, Sailor!*

Whatcha got there, Philo? Warren William is getting fingerprints from everything, including prop guns, to get into character for his rôle as master sleuth Vance in *The Dragon Murder Case*

Handclaps and Hisses

[*Continued from page* 10]

we need is a campaign to make them safe for adults. At present the children and adults with child minds have all the best of it. Anyone who likes really high class productions has to wait for them; the children can see a picture they like any time. As for such things as sex, frankness is better than imitation, which always seems to get by the censors. We need more pictures for intelligent adults and nothing should be taken away that will lessen their value as entertainment, whether it is safe for children or not.—**Dare V. Redmond, Alexander, N. C.**

$1.00 Letter

Versatile Norma Shearer

NORMA SHEARER is one player who has shot to smithereens the theory that once you've arrived in Hollywood you must be "type." Her heroine in *Private Lives* was saucy and almost slapstick. As Nina, the heroine who was something of a liar, she took us down to the tragic depths in *Strange Interlude.* In *A Free Soul* and *Strangers May Kiss* she gave us two ladies whose souls were two shades deeper than scarlet. Then she forsook the neurotic and unconventional heroines to relax in the fragrant romance of *Smilin' Through.* Now, in *Riptide,* she gives us the daringly sophisticated Lady Mary. Don't you think that this is proof enough that no actress needs to be cast in a "standard rôle?"—**Kay Matthews, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.**

$1.00 Letter

Give Bennett a Chance!

WILL someone please explain to me why producers tangle and twist screen personalities? Because a star clicks in a flicker every picture that follows is a poorly camouflaged attempt to repeat. "Typed" they call it. "STUPIDITY," I call it. Constance Bennett has been wronged so many times that I see large red letters on her slim shoulders whenever she appears—"Wronged—but not forgotten." Comedy is her birthright. Why not give Connie a chance to recuperate from her long siege of foot-dragging, what-will-become-of-my-child roles, and give her comedy? I'll wager that those who see no further than their noses would get the surprise of their lives. Come on, Connie, give us comedy and watch your fan mail bury the post office.—**F. Silverton, 1010 Haight St., San Francisco, Calif.**

Baby LeRoy, careless of the menacing shadow of Shirley Temple across his path of Fame, enjoys a few nonchalant moments on his new kiddie car

$1.00 Letter

Join the Club!

A GROUP of us have organized a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences." Whenever one of us is stung with a poor feature film, he notifies all the rest and we make it a point to stay away. Try it in your city and make the box office receipts speak for us!—**Marcia Montgomery, 207 Kelvin Place, Ithaca, N. Y.**

$1.00 Letter

We'd Like to Meet Her

I'VE just seen *Registered Nurse,* starring Bebe Daniels. I enjoyed the performance immensely but why can't producers see that their players are dressed in accordance with their portrayals? For instance, the nurses wore high-heeled pumps instead of oxfords. Nurses were called by their nicknames. And since when do nurses on duty wear jewelry and makeup (especially lipstick) while they are attending patients? We nurses like to see ourselves as we really are.—**Mrs. Edward D. Jones, Oak Hill, Ohio.**

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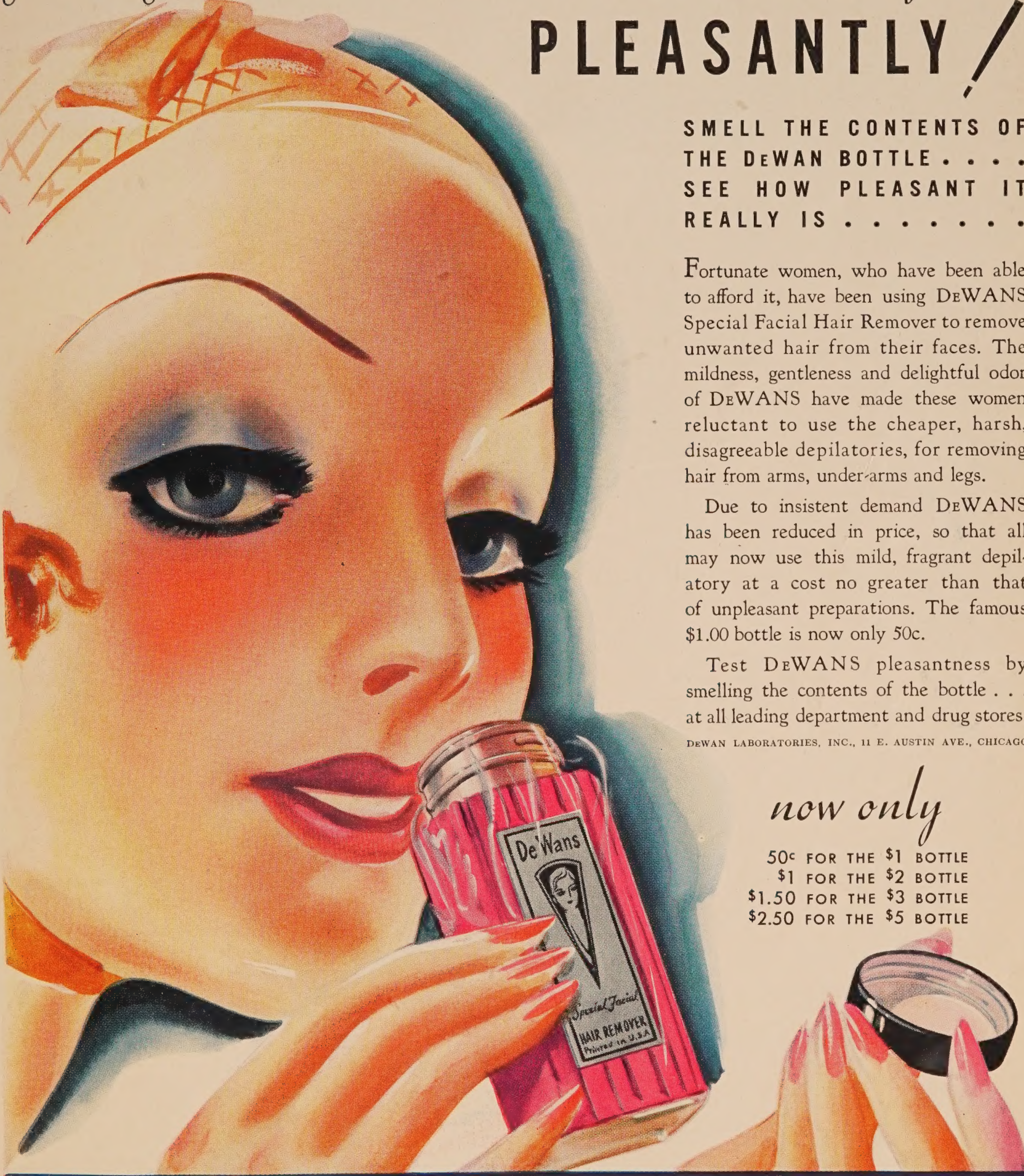

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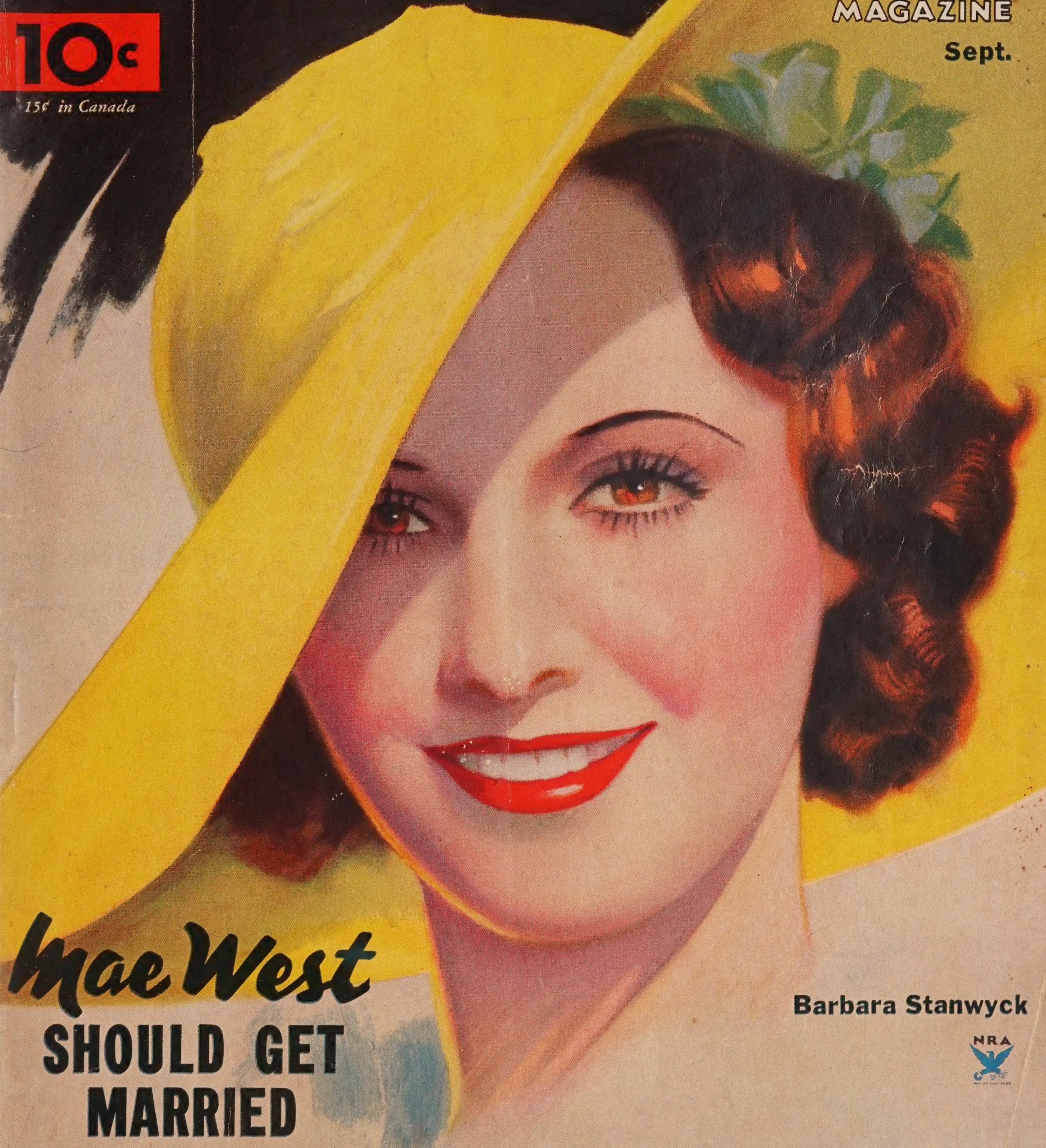

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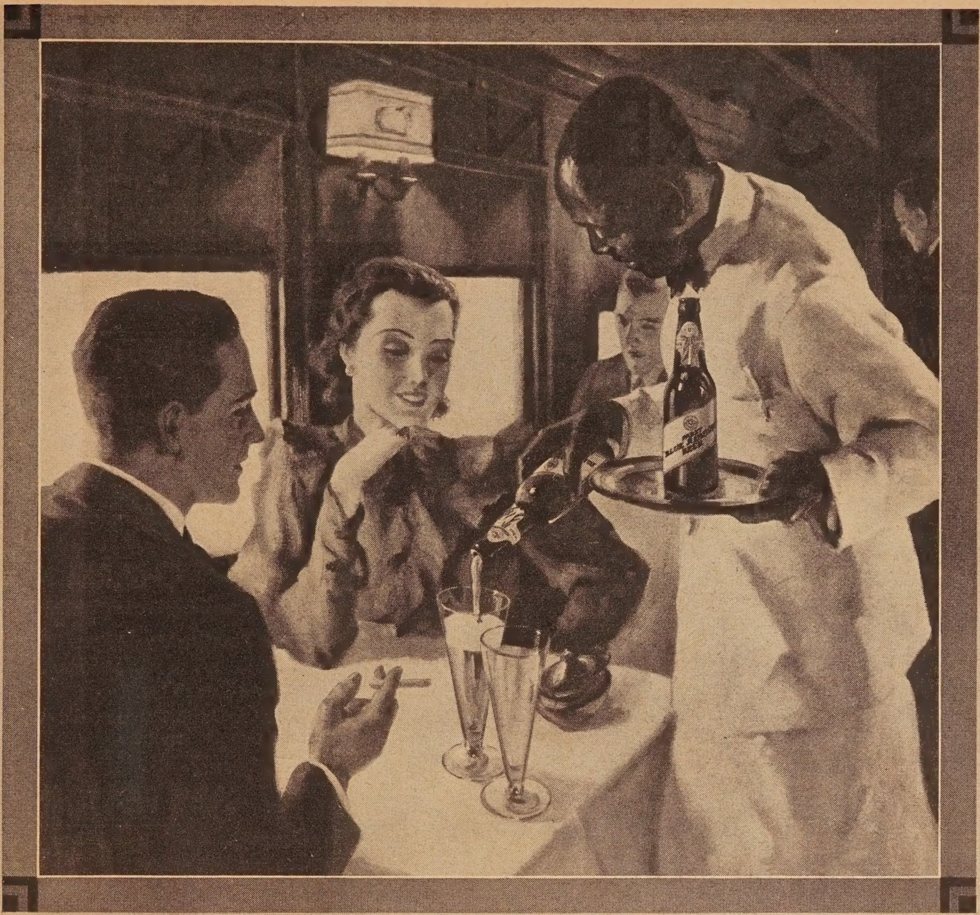
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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

SEPTEMBER, 1934 VOL. XIII NO. 2

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor
CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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October SCREEN BOOK HAS IT!

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SCREEN BOOK'S Star Reporter unfolds a landslide of hidden intimate news about Movieland favorites. Read your gossip here first

Hollywood is cheering Virginia Bruce in her comeback picture, *Jane Eyre*

Janet Gaynor Hurt

NEWS the newspapers didn't print is the story of Janet Gaynor's recent accident. While learning to ride a bicycle, Janet experimented on a hill with a sharp turn at the bottom. Result: Severe cuts, bruises and aches—but fortunately no broken bones.

Shys At Marriage

"I LOVE Bob Ritchie," says Jeanette MacDonald, "but I'm filled with apprehension when I think of marriage. On every hand I see the failure of the institution and its destruction of love and meddling of lives."

Mae Battles Gangsters

MAE WEST'S bullet proof automobile has a special bodyguard whether or not Mae West is in it—to keep some gangster from secretly dropping a bomb inside. Her license number is clever. It's rightly 2W3, but the 3 is slanted sideways to make it read "MW."

—*Wide World*

Three great pals, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper arrive at the studio for work in Paramount's *Now and Forever*

—*Wide World*

They're all wet! Peggy Shannon, Wynne Gibson, Arline Judge and Randolph Scott get themselves all tangled up in seaweed to escape the heat on the hottest day of the year at Malibu Beach

Secret Meeting Place

IRENE DUNNE now has a house in Chicago where between pictures she can keep a rendezvous with her husband. A midway station to escape from her work in Hollywood and his in New York.

Hollywood Nudist?

DOROTHY BURGESS, playing the rôle of a white priestess of a voodoo clan in *Black Moon*, strayed out into the desert near a film location to get a suntan. She returned an hour or so later, accompanied at a respectable distance by a bearded desert prospector. "Just wanted to see if they was startin' a nudist colony out here," the little old man explained. Dorothy was burned—but not by the sun!

It's Humiliatin'

"WAS I mortified!" exclaims Jimmy Durante, telling about a visit he paid to the Brown Derby with his father. "Was I mortified when the governor dunked rolls in his coffee—*with the wrong hand*!"

Joe's Tough Luck

JOE E. BROWN opens his mouth to say that he's glad to be back in Hollywood after his tours in the Orient. It seems that travelling would be all right if customs officials everywhere didn't suspect a fellow of concealing bales of silk and crates of hashish in his mouth.

We Can't Tell

HOW quickly the famous forget! There are two photographers in New York to whom stars went in the days when they were unknown, saying that if the pictures brought them fame the photographer would be paid handsomely. The pictures brought fame, all right. But were the photographers paid? No—and WOULD you be surprised if the names were revealed!

Ginger Turning Producer?

"PUTTING on my own musical show," Ginger Rogers admits, "is a pet idea of mine. I've been toying with

[*Continued on page* 8]

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in Fannie Hurst's "Imitation of Life"

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

Read
It First In
SCREEN
BOOK

[*Continued from page 6*]

On guard, Doug! An advance peek at the thrilling duel scene in Doug Fairbanks' English-made picture, *The Private Life of Don Juan*

the idea for some time and get no end of fun putting down casts, ideas for tunes, songs, settings, etc. I've even designed some of the costumes. *Three to Get Ready* is the title—and it's for the stage. For the movies later, I hope, if it clicks."

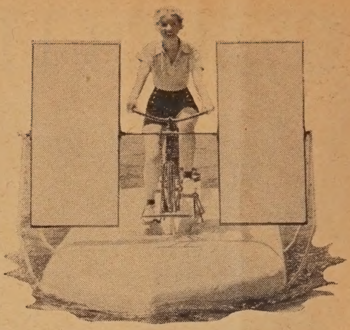
Will Makes 'Em Sore

THE party Will Rogers gave the cast of *Ah Wilderness* at his Santa Monica Ranch made a big impression on some of his guests—especially the ones who hadn't been on a horse for years, if ever. His hospitality included a trip all over the ranch on saddle horses. A few people were downright sore.

Lupe Proves It

WHEN reporters learned that Lupe Velez was willing to prove that she didn't have a single bruise, in denying the horrid story spread around by some old meanies who claimed Johnny Weissmuller was a big brute, world news paled into insignificance and six point type. Some slight knowledge of reporters causes this department to wonder how many bruises Lupe has now.

Here comes the color corps! A trio of beauties from *Dames* takes Old Glory for a stroll



Something new! A watercycle, with Genevieve Tobin all set for a race in the blue Pacific

Beauty Judges

LUNCH with Billie Burke and Earl Carroll in a studio cafe is something, on account of all the chorines in the place parade past. These two people, one of them a famous musical show producer and one the widow of the late Glorifier of American Girls, can spot an especially attractive number on sight; any song-and-dance girl would rather be recognized by either of them than by Russia.

Strange Appetite

THERE'S a raccoon, one of Jean Parker's pets, in the cast of *Sequoia*, with a schoolgirl interior—at least it raided Norma Shearer's makeup box and consumed enough cosmetics to last a chorus girl a year.

Try This

IN CASE you want to visit Douglass Montgomery's new Hollywood home, here are the directions he's giving: "Turn east off Western Avenue at Live Oak, then turn left off Live Oak into Black Oak, then turn off Black Oak into Verde Oak. By that time if you haven't found it you've got a case of Poison Oak."

Want To Be A Star?

DON'T suspect every guy who tells you "You oughta be in pictures." Four major movie studios are conducting secret talent hunts all over the United States—so it just possibly might not be the same old line. And in case it isn't, you'll need the advice contained in Mildred Duim's article on page 38.

DRESS LIKE THE STARS!
You can order patterns of the delightful new frocks worn by Marian Nixon and Ada Cavell. See page 53.

He'd be hanged if he'd kiss the Duchess *and he'd be hanged* if he didn't . . . .

The Duke wanted to straighten Cellini out . . . with a rope! The Duchess wanted him beheaded! Either way, he was in for a necking party. And he finally got it...in the Duchess' arms!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

CONSTANCE
BENNETT
FREDRIC
MARCH

in "*The* **AFFAIRS** *of* **CELLINI**"

with

Fay WRAY · Frank MORGAN

Directed by GREGORY La CAVA
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

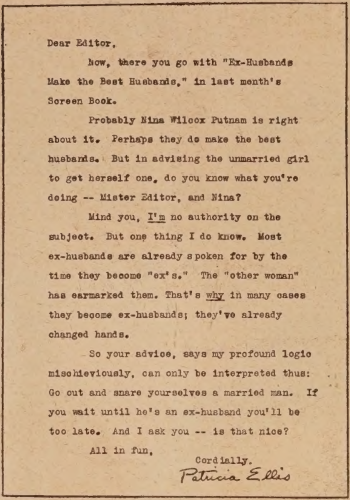
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

20th CENTURY PICTURE

STAR LETTERS

A department devoted to genuine letters from the stars on subjects of current interest

Patricia Ellis disagrees violently with Nina Wilcox Putnam who declared in last month's SCREEN BOOK that "ex-husbands make best husbands." Pat doesn't want her men "ear-marked"



Dear Editor,

Now, there you go with "Ex-Husbands Make the Best Husbands," in last month's Screen Book.

Probably Nina Wilcox Putnam is right about it. Perhaps they do make the best husbands. But in advising the unmarried girl to get herself one, do you know what you're doing -- Mister Editor, and Nina?

Mind you, *I'm* no authority on the subject. But one thing I do know. Most ex-husbands are already spoken for by the time they become "ex's." The "other woman" has earmarked them. That's *why* in many cases they become ex-husbands; they've already changed hands.

So your advice, says my profound logic mischievously, can only be interpreted thus: Go out and snare yourselves a married man. If you wait until he's an ex-husband you'll be too late. And I ask you -- is that nice?

All in fun,

Cordially,

Patricia Ellis

"It shows what she really thinks of me, pro and con"

Dear Editor:

I have a double reason for thanking you for that article about me, published under my wife's signature in the June issue of SCREEN BOOK.

First, it's an excellent article. A gentleman couldn't say less about something for which his wife is responsible, now could he? (You might let her know I said that to you—in confidence, of course, so she won't think I'm flattering her.)

Second, it shows what she really thinks of me, pro and con. I'll keep it for reference, and at the proper occasion confront her with it. She can't deny what's there in black and white, signed and dated. (But don't warn her about that. It'll be a surprise.)

Regards to yourself and all the readers—many of whom, I am sure, were among the folk who treated me so royally during my recent personal appearances. And I hope you'll all like *Chained,* about which I personally am particularly enthusiastic at this writing.

Cordially,

Clark Gable

Dear Editor:

For some reason, I'm elected unofficial correspondent of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1934 in this particular—and pleasant—matter of extending our best to SCREEN BOOK, its editors and readers.

We are great chums now, as you may imagine—all thirteen of us, brought together for the first time as candidates for baby stardom by the boys of the Wampas organization, then chosen as the lucky thirteen; then cast in groups, or even the whole thirteen of us, in various pictures! And, of course, our tours, such as that to the Shrine Convention in Minneapolis, helped to make us quite a movie sorority.

We are Judith Arlen, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Anne Meredith, Jacqueline Wells, Katherine Williams, and

Your humble correspondent,

Gi Gi Parrish

Dear Editor and Readers:

Would you please convey to your readers my thanks in regard to the recent contest for the most promising young actress of 1934? It is extremely encouraging at this stage of my career, and I deeply appreciate having been voted the winner of this contest by SCREEN BOOK's readers.

Yours sincerely,

Frances Drake

Dear Contest Winner:

Thanks for your fine letter. I am glad such a kindly letter won the contest, for you see I had nothing to do but be the subject of discussion, and wait in suspense for what was said about me!

"There is no argument about the dire consequences that result from being 'typed'"

In mentioning the danger of being "typed," you speak of the nightmare of most of the film boys and girls. One thing you perhaps do not know about most players who become more or less definitely typed, is that the instant they depart from the familiar characterization, they are very apt to be deluged immediately with mail from the theater patrons, suggesting, commanding, even begging that they go back to the original hit type of rôle.

Yet there is no argument about the danger and the dire consequences that sometimes result from being "typed." As for myself, naturally I am always hoping for that ideal vehicle—don't we all?—which will make such a hit that past successes of mine will be overshadowed, and which will launch me out the conqueror of new histrionic fields.

Thank you again for your helpful and sincere criticism.

With best wishes,

Joan Blondell

Dear Editor:

May I join some of your readers who must have enjoyed a hearty chuckle at Emily Post's quips on movie manners in the August issue of SCREEN BOOK? I agree with the interviewer, Nanette Kutner, that Emily must be a person blessed with a grand sense of humor. And I'm glad of that, for what a kick she must get out of deciding what's "etiquette" and what's not! Not unlike being a referee or an umpire!

Now I personally am no authority, and therefore only report the fun some others had at the Paramount cafe one day, reading the article and discussing this new phase of that ever-popular subject, "what's wrong with the movies?" One comment sounded so logical to these youthful ears, however, and came from the lips of such a distinguished and traveled gentleman that I venture to repeat it, in substance.

"Eskimos now kiss instead of rubbing noses. Good Moslems shake hands"

The movies, he remarked have a world audience. And it may be that they are fast standardizing the world; they say movie-wise Eskimos now kiss instead of rubbing noses, good Moslems shake hands, Japanese no longer consider kissing a nasty habit and public bathing nice. But it's a bit too soon, he believes, to teach the world one method of holding a teacup, one "right" type of servant, one "right" thing to say for each occasion!

Just the same, we enjoyed the article, and always enjoy SCREEN BOOK. With personal greetings to all,

Cordially,

Ida Lupino

Dear Editor:

Please don't think I'm writing this letter to advertise *Murder in the Private Car,* my latest M-G-M picture. *Oh, no!* . . . But seriously, even if I do accidentally get in a good word for the picture, I have a complaint to register about it.

I'm all jitters, and so would you be if you'd have worked in that scary thing with that gorilla and that monkey! Out there in the audience you'll be holding your sides laughing, but just remember poor me. It was no laughing matter for me! And I had gorilla nightmares, too.

Go ahead and laugh! Everybody else in the cast laughed at me, too, and pretended not to be scared. Can I help it if I can't bear to go near a zoo now, and if that boy I know who has such wild hair and bushy eyebrows nearly frightens me to death?

Shiveringly yours,

Mary Carlisle

Dear Editor:

Can one make a second appearance in SCREEN BOOK's Star Letter department? I have been following it with interest, and I know that it is a favorite department with many an actor and actress in the film studios.

This, my second letter since the department's inception, is to suggest that you more frequently use the sort of story on the actual

[*Continued on page* 66]

The Index to Future Pictures

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Wray, Fay—*Woman In the Dark*
Young, Loretta—*Hideout*

Skinny!
WANT NEW CURVES
QUICK? listen to this

5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Helen Roethle

20 pounds
"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." *Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.*

F. E. Sherrill

11 lbs. quick
"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." *Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.*

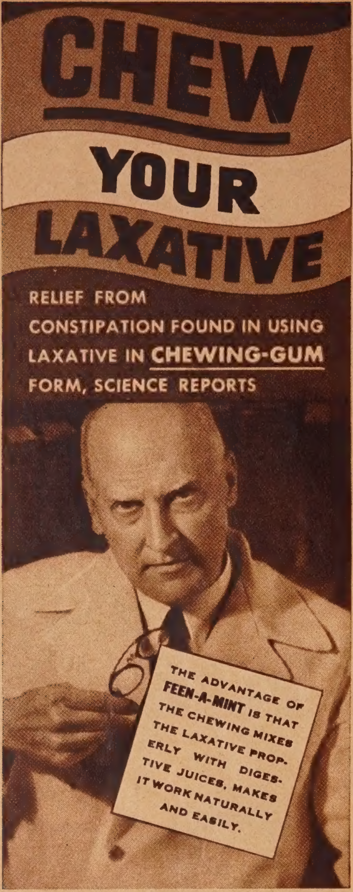
Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.


THE ADVANTAGE OF FEEN-A-MINT IS THAT THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE PROPERLY WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES, MAKES IT WORK NATURALLY AND EASILY.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING LAXATIVE IN **CHEWING-GUM** FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS

Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the *lower* intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

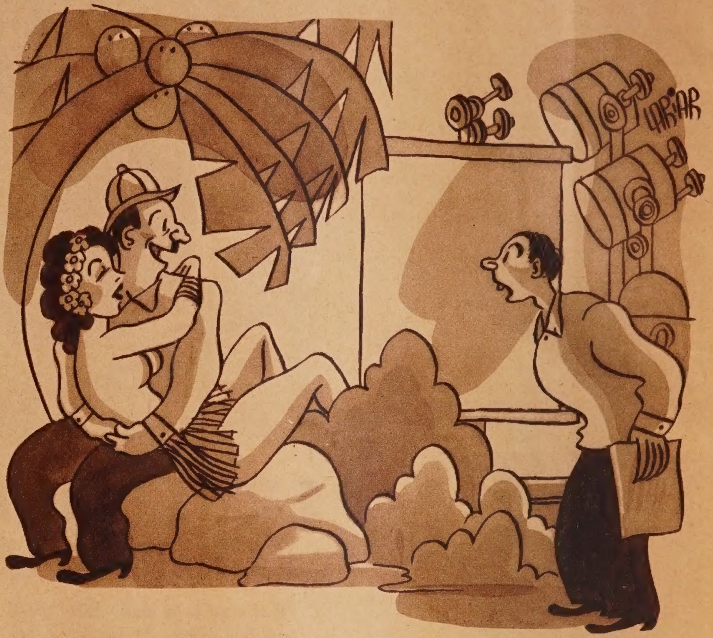
I REALLY LOVE THE TASTE OF **FEEN-A-MINT**—AND IT CERTAINLY WORKS MORE EFFECTIVELY AND SMOOTHLY THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE I'VE EVER TRIED.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

$100.00 *in* CASH

For the Best Answers in SCREEN BOOK'S New Hollywood Gag Contest



What is it the jungle picture director is saying to his assistant? Send in your answer!

"Wire Hollywood: ...."
Fill in this line

Your Name ....

Address ....

City .... **State** ....

HOW TO COMPETE

As you read through this issue of SCREEN BOOK, pick out words and phrases that make an amusing "gag line" for the above cartoon. For example, you might use the title on page 23 with this result: "Wire Hollywood:—*Born to Be Kissed* is the appropriate title of her new picture." Or by taking a line from the Margaret Sullavan story on page 17—"Wire Hollywood:—I don't even know on what grounds she obtained a divorce."

Look through the stories and advertisements carefully and send in as many last lines as you please. All answers must be some sentence or phrase taken from stories or advertisements in this issue of SCREEN BOOK.

THE RULES

It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Merely send in the above cartoon or a reasonable facsimile with your "gag lines" to the Hollywood Gag Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. SCREEN BOOK readers everywhere, with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications or their relatives are eligible to compete. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole contest judges and in case of tie, prizes will be awarded to entries received first. So send yours in early! All entries must be received on or before midnight of September 1, 1934.

First Prize, $50.00 Second Prize, $25.00 Third Prize, $10.00
Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Prizes, $5.00 Each

HANDCLAPS and HISSES

$15.00 Letter

Love—Not Pawing

"Loves the heroine in the right way"

TRUE confessions from a married woman: Clark Gable stirred me as I have never been stirred before in *It Happened One Night.* I thought, "I'd like to be loved by somebody like that!" LOVED—not PAWED. If there is such a thing as chivalry, Peter Horne, disheveled reporter, had it. Think of it! He loves the heroine in the right way, and how mad you are about him through it all. Claudette Colbert, never more attractive, gets her man without benefit of triple exposure gowns. As a real girl she rings the bell. Not a kiss in a starload—yet *It Happened One Night* stirs you with romantic longings!

You made this picture, Frank Borzage,
And so I hand you this corsage,
Screen petting suffers (so I think)
From too much general massage.

P. S.

Is my pronunciation groggy?
And does your name team up with foggy?
Or maybe hague or perchance age
It really ought to rhyme with stage!

—B. B. O'Connor, 211 Rosamond St., Lansing, Mich.

$10.00 Letter

Dumb Dora

MONUMENTALLY dumb, that's me. For after viewing *Twentieth Century,* starring John Barrymore and Carole Lombard, I brazenly confess that my carborundum cranium remains amazingly impervious to the "why" and "wherefore" of this celluloid enigma. Following two hours of this labyrinthine insanity, I staggered from the theater with only one conviction—at last, here is a vehicle so robustly inconsequential as to carry with impunity the staggering burden of the younger Barrymore's ego **—Hope Wynn, P. O. Box 2171, West Bay Annex, Jacksonville, Florida.**

"Staggering burden—Barrymore's ego"

Who is the Screen's Greatest Star?

WRITE YOUR ANSWER AND WIN A PRIZE!

A chorus beauty appearing in *Dames*

SCREEN BOOK is anxious to have its readers choose "Hollywood's Greatest Star." Write your letter today, nominating your favorites. Results, with the winning prize letters, will be published in an early issue. Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of tie; the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

$5.00 Letter

Malicious Whispering

A STAR certainly is hindered in her career by malicious whisperings. In some cases there has been so much of this gossip that the producers have retired the lady from circulation. However, I judge my favorites by their screen performances alone. I don't care if in her private life each is a combination of Du Barry, Pompadour, Cleopatra and Camille. But many devotees of the films want the doves to be spotless in character as well as in looks. Give the stars a break, I say.—**Richard Rake, 154 N. Vermillion St., Danville, Ill.**

$1.00 Letter

Roaring At Riptide

RIPTIDE had an inartistic and antiquated beginning—"Woman with a Past." Why not leave such rôles for Jean Harlow and Mae West? To my mind Norma Shearer is much too sweet and aristocratic to play such. If she continues with such a program I am certain she will be ruined for finer and truly feminine rôles and be fit only to play cheaper parts.—**Pauline Baxa, 29 Sedgewick Street, Buckhannon, West Virginia.**

"She will be ruined for finer rôles"

$1.00 Letter

Believe It Or Not

I HAVE been taught to be rather conservative and perhaps that is the reason why I noticed this article about Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK. It is stated that Tracy and Pryor were the two fastest talkers alive. This is not true. The fastest talker alive, "Believe It or Not—By Ripley," is a woman. She gave Lincoln's Gettysburg address in thirty seconds.—**Joyce Busker, 203 South Maple St., Newkirk, Okla.**

Advice To Parents

IF SHIRLEY TEMPLE has sensible parents she will be a good actress, for they will see to it that she is not spoiled by her work; if not, she will be a stuck-up prig with no regard for other people's opinions.—**James D. Burbank, 1619 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.**

[*Continued on page* 74]

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

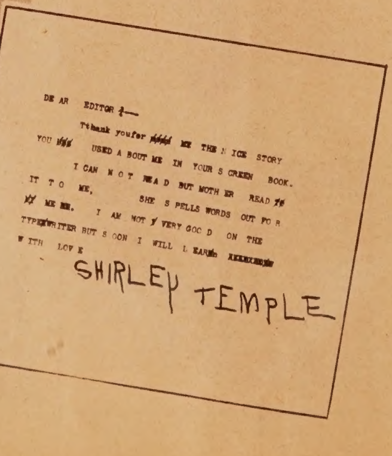
Henry Hull to Hollywood . . . Garbo will be going home again . . . SCREEN BOOK nabs a Broadway columnist . . . The Ten Most Useful Citizens of Movieland

Dear Readers,

NOW that the boss has gone on a vacation, I can say practically anything I want and get away with it—until he gets back.

He has just received a letter from Shirley Temple, the first the little tike has ever written. Even if it is addressed to the boss, you know who she means. It was your Stooge who discovered little Shirley's box office appeal more than three months ago on this very page. Weeks later movie bosses woke up to the fact that they had a real find.

Shirley Temple as she is seen in *Baby, Take a Bow*



DE AR EDITOR :—

Tthank youfor [illegible] ME THE N ICE STORY

YOU [illegible] USED A BOUT ME IN YOUR S CREEN BOOK.

I CAN N O T READ BUT MOTH ER READ [illegible]

IT T O ME, SHE S PELLS WORDS OUT FO R

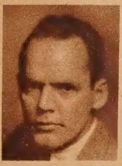
[illegible] ME ME. I AM NOT VERY GOO D ON THE

TYPEWRITER BUT S OON I WILL L EARN [illegible]

W ITH LOV E

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

REMEMBER the story of *The Big Bad Wolf, Three Little Pigs* and *The Foolish Grasshopper?* Let me give you a tip. Mr. Walt Disney goes them all one better with his latest, the story of *Who Killed Cock Robin?* It is the epic story of Robin Redbreast who woos and wins Jenny Wren, only to have Spike Sparrow and his gang muscle in. Paul Parrott, prosecuting attorney, and Superior Judge Oliver Owl save the day for love-nesting in a smashing, breath-taking climax.



"Henry Hull—as a dramatic personage, he looms above all others"

THOSE who are poo-pooing the movies for lack of judgment are on the damp side as usual, for the screen today recognizes talent and talent recognizes the screen. As evidence I give you the recent signing of Henry Hull by Universal for *Great Expectations.* Hull, whose performance in *Tobacco Road* has been the talk of Broadway for almost a year, is a master character artist. Unfortunately strict censorship forbids him such strong but delightful dialogue such as his famous "B'G'd 'n B'Jeeez" line, but he won't need it to be a screen success, for as a dramatic personage he looms above all others.

"Marilyn O'Connon—more than 'just another show girl'"

I'LL take a back seat to nobody as a discoverer of talent. Right next door to Shirley Temple in Pasadena lives a nineteen-year-old girl who will be heard from before long. Last season she danced in the *Follies* under an assumed name and her beauty attracted much attention. She has a certain aristocratic charm and undeniable dramatic talent that makes her more than "just another show girl." Marilyn O'Connon is her name, and all I ask for this send-off is that she pays me off with a smile.

LET me warn you that before long you are going to *read and read* about how Garbo is tired of it all and going back to Sweden to live the rest of her life in peaceful solitude. All this because she is about to begin her last picture, *The Painted Veil,* under her current Metro contract. But when the storm of pure publicity has subsided, Greta will oh so reluctantly sign her name to a new contract for about twice as much money. Ho hum!

AT DINNER with Louis Sobol, whom many consider the best of New York columnists, he told me a story of ambition that is just as remarkable as the account of Ruby Keeler's rise, elsewhere in this issue. Pointing to the cigarette girl, Sobol related how for several years the lassie has been taking one or two months off from her job of peddling stogies to Broadway's playboys to take a small rôle with some stock company. When the run is over she resumes her lowly task, always dreaming of the day when she will be a great actress. And who is there to say that she won't attain the goal?

[*Continued on page* 73]

Information Please

What has become of Eric Stroheim? **Answer: He will soon be seen as the star of *Fugitive Road*, a Maury Cohen production**

What is Colleen Moore's latest picture? **Answer: She will be next seen as Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's famous *Scarlet Letter***

Conducted by Doris Jean

Where was Dick Powell's birthplace? What will his next picture be and who will be his leading lady? Is he as nice in person as he seems on the screen?—*Robert Cottingham, Corydon, Kentucky.*

Dick Powell was born in Mt. View, Arkansas. His next picture will be *Flirtation Walk* and his leading lady will be Ruby Keeler. Pat O'Brien will also be in the picture. Dick Powell is a very genial young man, quite as nice in person as he could ever be on the screen.

Is the mole or whatever it is on Jean Harlow's lower left cheek natural, or is it a part of her make-up? It moved to her right cheek in the picture I have of the darling. Gosh! But isn't it cute, whatever it is?—*Paul H. Sweet, Knoxville, Tenn.*

I am a little afraid the mole or whatever it is on Jean Harlow's cheek is put there. It is not real. It *is* sorta cute, isn't it?

Is Nancy Carroll going to be in pictures any more? Where can I reach her to get an autographed picture? Is her hair natural?—*Gladys Rosenberg, Brookline, Mass.*

Yes, Nancy Carroll has just signed a long-term contract with Columbia. Although it is not yet definitely settled, she is scheduled to play the lead in Frank Capri's next picture *Broadway Bill*. You can probably get an autographed picture of Nancy by writing her in care of the Columbia Studio and enclosing a quarter. Her hair is naturally a beautiful auburn-red.

Would Janet Gaynor, Joan Blondell and Constance Bennett send me some of their clothes they don't want any more if I wrote direct to them?—*Helen, Bel Air, Maryland.*

So many requests of this sort come to us and to the stars that I am glad to have the opportunity to answer this question. No stars ever send clothes to fans because they have so many relatives, friends and people whose needs they know and feel obliged to meet, that the clothes they cannot use themselves never fully meet their need.

Can you tell me where I may write to Evelyn Venable? When is her birthday? What is her height and weight? What will be the title of her next picture?—*Helen B. Brown, Reading, Mass.*

You may write to Evelyn Venable at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. Her birthday is October 18. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She will make *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* as her next picture.

FREE PERSONAL REPLIES

Doris Jean will be glad to answer your questions, personally, but please do not send more than three at a time, and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop (U. S. postage only). She cannot, however, answer questions concerning religion or the subject of getting jobs. Address your letter to Doris Jean, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Where is Johnny Weissmuller from, and what did he do before he went into the movies? Does he have any brothers or sisters? **Answer: Chicago is Johnny's native town. He has always been a swimmer—at one time a life guard and of later years very active in Illinois Athletic Club swimming meets. Looks like a hard life, doesn't it? He has one brother, Pete, who is also an excellent swimmer and diver, and also good looking but very blond**

DAMES

There are millions of them in Warner's newest and grandest musical. You can't miss it!

Cutest and sauciest of all the chorus ladies is Diane Bourget, who looks a little like Joan Crawford and helps to make *Dames* one of the pictures you'll remember long after your pocketbook has ceased to be amazed at the small cost of such remarkable entertainment

Three nameless beauties from the hundreds of heart-breakers who spice the celluloid

The headliners of *Dames*—Joan Blondell, Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler

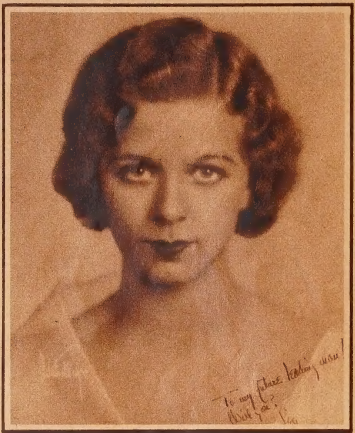
Just before rehearsal, Ruby Keeler (in trousers) poses with the chorus

Margaret Sullavan's Mystery Husband Talks

"I Was Only Her Husband"

Henry Fonda admits that he still admires Margaret Sullavan, but emphatically denies that there will be a reconciliation

At last, Henry Fonda, Broadway's most promising young actor, tells the dramatic story of his romance with Margaret Sullavan and reveals why their marriage ended


To my future leading man!
Will you?

"I'll Never Go Back"

Thus, without bitterness, Fonda speaks of the star who once gave him this portrait with the autograph—"To my future leading man! Will you?"

By
Boris Nicholai

"NO, BORIS, I'll never go back," Henry Fonda told me. And something in that grim, determined glance from his dark, Italian eyes made me believe him . . . and made me feel sorry for that boy whose house Hollywood has ruined.

Who is Henry Fonda? And why won't he go back? And to whom or what won't he return? These, and a million other questions enter your mind. Little, if anything has been written about this boy. Yet when all of Broadway knelt before her, Margaret Sullavan decided against fame, and possibly like Katharine Hepburn but certainly with that sheer emotional honesty of a girl in love, chose the sweetheart of her darker days to be her husband. This boy is Henry Fonda!

"No, Boris. I'll never go back," he was saying, and it stunned me. High up we sat, lunching in the fashionable Hotel Astor and watching the people pass below us. Almost constantly a steady stream of people stopped at our table to wish Hank well. And why not? Hasn't his ex-wife received more publicity in the last year than any crowned head in Europe? When the last Broadway friend passed and we were left again to our lunch, Hank told me how they separated. He tried to tell it calmly, quietly, but that quiver in his voice defined it as a heartrending part of life to me.

Extra!

Just as SCREEN BOOK goes to press comes the news that Margaret Sullavan and her ex-husband are considering a play that will bring them back together again—on the stage. Friends declare that their romance is not over—but both Margaret and Henry have denied all rumors of reconciliation

"Oh, yes, Peggy was a star when we were married—but not such a big star as when we were divorced. We had, as you remember, been married in Baltimore. But it was in Chicago where Peggy divorced me."

For a moment that wistful look returned and my friend refused to talk again. He was thinking, I know, of glamorous, exquisite Margaret Sullavan, the girl who was his wife when Broadway proudly claimed her as its leading ingenue. Then Hank continued talking.

"I don't even know on what grounds she obtained the divorce. Why should I? I was only the husband. No, I didn't know anything about it until Peggy wired me from Chicago that she planned doing it. And then I received another saying

[*Continued on page 56*]

MAE WEST Should Get Married!

There's a new type of wi
different conditions und
Mae West is perhaps th
how to make a ma

Perhaps this is one of the ways Mae would keep her man safe at home; at least it seems to interest Johnny Mack Brown. It's one of the scenes from *St. Louis Woman*

In this scene from *St. Louis Woman*, John Mack Brown doesn't look as though he'd have to go far afield for entertainment if he were married to Mae West

MAE WEST wants to get married. She is even now keeping her eyes open for the man whom she wants to make her husband. "And I'll know him the moment I clamp my glims on him," she assured me.

"How? Oh, I don't know. He may be little; he may be big. He may be handsome; he may be ugly. But I'll know he's the guy and I won't let him get away from me!"

Mae West married! Mae as Mrs. So and So. Mae West upholding the tradition of that honored, conventional title. True to one man; making a home; possibly becoming a mother.

Should she do it? Is Mae West the type who should marry? Could she make a good wife—a mother? Would she enrich the title of "Mrs."—or caricature it?

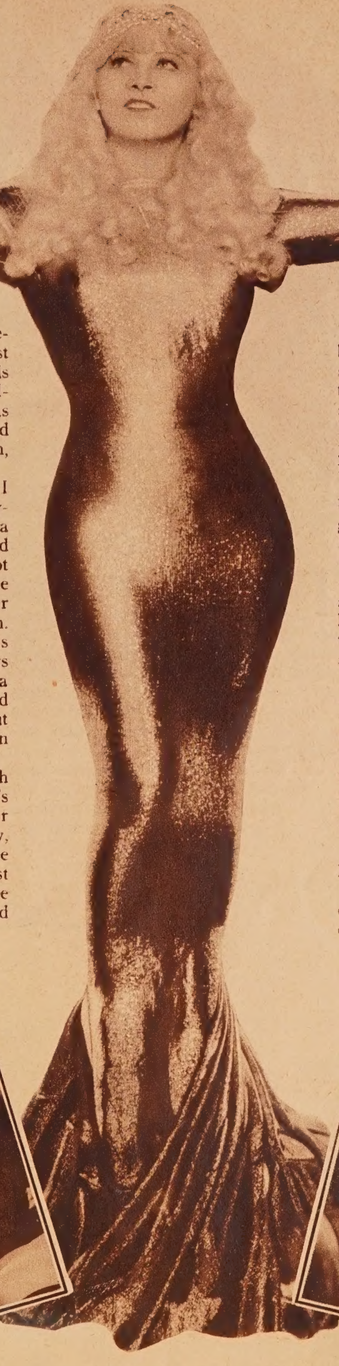
"Of course, I'd make a good wife." There was contempt in Mae's voice as she almost spit it out at me, while she rested against the luxurious cushions of her limousine. "I'd know how to hold my man. I'd know how to make him happy at home. He'd never have to go out to find entertainment. There's a lot of talk about the sacredness of a home. Well, what's that but keeping your man *at home?* Not playing around. A woman who's got experience knows how to do it. What does the innocent little wife know about—"

I'll have to confess Mae was not talking for publication. We had finished chatting about something for print and had turned to the old subject of marriage, as two women will. Since I took that ride with Mae, when the real woman flashed out to me, quite accidentally, she has given an interview in which she says she can keep going professionally, top herself in pictures and on the stage, for many more years—that she can go on forever.

That was the professional Mae West

and mother, made by the which we live today—and perfect type. She'd know behave—and enjoy it!

By Ruth Biery



speaking. She planned those words carefully—publicity sentences framed to boost the professional woman. But the words which slipped unconsciously from her, feeling she had *already* been interviewed, as she relaxed against those soft cushions and watched the sun snuggle against its horizon, were from the real woman.

"I get tired. Awfully tired. I know I can't go on forever. I don't regret anything. I couldn't have had both. Not a career like mine and a home, too. I loved one man. I had to make a choice. I'm not sorry. But I want a home yet and to have —oh, you know, *one* man to pat your hair and make you think you're the only woman. And I'd know how to make him think he is the only man. Most women want things from a man. I know you got to give him a lot if you're going to keep him contented with one piece of scenery. I know all about men. And women who know all about men make the best homes, I tell you!"

Perhaps. This old world has become such a new world in such a short time that it's difficult to judge by our old standards. For centuries, we've sort of agreed, informally, that the innocent, unworldly girl makes the best wife and mother. And now Mae West denies it and claims her type knows more about keeping the single fireside warm and tempting.

I have talked to any number of men since Mae told me this, frankly asking their opinions. The answers have been amazing. Looking back upon them, collectively, one fact is more startling than all others. The *young* men, those passing from adolescence to manhood, scoff at the idea of marrying a woman like Mae West. The words of one of them—a young fellow with a splendid professional future—summarizes all:

"She'd make just what she probably has been. A grand mistress. She could give a guy a swell time; something to remember. Something to make him chuckle and thrill when he wanted to remember. But as a wife! I'll tell you what I'm hunting for in a wife. A girl who's a lady. One who hasn't said, 'Come up and see me sometime' to a dozen other guys. One who'll stay home and take care of the kids. You know, read 'em stories and that sort of thing. And be *my wife*. Make me important. Think about *my* success. Where would a guy be as the husband of Mae West? Just a shadow. She brags herself that she tops 'em all. That means she'd top her husband. I wouldn't want to be known as Mr. Mae West. Not I! No matter what I'd do on the screen, I'd still be known as *Mr.* Mae West!"

I laughed. He looked a little hurt. He had been so dignifiedly serious.

"And would you be true to that little wife of yours? Would you always come home on time if you knew you'd find your wife reading fairy stories to the kiddies?" I asked.

[*Continued on page* 61]

Mae has a passion for prizefights, which she often attends in the company of Jack Durant, screen comedian

In her burlesque costume in her newest picture, Mae doesn't look as though she'd ever talk about the sacredness of home—but she does!

The arrow points to Jim Timoney, Mae West's manager and very good friend. Despite rumor, they are merely good friends

"Why can't they let me alone!" demands Alice Faye. "I'm only eighteen — and they keep linking my name with that of a married man, dragging me into divorce troubles"

Alice Faye's Battle Against Scandal

By
Neil Barclay

Like Jean Harlow, this delightful new star finds malicious gossip and untruth her greatest enemies in Hollywood

Alice Faye resents being compared with Jean Harlow—yet she cannot escape the comparisons. She hides away from Hollywood and seeks only the best company—yet Hollywood enjoys spreading unfair gossip, and Alice Faye is usually one of the important victims

THE Hollywood tortures are at work on Alice Faye. Just as the heartless, rack-and-thumbscrew men of the Spanish Inquisition once wrung and twisted beautiful young bodies, so the emotional side of the young actress is being wrung and torn today.

Out of this process Hollywood expects to bring forth a triumphant new star, one of the screen's foremost!

She will be a woman under twenty, still fresh and beautiful of face and shapely body, but artificially aged in experience and emotion, so that she will be capable of expressing through her acting the things a star of her future caliber will be required to express.

If some bit of the machinery slips and cuts too deeply, or the chemistry of artificial emotional ageing goes awry, it will be just too bad. Sorry, Alice! Chances for success, however, seem almost overwhelming. Rarely does the Hollywood mill receive such a perfect bit of star material. The only very close parallel to Alice is Jean Harlow, who was first recognized, then neglected, and finally put through the torture process to emerge triumphant on a film throne of her own.

Alice today is definitely a bidder for that throne of Harlow's, and is on her way to reach it quickly. The path is inevitably one such as Jean took, over a very stormy emotional sea.

"Oh, why can't they let me alone!" rings out the first anguished cry from Alice. "I'm only eighteen! And I'm trying so hard—and they keep linking my name in headlines with that of a married man, dragging me into his divorce troubles."

Before Alice, whether she knows it or not, is a long vista of such experiences. In order to reach Jean's throne she must do as Jean did, cross that stormy emotional sea, lit by lightning flashes of scandal. Must know bitterness and tragedy, false friends and true, love and hate, triumph and despair, tedium and ecstasy, all—for Alice—to be concentrated within the space of a very few years.

Even the comparisons with Harlow, even this article, constitute part of Alice's torture test. She cries out that she is no bidder for Harlow honors, doesn't wish to be mentioned in that connection. But

[*Continued on page 72*]

Hollywood can't lick Max Baer!

Pictures above show Max Baer as he triumphed over Primo Carnera in the championship fight that was even more thrilling than their screen battle

The champ is going back for more! This story gives the first lowdown on Maxie's future screen plans

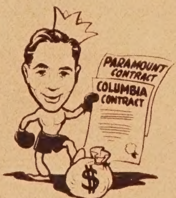
By Nanette Kutner

THREE months before Max Baer became the heavyweight champion of the world he told me that he contemplated making a picture with Mae West.

"But I want to be billed first . . . not Mae West and Max Baer, it must be Max Baer and Mae West!" he declared.

The Mae West deal was called off, reasons unknown, but easily guessed.

One week after winning the Carnera battle, Max Baer talked to me again. His manner had become somewhat subdued. Oddly enough, he seemed more tolerant.



I brought up the West episode.

A wiser Max Baer spoke. "At the time I thought of it, but, you see, she would have got all the laughs." Then, cleverly, he passed the buck. "I guess I feel like George Raft. You know, he refused to be in one of her pictures on the grounds that he didn't want to play stooge."

We were in Mr. Baer's lengthy and dizzy suite of hotel rooms. It is a human merry go-round of a place. The living-room houses two secretaries, a blonde and a brunette. While the brunette reads the great stack of fan mail piled high on a table, the blonde alternately types and answers the telephone which never seems to stop ringing. Her voice ceaselessly drones. "Max is busy . . . Max can't be disturbed just now . . . I'll try to get you an appointment for tomorrow . . . Max is leaving promptly at seven . . . Max has a cold . . . Max will be there, I promise . . . "

In another room, examining dress materials, sits Max's mother and Mrs. Hoffman, his manager's wife.

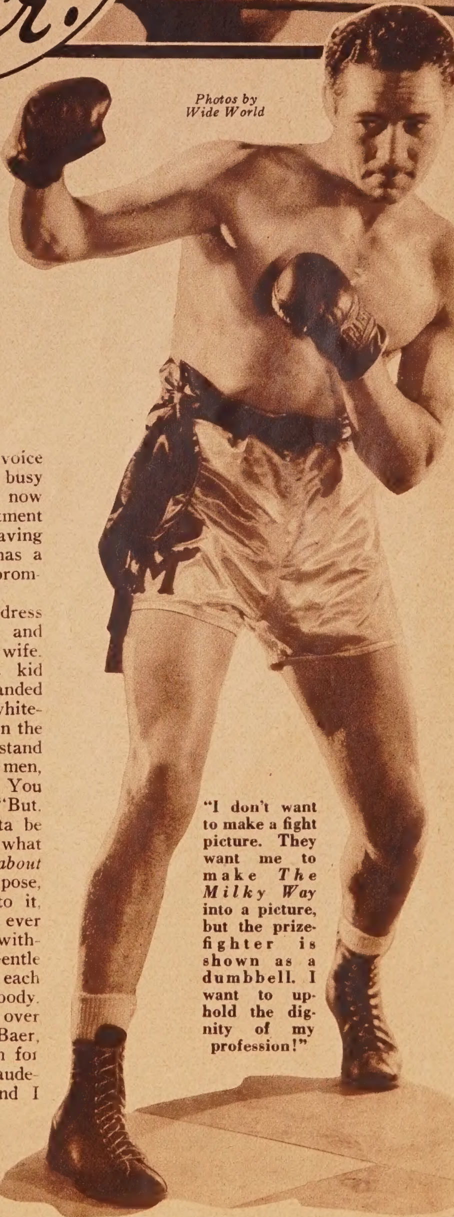
In a third, Max's kid brother plays two-handed pinochle with a white-haired gentleman. In the fourth and largest, stand a group of impatient men, all talking at once. You can hear snatches. "But, I tell you, he's gotta be at NBC!" "And what about the act, what *about* it?" "He must pose, that's all there is to it, he *must!* Who ever heard of a life story without exclusive pictures!" Gentle voiced Ancil Hoffman listens to each one, miraculously quieting everybody.

And in his bedroom, towering over his companions, stands Max Baer, while a couple of tailors fit him for new suits, Benny Rubin, the vaudevillian, keeps him company, and I interview him.

I asked a question. "What are your movie plans?"

Not a half hour before this,

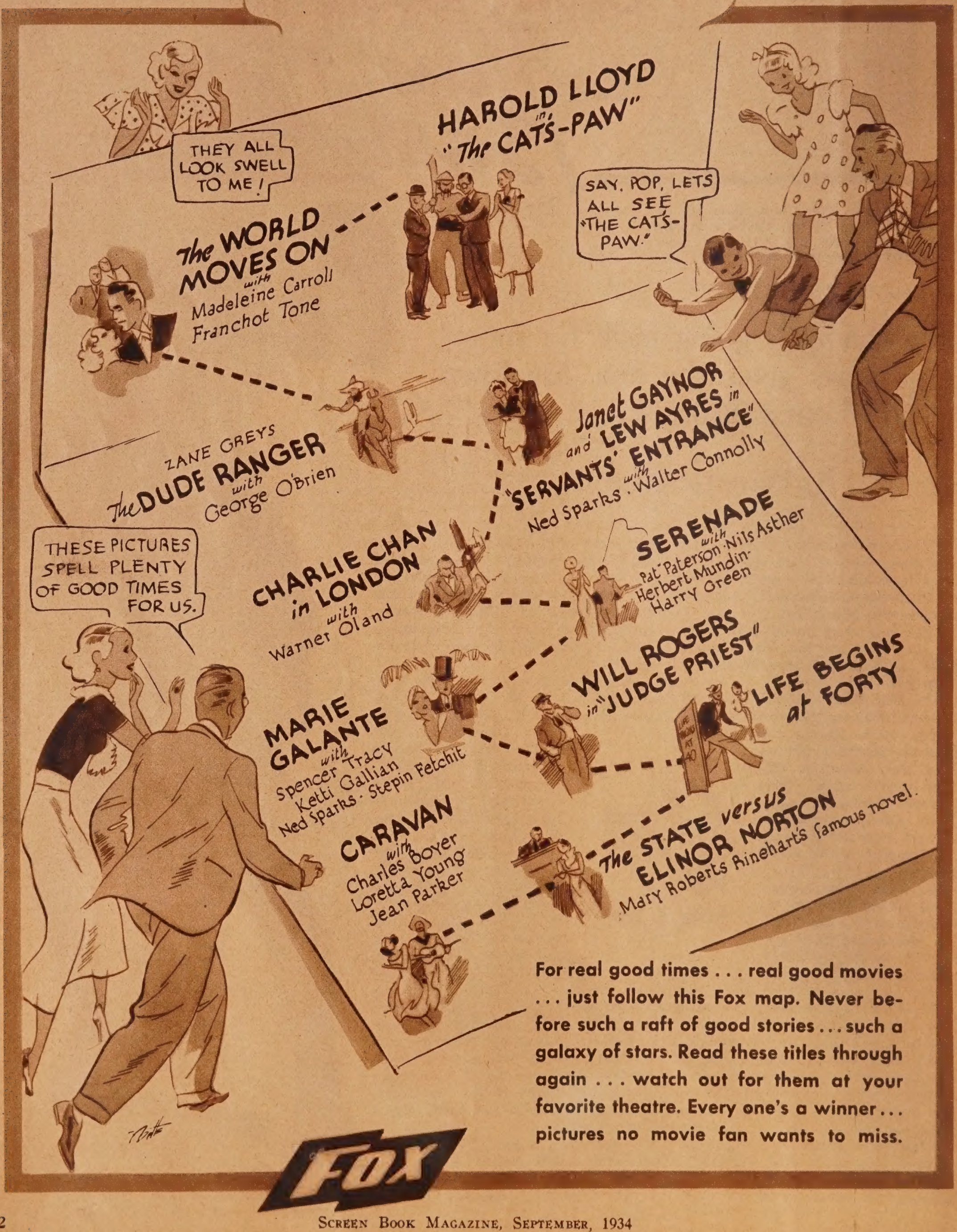
[*Continued on page* 52]



Photos by Wide World

"I don't want to make a fight picture. They want me to make *The Milky Way* into a picture, but the prize-fighter is shown as a dumbbell. I want to uphold the dignity of my profession!"

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season


THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!
HAROLD LLOYD in "The CAT'S-PAW"
SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CAT'S-PAW."
The WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone
Janet GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly
ZANE GREY'S The DUDE RANGER with George O'Brien
THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.
CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland
SERENADE with Pat Paterson · Nils Asther · Herbert Mundin · Harry Green
WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"
LIFE BEGINS at FORTY
LIFE BEGINS AT 40
MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy Ketti Gallian Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit
CARAVAN with Charles Boyer Loretta Young Jean Parker
The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel.
FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

Sylvia Sidney

One Way Ticket is her new contribution

Madge Evans

The glamorous siren of *Grand Canary*

Gloria Stuart

Her blonde loveliness graces *Gift o' Gab*

Extra! Extra! Richard Dix weds his secretary after whirlwind courtship—and a SCREEN BOOK writer is the only outsider to attend the ceremony

Richard Dix suddenly decided that such a wonderful secretary would make an even more wonderful wife!

Scoop!

The Inside Story of RICHARD DIX and his Secret Bride

By Irene Thirer

HAVE you ever attended a movie star's wedding? Well I have!

What's more, I helped to plan it! When Richard Dix arrived in New York—out of a job for the first time in eleven years, and glad of it, because he needed a thorough relaxation — he 'phoned me first thing:

"Irene," he said, "let's get together for lunch today, if you haven't another date. I've got something on my mind, and I'd like to tell you about it." So, we met at the Waldorf—our first meeting since early 1932 when he was honeymooning in town with his since divorced wife, Winifred Coe Dix, who herself has embarked once again upon the seas of matrimony — with the small Dix daughter in her custody.

"Gosh, but I'm happy to see you, old dear," Richard exclaimed.

"Spill it," I answered. "Out with it, Richard. You've got a sentimental look on your face. You're in love!"

"More than that," he replied. "I'm thinking about getting married!"

"So!" said I, "Society girl? Movie Star? Sportswoman? Literary light? Who's the lucky damsel?"

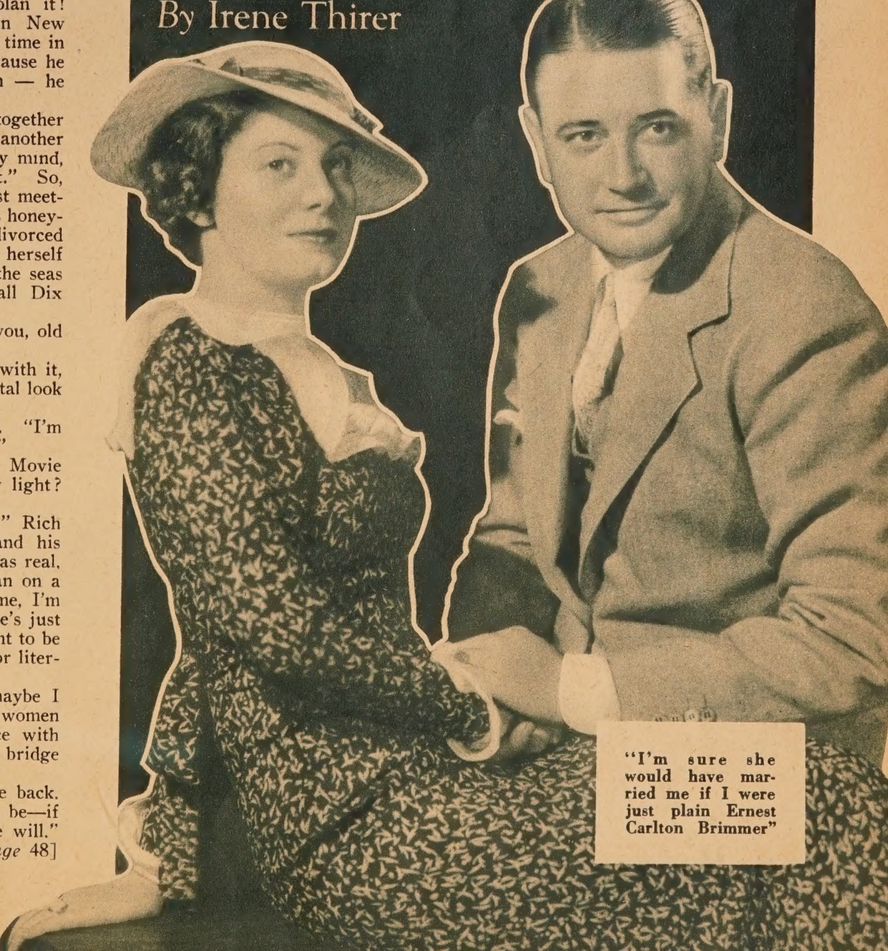
"I'm not so sure she's lucky," Rich made answer wryly. "But"—and his eyes lit up with a glamor that was real, not ordered by a megaphone man on a studio set—"but, if she'll have me, I'm one lucky bozo! She's—well, she's just a 100% real girl who doesn't want to be a screen star, and has no social or literary aspirations."

"Oh, a home girl!" Well, maybe I sniffed a trifle. We working women haven't a great deal of patience with dames who spend their days at bridge clubs and matinees!

"Yes, a home girl—" he came back. "But that's what she's going to be—if she accepts me, and I think she will."

"For the

[*Continued on page* 48]



"I'm sure she would have married me if I were just plain Ernest Carlton Brimmer"

RUBY KEELER'S DRAMATIC UNTOLD STORY

Ruby Keeler started dancing at the age of twelve and now, although she is the wife of one of America's richest men, she has been too long in the theatrical harness to remain idle

FROM New York's crowded and poverty-stricken East Side to the height of luxury and success in a series of romantic, sensational jumps. Such is the story of Ruby Keeler.

Yet it is because her meteoric rise to stardom so obscured the real facts of the grim struggle which started early in her teens that she is known only as the lucky wife of Al Jolson. Now, for the first time, the true and complete story is revealed on these pages.

Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, one of six offspring, Ruby was brought to New York at the age of five by parents who were determined somehow to wring a living from the world's busiest city for their several children.

Bill Keeler took the only job open at that time to an Irishman from a foreign country. He became the driver of an ice wagon. The return for his services was barely enough to keep the family in food and clothing. But it served. It sent Ruby and her brother and sisters to school.

There is, in this, nothing approaching the sensational. Many families have lived in the East Fifties, struggling for very life itself. Ruby was only one of countless thousands of children who had dreams of a future very different from the present. But it was Ruby and not the thousands of others who saw her dreams come true. It was Ruby who forced New York down on its knees with plaudits, contracts, and fat salaries for her.

Ruby had barely acclimated herself to her new surroundings when she decided that she wanted to dance. It was a decision that nothing could alter. She had no money which would buy her lessons. She only knew vaguely of teachers who could start her on the road to success, but she was determined to follow her chosen profession.

"She never gave up fighting," her brother Bill told me. "Because Ruby was so graceful and mastered the first steps so quickly, she soon found a teacher who was willing to instruct her for anything Dad could afford to pay.

"She would come home from school and shut herself up in a room. We could hear her practicing for hours. Often she wouldn't even stop for dinner, unless we dragged her to the table. Any success she has had she earned back in those days when other kids were outside playing jacks or skipping rope."

IT WAS Jack Blue, then an exclusive teacher of child prodigies, who took Ruby under his wing when she was barely twelve and taught her professional dancing. He quickly foresaw the success this poor pupil was to have some day, and gladly put her in his child shows at his own expense.

The dramatic untold story of the iceman's daughter who fought her way to Fame despite the greatest of handicaps

By Fred Rutledge

Left, below: The cameras are trained on Ruby Keeler for the big chorus number of her newest picture, *Dames*

The arrow points to Ruby as she appeared with her mother and father and family on a holiday lark at Coney Island. At the age of thirteen, this youngster's nimble feet were helping to support the large family

Ruby with her brother, Bill, at the age of four, pose for a picture astride a borrowed pony. Bill is today her business manager

"Ruby hadn't been with Blue more than a month or so when he produced *Foolish Follies,*" Mr. Keeler recalled, fingering the program of Ruby's first show. "It opened in Hoboken, just across the Hudson River from New York. Look at the way she was billed!"

Printed in parentheses after Ruby's name was the following notation, put in at Blue's orders: "This youngster is a coming star."

After the show's run in Hoboken, Blue decided it was good enough to take to Atlantic City. Gathering his protéges together, he set out for Rendezvous Park with the revue. He was more certain than ever this time as to the future of his star pupil. He billed Ruby as:

"The only girl who can out-buck-dance Georgie Cohan himself." And at that time there was no greater praise for any professional dancer in New York.

The show held on at Atlantic City long enough to decide Blue on another venture. Picking a few of his best child performers, he sent them out for appearances at one-stop vaudeville houses all through New Jersey. Ruby was the first to be chosen.

"It seems funny now," Ruby's father laughed, "to think of Ruby earning three dollars a day for those appearances. It wasn't so funny then, because whenever she traveled by train it would cost me two or three dollars more. I had to call her back to New York, I just couldn't meet the expense."

UNTIL her vaudeville shows in New Jersey, however, Ruby had been earning her own and her brother's expenses, since Bill had been sent by the family to Atlantic City to keep a brotherly eye on his sister. [*Continued on page 66*]

Elizabeth Allan hits the mountain trail with her dog in search of quail

Work that's play! Scenes for *We're Rich Again* take Buster Crabbe and Gloria Shea into the cooling waters of the blue Pacific

Carole Lombard is taking a rest from the studio grind by playing hostess at swimming parties in her own back yard

Henry Wilcoxon of England took a two weeks vacation following his rôle in *Cleopatra*, hiking into the beautiful Arrowhead district about eighty miles from Hollywood

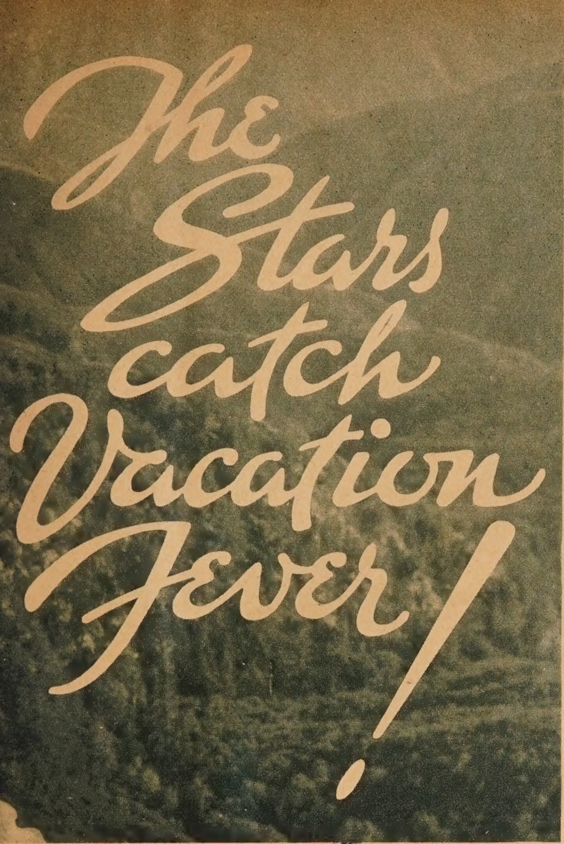
Ruth Channing is spending most of her vacation at her favorite sport—aqua-planing in Malibu bay

Too busy to leave Hollywood, Gary Cooper takes relaxation in the form of the new pastime, "skeet" shooting. Don't ask *us* what a "skeet" is!

After weeks of hard work in *Down to Their Last Yacht*, Hazel Forbes jumps into the swimming pool on her Beverly Hills estate to stay there until her next picture assignment

They're Off to Malibu, the Mountains, Europe

The Stars catch Vacation Fever!



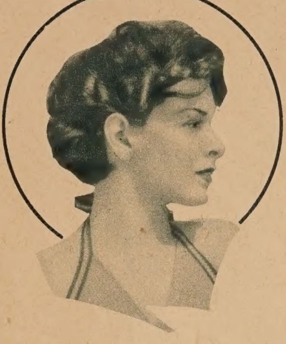
Below: On her way to Europe, Fay Wray stops to catch a glimpse of New York City from the Empire State Building

Nancy Carroll and Raquel Torres are among the many movie famous who need go no farther than Malibu Beach to escape from toil and heat

and Everywhere in Search of Fun and Frolic

HOLLYWOOD

Say howdy to Maurice Chevalier as he strolls to the set of *Merry Widow,* to appear opposite Jeanette MacDonald again



Mary Jo Matthews, who looks as much like Hepburn as the star does herself

Looks Like Hepburn— Will She Be as Famous?

BESIDES being a dead ringer for Katy in certain poses, there are other reasons to cover all bets that Jo Matthews will be heard from again and again. She's the sort of gal who . . . well, she started being heard from in her freshman year at college, when she ran away with beauty honors at the University of West Virginia three years in a row. She has a B. A. degree, and was active in college dramatics.

In 1930, deciding there was, after all, life after college, Jo (then "Mary Jo") tackled Broadway. She sang and danced in Broadway hits like *Bandwagon, Gay Divorcee* and *Let 'Em Eat Cake,* and of course the movies spotted her. A Hepburn type stands out in a row of chorus cuties like a good deed in a naughty world.

The screen tests were so successful that this spring Jo was whisked out to Hollywood to join the cast of *Twentieth Century,* with John Barrymore—an unusual feather for an ingénue's cap. Result: Greater rôles are in store, and perhaps the fact that Jo Matthews looks like Hepburn is interesting—but not important.—*Cinema Stooge.*

HOT NEWS!

Ida Lupino and Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's ex-husband), both stricken with infantile paralysis, are rapidly recovering. . . . Garbo guards the rear entrance to her home by means of barbed wire camouflaged in a potato patch. . . . When Warren William's wire-haired terriers slew two dozen chickens on a neighbor's ranch, the actor paid heavily for a grand chicken dinner. . . . Duncan Renaldo, after numerous appeals, finally begins serving two year prison sentence for falsifying a passport application. . . . John Barrymore, with his wife and two children are on their way back from Ketchikan, Alaska after a six weeks yacht trip taken because of the actor's dire need for rest. . . . Ronald Colman's wife, after several years separation, has filed suit for divorce in London. . . . As an aftermath of an auto crash, George Brent recently faced a suit for $30, 635 in a Los Angeles court. . . . John Gilbert has signed a long term contract with Columbia Pictures, his first to be "The Captain Hates the Sea"—salary not disclosed.

Don't Forget Loretta!

WE KEEP hearing that Madge Evans is the only child star of the movies who grew up to surpass in fame her kid screen star reputation. Probably the only reason no one recalls that Loretta Young has done so, even more markedly, is that when Loretta was a child star she was called Gretchen Young.

Lupe Mad Again

IT SEEMS at this writing that if there is to be a split in the famous fighting family of Weissmuller and Velez, 'twill be because Lupe can't have her Johnny right by her side on personal appearance tours, for which she is offered big sugar. Johnny is tied up by the screen and excited about possibilities of playing talking—not howling—parts in forthcoming pictures.

Shirley Makes Good

ALL that little sweetheart Shirley Temple has been offered for radio appearances, personal appearances, endorsements and so on during the past three months is about $145,000! Of course, Fox Studio, which has her on contract, reaps most of the profits from such outside engagements as Shirley fills. Just as Mae West is supposed to have pulled Paramount from the verge of financial disaster, so little Shirley is helping boost the stock of her huge film organization. Profits on her pictures are running into real money.

Coogan Grows Up

JACKIE COOGAN says he wishes all of us old greybeards such as Jack Oakie would go back to our wheel chairs and leave lil' Toby Wing to his exclusive care. Sorry, Jackie—but you gotta lot to learn about love from us patriarchs!

Brisson Moan

IT WAS a discouraged Carl Brisson who viewed himself in *Murder at The Vanities* at a studio preview. He was so disappointed in what he had done in his first American picture that he went out of the projection room shaking his head and saying things under his breath. Imagine his astonishment when he later learned that the picture had scored a big hit—on the strength of which Paramount offered him a fat new contract! Now probably Carl has concluded that American film success is an easy problem.

Threatening Starlets

IN JEAN PARKER Metro has a distinct threat at Janet Gaynor's laurels. Jean is another Janet, and awaits only a *Seventh Heaven* to make her as popular. And Fox in turn has Alice Faye, a potential Jean Harlow. Each studio's newcomer, incidentally, possesses some attractions the rival studio's established star lacks. At any rate, possessing one threat and one threatened each, the studios start at scratch!

FLASHES

Oh What a Head Chester Gets From Drunken Rôles!

CHESTER MORRIS is the good guy gone wrong again in *Let's Talk It Over,* playing with his usual finesse the fellow who just can't let the stuff alone. As a result, Chester gets letters from mamas and papas and fans saying it's high time he straightened himself out.

Oddly enough, Chester was forced to admit when cornered by a SCREEN BOOK reporter, he's perhaps Hollywood's champion family man. He has two handsome little youngsters and a lovely little wife to whom people are continually saying, "You otta be in pictures."

All Chester sees of Hollywood night life is what he can see from the big bay window of his hilltop home and the only thing movie starish about him is the fact that he faces the camera at Universal studios every day and draws a nice fat salary check weekly, putting it into the old sock for the future of his two children. Let's drink a toast to the movie villain who knows how to be one—but let's drink it in milk!—*Cinema Stooge.*

Chester Morris in an alcoholic moment from *Let's Talk It Over*

Mr. Stuart Erwin, front rank comedian, looks so-o-o- serious as the camera snaps him out for a stroll on Hollywood boulevard

No Money On Maxie

MYRNA LOY, who wasn't so strong for Max Baer during the filming of *The Prizefighter and the Lady* as Maxie was for her—and the rest of the females within a day's airplane dash of Hollywood—didn't lose any money on the fight that made Baer champion. Neither did Lupe Velez or Hubby Johnny Weissmuller, despite previous boasts they'd bet on Carnera. As some super-skeptic puts it, "Even at Metro they weren't absolutely certain which way the fight was fixed."

Gary Passes Out

THEY'RE still kidding Gary Cooper about being "knocked out cold" for three rounds of a Hollywood prize fight he was watching. Gary was watching a somewhat dreary exhibition of fisticuffs and lost consciousness. Nobody heard him snore, and he insisted he had "passed out," but friends think his mysterious "attack" was the sort we used to get in childhood when listening to two-hour sermons in church on a hot Sunday morning.

Von Stern Slam

THEY say the reason Von Sternberg wouldn't allow Marlene Dietrich any intimate love scenes of the sort youthful fans like in *The Scarlet Empress* was neither fear of censorship nor personal jealousy. But rather, my children, that Marlene does love scenes so well she'd have stolen the picture from her director!

Bunk! Bunk!

ONE of the biggest laughs to your old reporter is the continued rumors that Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell are at outs. Of course, it may happen before this reaches the hungry printing presses, but just now—well, if those two are angry at each other, I want to see 'em when they're *really* lovey-dovey!

Lupe, The Referee

IF YOU listened in at a broadcast of a certain fight in Los Angeles some moons ago, when Mexican Kid Azteca won from dusky Young Peter Jackson, you'll be glad to learn two things. The fight fan who drowned out the rest of the audience and the announcer as well with her "Viva Aztecas" was Lupe Velez. And the reason the referee couldn't possibly have called it a draw was that Lupe'd have climbed into the ring and killed him!

Baby Group Up

IN SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S new film, *Now and Forever,* is one Ynez Seabury, a pretty twenty-five-year-old girl who at Shirley's age was as famous in the movies of the day as Mary Pickford. In fact, she and Mary were the only ones accorded separate billing with the titles

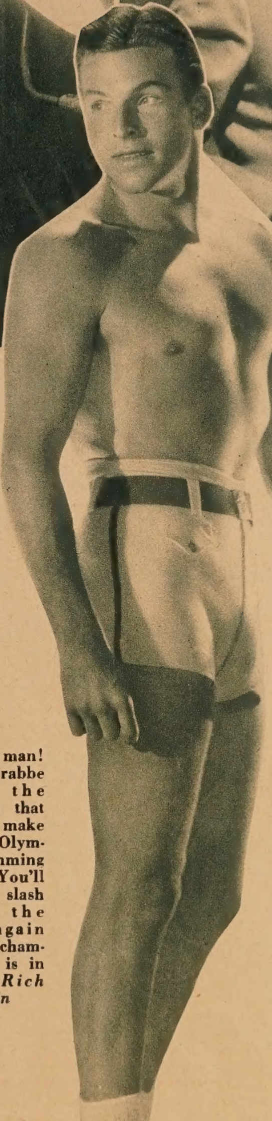
HOT NEWS!

Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur starting a new picture at Paramount's Eastern studio on Long Island, starring Jimmy Savo, who is expected to fill the void left by Charlie Chaplin's long absence from the screen. . . . Ruby Keeler proves Al Jolson was wrong when he stated recently that they would both retire after finishing current contracts by signing a two year agreement with Warner Brothers. . . . Maxie Baer's salary for one week's personal appearance at the New York Paramount was a mere $5,000, with a 50-50 split on everything taken in above $40,000. . . . By tipping off police that he was on the spot for kidnaping, Alec Francis enabled the law to snare his would-be abductors before the plot thickened. . . . Katharine Hepburn's next stage appearance following completion of "Little Minister" in Hollywood will be in "Pride and Prejudice."

SCREEN BOOK Tells All The News First

Gertrude Michael, appearing in *The Notorious Sophie Lang*, offers a new beauty hint, drying her hair in the record time of eight minutes with a 10,000-watt studio lamp

Here's a gay young blade! Fredric March tries out an ancient velocipede on the set of *The Barrett's of Wimpole Street*, in which he is starred with Norma Shearer



What a man! Buster Crabbe parades the physique that helped make him an Olympic swimming champ. You'll see him slash through the water again like the champion he is in *We're Rich Again*

of those early flickers. Mary was *The Biograph Blonde* and Ynez was *The Biograph Baby.*

A New Star Rises

WILL Binnie Barnes, Universal's beautiful English actress, be launched as a star in vehicles somewhat on the pattern of the early Garbo and Dietrich pictures, and Anna Sten's *Nana?* Private sources of information reveal that Carl Laemmle, Jr. seems to be searching for that general type of story for her. She has demonstrated much screen charm, versatility and magnetism in *There's Always Tomorrow* and an exhaustive series of screen tests, designed, we are told, to explore every facet of her screen possibilities.

Ray's Big Comeback

THE filming of Paramount's *Ladies Should Listen* had been under way for a week or more before the studio in general knew that the Charles Ray who was playing the doorman rôle in the Cary Grant-Frances Drake opus was *the* Charlie Ray, once five-thousand-a-week star! Since Charlie had been out of town for some time, working in stock in the east for $45 a week, Hollywood had utterly lost sight of him, and only producer Douglas McLean, Director Frank Tuttle, the casting director and a few others knew he had been secured for the picture that marks his "come-back."

Mae Gets 'Em

JOHNNY MACK BROWN opines that the reason he signed for a long series of fast-and-furious action pictures with Columbia was that nothing else could possibly keep him interested after playing in Mae West's *It Ain't No Sin.* And Roger Pryor, also opposite Mae in the picture, is one of the screen's most bashful men, 'tis said, where women are concerned. One wonders if he'll be a changed man after teaming with Mae?

Columbo Mourning

RUSS COLUMBO, whose name was linked with that of the late Dorothy Dell by New York key-holers during Dorothy's engagement in the Follies, was one of those most profoundly shocked by the little star's untimely death. Now Hollywood has a new superstition, which is never to say of film deaths, "I wonder who'll be the third?" Dorothy said that regarding the deaths of Lew Cody and Lilyan Tashman, referring to the screen tradition that death to stars comes in threes.

Harvey's Wedding

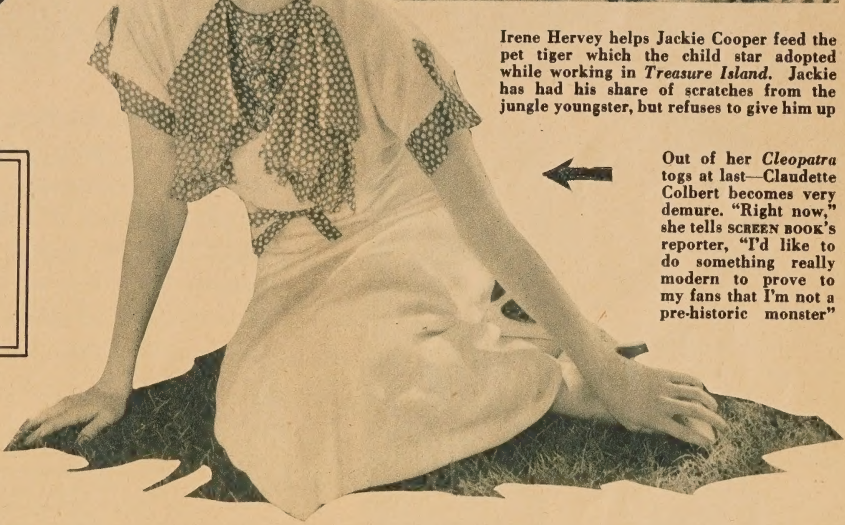
LILIAN HARVEY now comes right out and says that she is going to Germany presently to marry Willie Fritsch, German film star, and have a baby. "I *know* it will be a girl," she says,

Don't Miss the Lowdown Chart on Page 68

HOLLYWOOD FLASHES

Almost any one of these summer mornings you can see Mae Clarke cantering along the bridle path in Beverly Hills—it's her pet method of keeping in trim

Irene Hervey helps Jackie Cooper feed the pet tiger which the child star adopted while working in *Treasure Island.* Jackie has had his share of scratches from the jungle youngster, but refuses to give him up



Out of her *Cleopatra* togs at last—Claudette Colbert becomes very demure. "Right now," she tells SCREEN BOOK's reporter, "I'd like to do something really modern to prove to my fans that I'm not a pre-historic monster"

"and the reason I am in a hurry for motherhood, rather than postponing it while I pursue a film career uninterruptedly, is that I want to be young enough, as my daughter grows up, to be a companion to her." Whether or not she goes to Germany to marry Fritsch immediately depends upon the settling of her contractual obligations to Fox. At this writing her plans are indefinite.

Something To Crow About

ROBERT ARMSTRONG thought he was making a big hit with Tommy Farrell, Glenda's young son, on the set of a picture the other day. Tommy appeared politely impressed by Armstrong and other movie stars, whom he seldom sees. But suddenly an ex-prize-fighter, Mushy Callahan, strode onto the set. Tommy's eyes popped open wide. "Gee!" he whispered, clutching Armstrong's arm tensely. "Know who *that* is? Boy, oh boy, it's Mushy Callahan!"

Gary's New Sweetheart

GARY COOPER says he doesn't care who reports that he has a new sweetheart, so long as they say it's little Shirley Temple. Shirley's got a case on Gary, too, and Sandra Shaw Cooper doesn't mind a bit.

Won't Go Home

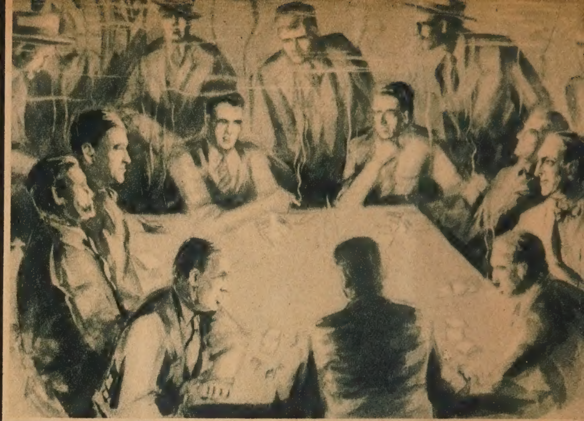
REMEMBER the lads and lassies gathered from all parts of the world to participate in Paramount's film, *The Search for Beauty*? Some of them refused to go home when film fame failed to materialize, and hung on. Recently a few of these have been getting fair "bits." Of the lot, Colin Tapley, Alfred Delcambre, Gwenllian Gill, Julian Madison and Clare Lou Sheridan are still seen around Hollywood.

Kicking Out Cagney

A VISITOR at Warner Brothers studios, in tow of an office boy, got quite huffy on being ushered off two movie sets in succession because "scenes necessitate closing to visitors." On each occasion, a young fellow discreetly heeded the same "not welcome" greeting. They approached a third set, James Cagney's. This time they were barred at the very door, but the young fellow who had been following them caught the visitor's arm and ushered him on in. "Having been thrown off two sets together, it's about time we found one we can enter," Jimmy Cagney said.

A New Limerick Contest on Page 58

The movie version of one of Rothstein's great gambling games, where fortunes changed hands nightly



An artist who actually visited the famous gambling den drew this remarkable sketch from memory

Inez Norton says—

“NOW I'LL

Left: Arnold Rothstein, who won and lost a fortune by gambling, finally to meet death at the hands of a mysterious gunman

"I am not, nor was I ever a gangster's moll," says Inez Norton, pleading for her chance to start life over as a screen actress

The stirring motion picture which revealed the untold story of Arnold Rothstein, one-time king of all gamblers, didn't tell it all! Read this SCREEN BOOK scoop in which Inez Norton, the girl who loved Rothstein, tells her side of gangland's most exciting murder mystery

THEY towered the story of her life in huge electric signs. Yet nowhere could you see her name—this tragic beauty. And only a few years back gigantic presses crushed tons of pulp into paper wherein her tenderest feelings were hurled in headlines to a news hungry nation. Everywhere you saw it blazed before you—*"Inez Norton hides from Rothstein slayers"* or *"Inez Norton found hiding in Atlantic City."*

But what about Inez? This girl who brought sunshine into the lives of three great men and misery to her own because she dared to love? All this notoriety gave her courage to continue. At her side stood her growing son. And before her an embittered world.

When Arnold Rothstein met his fate, Inez Norton wore more than $50,000 worth of jewelry around her neck. Yet she hadn't enough money in her purse to buy the baby milk. In her garage there were a half-dozen cars and her stables housed several blue ribbon horses. A house on Long Island and another in Florida were manned by a retinue of faithful servants; yet, in all that jumble and display of wealth there was no happiness. It was like a joke which she was left alone to laugh at. She was worth a fortune to what purpose? The man she loved was dead.

It was almost like a high school graduation gift, her wedding to Captain Claude Norton. She was such a child and he a commissioned officer in the Army ranks. And there came another gift. This child who dared to marry became—in less than a year, a mother. She brought another son into that rich and famous family from which her husband came. This was the beginning. Every-

Inez Norton with the son whom she is seeking to help with a screen career

Helen Twelvetrees and Spencer Tracy depict Rothstein's death

TELL!”

By Clark Warren

where Inez went there was the kiss of Midas' ghost. She was rich but in her soul there was too much pride to touch a dime.

Her divorce from Claude Norton was but the beginning of that desperate, futile struggle which braced her heart sufficiently to seek for happiness instead of gold. But let Inez Norton tell you this just as she told it to me while we sat there in the sunshine atop the haven in Hollywood where she at last has found so much happiness.

"When Claude and I were finally divorced I met Miles Reiser, Jr. Here at last was a man who I could love, so we were married. But it could not last. We were both such kids. Just when I felt secure, when I thought our life together was beginning there came a bombshell and it was ended.

"We were riding from the theater through the blinking, creeping, honking lines of traffic which mark Manhattan and Broadway at just one hour before midnight when Miles asked me if I should care to meet the greatest gambler in the world. The man who had placed more money on a horse than any other man alive—and won.

"I said 'yes.' And then I saw him. Arnold Rothstein stood just inside the doorway of a fashionable restaurant. He was waiting and as he waited, Arnold nervously, typically flipped a coin. Right then I knew all about him that was necessary. I loved that man in one short glimpse.

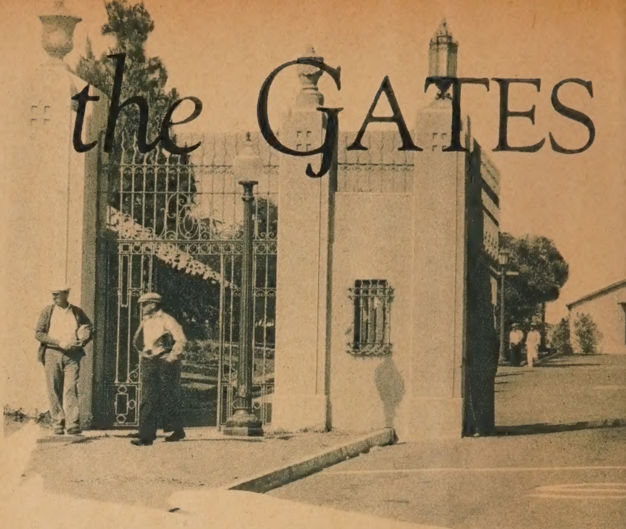
"And then I met him! He loved life and so did I. Arnold was a great man. A kind man. He poured every ounce of that splendid strength of his into every blow against life and its battle. But he lost. Oh, I could have gone on and been like many others. I could have loved that man and kept my husband, too. But I didn't. And that's the part which hurt. If I hadn't divorced Miles Reiser. If I had kept them both and lied to each the press would not have hounded me. I would still have been Miles' wife, his helpmate. And I'd have gotten sympathy in everything I did. But as it was I could cry my heart out after Arnold died and they would only laugh. But I divorced Miles Reiser, Jr., because I loved Arnold Rothstein. And because I preferred honesty to lies."

For a moment Inez looked out across the high green hills and her gaze swept far out across the many colored roofs which mark our town of Hollywood. Inez was dreaming of the past again. She does it often. Of the [*Continued on page* 58]

Upper right: Alice Faye, with Spencer Tracy, playing the rôle of Rothstein's sweetheart in *Now I'll Tell*

Right: Spencer Tracy gives one of his finest performances in his rôle as the ill-fated "big shot" gambler who lost at his own game

Crash the GATES



Luck may bring you golden opportunity—but once in Hollywood, everything is up to YOU. This article contains good, sound advice about the menaces and delights that await the novice in Filmland

HOLLYWOOD—the ultimate goal—the glamorous daydream of every red-blooded romantic adventurous female!

How often have *you* thought—if you went to Hollywood—if you were given that golden opportunity—what you would do? If you could only just get there, by hook or crook, by soot or boot, you vow you would do everything within your power to make good. But at the thought of Hollywood, doesn't a great qualm swell up in the pit of your stomach? Perhaps you fear floundering around—not knowing where to go, what to do, what to start first? It is to those lucky girls who, through some fortunate medium, or through their own plucky decision, find themselves in this amazing place Hollywood, that I dedicate these words of counsel. Take them or leave them, as you will—but at least read them!

To begin with, if you are planning to go to Hollywood without a definite, bonafide contract, you should fortify yourself with a substantial amount of money—I should say at least $385.00, to cover three months actual living expenses—since you have no way of knowing just when you will begin to earn money. This figures approximately $4.15 cost for each day. The little daily expense chart I have drawn up will show you at a glance just how I arrive at this figure. This obviously necessitates your choosing a moderately priced hotel and not purchasing everything within sight. Finding yourself stranded and without funds, because you went to Hollywood's most pretentious hotel, is the wrong kind of a start. You must weigh every penny carefully before you spend it—at least until you obtain work. If you don't, you might have to resort to work that is not so pleasant, become disillusioned and disheartened, and thereby lose out. If you would avoid encountering these consequences and live *without* worry, you must live *within* your means!

As a newcomer to Hollywood, with limited financial

What NOT to Do as You Start Your Film Career

Don't be extravagant. You can't afford to waste either time or money.

Have a woman manager, if you're a woman, and choose her carefully.

Do not accept dates from unknown men, even if they are directors.

Pay the closest attention to your director, and study your part religiously.

Don't go off to the altar half-cocked with the first man who sends you gardenias.

If you fall terribly in love, don't marry till you've established yourself in your career.

Always think of your work first.

How Five Unknown Youngsters Won Their Movie Contracts

Dorothy Dearing from Colorado made the rounds of studios for days before an executive noticed her—now she's on the way to the top

George Ford danced his way into the movies in a small act in *Stand Up and Cheer*. The casting office decided he could really act

Phillipa Hilber was a child prodigy—dancer and concert pianist. Her talents couldn't escape the movie scout's eagle eyes. She has a job now

Known as "a dress suit extra," Paul Perry soon won a contract by impressing directors with his reliability and ambition to succeed

Mary Blackwood started as an extra in Educational Comedies. Later she became a chorus girl; now she has just signed a Fox contract

OF HOLLYWOOD!

By Mildred Luber Duim

A wise young woman who has managed many newcomers in Hollywood, and who is now fulfilling a series of contracts on the Continent—and who knows whereof she speaks

These girls crashed Hollywood—and are lined up at the paymaster's window to receive their checks. It's a great place for pretty girls, out there—and a dangerous place

What It Will Cost You to Live in Hollywood for One Month

Hotel	$ 26.00
Food	62.00
Laundry	2.00
Beauty Parlor	8.00
Cosmetics	5.00
Cleaners	5.00
Taxis, telephones, tips	10.00
Miscellaneous	10.00
Total monthly cost	$128.00

resources, you should strive to derive the maximum out of the minimum, and "make hay while the sun shines". It is therefore not wise for you to start a round of the casting offices, to try and reach the casting director. For two good reasons: Firstly, being seen there daily, sitting around, waiting and hoping, wearing out your welcome, and then being told "Nothing today" and leaving with keen disappointment in your heart, is bad business and creates an ill impression. Secondly, if you are under the impression that the various studios and offices are all huddled closely together in one section, you are sadly mistaken. The Golden West is full of great open spaces, and the studios are vastly separated from each other, and a healthy distance from town. Your only means of commutation is usually taxi, and meters tick fast and furiously out there.

For instance, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lies in Culver City, which is on the way to the Palms; Warner Bros.-First National Studios is on the way to Burbank; Universal Studios in Universal City is on the road to North Hollywood; Fox Films is out on Santa Monica Boulevard, on the road leading to West Los Angeles; and Paramount Studios are on the road leading to Hollywood Cemetery.

[*Continued on page 62*]

Let The Experience of These Stars Guide You to Success

Virginia Bruce took love too seriously, swept off her feet by glamorous John Gilbert. Now, divorced, she makes a comeback in *Jane Eyre*

Alice Faye, who is keeping her pretty head in admirable fashion in spite of her connection with Rudy Vallée's marital troubles

Joan Crawford denied love until she was at the peak of her career. Now divorced again, she is still marriage-wary—is she strong enough to resist long?

Lovely Sylvia Sidney puts off importunate suitors until the right time, realizing her career still comes first, and love will wait

Jean Muir, one of the youngest and most successful newcomers in Hollywood, has not let Hollywood wooings turn her head

A Mystery Man in Marlene's Past!

Exclusive to SCREEN BOOK
by
Al Sherman

Felix Basch, director

Destined for love, glamorous Dietrich has stirred many men's hearts in many ways. Here is the true story of one man who long ago recognized her talent and who unselfishly helped to give her loveliness to the world

MARLENE DIETRICH is a woman who inspires love. A trite statement, perhaps—but so true it bears repetition. Marlene Dietrich's career is built on a foundation of true devotion of those who have come to know her best.

The beautiful Marlene, for example, has savored the exquisite affection of the Rudolph Sieber who, as her husband, willingly sacrificed his career to further that of the woman who, off the screen, bears his name and once bore his child.

The blonde Marlene has known and still knows the faithful adoration of the Josef von Sternberg who, in the screen stories he directs, sees in her the clay that molds so beautifully into the dramatic or tragic figures conceived by his imagination and talent.

These are two of the loves that have helped to mould Marlene Dietrich the actress. But there is yet another love—the story of which is told here for the first time.

This other, a great director and a power in the world he worked in, was first to recognize the dramatic genius that lies hidden beneath the beauty of Marlene Dietrich. He worked against unbelievable odds to persuade the world to recognize that talent with him—all this because, as he expressed it, he "found much in Marlene to bring to the world".

That man is Felix Basch, once the directorial keystone of Ufa, then the greatest of European film producing companies. Basch today is back in America, the homeland that fathered him but which he hadn't seen for many, many years. He is glad to be home, happy to know that many of the friends whose careers he fostered, the Marlene Dietrichs or Nils Asthers, for example, are doing so proudly for themselves in the country they adopted.

We were seated in his apartment in one of the quieter hotels on upper Broadway, away from the noise and bustle of New York's effervescent Times Square. I had gone to see Mr. Basch because, as a film critic, I long had been interested in his directorial efforts. As the man who introduced Emil Jannings to the movie world and persuaded Nils Asther to forsake a stage career for the screen, I was anxious to talk to Mr. Basch, but I never dreamed that he would reveal his admiration and affection for Marlene, or the story of how he had tried to bring her to film fame.

WE SAT and talked of many things. And then, in a happy moment, I mentioned Marlene Dietrich. Mr. Basch's face lit up. His reserve melted away. He enthused as one who feels the subject merits enthusiasm. And, sensing a story, I asked questions.

"Yes, yes, I know Marlene very well," said the director. He got up from his chair, strode back and forth, eager in his enthusiasm. "It is so good that she now is successful, is it not?" said Mr. Basch, in his accented English. "I am happy for her sake because she is so lovely, so good.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Stars' Jobs in Danger!

Katherine De Mille makes the most of a minor rôle in Paramount's *St. Louis Woman.* We prophesy she'll be starred within six months

Below, fiery little Hungarian Steffi, who is adding color to the all-color musical *La Cucaracha* at the RKO studios

If this doesn't convince you that Gertrude Michaels, at Paramount, has class with a capital K, check up with us when you see *The Notorious Sophie Lang*

Blondes with cute noses and dark eyes spell peril. This particular peril is named Jean Carmen, and she is heralded as a second Jean Harlow

Polly "Dynamite" Walters, who took refuge in a fraternity house every night for months and months on Broadway in *She Loves Me Not*. She's in Hollywood now, with Universal

SMASH HIT

Diana Wynyard Triumphs in Fine Drama

ONE MORE RIVER

★★★★

Accurately translated to the screen, *One More River* preserves all the vital drama of John Galsworthy's literary masterpiece, the plot of which is too familiar to need re-telling by the reviewer. The cast is nearly all English, headed By Diana Wynyard, Colin Clive, Frank Lawton and Reginald Denny. Jane Wyatt is the only American member of the cast, but audiences will approve the British accents which add materially to the highly dramatic and intense English story. Colin Clive's performance at once stamps him as an important addition to the screen, and his work is second only to that of Diana Wynyard.—*Universal*

Hopkins and Crosby Fight for Honors

SHE LOVES ME NOT

★★★★

Swift-moving and clever throughout, *She Loves Me Not* is a riot of fun with college and chorus-girl background and two grand entertainers, Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby, fighting for first honors. Miriam is a night club entertainer who flees when a murder is committed and installs herself in a college boy's room. Bing, the luckless hero, befriends her, sings some new songs and makes love to her. Miriam gives the dean, a U. S. Senator and a whole college a severe headache, finally winning herself a movie contract. Kitty Carlisle stands out in a big and effective supporting cast. Don't miss it—the picture is grand entertainment plus!—*Paramount.*

Frank Morgan with a Family That Can't Understand Him

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

★★★

Another epic of the typical American family and another triumph for Frank Morgan as the father, whose wife (Lois Wilson) and the young people treat him with customary indifference. Elizabeth Young, Louise Latimer and Robert Taylor are well cast. Binnie Barnes is fine as the "other woman."—*Universal.*

Cagney, the Tough Sailor, is Knocked Out by Love

HERE COMES THE NAVY

★★★

James Cagney gets a new deal in this thoroughly entertaining picture, in which he is supported by Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Frank McHugh and the U. S. Navy. The story has O'Brien stealing Cagney's girl and the latter joining the navy to get revenge. Excellent light entertainment. — *Warner.*

Grace Moore Surprises with the Month's Best Performance

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

★★★★

A surprising picture in which the exquisite voice of Grace Moore overshadows the entertaining story of an opera singer who succumbs to her Svengali, played well by Tullio Carminati. The rôle of the lover is played by Lyle Talbot. From start to finish, *One Night of Love* is a grand picture. You'll have to see it to understand the enthusiasm. — *Columbia.*

FOLLOW THE

CRITIC'S *Choice!*

◆

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

★★★★

An unusually effective drama dealing with the unnatural love of a father for his three daughters—particularly Elizabeth, whose romance with the poet, Robert Browning, is popular romantic history. Norma Shearer turns in a really remarkable performance as the invalid daughter who finds love and health with Browning, vividly portrayed by Fredric March. Charles Laughton is magnificent in the rôle of the father. Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander and others perform perfectly in the supporting cast.—*Metro.*

SMASH HIT

Wallace Beery Heads a Great Cast

TREASURE ISLAND

★★★★

For exciting adventure the screen will never equal this film rendition of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic. Wallace Beery as the villianous Long John Silver; Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins; Lionel Barrymore as the ferocious Billy Bones; Lewis Stone as the brave Capt. Smollett; Otto Kruger as the good Doctor Livesay—all bring perfect realism to the immortal treasure hunt, with many others in smaller roles contributing fine bits. Excitement runs high throughout the story as the beautiful scenery and the swaggering music put the finishing touches on this cinema masterpiece. Credit Director Victor Fleming with another perfect job.—*Metro.*

Virginia Bruce Proves Herself a Most Delightful Heroine

JANE EYRE

★★★

Virginia Bruce is excellent as the little girl from an orphanage who becomes governess in the house of Edward Rochester. Colin Clive, Aileen Pringle, Beryl Mercer and Jameson Thomas complete a well-chosen, expertly directed cast. *Jane Eyre* is a picture you will remember long after seeing it, and thank us for the tip.—*Monogram.*

Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll Good in Epic Story

THE WORLD MOVES ON

★★★

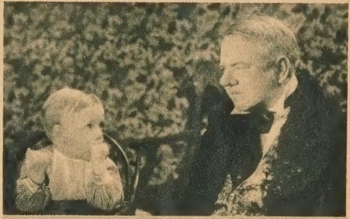
A story of an American family of New Orleans from the early nineteenth century to the present day. Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone, who plays the rôle of two lovers whom no tragedy can part, do effective work, with Reginald Denny and Dudley Digges scoring.—*Fox.*

Shirley Temple Steals the Show from Gary Cooper and Others

NOW AND FOREVER

★★★

Three excellent performers, Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper and Sir Guy Standing do their best in this story of heart throbs and love entanglement, but it's not good enough to make you forget that Shirley Temple is really the star of the picture. Shirley simply gets better and better—sweeter and sweeter. This picture is grand.—*Paramount.*



Too Silly for Words—This is Really a Grand Comedy

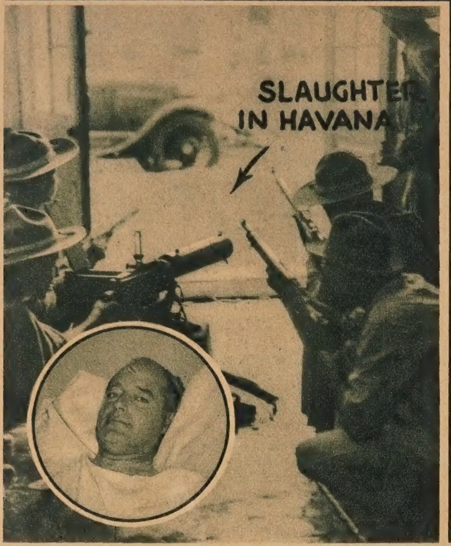
OLD FASHIONED WAY

★★★★

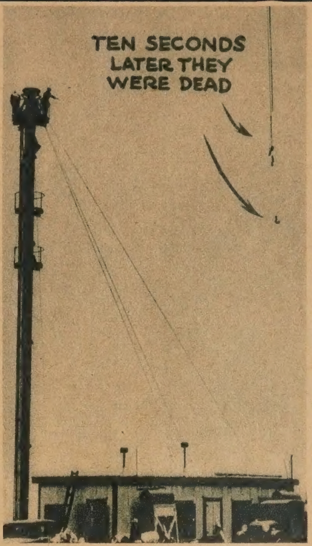
It's impossible to tell what this story is about. The plot is a mixture of every known laugh potion—seven reels of the most idiotic fun ever conceived, with W. C. Fields at his best. In the picture, too, is Joe Morrison, whose voice stops the show. Baby LeRoy is there too with a few short scenes that are perfect. Judith Allen and Nora Cecil furnish the principle feminine scenery and do their jobs well. At the preview one scene held the audience for a full ten minute laugh—and if that isn't enough recommendation for the picture you can spend an evening playing charades. A tune that will keep you humming for a long time is "Rolling in Love," featured for the first time in this picture.—*Paramount.*

THROUGH WAR—HORROR—THRILLS—

THEY
DEATH
Strip of



As Cuban soldiers fought from ambush in the recent revolt, news photographers also shot from ambush—but they were not armed with rifles and machine guns. More than 100 slain, 250 injured—but you saw the pictures! Insert: Joe Gibson, American cameraman, who was shot five times by snipers while filming the revolt



A battery of news-reel cameras ground as the luckless *Akron* escaped from her moorings at San Diego. Two members of the ground crew clung to the ropes and were pulled aloft. Fifteen hundred feet in the air, they hurtled down to horrible, instant death

SAVED BY A SAFETY NET

Remarkable shot of a man jumping from a tall building during the Chicago fire. Cameras recorded every inch of the man's fall

Paramount News

The author of this article, Al Mingalone, who realizes he's lucky to be here to tell the tale

THERE must be something in that old Chinese proverb about a newsreel cameraman's luck never deserting him.

At any rate, when I stop to look back over the fifteen years I've been recording history with a motion picture camera, shooting from speeding and stunting airplanes, dodging bullets and runaway aircraft, and performing the other casual little tasks that are incidental to a newsreel man's daily job, I realize that I've been pretty lucky. I must have been—otherwise I wouldn't be here writing this story.

The uprising in Cuba which boiled over about a year ago is a good example of what might be called "newsreel man's luck". The oppressed Cubans, having rid themselves of the tyrannical President Machado, worked off the resentment they'd been nursing for years by going out in wild mobs, hunting down every hireling of the ex-dictator they could find, and mercilessly shooting or beating them to death. When they didn't have any victims to shoot or pummel, they paraded madly about Havana and other cities, or held highly inflammatory meetings, or just milled about in disorganized crowds, often brandishing their firearms and shooting about them with all the exuberance of a band of schoolboys exchanging volleys of spitballs.

And through all this hell-raising, the newsreel men who were assigned to the story had to tote their cameras in and out of the mobs, photograph the impromptu rifle and machine gun skirmishes and bombardments, and jump in and out of airplanes to be flown by half-baked native pilots to any place on the island where new trouble was popping. Most of us came through with no damage beyond some wear and tear on the nervous system—with one unfortunate exception, whose sad case I will come to in a moment.

Perhaps the most exciting episode I witnessed throughout all the horror of the Cuban business was the killing by an infuriated mob of Col. Antonio Jiminez, chief of Machado's celebrated Porristas, or strong-arm police. Jiminez, who was reputedly responsible for most of the cruelty wreaked by his ruffians on enemies of the administration, was hunted for days by mobs of men and women whose relatives his men had killed or tortured over a period of years.

One day they finally found him in hiding and chased him madly down

—MIRACLES AND STARK TRAGEDY

THE PILOT ESCAPED

A miracle of the air—this plane crashed nose down, almost on top of three great trees. The men who ground the cameras felt Death's cold fingers . . . but the pilot escaped alive

HIS LAST RACE
HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE

All of men's frantic efforts to beat time and space have been immortalized in film. This dirt driver was thrown forty feet into the air above his burning car and killed instantly . . . but that breath-taking instant was caught by a news-reel man. Insert: When De Pinedo's plane crashed at Floyd Bennett Field and he was burned alive, unflinching cameramen wrote the grim record in film

"Red" Felbinger photographing a parachute jumper from the tail of a speeding plane

DEFY For a FILM

By One of Paramount's Ace Cameramen,

Al Mingalone

As told to Mortimer Franklin

a street, with cameramen in hot pursuit. Jiminez was finally brought down wounded by a pistol shot, and the mob sprang on him, beating him fiendishly with sticks, clubs and gun butts. In the midst of the beating these Cubanos, their theatrical sense always keenly alive, suddenly ceased and held up their battered and bleeding victim against a wall, stood aside to let the photographers take pictures of him, and then proceeded to beat him to death!

ANOTHER time, during the early days of the revolution, an ugly mob was gathered in the main square of Havana, shouting for recognition of their new government. The Guatemalan consul, a peppery little man whose sympathies were with the deposed Machado, came out on the balcony of his quarters facing the square, wrapped himself in his country's flag which he imagined would give him protection, and proceeded to tell the mob exactly what he thought of them.

The Cubans listened for a moment in amazed silence. Then, while the newsreel cameras ground, two swarthy natives appeared climbing up the balcony, hand over hand, with long knives projecting from their pockets. They came over the side of the balcony and seized the little consul, who grappled gamely with them. The last seen of the trio they were toppling over the far side of the railing, to crash into the crowd six stories below.

But even when the disorder was at its wildest, the Cubans had a healthy respect for the American cameramen and knew enough not to use them as objects of their target practice. Yet there was always the hazard of stray shots, and the even greater hazard of having your camera mistaken for a weapon, especially when taking long-range pictures, when the long, telescope-like finder used on the camera, poked over the edge of a barricade or a roof-top, looks like nothing so much as a machine gun.

This is exactly what happened to Joe Gibson, [*Continued on page* 64]

BROADWAY

Visiting the scene of *Crime Without Passion* . . . Lupe Velez shows her temper . . . intimate gossip about Katharine Hepburn, Jimmy Cagney, Fredric March and other movie famous

Celebs go Begging SOME people die and some go to Hollywood. Hi, ho, we Manhattanites don't seem to be celebrity conscious anymore. "People must be getting screwy," says Renee, the radiant hat-check girl at Sardi's. "Robert Montgomery was in here the other day and nobody even gave him a tumble." Sylvia Sidney, (with and without dark glasses), Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck and Pat O'brien doing eating-about-town with very little neck-craning from the natives.

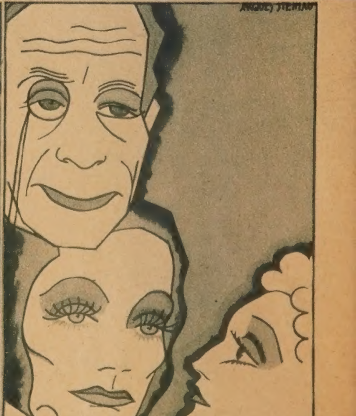
Movie Booby Hatch SPEARED tomatoes with Whitney Bourne at the Algonquin during the shooting of *Crime Without Passion,* which is the first of a series of Ben Hecht-Charlie MacArthur masterpieces produced in Paramount's studio on Long Island. "How are your rushes, Whitney," I asked the girl who is deserting the social world for the screen. "Very Minsky," cracked Whitney. "The studio is a madhouse but after a few days you get used to it." The Hecht-MacArthur schedule runs something like this: "From eight to nine a. m. we are casting directors; nine to ten, producers; ten to eleven, directors; eleven to twelve, Louis B. Mayer. We argue costs during that hour. Watch the budget, give orders, hire, fire. Noon to one for luncheon. One to two, directors again; two to three, we rewrite the script; three to four, we talk to our lawyer; four to five, on the set inspiring the gals; five to six, looking at rushes; six to eight, supervisors—and far into the night we are writers."

What a Voice! COLIN CLIVE, who was La Hepburn's leading man in *The Lake,* has a voice like steps leading into the sea. To my mind his tones are the best on the screen—see him in *Jane Eyre* and you'll agree.

Ruby and Al LOOKING more Spence school than ever before, Ruby has been shooting some scenes for *Flirtation Walk* at West Point. She and her hubby, Al Jolson, are living in their Scarsdale shack for a bit. Funny about that romance—it's lasting. Did you know that when Al started courting Ruby, she'd never seen him on the stage?

Back from Hollywood, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are in hiding

Lee Patrick Chooses the New



George Arliss in *House of Rothschild;* Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina;* Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great*

SCOOPS

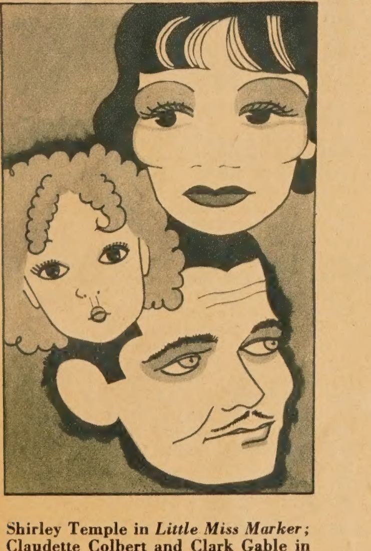
By Lee Patrick

All New York is crowding to the Paramount studios in Astoria (those who can get in) to look at the Hecht-MacArthur epic, *Crime Without Passion,* as it is being filmed. Photo above shows a scene with Claude Rains and Whitney Bourne. Charlie MacArthur is at the extreme left

She'll be a star soon! Beautiful Whitney Bourne, society girl who begins her career in *Crime Without Passion*

Another promising discovery from *Crime Without Passion* is Margo, the fiery and emotional little Spanish dancer

Season's Best Performers



Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Marker;* Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in *It Happened One Night.* Does anyone care to disagree?

Best Joke CREDIT Fredric March with one of the funniest smart ones of the year in his wire to his sister just after he and his wife had adopted another child. Here's the telegram: "ANTHONY JUST ARRIVED WEIGHING SEVENTEEN POUNDS AGE THREE MONTHS FLORENCE DOING WELL."

Star Sleuth Rewarded REMEMBER when Warren William played opposite Pearl White in *Plunder?* He has recently been made an honorary detective in Los Angeles for his splendid work as Philo Vance. Warren raises prize wire-haired terriers. His chief *d'oeuvre* of the moment is a doghouse which he has made out of a Klieg light.

Lupe Gets Angry WHEN Lupe Velez, the fiery, arrived at the Newark airport with her Mexican chihauhaus and Johnny Weissmuller trailing along meekly behind her, she was informed that her darling dogs could not travel bv plane. Whereupon she haughtily tore up her tickets, threw them to the ground as the air turned blue and left the place in high dudgeon. Viva Velez!

Best Performances I AM not going to wait until the end of the year before nominating the performances that seem most outstanding to me. The six perfect bits for work that have given me the most pleasure are: Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Marker,* George Arliss in *The House of Rothschild,* Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great,* Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina,* and the team of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night.* And now that I've done it, I've left out Jawn Barrymore in *Twentieth Century.*

[*Continued on page* 69]

If it's excitement and romance you want, Robert Donat will give it to you as Edmond Dantes in *The Count of Monte Cristo.* The terrified gentleman in the scene above looks strangely like Lionel Barrymore, but Director Rowland V. Lee tells us his name is Raymond Walburn and we're not in the mood to argue

The Inside Story of Richard Dix and His Secret Bride

[*Continued from page 27*]

past six months she has been a highly efficient secretary," he continued.

"Whose?" I asked.

"Mine."

"Oh, it's the most wonderful thing that ever could have happened to any man," Dix waxed blissfully enthusiastic. "Virginia and I have the same tastes in literature, sports, theater and home life. And, what's more, our sense of humor seems to be in common."

"But, tell me, Richard," I asked, "How did you happen to fall in love with Virginia? This is the most intriguing romance which has ever emanated from Hollywood, as far as I'm concerned. Tell me everything! Everything—now!"

"WELL, you see it was this way, Irene. 'Way back some ten years when I was Paramount star, I spent a good portion of my salary taking care of fan mail and paying for a secretary out of my weekly stipend. When my contract was renewed, I had a clause written into it stipulating that the studio where I am employed must engage a secretary to take care of my mail, answer phone calls for me, take dictation and attend to general office duties. No matter where I travelled—from studio to studio, an efficient secretary was assigned to me—to be approved of by me!"

"And how," I interrupted, "did you happen to choose Virginia as secretary?"

"Well—it was just a lucky break for me. The secretary I had was forced to quit, and I asked my Uncle Jack—a dear old fellow of sixty-five who's just as interested in my welfare as my own dad is—to select a new steno and office worker. Uncle Jack inserted an ad in a Los Angeles paper, giving no name but just a general delivery address. There were 600 applicants. From among them, my uncle made up a list of six who seemed most suitable. I was to do the final selecting. Uncle Jack had designated his opinion of the half dozen finalists by placing a number of checks after each name. Virginia's name had five checks whereas her nearest competitor had three."

"And did you know right from the start that she was the girl for you—in view of the fact that you had but recently been divorced from the first Mrs. Dix?"

"Well—it didn't take me long to find out how sweet and lovely and appealing and capable my new secretary was. I became more than casually interested in Virginia because she took her job so seriously. I used to smile inwardly to see her worry so about it. When she wasn't busy at her typewriter, we got to talking.

"Most of my other secretaries and I never did get along conversationally. We never seemed to know what to talk about to one another. But Virginia's mind is splendid. She's a college girl, with a B. A. degree from the University of California, and a secondary P. G. from Berkeley. I'd like you to meet Virginia and tell her I'm not such a bad guy!"

Which I did. I found Virginia Webster to be all that Richard had described her. She's sweet, sympathetic, resourceful, and pretty. She has chestnut brown hair, lovely blue eyes, sparkling white teeth and a delightful smile. Richard thinks—and I agree—that she resembles his favorite leading lady, Irene Dunne, who appeared with him in *Cimarron* and *Stingaree,* two of his outstanding film successes. Virginia reaches to Richard's shoulder. Her voice is low and twangy—Western fashion, on account of having lived in California nearly all her life.

"Mother and Dad were married in Jersey City, New Jersey, twenty-five years ago," she told me. "Don't you think it would be wonderful, Irene, if Richard and I were to slip quietly over to Jersey and be married there? It's so romantic!" That's how Virginia is—youthfully romantic and vitally interested in living and life. She has no movie aspirations, although she played leads in many of her school plays such as *Peg o' My Heart* and *Quality Street.*

I agreed that a Jersey marriage would be just the thing.

And, so, Virginia "Cinderella" Webster became the bride of Prince Richard "Charming" Dix. Judge Markely married them, and I was the witness. We drove from Richard's Waldorf-Astoria suite to Jersey City in less than half an hour. And Richard was thoroughly impatient when traffic lights curbed the car's activity now and then.

Just a romantic bridegroom, you know! For the occasion, Virginia wore a divine sheer brown ensemble with hat and shoes to match, long white gloves and a corsage of white orchids. Richard was garbed in the conventional double-breasted navy-blue, plus black cheaters. For it was a secret wedding—that none were in on, except the principals, myself, the license clerk and the judge.

"Virginia wants to have a home and children," he says proudly, and she agrees. "She doesn't care much about jewels and cars, and believe it or not, she still looks at the right side of the menu when she's dining with me. She's careful about spending money because she has had to work pretty hard for hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I were just plain Ernest Carlton Brimmer, salesman—or some such thing.

"The important thing is that we are so wonderfully in love with one another, and in a manner which will certainly last. Her interests are mine. Mine are hers!"

It's a Wonder I'm Not DEAD—*says Paul Lukas*

This famous star has been grinning at the grim reaper ever since his war days —and still he laughs off his narrow escapes

By Boris Nicholai

HE SHOULD have been in a hospital but I found him on a sound stage. Paul Lukas was making his newest picture and nothing short of death could stop him. Suave, genteel; he portrayed now a man of the world. The day was hot and I came dressed in flannels and a polo shirt. But Paul Lukas labored under tremendous lights wearing a heavy overcoat, and a muffler tightly knotted at his chin. Yet beneath that suave, genteel acting his pulse beat loudly in his brain which was afire with pain. Paul Lukas had a broken collar bone!

It was only between shots that we could talk as he was due, even then, at the doctor's office and there were several more scenes which he just had to make.

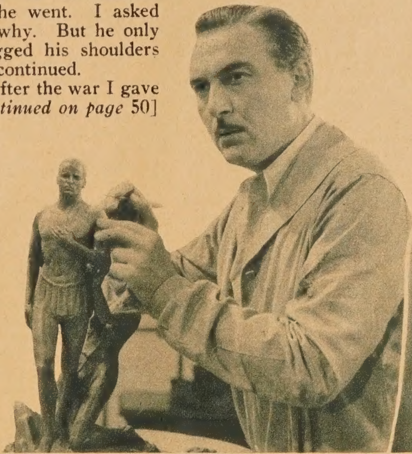
"How did it happen?" I asked. "From flying?"

Paul laughed. "No, from that you get a broken neck. Perhaps that's why I became an aviator. This is from a horse. Just a cantering little horse who threw me."

And he was serious. Never have I seen an actor more polished in each performance than this Adonis from the foreign stage. And never have I heard of a man more daring in a world of cogs and wheels which spell death at every move. Flying in 1918 was perilous even to those few experienced birdmen because aviation was an undeveloped, infant industry. Yet, when the World War came and Hungary fell into the maelstrom, Paul Lukas was among the first to go. Oh, he was an accomplished star on the Hungarian stage. He could have stayed behind and amused the fear torn populace. But he didn't. Paul Lukas went out to the front. He enlisted in the Hungarian flying corps, there to seek adventure behind the droning motors and whirling propellors of a death machine. He knew that if just once there was any mistake which he might make, even for a moment, his happy landing would be in heaven. But he went. I asked him why. But he only shrugged his shoulders and continued.

"After the war I gave

[*Continued on page* 50]



During the filming of *I Give My Love*, Paul Lukas worked with a painful broken collar bone. It is characteristic of the man that he has no feeling under stress of pain or danger

HOLLYWOOD BRIEFS

Bon voyage! **Kay Francis waves a blithe farewell to the hundreds who gathered to wish her well as she departs on an extended European vacation**

This Is Romance: Charles Beehan, writer, and Sidney Fox, the little woman, keep driving newspaper editors mad by divorcing, reconciling, separating and togethering again in such rapid succession. Even we magazine editors are a little mad. . . . When Thelma Ray Colman, from whom Ronald has been separated for nine years, filed suit for divorce in London recently, Ronald merely went for a boat ride. Nine years is a long time. . . . They do say Bill Powell and Carole Lombard will try again. . . . What's this about Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers and a Canadian license, and we don't mean fishing? . . . Elissa Landi sues her English barrister hubby for divorce, and not to be outdone, he sues right back at her. . . . The Roger Pryors are newly Reno-vated. . . . Phillips Holmes and Grantland Rice's little girl Florence will probably be spliced by the time you read this. . . . It's not ALL OVER between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall—not a-tall. . . . Virginia Pine keeps muttering about marrying Georgie Raft—that's her story. . . . Tallulah Bankhead is more than playing with the idea of becoming Lady Pembroke, and *soon*. . . . Fay Wray's husband, writer John Monk Saunders, wires her orchids at every train or plane stop when she's away—nice. . . . On the other hand, the Cyril Humes—he's another swell writer, and she is the so-charming Helen Chandler—are parting. It's all very sweet and sad.

Baby Dept.: The Reginald Dennys expect an heir or heiress. . . . Warners' studio employees presented Joan Blondell Barnes with a bassinet, and it won't be long now. . . . Dick Powell is having a grand nursery built into his new home—which is pretty vague, but may indicate something. . . . The Phil Bergs (Leila Hyams) protest that they didn't belong in this dept. last month. Sorry. . . . The Pat O'Briens will adopt one.

It's a Wonder I'm Not Dead

[*Continued from page* 49]

up aviation and came to America. Then they put me in a picture called *Young Eagles*. Here the bug got me again.

"I only have about five hundred flying hours to my credit. And I always sit in a parachute because it is the cheapest life insurance." Looking up my friend pointed to a huge lamp poised perilously above our heads. Paul continued, "That lamp might fall on us. But nothing can drop on you in an aeroplane. I absolutely believe it is safer to fly our modern airships than to walk beneath these rafters or to drive on a Sunday afternoon to Malibu."

THIS man beside me, I began to realize, was the first of his kind. The first to fight his country's battle. The first to give his romantic, gypsy love a berth on the American screen. He was always tackling new things—always ready for a skirmish with a new thrill in life. Perhaps, I thought, that is why he took up acting. Just to feel its thrills. To look up at the lights and wonder when they're going to drop or to watch those huge sandbags dangling just out of reach while he could say romantic speeches there beneath them. Truly, Paul was given life to try to break his neck!

And what a grand sense of humor he posesses. To know him is to love him. But to love him you must appreciate his exquisite, original caprices. Even telling me of an escape from death he thought it funny.

"I was flying to Palm Springs when I hit a sandstorm in the desert. One of those bad ones, where you can't see anything and all you feel is wind and sand, so I did some Christian flying and really I came down to earth."

"What is Christian flying, Paul?" I asked.

"Oh, I just call it that because under those conditions you don't know where you're going to land or how. So like all good Christians you begin to pray."

This was the Paul I knew. This is the star who gets more letters from sophisticated matrons and Park Avenue debutantes than any man in pictures. This is the cinema demigod who holds three international pilot licenses—"just for fun." It was to him that an admiring nation sent an honorary license by two transatlantic fliers because no other method of its presentation would fully show the honor that it carried nor the high esteem they hold for Paul abroad.

AND it was with the same dry sense of exquisite humor that in his acceptance speech Paul said, "Before you drop into the ocean on your way from Harbor Grace to Budapest send my report in."

He watched them soar away into the clouds, these friends from home, and wished that he were with them. Their hazardous journey across unchartered skies was something more to fear than envy. Yet Paul Lukas, that fascinating dare-devil with the Valentino accent, would liked to have been a stowaway aboard that plane.

"And then they made it only to crack up a year later in Rome while landing," he told me.

"Have you ever had any narrow escapes while landing?" I asked.

"I love to fly by moonlight. It's the most beautiful romantic thing in the world. And those landings are all narrow escapes. It's a wonder I'm still alive," he answered. But his mind was far away. Perhaps it was about the two dead emissaries from his native land of whom he thought. Perhaps it was his broken collar bone which hurt again or maybe Paul Lukas was just getting into the mood for the scene which was to follow. At any rate his next statement told me clearly how this gallant romanceur of life existed—because Paul Lukas said:

"The things which thrill me would be dull to those who read about it. Those little unexplainable things, I mean, which make a pilot happy even though he tries to break his neck on every new idea and invention."

I watched him go, without any sign of pain or agonized emotion into camera view.

And by the shadow which he cast I knew that Paul Lukas stood once more beneath the sand bags.

Joan Marsh Marries

Reginald Denny wins the so beautiful Joan Marsh as his bride in the new comedy hit, *We're Rich Again*

Charm

HIDE your BEAUTY FAULTS

Read how the stars camouflage their imperfections

Joan Crawford wields her lipstick and watches the lights to disguise her over-wide nostrils

Jean Harlow makes her small, deep-set eyes larger by arching her eyebrows in a high semi-circle

By Janet Lynn

MOVIE actresses have three methods of camouflaging their bad points—make-up, lighting effects and camera angles. Katharine Hepburn's thin upper lip can be made more voluptuous by skillful use of lipstick, Joan Crawford's wide nostrils made inconspicuous by the use of an overhead light and Constance Bennett's too-square jaw softened by three-quarter camera shots . . . with the result that these far-from-perfect features look dazzlingly beautiful.

But what of us poor gals who aren't movie actresses? What can we do to camouflage deep-set eyes, large noses and jutting chins? When the average girl goes out on a dinner date, she is not, alas! accompanied by a make-up expert, a battery of Klieg lights and a sympathetic cameraman. More than likely the head waiter puts her and her escort at a table in a dark corner where she looks like a frightened mouse peering out of its hole—or, worse yet, near raw, glaring lights that make her look like an opium smoker!

But there's no use feeling bitter and hopeless about it all. You still have *one* movie star camouflage method for your own use—makeup. By practice, you can become your own makeup expert and do remarkable things to your face with powder, rouge and eye cosmetics.

FREE!
To all SCREEN BOOK readers, Janet Lynn offers free advice. Write to her, explaining your beauty problems, at SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope (U. S. postage only). She will reply quickly and in strictest confidence

For instance, take that common feature fault, a large nose. You may think there's nothing you can do about *that,* short of plastic surgery. But there is. Powder the nose scantily with powder a couple of shades darker than that used on the rest of the face. A dab of rouge beneath the longish nose will make it appreciably shorter. A broad, flat nose can be made slimmer looking if you keep your rouge far out on the cheeks, away from the offending nose. Often, attention is drawn pointedly to a large nose by heavy, dark brows growing close to the bridge of the nose. That's simple! Pluck the brows in the center so they're at least an inch apart, and the nose is no longer emphasized.

Marlene Dietrich's hollow cheeks make her look exotic. But if yours only make you look cadaverous, stop using cheek rouge, except for a faint half-moon of it just beneath your eyes—*never* in the hollows. If your face is fat and round like Nancy Carroll's, and your nose small like hers, you can make it seem more oval by placing your cheek rouge in toward the nose, directly under the eyes. And *don't* fluff your hair out at the sides or wear button earrings. To make a long, narrow face less so, wear your eyebrows straight at the ends and put rouge far out on your cheeks. For a long, jutting chin, powder lightly with dark powder or place a dab of rouge in the center.

Jean Harlow makes her small, deep-set eyes seem larger and more prominent by arching her brows in a high semi-circle. Norma Shearer and Mae West are lavish with eyebrow pencil and shadow on the *outer* corners of their small, close-set eyes, to make them look larger and farther

[*Continued on page* 60]

Hollywood Can't Lick Max Baer!

[*Continued from page 21*]

I had asked Mr. Hoffman that same question, and he had answered that they had none.

MAX BAER told a different story.

"I am going to make three pictures. First, I'm going on a vaudeville tour . . . ten weeks. Then come the pictures. I'm going to make one for Paramount, one for Columbia, and the third I may make for Metro-Goldwyn, that hasn't been decided yet."

"Have you any idea about the sort of picture you'd like to make?"

"You bet I have! I don't want to make a fight picture! *The Prize Fighter and the Lady* was too good a fight picture to try to top. It was timed just right, having been released before my fight with Carnera. In fact, I'm given to understand that they plan to release it again, and insert the real fight pictures.

"They want me to make that Broadway hit, *The Milky Way*, into a picture. But I said, No! I admit it is a very amusing play, but the prize fighter is shown as a dumb-bell. Besides, he uses slang. I want to uphold the dignity of my profession." He paused.

"Have you got that about upholding the dignity of his profession?" interrupted Benny Rubin, glancing over my shoulder.

"Yes," I said, as I wondered whether Mr. Baer is turning Tunney on us.

"I'll play in pictures with sports in it, but not a fight picture," he said.

WE TALKED about Hollywood. When Max Baer first went out there to make *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*, he did two surprising things . . . he proved himself an actor . . . and he didn't lose track of his training. Everyone said Hollywood would be bound to hurt him. It had cost another fighter his championship and his wife. It had broken many. Hollywood makes such a fuss over fighters. Hollywood tempts them to squander their energies. Hollywood spoils them with too much adulation.

Max Baer made his picture and did a good job. Then he came back and knocked out Carnera.

Hollywood admiration could not turn a head . . . already turned. He is used to applause. His fan mail has always been tremendous.

"Hollywood can't hurt me," he said. "That's because I'm natural. I'm always myself. It only hurts the phoneys. And eighty-five percent of Hollywood is make-believe . . . artificial. The remaining fifteen percent are so real they make up for the eighty-five."

Max Baer grew suddenly reticent when asked to name a few of the obnoxious eighty-five, but he spoke out when talking about the fifteen.

"Walter Huston is swell. So is Wallace Beery." And he added, perhaps with one astute eye on the undecided Metro contract, "Also Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer and Marion Davies."

"What about Connie Bennett?" I asked.

"Well, I like Joan a lot," he answered.

"And Garbo?"

"At first I didn't like her," he frankly admitted. "They had given me a dressing-room on the top floor with all the women. Mine was right next to Garbo's. I didn't know her, but I didn't like her. I thought she put on airs, kept to herself too much. Then, one day, I was walking and heard a voice coming from a bush. I looked, there was Greta talking to a little bird perched on her finger. I liked her after that."

"I WAS on the Metro lot for three whole years and never even saw her once," sadly remarked Mr. Rubin.

Max Baer continued. "Myrna Loy is sweet. So is Norma Shearer," he repeated. "Most of the others are artificial, like an extra girl I met on the lot. She was carrying a lorgnette. I stopped her and said, 'Look here, honey, you won't get anywheres that way. Why can't you act natural, like me?'

"This acting natural really has been a help to me. Van Dyke, the director, used to say, 'What are you doing there, trying to steal the picture!' That was because I showed three-quarters of my face and stared straight into the camera. I was just acting natural. Now I know you only do that when you steal scenes." And he laughed that good-natured laugh of his.

Just then the blonde secretary entered, announcing Mr. Baer's next appointment. I took my departure. "Thanks for the interview, and I won't bother you until after you've won your next fight!"

"Did you hear that!" Mr. Baer exclaimed to the others. "She won't bother me." And turning in my direction, "Why, you're no bother, you come up any time you want. You come up here next week, and we'll have lunch together!"

Joan Crawford Hands Her Personal Check *to the* New Contest Winners

FIRST PRIZE

By Lois Briggs

I should like to see Joan Crawford do a real characterization. Behind her is a parade of competently, often brilliantly done but essentially forgettable ladies, modishly but meaninglessly clad in Adrian designs. Of these, "Sadie McKee" is the warmest, most real—but even Sadie is no test of the powers of Joan Crawford.

If only we could see Sigrid Undset's trilogy, Kristin Lavransdatter, dramatized, with Joan in the rôle of the lovely, ill-starred Kristin! Joan Crawford in 14th Century costumes, a wayward, loving, selfish, headstrong girl—and finally a disillusioned and sorrowful, but wise and strong woman.

Could she carry this part? Would she shine out against the sweep and complication, the many characters, the troublous times, the religious pageantry of the age? I believe so. And such a rôle would mean full opportunity to act—to use the fund of emotional power intrinsic to her character and permit it its long-delayed expression. Into the inadequate puppets of her previous pictures she has put an astonishing amount of vitality; but they have never demanded the reach, effort and imagination of which Joan Crawford is capable.

LIST OF WINNERS

1st prize—$50.00—Lois Briggs, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

2nd prize—$25.00—Floyd Miller, 149 Guys Run Road, Hamarville, Pa.

3rd prize—$10.00—Catharine Macadam, Grey Lodge, Cragmere, Del.

4th, 5th and 6th prizes—$5.00 each—Hilda Adams, 105-A Sayre St., Montgomery, Ala.; Alma Stalnaker, Box 453, Orofino, Idaho; Eunice Swan Miller, 300 W. Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

7th to 15th prizes—autographed portraits Joan Crawford—Frances Galati, 119 W. Main St., Belleville, Ill.; E. Kleinschmidt, 616 S. Fifth Av., Maywood, Ill.; Mrs. Arthur Kramer, 905 Lydia Av., Louisville, Ky.; H. Diamond, 426 Hawthorne Ave., Oakland, Cal.; Vance Averill Stewart, 59 Hazlewood Ave., San Francisco, Cal.; Adele Thane, Winchendon, Mass.; Jack Windsor, 9229 55th Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Maurice Jacobs, 5813 Carpenter St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Edward Madeley, Box 181, Chapel Hill, Tex.

Charm

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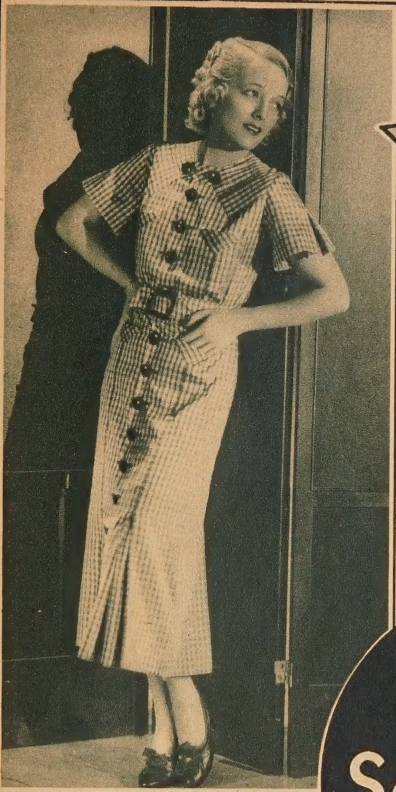
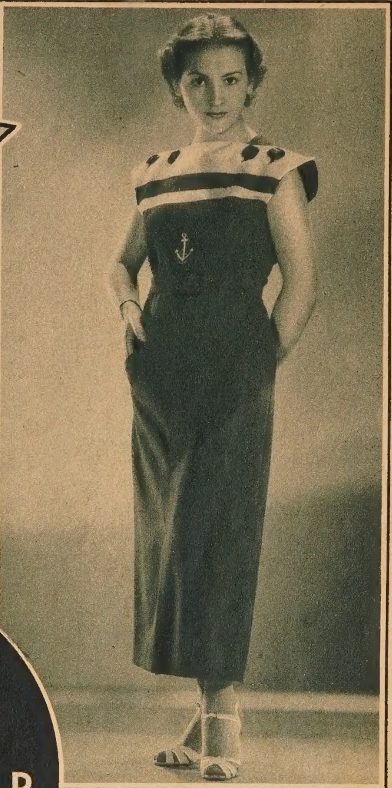
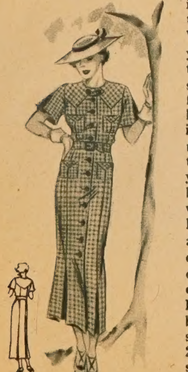


Marian Nixon wears this smart Hollywood version of the "simple gingham gown" in *We're Rich Again.* Hers is blue and white cotton; yours might be yellow and brown taffeta



Ada Cavell, charming new RKO star, goes nautical in an entirely new way in navy wool crepe with a devastating wide white neckline; you might reverse the process

IT'S EASY to believe the stars bother a lot about clothes. But **you** probably can't spend hours in planning your wardrobe—so why not profit by their taste and effort—follow their example by making your frocks from patterns designed from their exclusive models?



The perennially popular shirtwaist frock, for instance, is given a new twist by Marian Nixon. With its trick diagonal yoke and pockets, and those cunning pleated sleeves, it is not only fetching for wear at home but with contrasting hat and gloves might well be seen in the smartest places. If you choose yellow and brown, you'll love it with your new yellow hat. Red and gray is another smart, smart combination. And — secret — it's easier than easy to make! Pattern B228 has been designed by SCREEN BOOK'S stylists for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40, and size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material.

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For the enclosed ...... cents, please send me

☐ Pattern B228, Marian Nixon's everyday frock.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B229, Ada Cavell's sport dress.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Summer Pattern Book.

(Place checks in squares to indicate patterns in your order. Patterns are 15c each. When ordered in combination, one pattern and the pattern book may be obtained for 25c.)

Name ....

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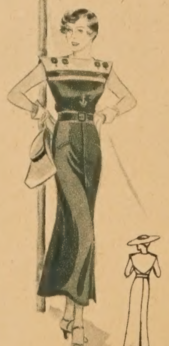
All pattern orders will be filled promptly. Remember, there are many other smart creations in SCREEN BOOK'S Summer Pattern Book.

IF YOU'RE tired of sailor collars, you can be sea-going in a different way by making for yourself a frock like Ada Cavell's effective one. Or leave off the anchor and defy the current tradition—we won't mind.

The slim skirt with its mannish pockets is comfortably mannish and at the same time gracefully feminine — and you'll admit skirts are important. Movie stars realize the importance of being able to move freely **and** gracefully. The white neckline is, of course, flattering—but there's also something to be said for the idea of a light frock with dark neckline. Two shades of blue — navy and French — for blue-eyed girls — would be enchanting! We wouldn't fool you by designing a pattern that's hard to make, either. If you want to send for pattern B229, it's available in sizes 12 to 20—and size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting.



Let's Go Domestic!

A new department about an old American custom—eating. Right now it's the fashion to eat out of doors. This article tells how to do it smartly and pleasantly

By

Ida Bailey Allen

Mrs. Allen has won first place for the past three years as foremost radio broadcaster to women in a national poll. Author of many books on cooking, the circulation of her work is over ten million. She will tell you what's new and smart in food each month

CAN you imagine a push-cart—the kind you see every day on the street corner—dressed up for party use? That is exactly what the ultra-smart shop has been featuring. I don't know whose idea it was, dressing up the lunch cart with a fresh coat of red and white paint, and exchanging its pots of mustard and hot wieners for dainty sandwich trays and bottles of cold beverages—but it's a reality, not a dream.

As I gazed at it I could imagine dozens of places where this transformed cart might be used—at tennis parties or lawn festivals, for informal outdoor dances and teas. Almost anyone could duplicate it with a second hand cart and a pot of paint; or one could be rented for a gay, original party. It seemed to me a most adaptable idea.

A few days later, when I went to a smart Long Island garden party I saw the same sort of cart, all gay in red and white, pushed about by a lad in a stiff blue smock with a cocky blue cap on the side of his head. And what a bright cheery picture it made against the background of green grass and shrubbery! Iron chairs painted bright yellow with blue woven rope backs and seats were grouped on the wide terrace around chic little tables, whose tops were made of coils of the same bright blue rope. Yes, the chairs were really comfortable, and the last word in swank. They too might easily be copied by an enterprising person with a paint brush and a bit of energy.

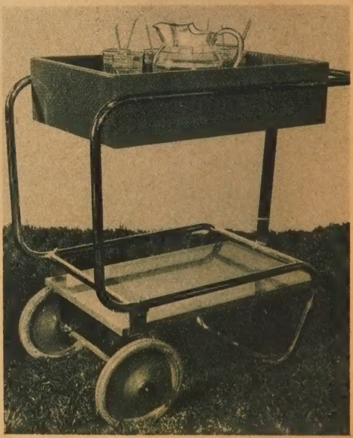
That's the way with modern entertaining. It makes use of the most ordinary things but it does it in such clever ways that everyone is enchanted.

At this garden party, guests came and went during the afternoon from four to six—a gay charming crowd in their dainty chiffons, the younger girls in stiff organdy with wide leghorn hats such as we used to wear years ago.

The guests were delighted with the lunch cart—who wouldn't be?—and eagerly explored its offerings. First in importance were the ingredients for cold drinks—in other words, the "makings." There were bottles of ginger ale, all cold and sparkling; huge covered mugs filled with lemon, orange or pineapple juice, jars of claret cup; a basket heaped with sprigs of fresh mint; there was gin and Dubonnet wine; plenty of Scotch and soda water; and a tall chromium pail filled with colored ice cubes, made by tinting the water with a few drops of vegetable

[*Continued on page* 59]

Hazel Forbes serves tea in a garden. In this article are many fascinating suggestions of sandwiches and other snacks to accompany tea—or even something more virile



Here's the new version of a pushcart, which your guests will give a hearty welcome, provided it's dressed in red and white and tall cool drinks and well groomed food. Courtesy of Macy's, New York

LIFE *isn't* *half as much fun* *for* FAT PEOPLE!

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KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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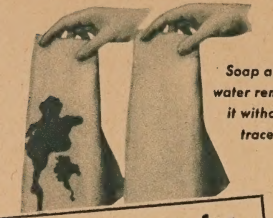

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Margaret Sullavan's Mystery Husband Talks

[*Continued from page* 17]

I was free. That is all. That's how it ended."

What a ghastly ending to a romance which might have astounded a universe! But how utterly like Margaret Sullavan, the tempestuous star of Hollywood. Isn't she always doing things like that? Didn't she fly away when Hollywood displeased her and then, just as suddenly, return? Wasn't it the same Margaret who, in the middle of a scene, rushed off the stage in full regalia and, climbing into her car, drove fast and furiously from the studio? How surprised those bank clerks must have been to see this beautiful creature suddenly appear in mid-afternoon, with tears streaming down her grease paint covered face and dressed in evening clothes and high heeled slippers, suddenly demand her money on deposit!

But Hollywood soothed her; when they shook their heads and when they took her back they called it temperament. What else could Hank expect? We who all love Margaret Sullavan believe she could not have done it any other way.

BUT Henry Fonda blames himself.

"It was just one of those things. We drifted apart," he told me. Yet in the next breath he remembers how he used to call for her at the stage door. He recalled vividly an incident which happened during the halcyon days of their courtship. That was long before Peggy was a star. Up the long, creaky stairs to her dingy dressing-room happy Hank Fonda trudged, to be beside the girl he loved. Outside her door he waited while Peggy went inside to change. For a moment he leaned there against the insecure railing; suddenly, with a crackling noise, it gave way and Hank crashed to the floor below.

In an instant, Margaret Sullavan had rushed down the stairs, horrified at what had happened. Luckily he was unhurt and everyone laughed heartily at the gawky youth who actually "fell for" Peggy Sullavan. They were both happy again. But only for a short while. The show continued its route and Margaret Sullavan again was forced to leave Hank Fonda. He returned to pit his unsuccessful luck against the seasoned Broadway actors and dream about this understudy far away. Would it ever end, this separation?

That was before Peggy was a star—long before they were married. Yet here at lunch today Hank thought of it as if it were but yesterday, and he was happy even in those memories—for I believe Hank and Peggy are still in love. Didn't she call him on the telephone during her last altogether too brief visit to New York on her way to Europe?

Oh, yes, Peggy went to Europe. She hops to Chicago or New York by plane or takes a leisurely trip to Hollywood by way of the Panama Canal. It only depends on the mood she's in. She's rich. She's famous and no one doubts her beauty. But what has happened to Hank Fonda, that tall, dark Italian lad from Omaha who once she married?

It's just the old story of the girl who rose to stardom and the boy who couldn't get a break. He's working in a New York show which is ironically called *New Faces.*

He is just one of these eighteen new faces struggling mightily for a chance at fame. He sings; he dances; he does dead-pan comedy. The bulletin board has his name down as an understudy to another one of the *New Faces.* He's no longer Margaret Sullavan's husband but he's still the boy who couldn't get a break.

We sat there lunching at the Astor, just two old friends in our first get-together in several years. Hank suddenly looked up.

"Her new picture is opening Thursday," he said, "and I won't be there for the first performance because our show is going up the Hudson to visit the fleet." Disappointment registered clearly. For Henry Fonda, though he tries to remain silent about many things, has a face which reveals every emotion of his heart.

"Peggy's rise to fame had nothing to do with failure of our marriage either," Hank continued. But those who have known Hollywood and what it does to life, think differently.

Peggy's rise to fame may not have had anything to do with their divorce. The Hollywood adage may have failed. I don't know. But what I do know is that Hank and Peggy are apart—so utterably far apart, and yet there is that common tie.

"I talked with her on the telephone during her last visit to New York," Hank said. "I didn't see her because she just sort of hopped into town and sailed for Europe."

I can still remember Margaret Sullavan's first words to me in Hollywood. I had asked her: "How's Hank?"

And she had answered wistfully, "Boris, we're not together any more."

Margaret Sullavan, our Peggy, stands today in a spotlight of the world. Every spotlight has a shadow and in Peggy's shadow stands a man—Henry Fonda. The spotlight, moving ever, passes on. So does the shadow.

What will their next move be? Reconciliation? Hank says, "No."

But I say, "Perhaps."

New Discovery!

Hollywood is more than excited about Binnie Barnes, who scores a hit in her first performance in *There's Always Tomorrow*

The Man in Marlene's Past

[*Continued from page* 40]

"For many years I have loved her. Oh, not as you would call love. But I have thought of her constantly as an actress, as one who has a so great talent to give to the world. I have tried, you see, to be of service to her. She inspires one with such thoughts, with an affection that is so much truer than the love that is merely physical.

"Marlene's husband, Rudolph Sieber, was a friend of mine. I was, some years ago, head of the Ufa directing staff. Sieber then was working for Joe May, a German producer. Sieber came to me one day and said: 'Felix, I wish for you to do me a favor!'

"I said, 'Very well, what is it?'

"Then Sieber asked me to come to his house to meet his wife. That evening I went to see him and Frau Sieber. She was Marlene Dietrich.

"I saw the beautiful Marlene. I felt, even then, that here was great talent. I fell in love with that talent, with the thought that such talent should not be wasted in a home. Sieber agreed with me. That is why he had invited me to meet Marlene!

"So the next day, inspired by visions of Marlene, I went to Peter Ostermeyer, then studio manager for Ufa. I told him about Marlene. Told him that here was great talent, if it were given an opportunity. But Ostermeyer vetoed everything I said. Finally, to get rid of me, he said, 'Tell her to get a reputation first. How can we use her? Nobody knows her!'

"I told Sieber of my discouraging interview with Ostermeyer—told him she must get a reputation. As if such talent should need a reputation to be recognized!

"But Sieber never faltered. I learned of how he was working to get Marlene her opportunity. And I too, handicapped as I was, worked to get her the chance she deserved. Then, by a stroke of fortune, came the golden opportunity. Marlene was given a rôle in a picture called *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame*—a picture based on the popular song, which was shown at a Berlin theater.

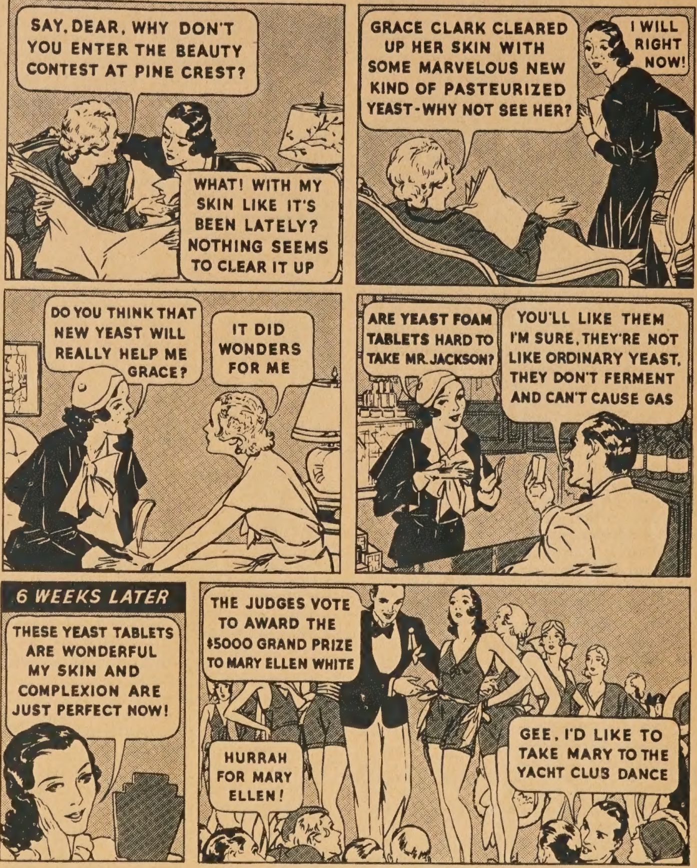
"A movie critic, Ernst von Witt, writing his critique in the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, said beautiful things about Marlene. But what made the greatest impression was his statement that Marlene looked so much like Greta Garbo.

"Josef von Sternberg then was in Germany. He had signed to make a picture with Emil Jannings as the star. The picture was to be made for Ufa, and he was looking for a leading lady. Von Sternberg read the criticism. He said, 'Get that girl!'

"So Marlene was brought to him, a shy, hesitant girl. He took one look at her and gave her the job. Her career from then on you all know. For the picture was *The Blue Angel*, and its success needs no further comment.

"No other actress had made so great an impression on me as did Marlene. I never had ceased to admire her, to regret the unfortunate obstinacy that kept her from working for me. That is why I am so happy she is successful today. Because I still feel a love for her, an admiration that still inspires me, even today and after so many years."

How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest


SAY, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU ENTER THE BEAUTY CONTEST AT PINE CREST?
WHAT! WITH MY SKIN LIKE IT'S BEEN LATELY? NOTHING SEEMS TO CLEAR IT UP
GRACE CLARK CLEARED UP HER SKIN WITH SOME MARVELOUS NEW KIND OF PASTEURIZED YEAST-WHY NOT SEE HER?
I WILL RIGHT NOW!
DO YOU THINK THAT NEW YEAST WILL REALLY HELP ME GRACE?
IT DID WONDERS FOR ME
ARE YEAST FOAM TABLETS HARD TO TAKE MR. JACKSON?
YOU'LL LIKE THEM I'M SURE, THEY'RE NOT LIKE ORDINARY YEAST, THEY DON'T FERMENT AND CAN'T CAUSE GAS
6 WEEKS LATER
THESE YEAST TABLETS ARE WONDERFUL MY SKIN AND COMPLEXION ARE JUST PERFECT NOW!
THE JUDGES VOTE TO AWARD THE $5000 GRAND PRIZE TO MARY ELLEN WHITE
HURRAH FOR MARY ELLEN!
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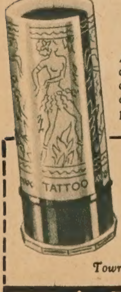

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TATTOO

"Now I'll Tell!"

[*Continued from page 37*]

past and Arnold who at last had given her happiness and then so quickly was taken from her side.

SHE told me of his death. The real, true story which has never before been told. They were standing together before a Broadway restaurant. Inez and Arnold Rothstein. From some apartment window far above came the scratchy sounds of a victrola record as it ground out the strain of Lohengrin's Wedding March.

"Arnold had just received a call to see some friends and he took off the heavy revolvers which he carried and, turning to the manager of the restaurant, he said, 'Here, check these.' I asked him if he had better not take them but he told me that he was going to see a friend. You don't take protection with you against friends. And so he left me with that music playing in my ears. That was on a Sunday night. And in the morning his wife was to leave for Reno where she would obtain a divorce and leave us free to marry. But all that was changed. So horribly, dreadfully, changed.

"Arnold kissed me and whispered low into my ear, 'Just think, darling. In two months they'll be playing that for us!' He walked a few steps away and turned to throw a kiss to me. He called out, that great and famous man, as if he wanted all of Broadway to hear him, 'I love you, darling. With all my life!' And then he was gone. I was the last of his friends to see him alive. He was gone; with that music high above us. And he was all I had."

This is a chapter in her life of which Inez rarely speaks. And I know how reverently she feels about this man. He was her man, strong and big. Something to match the mountains and the sea. And she was all he had, too, until death parted them.

Inez continued.

"That was November 9th, 1928. We were so happy that we forgot to see the light. Arnold went to see a friend and died there. I took my baby and a nurse and went to Atlantic City to rest. The papers said I hid from fear. They lied. They chased me. They pounded at my doors. I was nearly in a nervous breakdown. So I bought a ticket to Paris. Then some impulse told me of all those reporters on the boat. And I bought a ticket for Hollywood. Like the man I loved I tossed a coin to help me decide. It turned up heads and I came West.

"I hid in safety for a year. Not physical safety but from those streaming, screaming, headlines which won't let you rest. Those things which wouldn't give my son an even break in life. Then one night I had a few drinks and ate some seafood at a Russian Club. I collapsed in my car and they rushed me to a hospital. Here they treated me and sent me home. But the news had gone ahead. On my own doorstep I faced a barrage of cameras and reporters. They had me again in all the headlines. They wouldn't accept the doctor's word that I was suffering from ptomaine poisoning. No, it was Inez Norton! I had attempted suicide!

"I left Hollywood and fled to San Francisco. Here I registered under an assumed name. The hotel switchboard operator recognized my voice and the papers again took up the chase. They hounded me until there seemed no place I could go. My mother was taken ill and I flew to her bedside. Again it was misinterpreted. They cornered me even there, asking about my plans. About

Win a Cash Prize in this Game of Limericks

SCREEN BOOK offers $5.00 each for the two best last lines in the two Movie Limericks which appear in this column. Put on your thinking cap now and mail your last lines to The Limerick Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Cave-man Cagney

A young movie star who's quite tough
With a talent for treating gals rough,
 Has risen to fame,
 (Jimmy Cagney's his name),

....
(Write your last line here)

In Defense of a Schnozzle

A gent by the name of Durante
Drank a bottle of rare old Chianti.
 When discussion arose
 On the size of his nose,

....
(Write your last line here)

....
(Your name)

....
(Street address)

....
(City) (State)

CONTEST REGULATIONS: It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Contestants may clip out the above limericks or merely send a copy. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in each limerick, and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. This contest is open to every reader with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their relatives. All entries must be received on or before midnight of September 1, 1934.

my affiliations with the gangs. I am not, nor was I ever a gangster's moll.

"Arnold never even mentioned any of his underworld friends to me. He never told me of their dealings. I have never met Legs Diamond nor have I seen McManus, the man who was accused of shooting Arnold."

She looked up again with that far-away look in her eyes.

"Funny, isn't it, that the man I loved and who loved me would be the cause of so much unhappiness to me later? New York has, in it's short time, given me far more joy than sorrow. I have come now to Hollywood to resume my acting career and forget my unhappy past. My only hope is that Hollywood and my picture fans will like me half as well as I do them."

Inez rose. I knew our interview was ended but I wished for more. I wished to stay here and listen to this fascinating creature whose name will be legend for generations yet to come. And as I left I could not help but feel that all who see her on the screen will love her even as I did. Because Inez Norton is true blue and a yard wide! She deserves a break.

Let's Go Domestic!

[*Continued from page* 54]

coloring, then pouring it into freezing trays. The glasses were of pressed glass and chiefly they were tall, for "tall" drinks are the mode this season.

Here's where the fun came in. As the vendor passed, he stirred up a drink made according to one's own directions—an excellent idea which might be used at almost any kind of party, for guests are always delighted with a made-to-order drink.

Besides the liquid refreshments, there were large compartment trays filled with delicious open-faced sandwiches. Some were made of crisp dry toast, others with fresh bread, Swedish bread or crackers. Let me tell you about a few of them.

There were diamond shaped pieces of rye bread, spread with mashed roquefort cheese and finely chopped tongue, garnished with narrow strips of pimientoes. A second type of open faced sandwich consisted of *paté de foies gras* spread on thin fingers of white bread, garnished with stars of truffles and minced parsley; then there were whole wheat circlets spread with a mixture of anchovy paste and cream cheese moistened with lemon juice, and garnished with tiny leaves of watercress to form pansy shapes.

All of these sandwiches were what I might term "smartly groomed." To achieve style in food does not demand the services of a caterer. Any woman can prepare dishes that taste and look equally well. And there are dozens of occasions when such dishes are needed. Analyze the refreshments served at this smartest of garden parties you will see how simple they were: the ingredients for cold drinks, colored ice cubes, and five kinds of open-faced sandwiches. It was the *way they were served* that made them smart. Yet any woman might serve these same refreshments just as attractively to guests in her own home.

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Alice White featured player in Universal Pictures

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Use FREE Coupon Below

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Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

Don't take chances with "dirty face" and the skin blemishes that come when pores cannot *breathe* naturally. Send for a FREE Gift Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new, liquid skin cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning. Use DRESKIN regularly each night to remove the *hidden* dirt—*neutralize* the alkali—*reduce* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

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Hide Your Beauty Faults

[*Continued from page* 51]

apart. To keep round eyes like Constance Bennett's from looking too ingenuous, extend the line of your upper eyelid downward slightly by using a pencil at the outer corners. Then smudge it, to prevent a harsh line.

The only real excuse for changing the shape of the lips is when they are too thin or too thick. And then, the method is simplicity itself. For thin lips, extend the rouge over the edge; for thick ones, keep it inside the edge. And whenever lips are too thin or too full, the lipstick used should be subdued and not brilliant in color.

There are three cosmetic newcomers closely connected with makeup that I want to tell you about this month. The first is a novel lipstick in a pointed case. The advantage of the case is that the lipstick, too, is always pointed, never blunt or worn down, enabling you to shape your lips perfectly, without having to go over them with your fingertips and get all smudged up. There are four lovely shades, one for every type, and the price is $1.

Another lip beautifier is a stick of lip pomade that has a variety of uses. If your lips are dry and rough, making lipstick go on unevenly, you'll find this pomade stick invaluable. Just dab it on, then apply your lip color over it. It forms a smooth, velvety base for the rouge, and at the same time heals and softens the lips. Another use for this pomade is as a lipstick remover.

The third make-up accessory—cotton in squares—while not new, has just been repackaged more conveniently. The cotton pads now come in a flat box that tucks easily into your top vanity drawer; between each pad is a piece of paper so that you can draw out a single square without disarranging the others. As an aid to makeup they are unexcelled. Use them to apply powder base lotions evenly, to apply liquid powder and rouge, to pat on cream rouge, to wipe off excess cosmetics. They are ideal, too, as powder puffs, both for your dressing table and your purse. There are 120 pads in a box.

Many women whose skins are dry and inclined toward blackheads, claim that they dare not use creams because they only aggravate this condition. These women should make the acquaintance of a new cream, introduced recently by a well known cosmetic wizard. It's composed of bland oils and there isn't a *soupcon* of wax in the whole jar. Wax, which is often used in creams to give them body or stiffness, remains on the skin, clogging and sealing the pores; therefore its absence is most desirable. Another feature of this cream is the way it performs on your skin. You apply it, massage it in till it disappears, then keep on massaging and, to your surprise, the cream reappears—bringing accumulated waste from your pores. It really is a one-minute facial, in effect. The price is $1 a jar.

I want to warn you, if you have a sagging bustline, that you won't look well in the new fall and winter clothes, which are all made for high, full bosoms. The best remedy for a drooping bust—besides swimming, tennis and golf—is a good uplift brassiere. There is a new one on the market, made by a well-known firm, that is the most effective I've ever seen. It has shoulder straps made so they cannot slip, and is built up so as to control the upper as well as the lower curves of the heavy bust. Priced at $1, it can be obtained either in a bandeau effect or with the addition of a band to restrain a too-plump diaphragm.

I've often wondered why manufacturers make bob pins so shiny and conspicuous. Usually, they distract attention from the loveliest coiffure to themselves; and they're certainly more useful than beautiful. But, thank heavens, you can now buy bob pins with a dull-texture finish, in black, brown, blonde and gray, that blend in with the hair chameleon-like. A famous make, these hair grippers remain the same shape and size as usual. They vary only in invisibility—and what a relief! A card of 24 costs one thin dime.

Janet Lynn's Confidential Beauty Service

Miss Janet Lynn,
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
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(Enclose this coupon in envelope and send to this address.)

Dear Miss Lynn:

Please send me a confidential reply to the following questions:

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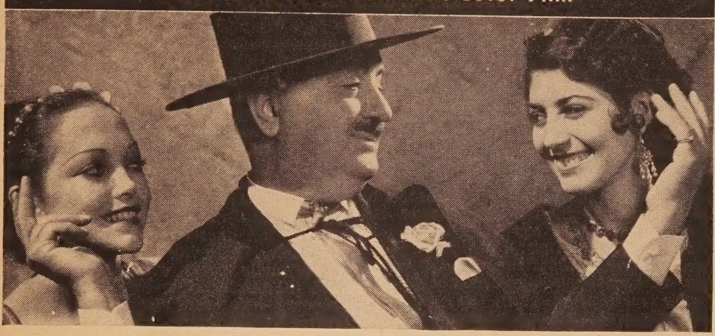
Place three cent stamp (U. S. Postage) here to cover cost of mailing.

(If you wish to write Miss Lynn more in detail, you need not use this coupon, which is offered merely for your convenience.)

First Scene from New All-color Film



An advance glimpse of Muriel McKinnon, Paul Porcasi and Carmen La Rue as they appear in Radio Pictures new all-color musical, *La Cucaracha*

Mae West Should Get Married

[*Continued from page* 19]

He reddened. "Well, I'm a man, you know. Of course, I'd plan to. Say, you're sure you won't use my name if I tell the truth?" I nodded. "Well," he continued slowly, "I'd want to be true to my wife. I'd marry her with that idea. But when a man's out in the world you can't ever tell. There's a lot of interesting dames around who would make rotten wives but are a lot of fun. I couldn't tell—"

BUT mature manhood told a different story. I quote the married man, first.

"Of course, Mae would make a good wife. And a swell mother. You wouldn't have to take your son for long rides and tell him the facts about life behind his mother's back. She'd tell him in such a way she'd make a man of him because she knows men. She'd know how to raise a son because she's known so many sons. She could tell a man's weaknesses in a boy and develop strength in their places. I have a son. He treats his mother as though *she* were the child. He feels she's just a woman to be kissed and fondled and to open and shut doors for. He always remembers to rise when she enters the room. And he looks upon me as his mother's husband. His pals are *outside* his home. What do we know of the man developing in our son?

"I know this sounds like being disloyal, but when a man comes to my age he looks at life differently. I've led a double life because, well—because Mae Wests are always among us. I didn't marry one because I never thought of it. But a double life is an awful strain. I went through twenty years of my life, a *third* of it, being *afraid*—yet not afraid enough to stop living the life that was scaring me. Excitement makes it seem worth while for a couple of years but then—what's the use? Now, if I'd had a wife like Mae West, I'd known I couldn't get away with such a thing. She'd see right through me. If I wanted to leave home, I'd be so frightened I wouldn't do it. I'd have saved myself and several women a lot of worry and heartaches—"

"Children?" I asked.

"Sure. Think what a home we'd give them. They'd be our pals and we'd turn out some fine men and women. Not all bound up with conventions and silly notions handed down from generations that lived without trains or aeroplanes or Wall street. We're still living on ideas made by people who couldn't even imagine our conditions. That's half what's wrong with the world. We haven't got standards that fit! But Mae knows enough to make standards to fit. If I were married to her, I'd like to have a couple dozen children. Can't you see her handing them a line about living so they'd always enjoy it?"

And I can give the woman's viewpoint in one sentence, used by a woman who has divorced two husbands: "Sure. Mae would make a swell wife. She'd know how to make a man behave himself and enjoy it!"

Would Mae West make the title of Mrs. *more* or *less* respected?

I agree with the men who have seen life and vote for her as a good wife. But not alone for their reasons. I vote for her as a wife and mother because I have seen behind the veil that usually hides the woman. With all of her fame, wealth and rather questionable glory, she is lonely, tired and ready for a companionship all her own. She *does* know all the answers and when she chooses as her last answer, *matrimony*, it must mean that there is something worth while to the old-fashioned idea of a woman and a man living with each other for the sake of themselves, home and family. It is a great compliment to the title of "Mrs." that Mae West wants it—so, of course, she'd make it more respected.

And in addition to adopting a couple dozen of children, I hope she opens classes to instruct young girls how to become real wives. There's only one way to do away with double standard argument and that's to train the girls. Mae West could train them so they'd *keep their husbands at home*. And I doubt if anyone will argue against her training being better than the standard they seem to be struggling for now: "If a man can play, so can we!"

No more blind dates for me!

"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

NRA

WHY BE FAT?

'LOST FAT' CALIFORNIA Nurse Says

Recommends Easy Way

● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work as a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health by harmful diets, weakening baths, or over-strenuous exercises in unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I feel justified in recommending them to others. I lost 27 lbs., and never felt better in my life." (Signed) Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse.

"LOST 63 LBS!"

writes Reno woman

● Mrs. Aldina Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno, Nev., writes: "I lost 63 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS." Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas Ciy, Mo., reports losing 50 lbs. Why endure the humiliation of fat any longer, when others are regaining slender figures, admired by everyone!

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746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Name..

Address..

City......................................State....................

Crash the Gates of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 39*]

You can see it is no easy task to get about to the studios daily; within a very short time, unless you have inexhaustible stamina, you are "spent"—both physically and financially.

YOU are probably wondering, "Well, how then *can* I get a firm foothold in Hollywood films?" The answer is a most vital bit of advice. You should have a manager, if at all possible, and a personal one at that. I, for one, believe the theatrical agency the absolutely *wrong* medium—that is, if you are seriously contemplating becoming a star in films. However, if you just came to Hollywood for the lark of seeing yourself on the screen once or twice, that's different.

The first thing the usual agency hands you is a routine line of patter on what they are going to do for you—and then a form contract to sign. Once your name is on the dotted line, you wear yourself to a frazzle dashing in and out of their offices, trying to find out what they are doing for you. I can tell you. Nothing! Not that they wouldn't like to, and not that they don't try to—but they have too many to serve. Theirs is a wholesale business—they invariably handle more people than they can do justice to; the list of names they submit to casting directors looks something like a stock or racing sheet.

Only one who studies you thoroughly—your talents, potentialities, character and moods—one who is in true sympathy with your ideals and ambitions and is anxious to assist you in forging ahead, should be allowed to offer your precious virtues. This manager should be your constant companion, advisor and mentor, and devote full time to your welfare; plan your publicity and exploitation in a dignified way, guarding you always from harm.

And I might add here, that a girl should have a feminine manager—a few years older than she is, one with some business experience and contacts if possible. Your full co-operation will enable her to attain what she goes after. Recommendations from newspaper or magazine offices will often discover for you just such a manager as you seek. Or it may be that the studio knows of someone.

Male managers are all right for your Garbos, Dietrichs and other shining stars, who have already reached the heights—but you as a newcomer, need a woman to guide you. It's different today than it was five years ago. There is too much competition; and one bad move and your "goose is cooked". Hollywood's funny that way—and funnier still is the fact that you never know whether you're in or out. Male managers too, inevitably fall in love with their beautiful protegés, become jealous of them, and this may serve as a hindrance rather than an aid.

WHEN you as an upstart get your big start in Hollywood, you should be seen at the better places, such as the *Vendome*, the *Cocoanut Grove* in the Ambassador Hotel, the *Colony Club* and the like. Accepting dates from unknown men is the improper thing for you to do, even though you are terribly lonesome. An introduction enhances and gives background to your friendships, and your manager through her daily contacts will undoubtedly meet many men who are anxious to show you about. You should, as often as you can, try to arrange for an escort for your manager as well. In this way, you are always under a watchful eye.

Your first days on the set will in all probability be trying ones. The studios are virtually cities within cities, what with the hordes of writers, electricians, property men, script girls, actors, actresses and who not, all running about busily. There is so much to see; you actually don't know what to look at first, for fear you'll miss something. If you are smart, as a newcomer, you will mind your p's and q's, and think only of your own work—and success. Try to be helpful to your co-players, and cordial as well. If you are resolved to plant yourself permanently in Hollywood's fertile soil, pay strict attention to everything that goes on on your particular set, watching your director at all times. His is an important rôle, and your close participation is essential—especially since you are a novice and unacquainted with technical commands. Study your part seriously, no matter how insignificant it may be. Enact it to the best of your ability, and your director will notice and remember you. It is not necessary for you to parade conspicuously before him. Your simple and honest determination to make good is sufficient to warrant his notice. You can, however, approach him for some sound constructive advice, if and when the opportunity presents itself.

MOST Hollywood careers are wrecked at the outset because of "this thing called love". The studios make miles of tests—and pass you. An original story is written for you. Much time and oodles of money are spent in grooming you, and executives lay plans and disrupt schedules to place you. The press ink-vats go dry lauding and gushing over your every foible, and the ever-dependable public patiently await your debut, eager to herald and applaud what the studios, newspapers, trailers, magazines and others say is so.

And what happens? Some selfish swain, thinking only of his own pleasures, virtually bends your ear with warm, beguilding love prattle. Like burning paper you curl up, yielding to his desire. You marry him before you start on what you came to Hollywood for—a brilliant career! The result is: the studios' entire film-fare is disarranged, carloads of publicity material is scrapped, and your public is keenly disappointed. They who had faith in you and showed their sincere enthusiasm by feeding the box-office are left hanging high and dry with the announcement of your marriage. Shame! You didn't give anyone an "even break"—not even yourself!

Such was the fate of Virginia Bruce, that languid Ziegfeld darling who graced the Follies of 1931. She found herself in Hollywood after the close of the show, cast by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for *Downstairs*, with John Gilbert as her leading man. Now, after only a brief married life, they are divorced. Virginia was very young then, a cameo beauty. In all probability she would have become one of Hollywood's scintillating stars if she had been strong enough to throw off the fervent wooing of Gilbert. It seems a pity; the sophisticated Gilbert might have waited with his proposal—which cost Virginia her career. If she had first established a definite name and place for herself in Hollywood, it would have been another story. Whether professional jealousy or the well-worn incompatibility excuse was the cause of the rift, no one will ever really know; but I venture to say it will be difficult for Virginia to make a comeback, for she virtually never was in. To make the battle harder, she has a child. However, she has recently been picked up by an independent film company, for the lead in *Jane Eyre*, and we shall see . . . Funny how this Gilbert fellow gets 'em and finishes 'em for pictures. Remember his other ex-mates—Leatrice Joy and Ina Claire?

You, as a newcomer, should benefit by this case and conduct yourself accordingly. If you meet someone and there is a mutual fondness—why, that's fine—especially if the man is a "well-known" in Hollywood. His experience and contacts should be a great help to you in your work. But please instill yourself deeply in the hearts of the public, before you "go Hollywood". Such conduct will be an inspiration to you—and you will realize your life's ambition much sooner. You will always have time for marriage—but the golden moment of success may never come again.

If your suitor proposes marriage, just when you are knee-deep in work and plans, don't be afraid to refuse him for the time being. True, most men are too self-indulgent to accede when they have set their minds to capture you—and many women are too pigeon-hearted to dissent! But don't you go right to pieces when you meet a man you are fond of, even though he pays you glowing court in the extravagant Hollywood manner. Hold him in abeyance for a while, and tell him why—he'll respect you for it.

Mind you, I'm not throwing marriage to the winds; I personally think it the noblest step for every man and woman—eventually. But *you,* as a newcomer to Hollywood, in whom so many people have invested and planned—you should feel indebted to those who have made your start a reality, and above all, be honest with yourself. Don't feel it is all coming to you, because you were born beautiful, and that luck was with you in getting your start in Hollywood. Don't defeat your purpose! *First* make a name for yourself—and later you'll get the man you want and be happier for it.

Joan Crawford is an outstanding example of what I am trying to say. She had innumerable worthy suitors clamoring for her hand when she first reached Hollywood. Her struggle was a mighty hard one; I imagine she often felt like taking the easier way out, and becoming the wife of a rich man. But Joan was strong-willed, and didn't give up. She meant to do the right thing for herself. She held out until she reached the peak; then came her glamorous marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Of course, her momentary divorce is unfortunate; but Joan has an ever-waiting public to go to for solace. She reached stardom long ago, and is too deeply rooted in the hearts of her followers to have to worry. She recently finished *Sadie McKee* for Metro, with Franchot Tone, who is known to be deeply in love with her. But Joan is being wary-wise again, and with or without a husband at her fireside, she will go on to newer and greater laurels.

ZaSu's Greatest Rôle

Never before has ZaSu Pitts delivered a more remarkable performance than in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* which gives the actress a fine opportunity for comedy

Sylvia Sidney is another outstanding model to go by, when it comes to achievement. This lovely, serious child went out to Hollywood on business, and stuck to it through thick and thin. She has had and will have scores of admirers who pleaded with her to take a few short steps to the altar, but Sylvia would not disappoint those who made all her glory and fame possible—at least not in the immediate future. It might prove too dangerous!

AND so in conclusion, if you newcomers must at all costs get married right away—that is, before you reach stardom—your best bet (if you can get one) is a director, a supervisor or perhaps a playwright, although single ones are not so plentiful. Here you are certain of no professional jealousy—and then there's always the assuredness of a picture. Arline Judge is the best example of this kind of a marriage, although she has charm and talent. She even was confident enough of her continued career to have a baby right away—and is expecting her second offspring now. But then she married Wesley Ruggles, director of R. K. O. and Paramount, who became somewhat of a phenomenon after he completed *Cimarron.* Arline recently made *Looking for Trouble* with Jack Oakie and Spencer Tracy for 20th Century—and will probably make another one before the arrival of her second baby. If Arline had married a film star upon her arrival in Hollywood, things might have not turned out as they did for her. Norma Shearer too basks in just such a marriage, although she was somewhat of a star before she married Irving Thalberg.

Hollywood can be a place of happy mediums, where newcomers can bloom. It is not too late—and it is up to you "newcomers"—when you get to Hollywood—to make it so. Do try!

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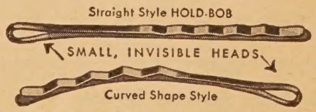

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They Defy Death for a Strip of Film

[*Continued from page* 45]

a first-class cameraman and the one really serious casualty among the knights of the newsreel during the entire Cuban episode. Joe was getting some swell shots of street fighting in Havana from the roof of an apartment house, using one of those long-range finders. When he pointed his camera over the edge of the roof, however, some of the snipers on nearby roofs mistook him for a machine gunner and let fly at him. His reward was several bullet wounds in both legs, and at this writing he hasn't yet fully recovered.

My organization, in order to cover the uprising properly, had a number of men down in Cuba at the same time. In addition to myself there were cameramen Lou Hutt, James Buchanan and Hugo Johnson, and sound men George Westbrook and Armond Lopez, as well as others who worked there intermittently. Most of these men were stationed about the Havana district, but our assignment editor, W. P. Montague, had instructed me to cover the doings at Santiago, at the other end of the island. Although I had covered events in every corner of the States this was my first trip to Cuba, and the story of my journey to Santiago from Havana, where I landed by plane, is a chapter in itself.

Having arrived in Havana, I chartered a plane with a native pilot whose looks I didn't care much for; but since he was the only one available, I decided to take my chances. He turned out to be a fairly competent flyer, but instead of making the trip in one long hop he insisted on making frequent landings on the way. Cuba isn't exactly studded with airports, and this pilot's idea of a landing place was invariably a little two-by-four patch of scraggly grass on which I still can't figure out how he landed and took off without cracking up. To add to my uneasiness, wherever we landed a squad of soldiers would appear from somewhere, come trooping up with bayonets fixed, and surround the plane while my pilot explained to them amid wild jabberings that I was just a newsreel photographer and not an enemy spy carrying a box of bombs.

Meet the Champ!

What a man Leon Errol famed comedian claims to have wrecked more Greek statues than the Greeks. Have you one in your home?

AT LAST we arrived in Santiago, and I was promptly taken in tow by a native youth who spoke English with a queer mixture of Oxford and Cuban accents. It turned out that he had attended the University of Pennsylvania in the States and Oxford University in England, and had documents to prove it. He volunteered to act as my guide and interpreter, and just to do the thing up brown he hired an escort for me consisting of two mounted policemen and two plain-clothes cops, who were willing to fight for anybody who would pay them.

One of these plain-clothes men had spent a few years in Harlem working on a case for the Cuban secret service, but had since changed his views to fit the current government. "How did you like working in the States?" I asked him.

"Fine," was his reply.

"And how was the pay?" I continued.

"I don't know, boss, I ain't been paid yet."

So I hired him and his mates with a clear conscience at $3 a day, realizing that it was probably the biggest money they had ever actually made in their lives.

Guided by my intellectual interpreter and followed by my private army, I went forth to take pictures of an important event that was then in progress. This was the funeral of a hero among the revolutionists—a young man who had died fighting for the cause and was considered as something of a martyr.

Well, one thing I must say about this funeral is that it was by all odds the jolliest burial I ever hope to witness. A good part of the population of Santiago was out in holiday mood, with their best clothes, carrying flags, banners and placards, and turning the whole business into a carnival. When I set up my camera the Cubans kept cheering, jumping up and down, and waving their hats for my benefit, while those nearest the camera stuck their faces close within range to be sure they got into the picture. The girls made up their faces as carefully as a bevy of Hollywood beauties.

Of course all this was very nice and gay, but I had come to shoot a funeral, not a celebration. I complained to my interpreter, who promptly got up on a barrel and shouted to the crowd that the Americano wanted them to act as if they really felt sad about burying their beloved comrade. Some native who was evidently a motion picture director at heart then took charge of the proceedings, and staged a beautiful funeral for my benefit, with the mourners filing by the coffin in two sad-faced columns. After I had shot my pictures the crowd took up its joyful shouting and whooping where they had left off.

WHILE it isn't every day that a newsreel man is called upon to face revolutionary mobs and haphazard gunfire, even in more peaceful surroundings he's never quite sure, upon getting up in the morning, whether he will be the same man with the same number of limbs, and so on, at the end of the day. This is particularly so in the case of the photographer who habitually covers flying asignments, which honor, in the case of my organization, I share with cameraman Lou Hutt. Not that the other fellows don't go up in the air on occasion, but the bulk of the air stories for Paramount are handled by Hutt and myself. And that recalls a few things to mind.

Flying in a plane while taking motion pictures of a racing objective is, as you can well imagine, a very different thing from just flying. If you are shooting army manœuvres or stunt flyers you have to circle, roll, loop and dive with your quarry and at the same time worry about keeping your camera steady, keeping your objective within range—and incidentally worry about keeping yourself inside the plane. For even when shooting from a cabin plane, it's necessary to take the cabin door off or lash it open so as to get maximum visibility.

ONE of the most exciting bits of fun of this kind I had was two or three years ago, when the ill-fated Navy dirigible *Akron* made its first hook-on test with a light pursuit plane. In a hook-on test, be it explained the dirigible first goes up; then the plane follows, flies beneath the car, and if the pilot has a steady eye and a clear head the plane hooks on to an apparatus under the car and is carried along by the dirigible. Of course, if the plane pilot misses, it's just too bad.

To shoot pictures of this test I went up in a light two-passenger open plane of the same type used by the hook-on pilot. As luck would have it, the day was very windy, and once we got into the upper regions my pilot had his hands full trying to follow the dirigible, even without worrying about his passenger with the camera in the back seat.

Things didn't go so badly, however, until the test plane approached its mother ship and started manoeuvering for the hook-on stunt, which was my cue to stand up in my seat and start shooting. I soon discovered that my standing up and moving about in the rear of the plane threw the light ship out of control, sending it into a furious tailspin. My pilot, Barney Barbin, who incidentally is one of the best camera pilots in the business, would turn around and yell, "Hey, sit down!" We both had parachutes, true enough, but that was small comfort since the stunt was being made over the Atlantic Ocean in Southern waters, and the sharks which inhabit that region have no prejudice against men wearing parachutes.

Finally, between tailspins, I got my shots of the stunt (which incidentally was a success), and we landed safely.

The *Akron* was a source of many breathless newsreel adventures. I am thinking particularly of the time when she escaped from her moorings out at San Diego, carrying two luckless members of the ground crew along with her as they clung to the ropes. This happened while a battery of newsreel cameras on the ground were grinding away at the ship, and the cameras followed her as she soared to 1500 feet, while the men hung desperately on. At last one man, exhausted, lost his hold and came hurtling down; the other followed quickly. The cameras followed them as they fell, weirdly churning their arms and legs through space, much like a man running on air. Their object in doing this probably was to try to land on their feet—but from that height, of course, it made precious little difference how they landed.

Shirley and Double

—*Wide World*

A full-fledged star now, Shirley Temple has a stand-in, little Marilyn Granas, who labors under the glaring lights while the cameras are being set and Shirley is learning her lines

Pictures were taken of the actual crashing into the ground of these two poor devils; but after one of the girls in the developing room fainted on seeing the print, it was decided to omit this little detail from the film released to the theaters.

This brings me to what I suppose was the most interesting of all camera-flying experiences.

On September 4, 1930, Coste and Bellonte, the French aces who subsequently crashed to their death, made a record non-stop flight from New York to Dallas, Texas. My job, of course, was to record the flight for newsreel history. Unfortunately, to keep up with them my plane would have had to fly at better than 135 miles an hour, which few planes can do unless specially built for speed cruising. By the time we had reached Jamaica, L. I., my pilot's heroic efforts to keep up with the flyers resulted in burning out his motor, and the best we could hope for was a forced landing right side up.

Down came the plane, dodging a network of telephone wires at the edge of a golf course below us. Just when we had safely cleared the wires we discovered a small tractor directly in our path. The man operating the tractor discovered us at the same time, and jumped for his life. We were now too close to the ground to swerve—and the next thing I knew a tearing crash was filling my ears and I was upside down amid a jumble of wreckage. The tractor was smashed to junk, and part of it had crashed through the floor of the plane, ramming into me just below the neck.

Fortunately, I got off with a fractured collarbone, two dislocated shoulders, and a bruised right arm. All of which may not sound so fortunate, but I was considerably cheered up later on in the hospital, when I learned that, had we missed the tractor, we would have landed on the brink of a thirty-foot ravine and undoubtedly bounced over the edge.

So my luck had held good after all, and after a few weeks for mending I was back on the job again. And (at the moment of going to press, anyway) I am still at it.

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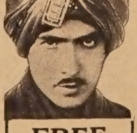

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Ruby Keeler's Dramatic Untold Story

[*Continued from page* 29]

Now she was back home, the revue closed for the season, and no prospect in sight of continuing her dancing.

Luckily for Ruby and her father, Blue, on his arrival in New York, took Ruby to see the great master, George M. Cohan himself. Ruby had only to dance once for the famous showman. Cohan hired her then and there for his new show which was to open late in the winter!

Ruby hurried to the small East Side home, her young face alight with pleasure at the good news she was bearing. Blue had assured her, after the meeting with Cohan, that her salary would be fifty dollars a week. When she told the members of her family, they could scarcely believe their ears.

"Just imagine!" Ruby's father exclaimed. "A girl of thirteen making fifty a week as a chorus girl. I think Ruby cried all night, she was so excited and happy."

"Another thing," her brother added. "Right away Ruby began planning what she was going to do for all of us. She wanted me to begin taking dancing lessons myself. And her sister Gertrude was to go with me. All those plans from a girl of thirteen!"

Rehearsals for the *Rise of Rosy O'Reilly* began late in the winter. In May, 1923, the show opened in Boston. Ruby, with visible shaking of her knees, went through the familiar chorus routines. The whole Keeler family was sitting far back in the audience, praying for the show's success.

The next day, the family left for New York, saying goodbye to Ruby and Mrs. Keeler who was to stay and watch over her daughter. The rest, Gertrude, Helen, Anna May, Marjorie, and the son and father all went back to Manhattan.

Mr. Keeler smiled softly as he thought back on those first professional days of Ruby's. "You know, Ruby hated being away from us," he said to me. "She used to come down here for the week-end. The train fare was pretty expensive even in those times, and so she'd let down her hair, pull over stockings down around her ankles, and ride for half price. She never got caught, either."

THIS young chorus girl, whose extreme youth allowed her to ride in trains for only half fare, spent her fourteenth birthday a thousand miles from home. The show had taken her out west to Chicago. It was there, during the hot summer months, that Ruby had her first experience in homesickness. Just when she thought she couldn't stand it a day longer, the most exciting news in the world came. Cohan announced the return to New York.

"We had some real celebrations," Mr. Keeler continued, "those first days when Ruby and her mother got back home."

"I can remember," Bill recalled, "that the show was scheduled to open on Broadway Christmas Eve. That was the best Christmas day I've ever spent."

The future at that time seemed perfect for Ruby. Her salary, since the New York opening, had been raised. She was with her family. The show was a financial success. But a week afterwards, Ruby came home much earlier than usual, her face wet with tears.

"We all gathered around her," Mr. Keeler said. "We knew something was wrong, because the show wasn't even half over. Then Ruby broke the bad news. Cohan had told her that night she would have to quit the show. She wasn't sixteen years old yet, and there was some kind of a city law which prohibited anyone that young from playing on the stage."

For a week, Ruby sat at home, disconsolate. She knew what a financial blow to the family her loss of salary was. Her younger sisters were all depending on her to keep them in school. At last, she went out early one morning to find work. That same day she was hired to dance in a night club.

"She met Larry Fay," Bill related. "At that time Fay was one of the town's

Star Letters

[*Continued from page* 10]

making of motion pictures, such as Jay Chapman's *My Greatest Movie Thrill.* Knowing Mr. Chapman, a veteran studio man, possibly it *wasn't* actually his greatest movie thrill; but the yarn was interesting, even to those of us to whom technical details are an old story. Surely readers would like to see others as descriptive and authentic.

Sincerely,

Alice White

Dear Editor:

Greetings to you and SCREEN BOOK readers. I do not feel prompted as yet to "take sides" in any of the interesting arguments authors, fans and stars are waging via your pages, but I do want you to know I am following the struggle from the sidelines, an intent spectator.

Sincere best wishes to all you friends,

Bette Davis

Dear Editor:

Just a little sidelight offered here because I should think readers would be interested in a strictly *Hollywood* point of view, particularly one that has not been given much airing in print heretofore.

Recently I had the pleasure of playing in Mae West's latest picture, *It Ain't No Sin.* Since leaving the cast to play in various other pictures that followed, and even during the engagement itself, I was continually reminded of this fact: Mae West is the Hollywood personality who continually arouses the most interest *among Hollywood personalities.*

Everywhere I went I was asked many questions about her, was complimented and kidded in turn about playing in her picture. Strangely enough, Hollywood seems to know less about her than about Garbo! That, I suppose is one of the causes of this interest and curiosity. At any rate, I have become conscious of the fact that Miss West is still the Girl in the News so far as her fellow-celebrities are concerned!

With best wishes,

Roger Pryor

New Romance?

'Tis said that Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes, who appear together in *Caravan* are quite "that way" about each other. They *are* on the screen, but in private life it may be just another rumor

richest night club owners. Ruby danced for him, in his office, and he hired her on the spot."

Mr. Keeler took up the story. "Before long she was working at three clubs, the *Strand Roof,* the *El Fey,* and the *Silver Slipper.* It was hard work, and I wanted her to quit all but one of her jobs. She refused to listen to any of us, though, and went right ahead with her work."

The combination of long hours and exacting audiences pushed Ruby rapidly ahead in her dancing. By the summer of 1925 she was being mentioned in all the newspaper columns as the pick of the night club talent. It was that summer she went to Florida with Fay's revue. They made their headquarters at Miami. Ruby was an immediate success.

BY THE time she was ready to go back, she found the fame she had acquired at Miami had preceded her to New York, Texas Guinan, greatest of all night club proprietors, approached her on her return with an offer.

"That was the old *300 Club,*" Mr. Keeler said. "Ruby jumped at the chance of working in the town's best known night spot. She knew it would be hard work, but she was to be featured, so she felt that it was worth it.

"I remember coming to take her home Sunday mornings. It was usually around eight o'clock and broad daylight. Ruby would come down the long dark dressing room stairs all tired out. We'd always have to go to early mass, though, before she'd go home to bed."

Texas Guinan realized almost at once what a drawing card the twinkling toes and flashing smile of her young dancer was for the club. Ruby was scoring her first real success, and Guinan week by week raised her salary.

All this time Ruby was watching for opportunities to further increase her salary. She came home one day to announce to the family that she had succeeded in obtaining a part in the show *Bye Bye Bonnie.* She was a little over sixteen when she entered her first New York production.

"It was at that time we all moved out to a home on Long Island," Bill told me. "Mother wasn't feeling any too well, and Ruby insisted that she get away from all the noise of the East Side."

"I can remember it well," Mr. Keeler interrupted. "Because it was just about then that Ruby made me her business manager. She had so many contracts and different jobs, she needed someone to look after her affairs. I've been helping her the same way ever since."

LATER that season, Ruby appeared in *Lucky,* with Mary Eaton the star. When that show closed, Ruby and Mary Lucas, her best friend, decided to travel to California.

"That was the first time Ruby had ever traveled out of New York without one of the family," Mr. Keeler said, a slow smile pulling up the corners of his mouth. "And it was that summer she met my son-in-law, Al Jolson.

"She didn't write to us at all about seeing Al or running around with him. It wasn't until she returned home, and Al came right along after her, that she told us they were in love with each other.

"I can remember the day they were married out here. Everyone had heard about the wedding, I guess. Anyway, when Al arrived for the ceremony, he had to park the car three blocks away and walk to the church!"

For over a year, Al kept Ruby out of show business. She found it hard, though, to give up her dancing so completely. The temptation was strong to accept the many offers that were made to her.

She wasn't to be denied for long. She finally consented to take one of the leads in *Whoopee,* but when she found the show was to star Eddie Cantor, she asked to be allowed to leave.

"You see," Mr. Keeler explained, "Cantor and Jolson were professional rivals, and Ruby didn't think she was being fair to her husband. I remember that Ziegfeld wired Ruby and congratulated her on quitting."

THEN came Ziegfeld's new offer to star Ruby in his production of *Show Girl,* which was to open in New York. Between Ziegfeld's pleadings, and her husband's consent, Ruby was persuaded to take the part.

"I suppose you read about Ruby's getting sick after four weeks in the show?" Mr. Keeler asked me. "I'm not sure, mind you, but I've always suspected that Jolson framed the whole thing by himself. I suppose I'll catch it for saying so, but Al is what you might call a jealous husband."

Whatever the reason for her dropping, Ruby has never made another Broadway appearance, except at opening nights of her own moving pictures.

Came the fateful day when Warner Brothers, grateful for what Jolson had done for them in making *The Jazz Singer,* and with a keen eye for business, approached Mrs. Jolson with a contract. The offer was too much to resist. Ruby left for California and stepped into the lead of *42nd Street.* The rest is history.

"Right now, Al would just as soon Ruby quit pictures for a year or so," Mr. Keeler said, in ending the interview. "She likes Hollywood so well, however, that she just can't give up her work. She wouldn't know what to do with herself. Besides, I'd hate to have to deliver ice again."

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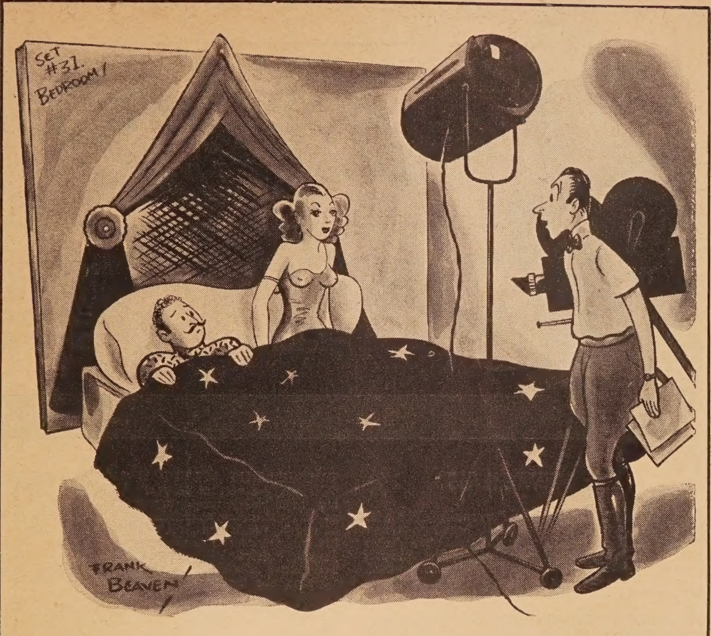
Questions	Margaret Sullavan	Carole Lombard	Dolores Del Rio
Age?	23	25	29
Birthplace?	Norfolk, Va.	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Durango, Mexico
Real name?	Margaret Brooke Sullavan	Jane Peters	Dolores Asunsolo
Nickname?	Peggy	Lombard	None
Brothers and sisters?	One sister	One brother	None
Married or single at present?	Single	Single	Married
Number of marriages?	One	One	2
Husband's name and profession?	Divorced from Henry Fonda, actor	Divorced from William Powell, actor	Cedric Gibbons, art director
Best friend?	Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn	Mrs. Zeppo Marx	Edwin Carewe, director
Began career?	As dancer on Boston stage	In Mack Sennett comedies	Not on stage
How long in Hollywood?	One year	8 years	8 years
Studio address?	Universal Studios	Paramount Studios	Warner Bros. Studios
Lives in?	Rented house with swimming pool	Rented house	Her own house
Servants?	One	3	4
Cars?	Rented Ford and Dodge	Packard	Cord
Musical instruments played?	Piano	None	Piano
Favorite sports?	Swimming and tennis	Swimming, horseback riding	Swimming, tennis
Hobby?	Hiking—wood carving	? ?	? ?
What do you collect?	Plant life—Botany curios	Statuary	Rare perfumes
Favorite food?	Chicken livers, unusual dishes	Chicken a la king	Spanish omelet
Favorite color?	White, browns and tans	Blue	White
What do you dislike most?	Discussing herself and her work	Stupidity in people	Talking over telephone and writing letters
Color of hair?	Light brown	Blonde	Black
Color of eyes?	Gray-green	Blue	Black
Color lipstick worn?	Medium—occasionally	Bright red	Vivid
Color nail polish?	Natural	Dark red	Dark red
Size gloves?	6	6	6¼
Size shoes?	5½A	5½A	4½
Height?	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 3½ in.
Weight?	108 lbs.	110 lbs.	116 lbs.
Bust measure?	33 in.	32	34 in.
Waist measure?	24 in.	25	25 in.
Hip measure?	36 in.	34 in.	38 in.
What do you sleep in?	Tailored pyjamas	Pyjamas	Nobody's business

Another Remarkable Questionnaire in Oct. SCREEN BOOK!



"We'd like to stay here tonight—we were married this morning!"

Broadway Scoops

[*Continued from page* 47]

Leslie Gets Even A FEW years ago Bill Gargan returned the three dollars he owed Leslie Howard. It was such a happy surprise that Leslie immediately signed Bill for *The Animal Kingdom,* and they've been great friends ever since. There's a moral in that story.

Katy Buys Clothes KATHARINE HEPBURN practically lives at the establishment known as Fortnum and Mason when in New York. She buys whole bolts of her tweediest tweeds and submits to endless hours of fittings. Not without PROFANITY, however.

Jimmy's Secret Hideaway IF YOU want to know where Jimmy Cagney hides out when he comes East, you'll find him after you find a wee bit of a house in Free Acres, Scotch Plains, New Jersey. As Ring Lardner would say, "That fits in." The movie executives are trying to find gentler material for Jimmy.

Crazy Ideas SINGULARLY enough, perhaps the most talented of all movie miracle workers, Hecht and MacArthur act as though they are fit subjects for straight-jackets. They are the lads who had a girl playing a saxophone and serving tea outside their offices in Hollywood. In Long Island they have two full, life size pictures of ladies sans everything that stare at you when you walk into the private office. And there on the wall is a sign: "Better than Metro is not good enough." The war is on!

The Late Mrs. Wiggs ONE night while Pauline (*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*) Lord was playing in *The Late Christopher Bean* she missed an entrance. Walter Connolly was left to his own devices. He waited, and gagged—and gagged. There was a distinct lull in the proceedings. Finally hearing her rushing through the wings, he stepped to the footlights and said, "This is a hell of a fix!" (P. S. Pauline was never late again.)

Do Coquettes Forget? MARGARET SULLAVAN claims she has forgotten how to act since being in Hollywood. We'll see, when she plays opposite her ex-husband, Henry *New Faces* Fonda, in Mt. Kisco in July. The play, strangely enough, is *Coquette*—from which Peg did a scene on Rudy Vallee's guest program a few weeks ago, looking too ethereal in white organdy. Can Winchell make anything of this? Or can anybody?

Is This Devotion? BILL O'RYAN, who is Leslie Howard's and Herbert Marshall's agent, came all the way from England with his charming wife, Elizabeth Allan. Nor does he do things half-way—he couldn't resist the temptation of flying with her to Hollywood and depositing her on her doorstep. Suppose he likes the gal?

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THE NEW FILMS

FOR FIGHT FANS, *The Personality Kid* with Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell, based on a new angle in crooked pugilism, is just what the doctor ordered. Everyone except the pugilist himself knows the fights he wins so easily are framed. When he finds out, he blows up—and comes back, but we won't tell why.★★★—*Warner.*

EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT is provided in *Shoot the Works* for admirers of Jack Oakie, Ben Bernie, Alison Skipworth and Roscoe Karns, with Jack as the funny-sad clown who eventually finds happiness. Also notable as the final screen vehicle of Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody.★★★—*Paramount.*

STARTS WITH A BANG but limps in at the finish is the verdict on *Stolen Sweets*, helped out by the excellent acting of Sally Blane, Charles Starrett and others. Family domination is the theme, but the girl finally chooses her own man and all is well.★★—*Chesterfield.*

NO DULL MOMENTS in *She Learned About Sailors*, with luscious Alice Faye a night club entertainer in an Oriental port and Lew Ayres a cocky gob. Mitchell and Durante furnish excellent comedy.★★★—*Fox.*

ARTFUL TEAMWORK between casting and writing, with clever dialogue, combine to make *We're Rich Again* a pleasing modern comedy of errors with Marian Nixon, Edna Mae Oliver, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Grant Mitchell and others in made-to-order rôles.★★★—*Radio.*

GRAND TROUPER as Warner Baxter is, he can't quite make of *Grand Canary* a grand picture. Madge Evans and Zita Johann and Roger Imhoff give fine performances, however, and the picturesque tropical islands in the grip of a fever epidemic adds interest.★★—*Fox.*

DON'T STAND UP IN YOUR SEAT when you see *Murder in the Private Car.* Mysterious murders, knives, apes, lights flicking off and on, and a wild car filled with dynamite loose on a mountain grade! Based on *The Rear Car*, with Mary Carlisle, Russell Hardie, Charlie Ruggles and Una Merkel, it's replete with laughs and shudders.★★★—*Metro.*

FATHER LOVE is the theme of *His Greatest Gamble*, with Richard Dix at his best as the reckless gambler who steals his own child. Edith Fellows as the little girl who grows up into Dorothy Wilson, Erin O'Brien-Moore as the divorced wife, and Bruce Cabot a satisfactory second-generation lover.★★★—*Radio.*

BEAUTY PARLOR SETTING with beauty all over the place in all its stages makes *Kiss and Make Up* appeal mostly to women. Cary Grant is head of a swanky salon in Paris, torn between professional and matrimonial demands. He goes to work on Genevieve Tobin and the result is so perfect he marries his masterpiece. However, her beauty palls, and Helen Mack is in the background as his secretary, so you can imagine.★★★—*Paramount.*

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show . . . ★★ Average Movie . . . ★ Mediocre Offering

BRIGHT BUT A LITTLE ON THE ROUGH SIDE is the verdict on *Here Comes the Groom*—but Jack Haley comes through with flying colors as an outstanding comedian. A member of a gang of rough, tough eggs, all rogue's gallery material, his only interest is to play the piccolo well. Isabel Jewell, Patricia Ellis, Larry Gray, Neil Hamilton and Mary Boland take part in the deft gags which make the picture move.★★★—*Paramount.*

PLEASE ALL TASTES is the job that's done by *The Great Flirtation*, with Adolphe Menjou as the greatest actor in Budapest and Elissa Landi as the girl he marries in order to hold her. In America, things go differently. Landi and Menjou are perfectly teamed, and Gregory Ratoff deserves orchids for writing the story.★★★—*Paramount.*

THERE'S ROMANCE IN MARRIAGE when Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard give glamorous performances as they do in *Let's Try Again*, in spite of a rather weak plot.★★—*Radio.*

CAREER WOMEN and other women should like *Dr. Monica*, with Kay Francis the successful doctor who turns out to be a mere woman after all. Tense drama and good support by Warren William, Jean Muir and others.★★★—*Warners.*

EXCITING PICTURE—*Let's Talk It Over* has the popular Chester Morris as a sailor trying to win Mae Clarke, a society girl.★★—*Universal.*

CAREFUL DRAMA is *Of Human Bondage*, with Leslie Howard as the sorrowful hero held in bondage by Bette Davis. Morbid, but you'll like it.★★—*Radio.*

MYSTERY FANS WILL LIKE Warner Oland in *Charlie Chan's Courage*, the story of a Chinese detective, and his adventures on the American desert.★★★—*Fox.*

KIDNAP PLOT, exciting and well-staged is *Million Dollar Ransom*, in which Phillips Holmes is the young man of wealth who hires a gangster to kidnap him, to prevent his mother's marriage to a gigolo. ★★★—*Universal.*

MYRNA LOY ADMIRERS can't help but like her fine work as a German spy in *Stamboul Quest*, in which she plays opposite George Brent, a young medical student who falls in love with her.★★★—*Metro.*

GOOD CLEAN MYSTERY, packed with fun and suspense, *The Notorious Sophie Lang* introduces a fine new actress, Gertrude Michael, who plays the rôle of a jewel thief whose miraculous escapes are exciting and funny. Paul Cavanaugh and Alison Skipworth in the cast.★★★—*Paramount.*

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

TAKE EXTRA HANDKERCHIEFS when you see Ann Harding in *The Life of Vergie Winters*, as the small town milliner involved with John Boles who is in turn involved with Helen Vinson—it's that sad.★★★★—*Radio.*

COSTUME COMEDY with Wheeler and Woolsey supported by Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and

Don't Miss These Four-Star Pictures!

***Affairs of a Gentleman*—Paul Lukas, Patricia Ellis.**

***Baby, Take a Bow*—Shirley Temple, James Dunn.**

***Cleopatra*—Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon.**

***The Life of Vergie Winters*—Ann Harding, John Boles.**

***Madame Du Barry*—Dolores Del Rio.**

***The Thin Man*—William Powell, Myrna Loy.**

***Little Man, What Now?*—Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery.**

***Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*—Ronald Colman, Loretta Young.**

***Sadie McKee*—Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone.**

***Men in White*—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger.**

***Affairs of Cellini*—Frank Morgan, Connie Bennett, Fredric March.**

Noah Beery—that's *Cockeyed Cavaliers*, a riot for them as likes riots.—*Radio.*

MEDIEVAL CHEATING was never done better than it is in *Cleopatra,* Cecil De Mille's newest historic drama. Claudette Colbert is dazzling as Egypt's queen, using her wiles with great results on Warren William and Harry Wilcoxon. Lavish to a degree.★★★★—*Paramount.*

BACK TO THE FARM becomes much more than a slogan when you see *Our Daily Bread,* with Tom Keene, Karen Morley and Barbara Pepper excellent in the story of youth during depression.★★★—*United Artists.*

MONEY AND LOVE are balanced on the scales in *Born to Be Kissed*, with Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone all doing fine work to settle the question. ★★★—*Metro.*

GAY MYSTERY in the modern manner is offered by *The Thin Man,* the detective story everybody's been reading. William Powell and Myrna Loy are swell, not to mention Minna Gombell, Maureen O'Sullivan and Nat Pendleton. A rare dish of entertainment.★★★★—*Metro.*

FIREWORKS are the least that happens in *Cat's Paw*, with Harold Lloyd at his funniest as the son of a missionary in China with romantic designs on Una Merkel.★★★★—*Fox.*

MURDER IN SCHOOL with Edna May Oliver and James Gleason as a pair of hilarious detectives make *Murder on the Blackboard* gory and entertaining. Bruce Cabot, Barbara Fritchie and Gertrude Michael are in the cast. Excellent fare for young and old.★★★—*Radio.*

STAND IN LINE is what you'll have to do to see *Du Barry*, with dazzling Dolores Del Rio, but it will be worth it. It's a stunning historical drama with Reginald Owen, Veree Teasdale, Victor Jory and Anita Louise outstanding. Don't miss it.★★★★—*Warner.*

FASCINATING CHILD—of course we mean Shirley Temple, who walks away with honors in *Baby, Take a Bow.* It's all about a stolen necklace, but it's Shirley Temple who's important. Others who take part are James Dunn, Ray Walker and Alan Dinehart—and Shirley Temple. ★★★—*Fox.*

FUN IN A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY—which is the scene for *Bachelor Bait,* with Stuart Erwin, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson helping to make pleasant comedy.★★★—*Radio.*

CRAZY FAMILIES will love *The Merry Frinks*, with Aline MacMahon as the mother and only sane member of the Frink clan. Hugh Herbert, Joan Wheeler and Frankie Darro all help to get everybody concerned into a fog of misunderstanding.★★★★—*Warner.*

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU is what Nils Asther says when he hypnotizes the ladies in *The Love Captive,* in his doctor's rôle. Gloria Stuart is only one of his victims—but Paul Kelly and Alan Dinehart try hard to save her.★★—*Universal.*

HEY, RUBE! The circus is in town, with Joe E. Brown in a dual rôle as *The Circus Clown,* turning into his own father at a moment's notice. Packed with comedy, pink lemonade, Patricia Ellis and other suitable summer fare.★★★★—*Warner.*

REFINED SEDUCING comes in for some attention in *Springtime for Henry,* which brings Nancy Carroll back to the screen teamed with dangerous Otto Kruger. Husbands and wives and secretaries and wives get all mixed up and dull moments are scarce.★★★—*Fox.*

BANG-UP FILM ENTERTAINMENT is guaranteed in *Smarty*; Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton as her two successive husbands and a frothy plot insure an enjoyable hour and a half.★★★—*Warner.*

PLENTY OF PLOT MECHANISM characterizes *Midnight Alibi,* with Richard Barthelmess in his best performance in years. An unusual gang story with Ann Dvorak the feminine lead.★★★★—*Warner.*

You ought to get acquainted with Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan, two new favorites in *Student Tour,* featuring Jimmy Durante and Charlie Butterworth

Hello! Hello! Shirley Temple is back again—with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in *Now and Forever*

It must be Nydia Westman's glasses that give Cary Grant that alarmed look. It's a scene from *Ladies Should Listen,* a rollicking new screen comedy

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Alice Faye's Battle Against Scandal

[*Continued from page* 20]

having it said of her is inevitable, and something beyond her control. Nature willed it when she was given, insofar as motion pictures are concerned, a Harlow "type" and even greater potentialities along the same lines. Her platinum blonde hair is only a superficial link. The real connection consists in that subtle, unusual combination so rare in suitable screen material, the body and animal magnetism of a siren with provoking, impertinent, challenging innocence of manner.

It's this sort of girl who must travel the stormy route, the torture route to fame. Your Dietrichs come in ready-made; your Garbos and Hepburns find unique places for themselves; some high school girls technically innocent enter films and play ultra-sophisticated parts convincingly. But such a combination of sex and ingenuishness as Alice represents couldn't be wasted on ga-ga ingenue parts, and couldn't convince us film fans of her inward ability to do Harlow rôles until two things have happened:

First, life experiences of a wide and varied nature to secure actual emotional ageing. Second, sensational publicity, scandal, if you will, to convince us that our Alice is actually blonde dynamite!

All of which sounds more formidable than it is really going to be for Alice, who is nobody's fool. Where she was "raised" probably had something to do with it. You should see Alice and George Raft meet in the Ravenswood apartments, when both of them were living in that swanky domicile, not far from Mae West's suite. They had a little act which at first consisted of pretending to be very ritzy toward each other.

"Let's see—where are *you* from?" Raft would ask.

"Twelfth Avenue, smart boy! And how about you?"

"Aw, that's all right then. I'm from Tenth. Shake!"

OF IRISH-GERMAN descent, Alice Faye—her real name, by the way—went to school in New York, became a chorine there, travelled in vaudeville, worked in a night club, and finally found a job in George White's *Scandals,* when Rudy Vallée was its star. She met Vallée later through the medium of an introduction, but the meeting meant nothing until Rudy was given a cheap phonograph recording of her voice. He promptly signed her for his radio hour.

Of course you've heard how she was given just two numbers to sing in the film version of *Scandals,* then took Lilian Harvey's part and emerged practically the star of the production. Then came the attack on Rudy—and Alice—by Mrs. Fay Webb Vallée, and Alice's first touch of the torture test. At first she feared results, just as she is now afraid of being compared with Harlow or named as a bidder for her honors.

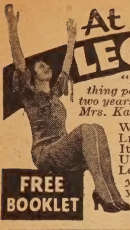
Finally, however, she discovered the truth about herself. Such scandal might have ruined the screen careers of some girls, but not hers, for as Alice herself says: "I guess I do look innocent. Everybody seemed to be on my side, and I received many letters—and so did the studio—offering sympathy. At a time when I was so lonely and blue I used to go down to the railroad station many a night just to watch The Chief pull out for New York. Those letters from fans cheered me wonderfully. I got a glimpse of the sort of loyalty screen stars find in the people who go to see movies, and that made me think being a star might not be so bad after all."

"If I married someone I might soon change my mind about him. He might not seem the same a short time later. And that would be terrible, once you're married—"

And: "I had a perfectly clear conscience about the whole thing, so as soon as I got used to the idea I didn't mind so very much being named by Mrs. Vallée. I knew there was absolutely no truth in what she said, and so did Rudy, so what? They have to print such things when divorce cases are brought out. If somebody had to take the blame, it might as well be me. It might have hurt somebody else, and apparently it didn't do me any harm."

ALICE hasn't yet grown accustomed to the idea of continual recurrences of scandal, however. And of course the Rudy Vallée divorce case was only the beginning. Little things such as the following carry on where it left off:

"Tycoon Warns Son on Alice Faye Romance"—Newspaper headlines. And excerpts: "Colonel Arthur F. Foran, high in political and financial circles, today threatened to disinherit his 23-



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year-old son Nicholas, if he became engaged to Alice Faye.

"'I don't know Miss Faye,' the Colonel said. 'She may be a very lovely girl. But from the unpleasant publicity she has received, I do not think it would be wise for my son to become engaged to her.'"

These samples will be mild ones in comparison to what you'll read—supposing Alice's career goes on its normal course toward stardom—when and if she gets married. She would be unfortunate indeed if she encountered all the misfortune in marital adventures Miss Harlow has encountered. But being Alice Faye, the type to whom tragedy and emotional adventures must come for the sake of moulding a great screen star, her experiences in legalized lovemaking are pretty certain to be thrillers. That is, for the tabloid reporters and audiences.

"I've only begun to think about marrying since I came to Hollywood," Alice says. "There seems to be something in the air here—well, however much I'd love to get married right now, there isn't anybody to marry. I'm very uncertain about it, of course, because right now I'd feel that if I married someone I might soon change my mind about him. And that would be terrible, once you're married—"

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

[*Continued from page* 14]

BY THE way, SCREEN BOOK is proud to announce that beginning with the October issue Louis Sobol will assume the rôle of star contributor. If you follow his column which is syndicated in more than a score of newspapers the country over or have read his articles in the day's leading magazines, you won't want to miss one of his priceless contributions.

I won't even tip you off on the subject of his first article. It's the best story about Hollywood's famous citizens I've ever read.

AFTER hours of research, I have finally completed the list of Hollywood's Ten Most Useful Citizens. Next month I'll release my list of the Ten Least Useful—so behave yourselves!

1. *Mae West*—for saving Hollywood women from starvation.
2. *Joan Crawford*—for paying educational expenses of two destitute youngsters and being very abashed to think that newspapers discovered the fact and headlined it.
3. *District Attorney Baron Fitts*—for his militant warfare against the kidnapers who menace the stars.
4. *Oscar Smith, Paramount bootblack*—for keeping up the spirits of the struggling and keeping down the egos of the great.
5. *Walt Disney*—for creating Mickey and Minnie Mouse, two stars who are never greedy, immoral or temperamental.
6. *Will Rogers*—for being Hollywood's ambassador to politics.
7. *Countess Di Frasso*—for de-bunking high society to its one-time worshippers, the stars.
8. *Clark Gable*—for being the most democratic and approachable of all actors.
9. *Chet Vanderlip, the banker*—for teaching the stars thrift.
10. *Bebe Daniels*—for being the most sincere actress I have ever met.

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29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
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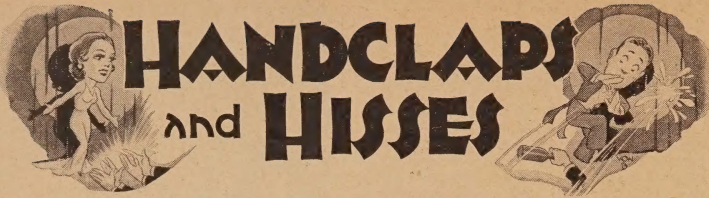
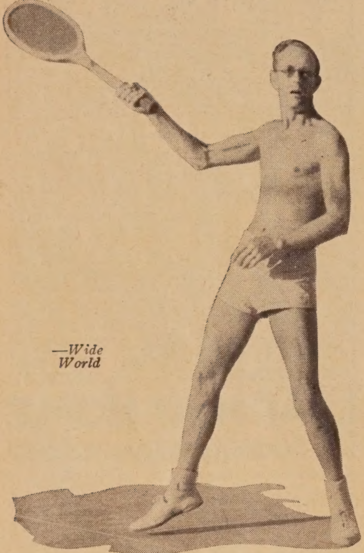


HANDCLAPS and HISSES

Leslie Howard Starts an Argument— and SCREEN BOOK readers finish it!



—*Wide World*

When Leslie Howard asked SCREEN BOOK readers whether or not a star could have a private life and still be popular, he started something. After asking that question, we think it strange of Leslie to appear in a costume like this!!! Anyway, hundreds of letters poured in, and the two we like best appear below

Should a Star's Private Life Be Secret?

NO—says this Portsmouth Virginia, fan

When Leslie Howard challenges the interest of people in general in the private lives of movies stars he is considering it from the angle of the artist only. As an artist he knows and contends that the more anonymous the actor remains the more enduring he becomes in the rôles he portrays—granted this. Be that as it may the fact remains: people want to know. We are all curious about those we admire. From the earliest ages we wanted to investigate our heroes and so we will remain, curious and eager. Screen stars belong to the world, to those who are interested in the clothes they wear and to those who have a mania for collecting illuminating items about their private lives. After all, we want to know.—**Margaret Edwards, Quarters F, Naval Ammunition Depot, Portsmouth, Va.**

YES—insists an Indiana admirer

Leslie Howard is right. When I plunk down my quarter at the box office, I pay to see a star—not a staff of imaginative press agents. Of course, there are some fans who are attracted by sensational publicity, but like all gossip-mongers they love only the gossip and not the subjects of the gossip. They are the "fickle public" we hear so much about; and as soon as a newer star startles them more the old idol is forgotten. On the other hand, players who strive to better their characterizations, catering to the conservative element, are able to keep a loyal following many years after the bright bonfires have burned out in the blaze of their own cheap glory.—**Mae H. Ashworth, 118 West Ninth St., Mt. Vernon, Indiana.**

$1.00 Letter
Cheers And Boos

HANDCLAPS to adorable Dixie Lee for her successful comeback in *Manhattan Love Song*. To Shirley Temple for being the most loveable and talented youngster yet seen on the screen. And to Clark Gable for turning in four hit performances in a row.

Hisses to George Brent for his matinée idolish hair-do, tra-la. And to those stars who "wish people would stop gossiping about us—we're so happy," and then participate in a front page divorce, while magazines containing their "happy" statements are still on the stands.—**Mrs. M. Clements, 109 Davis St., San Francisco, Calif.**

"Hisses to George for his hair-do"

$1.00 Letter
That *For Gable*

I KNOW I am braving the wrath of a million feminine fans when I say that Clark Gable is sadly miscast as a straight leading man. The natural charm of the boy from Cadiz, Ohio that made him an unusual, arresting figure has been generally polished away in the effort to make him a matinée idol. His talents lie in hardboiled rôles and no matter how dapper and suave he becomes he will always prove a poor substitute for Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall or Fredric March. We want plenty of Gable—but let's have him in the rough.—**Doris Miller, 620 North Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.**

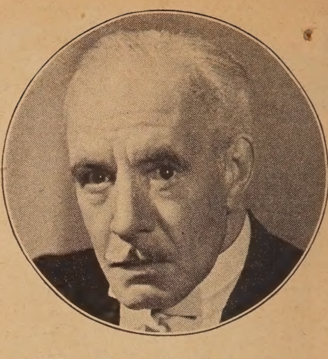
$1.00 Letter
For Ann Harding

ANN HARDING consistently gives sincere and good performances. Why doesn't RKO produce Susan Gaspell's *Inheritors*, with Miss Harding playing Madeline, a truly fine, idealistic American girl? No one else is more perfectly qualified for the part, and *Inheritors* is a play that should be given to millions of young people in America.—**Renee Orsell, 3 Purser Place, Yonkers, N. Y.**

Too Beautiful

NOT since the days of Barbara La Marr has there been a title "Too beautiful" awarded to any actress. I think it should now be given to Alice Faye. I saw her in *George White's Scandals* and her beauty held me spellbound. I am waiting patiently to see her in *Now I'll Tell*. Right now "I'll tell" you, Miss Faye, that you are "too beautiful."—**Mrs. Ethel Fowles, 210 Marion St., Greenwood, S. C.**

"You are too beautiful"



"All honor to you, Mr. Stone. I have yet to see you in other than a perfect performance"

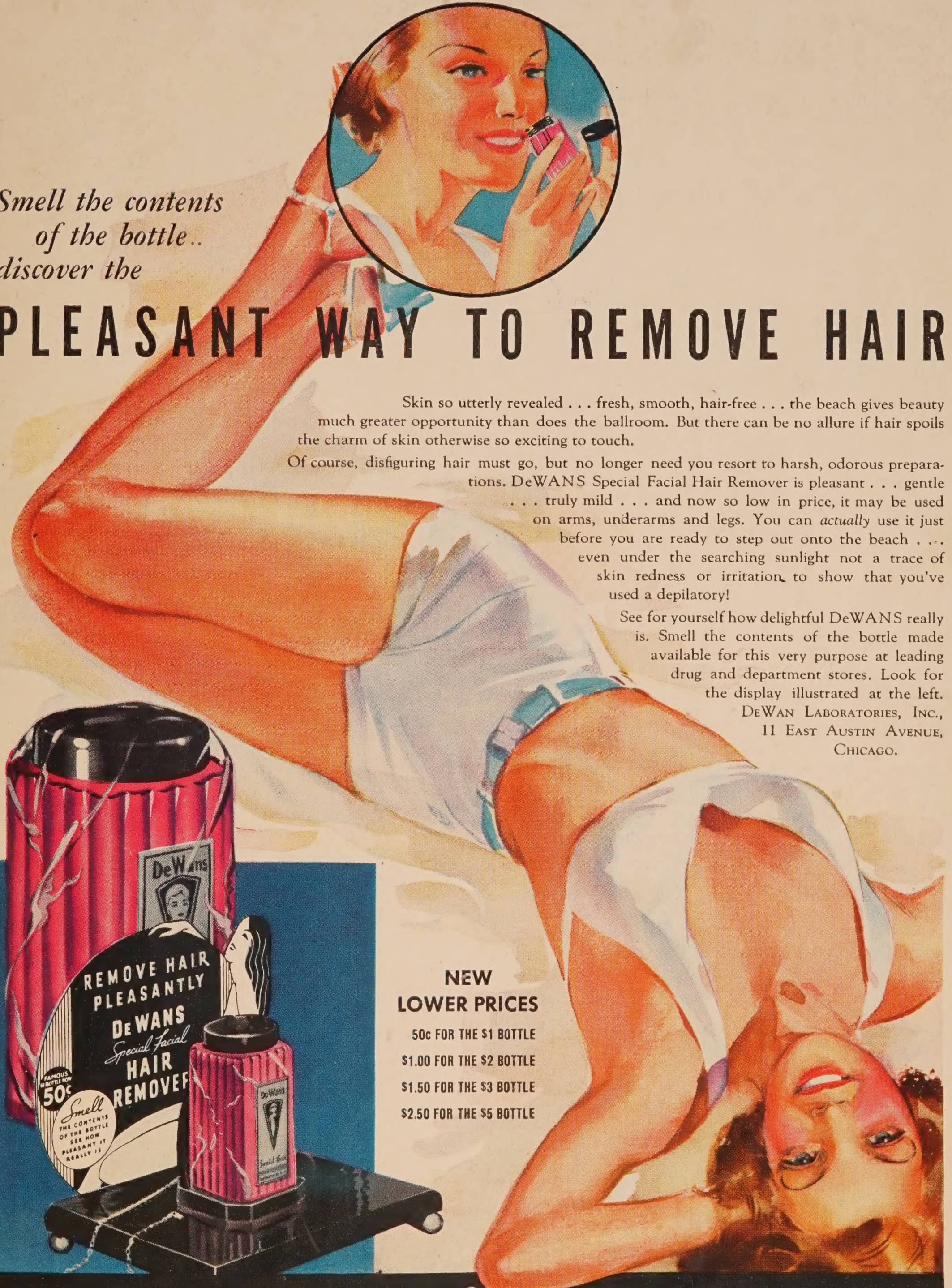
A Grand Actor

MAY I speak a word of praise for one whose praise is seldom sung? It is the dignity and charm of his presence which has made many a picture *more* than just another picture. I refer to none other than Lewis Stone. All honor to you, Mr. Stone. I have yet to see you in other than a perfect performance.—**Christeen Canote, 1734 Broadway, Hannibal, Mo.**

Win a prize! Write a letter today to Handclaps and Hisses

Smell the contents of the bottle.. discover the

PLEASANT WAY TO REMOVE HAIR


De Wans
REMOVE HAIR PLEASANTLY
DeWANS
Special Facial
HAIR REMOVER
FAMOUS $1 BOTTLE NOW 50c
Smell THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE SEE HOW PLEASANT IT REALLY IS
De Wans

Skin so utterly revealed . . . fresh, smooth, hair-free . . . the beach gives beauty much greater opportunity than does the ballroom. But there can be no allure if hair spoils the charm of skin otherwise so exciting to touch.

Of course, disfiguring hair must go, but no longer need you resort to harsh, odorous preparations. DeWANS Special Facial Hair Remover is pleasant . . . gentle . . . truly mild . . . and now so low in price, it may be used on arms, underarms and legs. You can *actually* use it just before you are ready to step out onto the beach . . . even under the searching sunlight not a trace of skin redness or irritation to show that you've used a depilatory!

See for yourself how delightful DeWANS really is. Smell the contents of the bottle made available for this very purpose at leading drug and department stores. Look for the display illustrated at the left.

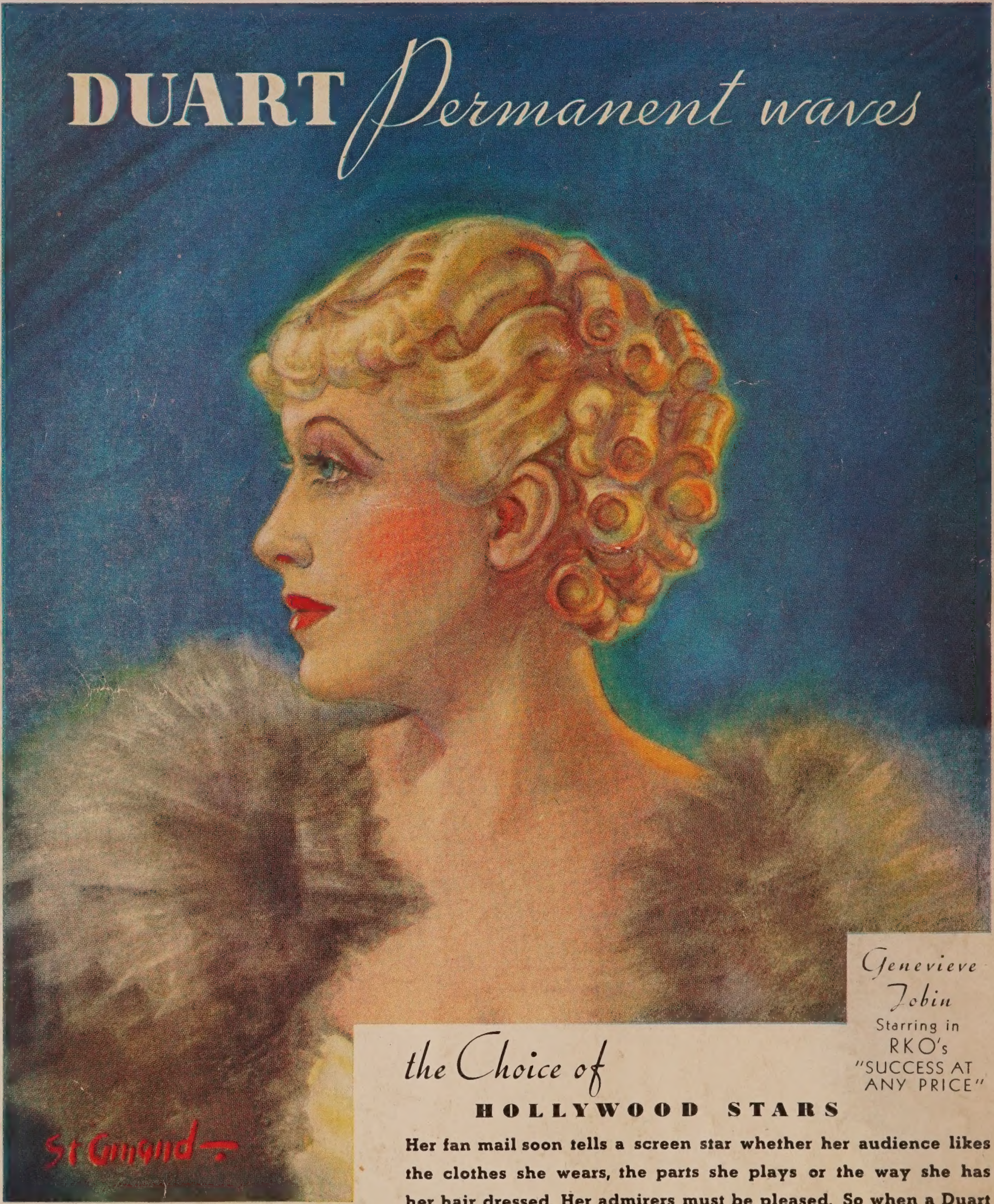
DeWan Laboratories, Inc.,
11 East Austin Avenue,
Chicago.

NEW LOWER PRICES

50c FOR THE $1 BOTTLE
$1.00 FOR THE $2 BOTTLE
$1.50 FOR THE $3 BOTTLE
$2.50 FOR THE $5 BOTTLE

DeWANS *Special Facial* HAIR REMOVER

DUART *Permanent waves*



Genevieve Tobin
Starring in
RKO's
"SUCCESS AT
ANY PRICE"

the Choice of
HOLLYWOOD STARS

Her fan mail soon tells a screen star whether her audience likes the clothes she wears, the parts she plays or the way she has her hair dressed. Her admirers must be pleased. So when a Duart Permanent became the choice of Hollywood stars, it was really a nation-wide tribute to the beauty of this wave. Why not let the stars' choice be your choice and you, too, will find that Duart's soft natural waves and graceful little ringlets will give the charm and glamour that wins romantic admiration. Duart is available at better beauty salons everywhere. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

DUART RINSE

Puts a delicate tint and a glint of sunlight in your hair. Not a dye. Comes in twelve shades. Two rinses in each 10 cent package. Ask for Duart Rinse at your beauty Salon, it's a favorite with the Hollywood Stars.

DUART
The
PERFECT
RINSE
PRICE
10c

Duart Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

NORMA SHEARER'S ROMANTIC LIFE STORY

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10c

15c In Canada

October

Anna Sten

What Stars Will CENSORSHIP HIT?

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards . . . are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

in *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

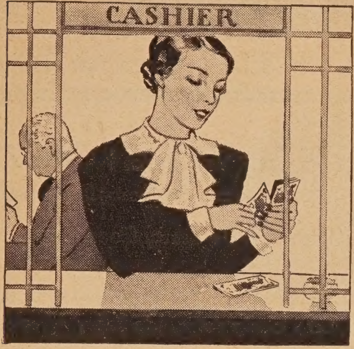
with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . . . Sidney Franklin

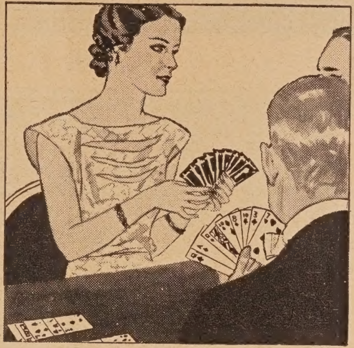
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Isn't It A Shame!

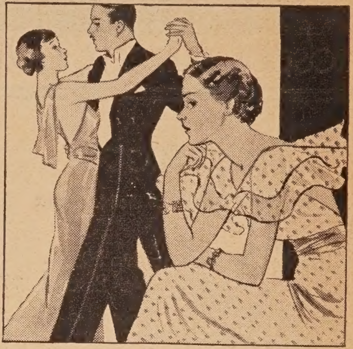
SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



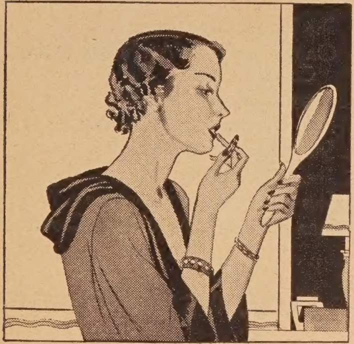
Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.



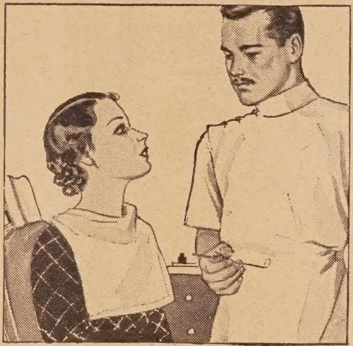
And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.



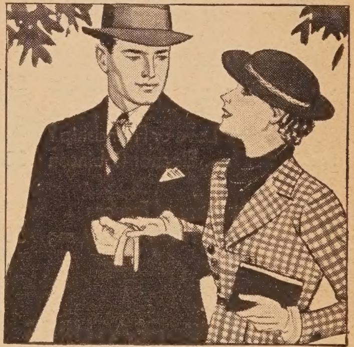
Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!



When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth *look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!*



Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.



Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol,* which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

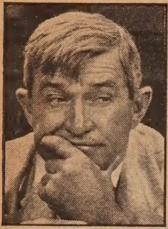
But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

OCTOBER, 1934 VOL. XIII No. 3

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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SCREEN BOOK tells all the News First

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The Stars Are Not What They Used To Be . . . . . . Louis Sobol 20
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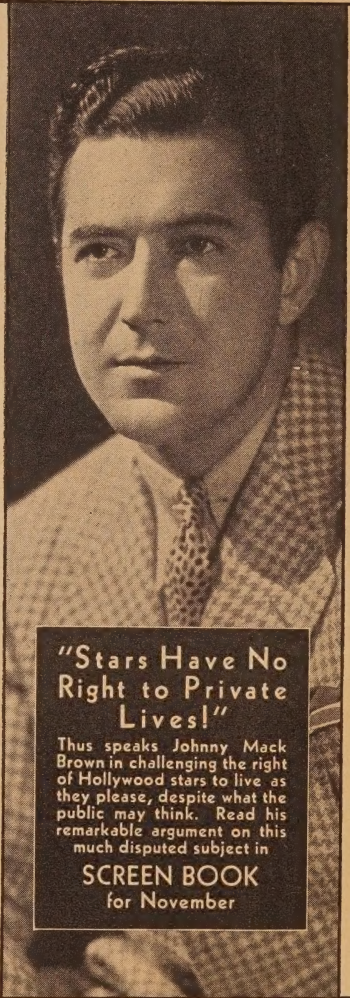

"Stars Have No Right to Private Lives!"

Thus speaks Johnny Mack Brown in challenging the right of Hollywood stars to live as they please, despite what the public may think. Read his remarkable argument on this much disputed subject in

SCREEN BOOK for November

FOR WOMEN ONLY

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

• Coming events cast their shadows before

You will soon be seeing **MAE WEST** in her new picture, **"BELLE OF THE NINETIES,"** with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

By
The Star Reporter

Victor McLaglen is helping John Gilbert in his comeback picture, *The Captain Hates the Sea*

Trailing Garbo

GARBO gives indication of emerging a trifle from her cloisters. She appears happier and more carefree, and jokes a bit shyly with the hired help, But the elusiveness of Garbo adds zest to Hollywood life. She is our last Illusion. I sought a glimpse of her, and the experience was like stalking a wary fawn through the tanglewood, with a lift of the pulse at sight of fleeting form and toss of tawny yellow hair. She wears soft leather Indian slippers, the kind that Margaret Sullavan clings to, and they give her added litheness and grace of movement. She is not as tall as many think.

Smart Pets

TRICKY, these pets of the stars. . . . Lyle Talbot's dog smokes a pipe. . . . John Mack Brown's champion Schnauser stands on his head. . . . Glenda Farrell's Siamese cats turn somersaults. . . . Kathleen Howard's peke responds intelligently to thirty-five words and phrases. . . . Muriel Kirkland's wire-hair dotes on watermelon and knows just how to flip the seeds out of the way . . . while Fay Wray's pup, Mary, eats cinnamon toast with doggie finesse whenever Fay serves tea.

—Wide World

Speaking of autographs, look at this! Jean Harlow has her character read by the typewriter repairman, who knows a thing or two about handwriting, and getting autographs

Lilian Won't Quit

"DO YOU think I am a flop?" Lilian Harvey asked.

I had climbed the hill to her big house overlooking Hollywood. In it she seemed as tiny as a child as she perched by the window, chin in hand, looking upon the town that has so bitterly disappointed her. I had understood she was through with pictures. She had cancelled her contract with Fox and was going back to her home in the south of France. Maybe she would marry Willie Fritsch.

"Well, I'm not going to quit," she said emphatically. "I'm staying here, and I'll find out for myself if I can be a success in American pictures."

The Stage Lure

HELEN HAYES is back from the stage, where she went as a sacrifice to old loyalties. Actually she wasn't much out of pocket, as she shared the profits of the production.

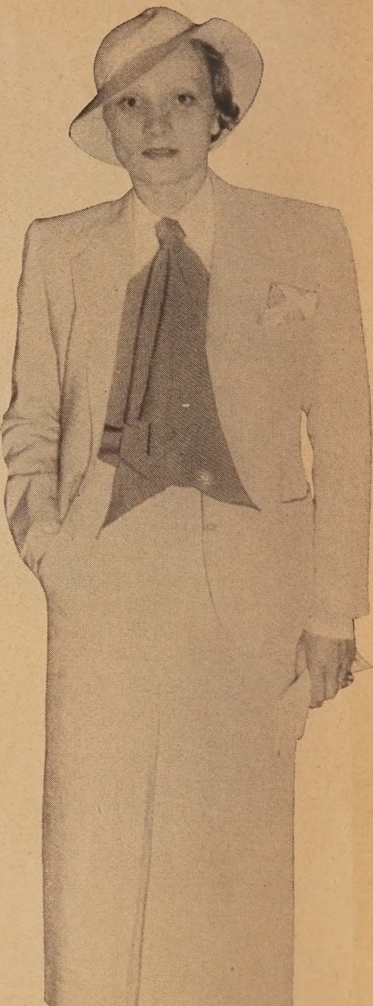
Herbert Marshall returns each year to the stage, but not for sentimental reasons.

"When that inevitable day comes and pictures bid me adieu," he told me, "I want them to know me, instead of saying 'Who's this chap—some movie has-been?' Of course the stage cannot afford to pay Hollywood salaries, and it is an apparent sacrifice to do a stage play. Frankly, it's just good insurance against the future."

Dick Dons Glimmers

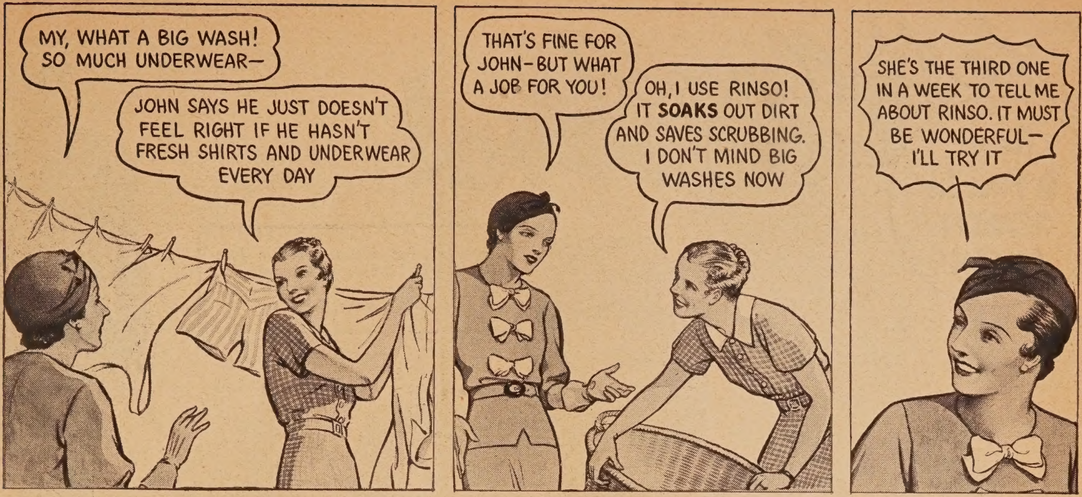
DICK POWELL has had to put on glasses, and he's such a natural cuss I don't think he gives a hoot if all those romantic fans know it. But they tickle his ears and bother his nose, and he's always leaving them somewhere. The oculist decrees he must wear them at least a year to correct a slight astigmatism that has been causing headaches. It is not going to surprise us much if he marries Mary Brian next year.

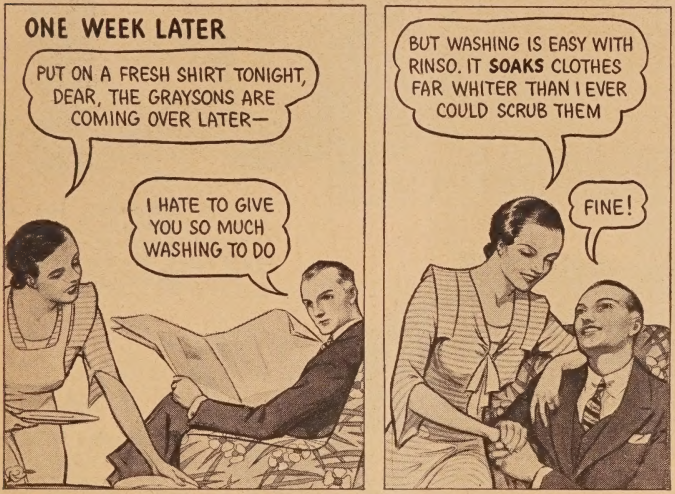
[*Continued on page* 8]



—*Wide World*

You seldom hear much about it, but Marlene Dietrich still sticks to her mannish clothes. We hear that this outfit has an extra pair of trousers


MY, WHAT A BIG WASH! SO MUCH UNDERWEAR—
JOHN SAYS HE JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT IF HE HASN'T FRESH SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY
THAT'S FINE FOR JOHN—BUT WHAT A JOB FOR YOU!
OH, I USE RINSO! IT SOAKS OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. I DON'T MIND BIG WASHES NOW
SHE'S THE THIRD ONE IN A WEEK TO TELL ME ABOUT RINSO. IT MUST BE WONDERFUL—I'LL TRY IT


ONE WEEK LATER
PUT ON A FRESH SHIRT TONIGHT, DEAR, THE GRAYSONS ARE COMING OVER LATER—
I HATE TO GIVE YOU SO MUCH WASHING TO DO
BUT WASHING IS EASY WITH RINSO. IT SOAKS CLOTHES FAR WHITER THAN I EVER COULD SCRUB THEM
FINE!

This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors — weaken fabrics — fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking *4 or 5 shades whiter.*

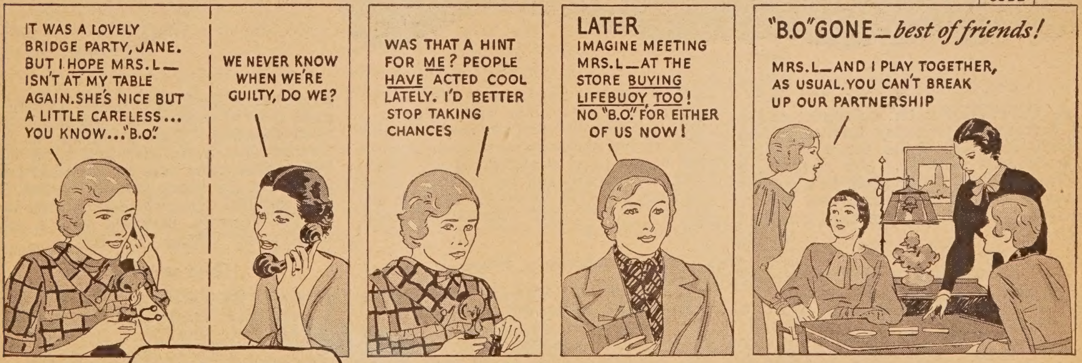
Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time — saves work. And so easy on hands!

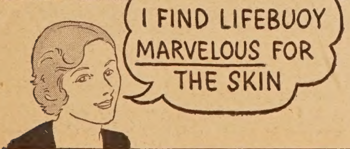
Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Get it at your grocer's.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

THEY BOTH OFFENDED—BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

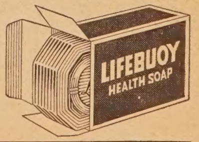
NRA CODE


IT WAS A LOVELY BRIDGE PARTY, JANE. BUT I HOPE MRS. L— ISN'T AT MY TABLE AGAIN. SHE'S NICE BUT A LITTLE CARELESS... YOU KNOW..."B.O."
WE NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'RE GUILTY, DO WE?
WAS THAT A HINT FOR ME? PEOPLE HAVE ACTED COOL LATELY. I'D BETTER STOP TAKING CHANCES
LATER
IMAGINE MEETING MRS. L—AT THE STORE BUYING LIFEBUOY, TOO! NO "B.O." FOR EITHER OF US NOW!
"B.O" GONE—best of friends!
MRS. L—AND I PLAY TOGETHER, AS USUAL. YOU CAN'T BREAK UP OUR PARTNERSHIP


I FIND LIFEBUOY MARVELOUS FOR THE SKIN

LIFEBUOY'S lather is bland and gentle, yet deep-cleansing. It washes away pore-embedded impurities — brings radiance to dull complexions. Lifebuoy lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

Read It First In SCREEN BOOK

[*Continued from page 6*]

Demand for clean pictures has boosted Jackie Cooper's popularity. Here he rehearses a scene for his newest, *Peck's Bad Boy*

Douglass Montgomery, like other stars, has to hide behind dark glasses to protect his eyes after work under bright lights. His dog "Padriac," is his bodyguard

EXTRA! Don't miss SCREEN BOOK'S distinctive new Star Type Patterns. See page 48.

Una Serves a Fast One

A CERTAIN noted columnist and a group of friends, following him single file, visited the set where Una Merkel was working. She nudged me with her elbow. "By gosh, he's got his column with him," she observed. Which should rate as the prize wise crack of the month.

Eagle Eye on Shirley

FEAR that film work will make a smart-aleck out of Shirley Temple bothers her mother and father. As any parent knows, the spotlight spoils a youngster. Most picture prodigies become insufferable after a year or two, and drop out. Ted Healy gets rid of a stooge after a couple of years; they find out how funny they are, become self consciously "smart" and their bumptious humor sours. Shirley's mother is exceedingly conscientious and warns you with a glance not to fuss over or praise Shirley, but she's too much of an actress not to want and expect applause. She's unspoiled so far, and her parents intend to keep her that way—or else give up picture work. And that might break Shirley's heart.

Montgomery Prepares

ROBERT MONTGOMERY thinks that labor unrest will eventually reach the revolution stage. During the now historic San Francisco strike he rushed out and stocked his house with staple groceries, and filled his garage with gas cans. When Bob goes at a thing, he goes at it thoroughly. During the polo flare he bought eight ponies. They ate him out of house and home and he gave the last one away recently. During the kidnap scare his house bristled with bars, guns were in every room, and Bob practiced shooting. This prompted his pal, Chester Morris, to give him a sly dig. When Bob came over to tell Chet how to protect the house from kidnapers, he was horrified to see the little Morris boy on the sidewalk, parading with a sign which said: "Please Take Me!"

Here and There

GENE RAYMOND calls his new roadster "The Black Venus" because it's "extreme lined". . . . Alan Hale never wears shirts, but has an endless collection of sweaters made on the same pattern as a shirt, and wears 'em for all occasions. . . . Phillips Holmes conscientiously saves every foreign stamp from his fan mail for the daughter of his favorite cameraman. . . .

[*Continued on page* 47]

Suppose YOU became a MOVIE STAR!

PERT KELTON * RKO *

DUART
HAIR RINSE
CHOICE OF THE STARS
HENNA
DUART
HAIR RINSE
10¢

You would discover this about *Beautiful Hair*

LIKE other Movie Stars, you'd naturally have your hair waved, shampooed and dressed in the select beauty salons of Hollywood. And there you would discover that eight out of ten recommend a Duart Rinse after every shampoo because it does TWO important things to beautify your hair.

First, Duart Rinse uncovers the natural sheen and brilliance of your hair by removing the gray soap film that plain water rinsing can never wash away. Second, one of the 12 shades of Duart Rinse will match your hair and give it a delicate, flattering tint—just enough to add the soft glow of sunshine to the natural color of your hair. Duart Rinse is not a dye. It is not a bleach.

Now, even though you are not a Hollywood Star, you can easily enjoy the luxury of beautifying your hair with Duart Rinse. The same rinse that for so long has been the choice of the Hollywood stars. Ask for a Duart Rinse at your beauty salon, and then take a package along for use at home. A two rinse package sells everywhere for only 10 cents.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

NOTE: Shipments of this sensational hair rinse are now being rushed to all parts of the United States. If your beauty salon has not yet received their supply, use the coupon in the corner. Then your package of Duart Rinse will be mailed you at once.

Look for
DUART RINSE
in the New Hollywood Package. The Duart Rinse display and sales rack shown at the left will soon be seen on the counters of better beauty salons everywhere.

* * * * and add to your loveliness with a

DUART PERMANENT WAVE

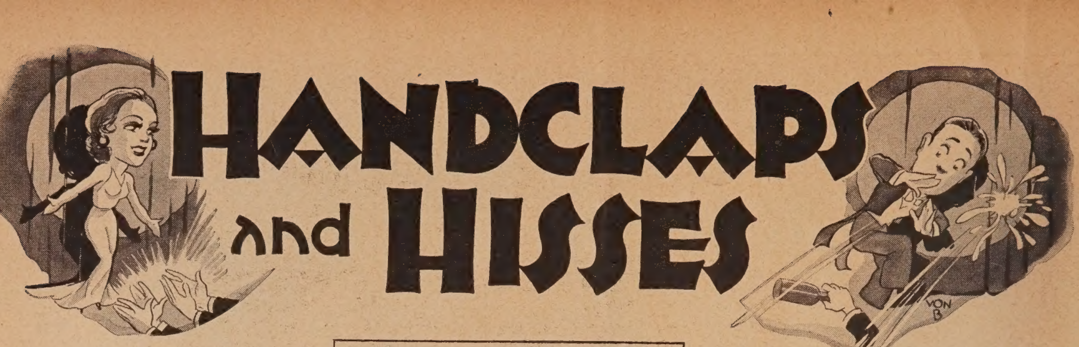
the Choice of the Hollywood Stars

TWELVE TINTS

- Black
- Dark Brown
- Chestnut Brown
- Titian Reddish Brown
- Henna
- Golden Brown
- Titian Reddish Blonde
- White or Gray (Platinum)
- Ash Blonde
- Medium Brown
- Golden Blonde
- Light Golden Blonde

SEND 10 CENTS for DUART RINSE in the New Hollywood Package. Contains two rinses. Mark the shade you wish and mail this coupon with your 10 cents in stamps or coin to Duart Mfg. Co., 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.

Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________________
State ________________



HANDCLAPS and HISSES

$15.00 Letter

Drives Him Hysterical

"W. C. Fields . . . long may he rave!"

FOR years I disliked the humorous characterizations of W. C. Fields. Then I went to see him in *If I Had a Million* and forced myself to giggle a bit. Then one evening while feeling very blue I saw *You're Telling Me*, and honestly, I laughed 'til I cried. When anyone can accomplish this much with this writer, in view of the critical judgment I have for comedians such an accomplishment is nothing short of a miraculous achievement. I salute the most outstanding laugh-getter of today. Long may he rave!—**W. C. Stilley, 222 No. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

$10.00 Letter

For Free Art

IT IS with a sense of horror that any thinking person regards the current hysteria to clean up the movies. The motion picture art is still in its infancy. Like every other art it must progress through experimentation—much of which will undoubtedly be punctuated by mistakes. It should be free to make these mistakes. We have not tried to regulate the private lives of Sinclair Lewis, Noel Coward and other dramatists, though these men have not lived prosaic existences. We go to hear Schumann-Heink sing and think nothing of the fact that she has had four husbands—and yet Gloria Swanson is now being threatened with boycott for the same reason. There is neither sense nor justice in this warped viewpoint. — **Lorene Ringling Cowgill, 433 North Murray St., Madison, Wis.**

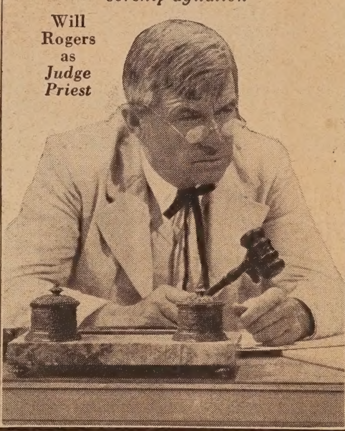
$5.00 Letter

A Movie Mistake

MUST you produce a picture like *Operator 13* and then spoil it by having the Mills Brothers singing modern melodies like "Sleepy Head,"—and more on this order? Don't misunderstand me. I enjoy the Mills Brothers, but when one is watching a picture of Lincoln's time, one really is a little surprised to hear modern songs.—**Mrs. P. S. Cottier, 2045 Elbur Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.**

GUILTY? or Not Guilty?

SCREEN BOOK readers judge the movies in the face of censorship agitation



Will Rogers as *Judge Priest*

The screen doesn't need censorship. It needs proper guidance. Why not make Will Rogers dictator of the movies? He'd give us a new deal and the pleasant sort of entertainment we're starving for.—**Jack Price, New York City.**

Life is not sweet and insipid; it is turbulent, terrific, and often cruel and inexorable, and that's what we want in movies—real life, fire and heat, pathos and sacrifice!—Barbara Ingalls, Portland, Oregon.

If sexy stories had not been box office smashes in the past you may be certain that none would be produced now. On the other hand, if movie interpretations of classic literature had been patronized as well as other stories, you would be seeing such classics today.—Gordon S. Huffman, Hickory, N. C.

When an industry can present to a jealous, fearful world a vehicle showing the folly of race hatreds as poignantly as did "The House of Rothschild," it deserves more than petty flaw picking.—William L. Metzger, Dayton, Ohio.

We wanted prohibition; we got it. Made a mess of it. Repealed the amendment. We Americans must have our reforms. Now we are out to clean up the movies. Well, here's hoping they can stand it.—Coleman J. J. Geary, South Boston, Mass.

Good old Grandma Public seems to be housecleaning again in Hollywood.—Mrs. Arthur Fett, Milwaukee, Wis.

The movies aren't half as harmful as a good many people would have us believe. To the contrary, observation has taught me that they do far more good than evil.—Louise V. Williams, Richmond, Va.

$1.00 Letter

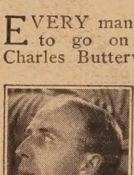
Fault-Finders, Pooh!

"Few shreds of her old glorious self left . . . if we believe the critics"

BLAME it on the weather! That may account for so much picking of flaws in pictures and stars. *Riptide* was a meritorious picture—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery were enough to guarantee that. Now a few are trying to find something the matter with the picture. It was out of focus — or something. The trouble is, we have got the habit of finding fault. It all began with Hepburn. She was glamorous, great—a super-woman. Then the picking to pieces began and there are few shreds of her old glorious self left—that is, if we believe the critics. Perhaps the cool weather will make us more kind.—**Mary Belle Walley, Butler, New Jersey.**

$1.00 Letter

Cheers for Charlie



"That sad face of his reminds me of a pensive horse!"

EVERY man to his taste, but I want to go on record as proclaiming Charles Butterworth the perfect comedian. That long, sad face of his reminds me of a pensive horse. His brand of humor may not roll you in the aisles, but it tickles your funny bone for a long time afterward. He's one of the few really funny men who don't depend on stock gags or vulgar situations. —**Louis A. Vanderpool, 403½ East Broadway, Cushing, Okla.**

$1.00 Letter

A Love Affair

I FELL in love with Ann Sothern in *Let's Fall in Love* and then went completely crazy over her performance in *Melody in Spring* and *The Party's Over*. To me, Miss Sothern seems a completely individual type. A cross between the sympathetic understanding of Ann Hard-

[*Continued on page* 74]

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

- ★ **Edmund Lowe**
- ★ GLORIA STUART
- ★ PHIL BAKER
- ★ Paul Lukas
- ★ Ethel Waters
- ★ Chester Morris
- ★ Alexander Woollcott
- ★ Douglass Montgomery
- ★ Binnie Barnes
- ★ Roger Pryor
- ★ Karloff
- ★ Gene Austin
- ★ Graham McNamee
- ★ Bela Lugosi
- ★ Alice White
- ★ **Ruth Etting**
- ★ June Knight
- ★ Victor Moore
- ★ Andy Devine
- ★ Hugh O'Connell
- ★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
- ★ Sterling Holloway
- ★ Henry Armetta
- ★ Downey Sisters
- ★ Beal Street Boys
- ★ Douglas Fowley
- ★ Wini Shaw
- ★ Helen Vinson
- ★ Candy and Coco
- ★ Surprise Personality

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?

STOP CONSTIPATION

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

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YEAST

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

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Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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CONTEST NEWS

Published Monthly
by SCREEN BOOK

Baby LeRoy

$5.00 Winner

First Limerick Winners!

With his rib-tickling last line for the Baby LeRoy limerick, Wally Johnson, 7342 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill., captures one $5.00 prize. The second $5.00 prize goes to Mary L. Nicholson, 736 James St., Syracuse, N. Y., for her clever answer to the Mae West limerick. Read 'em and try your luck this month.

Mae West

$5.00 Winner

He Can't Be Bothered

The ladies in Filmland annoy
A young man named Baby LeRoy,
  Their kisses he spurns
  As his fair head he turns—
"At twenty you'll want 'em, big boy!"

Mae's Famous Invitation

There was a young lady named West
Who was never in want of a guest,
  Her favorite line—
  Was "Come'n up sometime,"
"But her best lines are curves she confessed."

Judges Busy on Hollywood Gag Contest

And are they busy! SCREEN BOOK readers have supplied so many funny answers to the cartoon which appeared in the September issue that they'll just have to wait until the judges laugh themselves out before the results of the contest are announced and the $100.00 in cash prizes sent to lucky winners.

Cash in on these new Limericks!

SCREEN BOOK offers $5.00 each for the two best lines in the two Movie Limericks which appear in this column. Put on your thinking cap now and mail your last lines to The Limerick Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Lupe in the Ring

There was a young lady named Lupe
Who could make Tarzan jump through a hoop,
  She was "crazee to fight"
  And she fought day and night—

....
(Write your last line here)

Baer Facts

To the movies the ladies all tear
When the billing includes Maxie Baer;
  Though his main job is fighting
  'Tis plain, at this writing

....
(Write your last line here)

....
(Your name)

....
(Street address)

....
(City)

....
(State)

CONTEST REGULATIONS: It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Contestants may clip out the above limericks or merely send a copy. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in each limerick, and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. This contest is open to every reader with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their relatives. All entries must be received on or before midnight of October 1, 1934.

Information Please

Conducted by Doris Jean

Question: Who is the handsome young hero of *The Count of Monte Cristo*? Ans.: You must be referring to the brilliant Robert Donat, English star who makes his Hollywood début in this picture

WOULD like some information on Spencer Tracy. Is he married? If so, to whom? How tall is he, and where was he born?—*Miss M. V. Hoagland, Chicago, Illinois.*

Spencer Tracy is married, although he and his wife are now separated. Her maiden name was Louise Treadwell. He is five feet ten and one-half inches tall, and weighs 165 pounds. He was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1900.

What is Lilian Harvey's middle name? When was she born? What part of Germany is she from? What other languages can she speak besides English and German?—*William H. Davis, Akron, Ohio.*

Lilian Harvey (that is her real name) has no middle name. She was born in England, not Germany; although her parents took her to Germany to live when she was only a small girl. She speaks German, English and French fluently.

Do girls have to be pretty to go into the movies, or to have a stage career?—*Helen Mactur, Wilmington, Vermont.*

Many famous stage and screen actresses have not been pretty. Makeup experts can do wonders to an ordinary looking girl, although of course a naturally pretty girl has an advantage over one not so good looking. Character and comedy parts are always open to the not-so-attractive girl. I would say that such girls need not despair of having stage or screen careers.

Can you tell me the name of Bing Crosby's latest picture? Where can I get a photograph of him? How old is he, and where does he live?—*Charlotte Bostetter, Chicago, Illinois.*

Bing Crosby has recently completed *She Loves Me Not* with Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle. You may get his autographed picture by writing Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Bing was thirty on May second of this year, and he now lives at Toluca Lake, North Hollywood, California.

Question: How tall is Lilian Harvey? What color are her hair and eyes? Ans.: She is five feet one inch in height, and has blue eyes and golden-brown hair

What is Arline Judge's real name? How long has she been married to Wesley Ruggles?—*Little Spokane, Spokane, Washington.*

Arline Judge is one of the few stars whose screen names are the same as their real names. She has been married to Wesley Ruggles for three years.

Where does Clark Gable live? To whom is he under contract? How can I write to him? Has he blue eyes? What is the nationality of Lupe Velez and Ramón Novarro?—*Mildred Vavra, Linwood, Nebraska.*

Clark Gable lives in Brentwood about five miles from his studio. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and you can reach him by writing in care of the studio at Culver City, California. His eyes are not blue, but gray. Lupe Velez and Ramón Novarro are both natives of Mexico.

FREE PERSONAL REPLIES

Doris Jean will be glad to answer your questions, personally, but please do not send more than three at a time, and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage only). She cannot, however, answer questions concerning religion, the subject of getting jobs or assist in securing autographed portraits. Address your letter to Doris Jean, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

This month SCREEN BOOK'S Popular Stooge Writes to Famous Hollywood Citizens About Thissa and Thatta

PERSONAL TO MARLENE DIETRICH: It was my good fortune to be nearby that night recently when a cameraman snapped a photo of you with Maria and your husband. It struck me that here indeed is a side of your private life that fans have never known. It struck me forcibly, too, that in playing the rôle of the devoted wife and mother you are every bit as glamorous as you are on the screen. So it occurred to me that you might welcome the suggestion that your next picture be something entirely different—a story that is more like your real self—something down to earth, with the intense drama that comes only from the seemingly commonplace things of life. It's all you need, Marlene, to once more place you on the throne as Hollywood's most vital actress.

DEAR MARY PICKFORD: It pleases me no end to know that at the Pasadena station the other day as you departed for New York you signed more autograph books than any other celebrity for months and months. It proves that you are still as popular as any of them, and that for the sake of millions who adore you, should do another picture right away.

MARLENE
MARIA
HUBBY

"It struck me, too, that in playing the rôle of the devoted wife and mother you are every bit as glamorous as you are on the screen"

MY DEAR MISS GARBO: Editors seldom are really thrilled, but such was the case when we learned that a friend of yours had told Dr. Arnold Genthe that the recently published "The Man Who Saved Garbo's Career" was one story that really pleased you and that it was TRUE, as is seldom if ever the case. Your appreciation not only brought genuine pleasure to your old friend, Dr. Genthe, but it tickled SCREEN BOOK's editors to know that you are a constant reader of this magazine.

MEMO TO MYSELF: So you were afraid to name the list of Hollywood's ten most useless citizens. Going soft, hey? Well, the list started off with a man in white who has been working a corner on Hollywood Boulevard where a horse hasn't been seen in ten years. After that, you got cold feet. But don't worry, people will stop picking on you now, for fear you may reveal the other nine. And, for the benefit of the character actor who hit his girl over the head with a beer bottle—he's one! Now, little man, you'd better grab your hat and leave no forwarding address.

DEAR KATY: What's this I hear about several stage producers not wanting to introduce you on Broadway again next season in a play? I hope you do come back to the footlights and come back strong, if only to prove as all wiser heads know that as a dramatic actress you have no superior. Your fans are fed up on critics who hound you and are eagerly awaiting your finest picture, *Little Minister*.

DEAR LUPE AND JOHNNY: Can't you two make up your minds? One day you are calling each other names and the next day you coo all over the place. Maybe you can arrange a sort of flag signal over your home so that all newspaper reporters will have to do is look at the signal to know whether to write a divorce or "kiss and make up story." You've been running the poor boys ragged.

DEAR HAZEL FORBES: Of all the nifty remarks I like yours of recent date the best and repeat it here for the benefit of my readers. Miss Forbes speaking: "They say I'm an heiress. That's not so. An heiress is a girl who is expecting to inherit money. I HAVE MONEY."

MEMO TO GRACE MOORE: This time I hope you stay in Hollywood and not go running off on more concert tours. Certainly after your sparkling hit in *One Night of Love* your future is assured. But I wish you'd be a little more careful about your interviews. The wives of three Hollywood scribes were SO annoyed a couple of years ago when the scribblers weaved home singing to the skies of your beauty and charm, accompanied by the delicious aroma of champagne, or something just as good. Mind if I drop over soon?

TO BING CROSBY AND MIRIAM HOPKINS: For art's sake, my friends, why don't you two kiss and make up? That little feud you carried on during the making of *She Loves Me Not* was apparent to those of us who knew.

I don't know what it was all about, but even if I did I couldn't understand why two such good fellows would want to battle.

Stooge

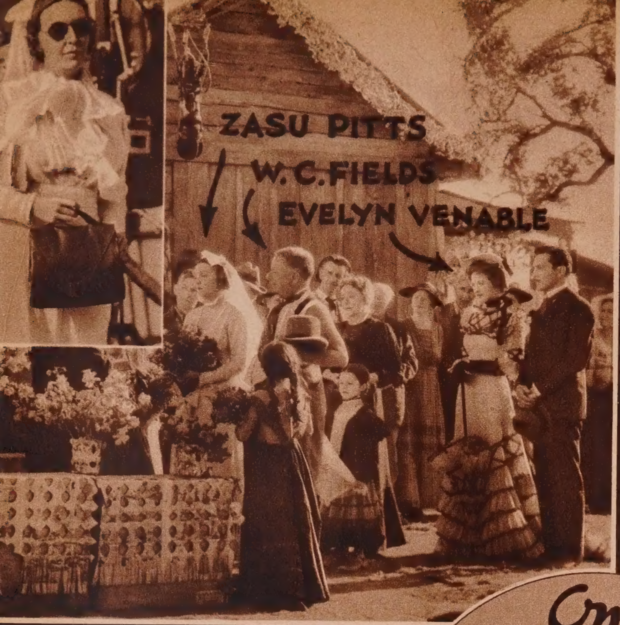
The Perfect Love Scene

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in *Chained*

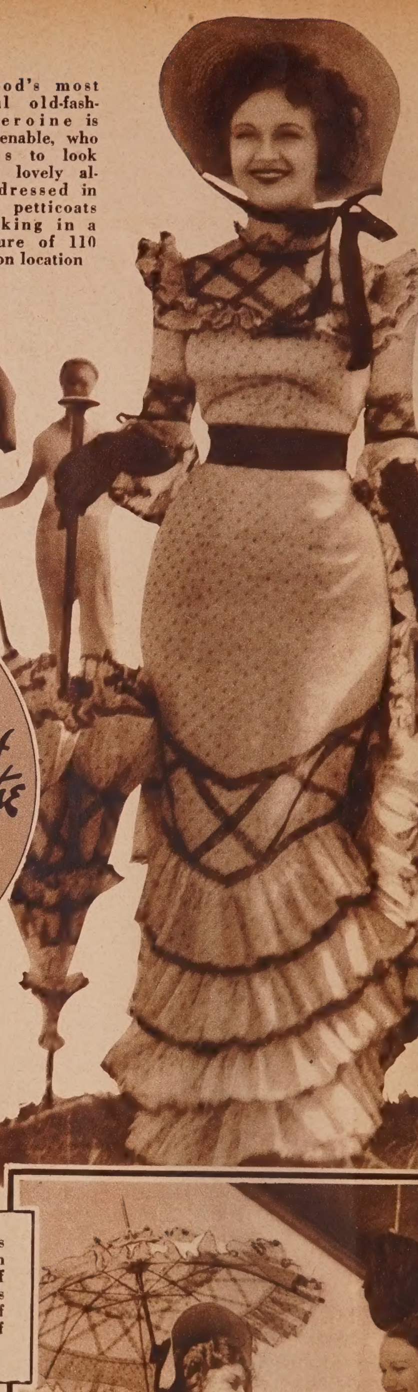
Love scenes that will bring a tear to your eyes and a tug at your heart are the specialty of Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in *Chained*. From New York they carry their turbulent romance aboard ship to South America, but not—you mean hecklers in the back row—all the way with their noses together!

—Portrait by Tanner

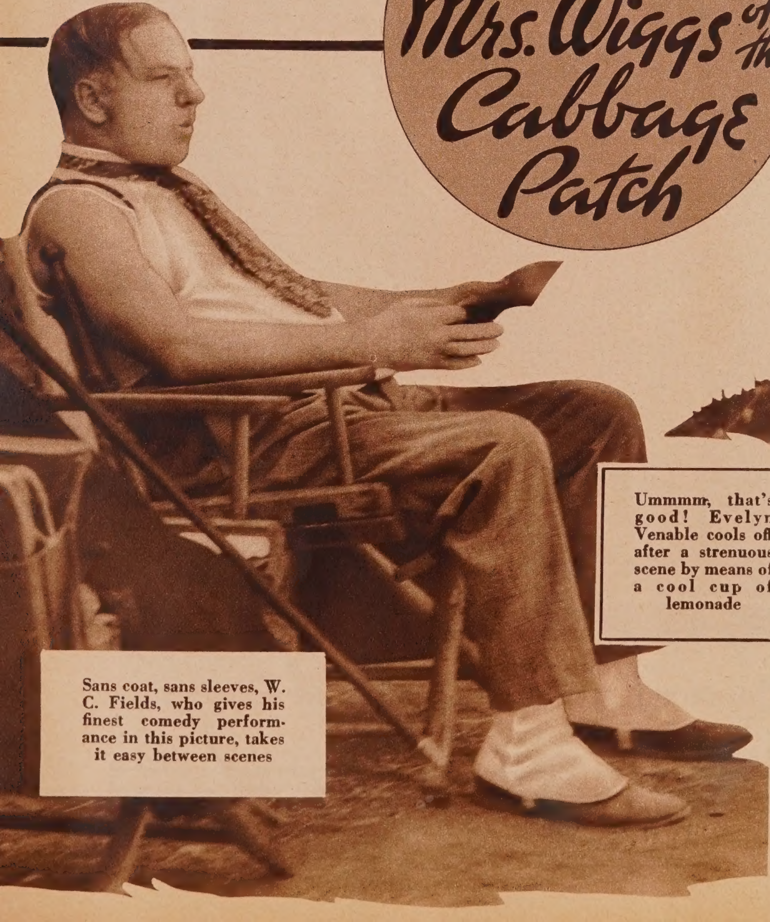
On the set with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch



The wedding scene from *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* showing ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields taking the vows. Inset photo: An off-stage snap of ZaSu, hiding behind dark glasses



Hollywood's most beautiful old-fashioned heroine is Evelyn Venable, who manages to look serenely lovely although dressed in numerous petticoats and working in a temperature of 110 degrees on location



Sans coat, sans sleeves, W. C. Fields, who gives his finest comedy performance in this picture, takes it easy between scenes

Ummmm, that's good! Evelyn Venable cools off after a strenuous scene by means of a cool cup of lemonade

SCREEN BOOK

OCTOBER, 1934

What Stars Will CENSORSHIP HIT?

Reform agitation and its effect on the screen's greatest stars . . . what famous Americans think of censorship . . . the humorous side of the war on pictures . . . latest news of moves on both sides, accurately and tersely reported

By
Neil Barclay

NINETEEN THIRTY-FOUR will go down in screen history as the year in which the faultlessly pure *Little Women* broke all box office records and the great "film clean-up" movement began, in which the picturized fairy tale rose to the peak of popularity and a blanket of censorship was threatened.

With the threatening clouds of censorship still hanging over Hollywood a question of grave importance rises. Will the most popular stars of the day be washed into a sea of oblivion? What stars are most threatened by censorship?

New Deal for Mae West

THE name of Mae West comes to mind, but strangely this great star who has saved theaters from bankruptcy the world over, is not perturbed. Mae smarted under the criticism leveled at her, felt an injustice in being singled out but she has taken this criticism like a thoroughbred.

With or without sophisticated pictures she is still a great star. She is a magnetic cinema personality and she still has to exploit fully her rare talent for comedy. When she walked across the screen for the first time in a little part in *Night After Night,* she was not dressed in an overly risqué manner, nor was the dialogue she spoke particularly racy. But she stole the picture from George Raft merely because of her personality.

Mae doesn't need racy dialogue to score, nor does she need to use the tone of voice, when she speaks otherwise innocent phrases, that loads them with significance. People made a catch phrase of her "Come up an' see me s'mtime," because they like to bandy around such catch phrases, but as a matter of record the greatest laugh ever scored in one of her pictures was a simple little joke. To the negro maid who called, "Y'm commen!" Mae said, as she watched her shuffle slowly into the room, "Yeah, you's commen—and yo' head is bendin' low!"

Mae West's career in danger? You have only to read this story to be assured that the sun has not set on her glorious days of stardom in Hollywood

Perfectly clean, but the way Mae said it caused a gale of mirth. So much for proof that Mae West will continue to amuse and be successful as she has been.

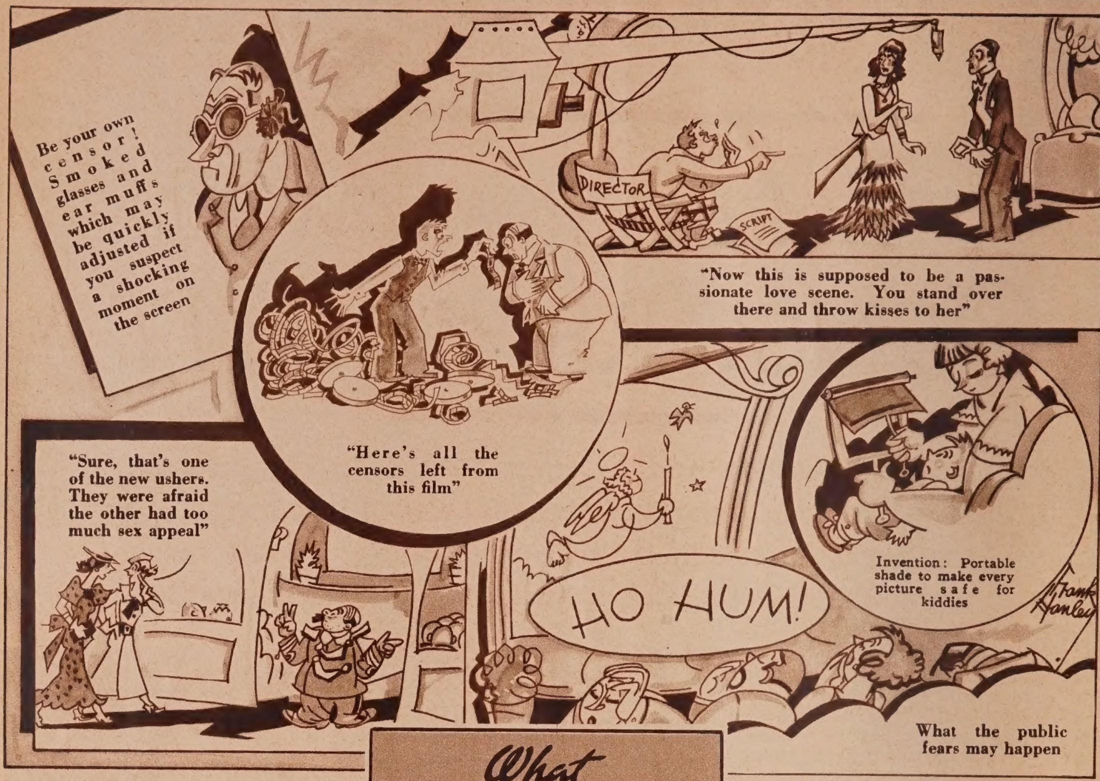
Having watched stars come and go for years, this writer is willing to bet a month's salary that one year from today Mae West will be even more important in Hollywood than she is now.

What About Harlow?

NOW what about the girl who is considered next most vulnerable? Reformers, a few of them, took a double advantage of Jean. The fact that some of her pictures didn't depend on "sex" and that she has an unusual comedy talent for light, clean, romantic stories seemingly cannot erase from the minds of a small minority the fact that she has been unfortunate in private life romances. Here again, although many feel that Jean Harlow may have a hard battle to retain her position in pictures, her intimate friends declare that the new rigid picture requirements will give Jean a greater opportunity than before to display her talents.

Norma Shearer, and to a lesser degree, Joan Crawford, have also been considered in a dangerous spot. Norma Shearer's finest pictures have shown her

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF CENSORSHIP AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS CARTOONIST



Be your own censor! Smoked glasses and ear muffs which may be quickly adjusted if you suspect a shocking moment on the screen

"Now this is supposed to be a passionate love scene. You stand over there and throw kisses to her"

"Here's all the censors left from this film"

"Sure, that's one of the new ushers. They were afraid the other had too much sex appeal"

Invention: Portable shade to make every picture safe for kiddies

What the public fears may happen

a bit too intelligent and unconventional for the tastes of those who have demanded a change in the type of pictures being produced. Norma has been the "ultra-modern" woman in so many pictures that many forget that she plays equally well rôles of an entirely different sort. And now, at a time when a barrage of criticism is leveled at her, Norma scores the greatest hit of her entire career in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* a classic play to which no one could object.

Jean Harlow has been unfairly attacked by fanatics in the war for censorship

Similarly, Joan Crawford's *Sadie McKee* and other down-to-earth rôles are good examples of what the reformers do not want, despite the fact that this play was greatly enjoyed by adult audiences everywhere. Those who fear that Joan may slide to oblivion as a result of less sensational material forget that she too is an actress of no mean ability, and that she has a loyal following of hundreds of thousands who will go to see her no matter what the vehicle may be.

What Great Americans Think About the Picture War

Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, nationally known New York clergyman: *"Movie censorship by any group or groups is inimical to the principles on which our government and society are founded. It is bad in democracy to have one group set up a moral censorship over the rest."*

Rev. Father Wilfrid Parsons, editor of the Catholic weekly magazine, America: *"We are not asking for official censorship. Censorship should come from within. It should rest, in the case of motion pictures, with the producers themselves."*

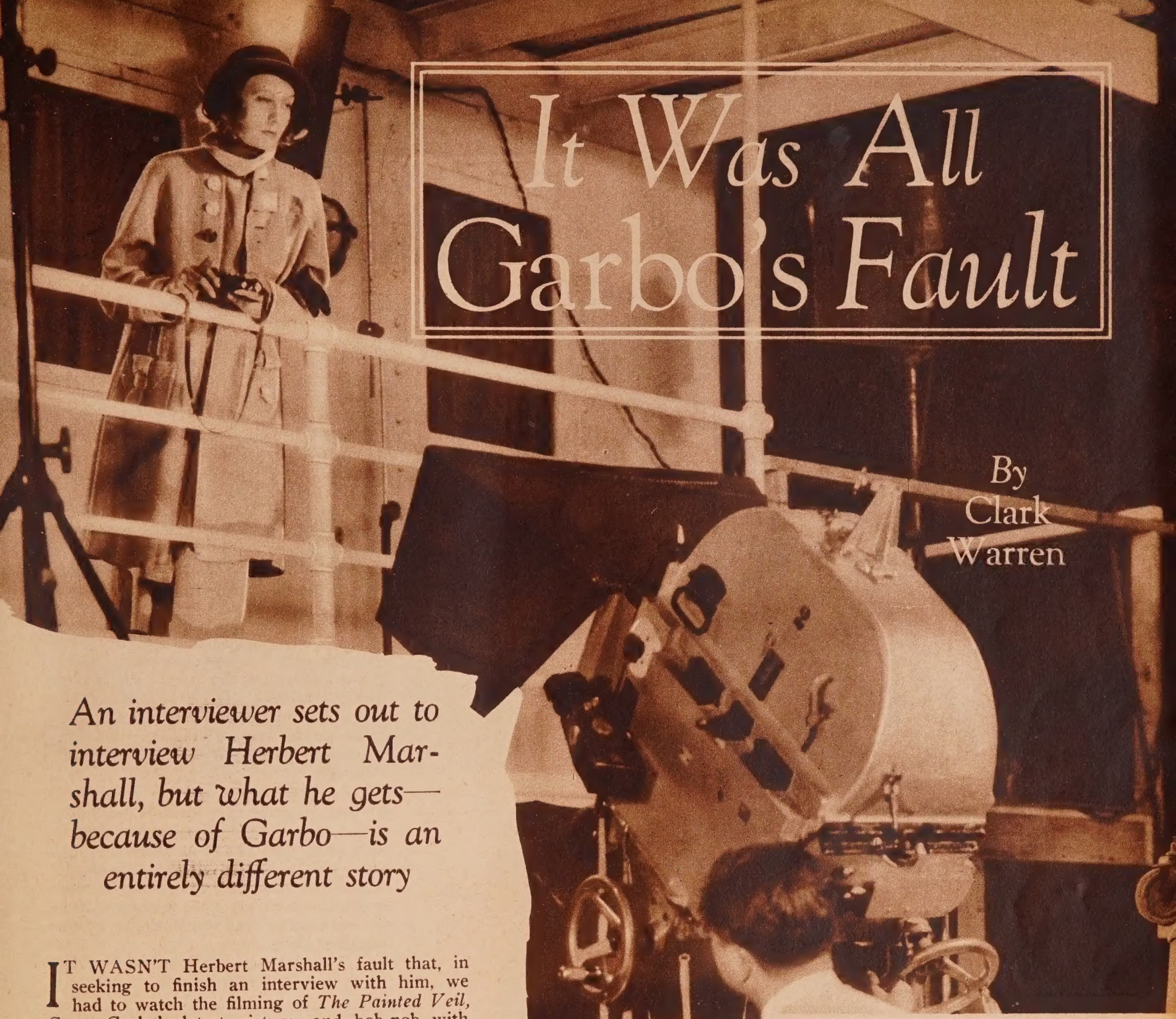
Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, rector of the Holy Cross Roman Catholic Church, New York City: *"I object to anything that glorifies adultery or crime or lewdness, or that holds any of the Ten Commandments up to ridicule. This applies to all the Commandments, including the one against theft, the one against killing, and all others, as well as that against adultery. All of these have been ridiculed by the motion pictures."*

Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union: *"Censorship in advance is always and inevitably a mistake. Most of the objections to the movies boil down to matters of good taste, and that's a thing on which no two people agree. As a result, almost anything is liable to objection, and it will be next to impossible to produce a picture that is worthwhile aesthetically. In trying to please every one, you are bound to please no one."*

Perhaps no star has played a greater number of sophisticated rôles than Marlene Dietrich. Naturally Marlene will have to seek a new type of story, and since few have seen her in anything but particularly realistic pictures it is almost impossible to visualize her depicting anything but sophisticated love. If she gradually fades out of sight on the movie horizon, Hollywood critics believe it will not be from any threat of censorship but because she was too thoroughly submerged into the one particular pattern of pictures.

If Marlene Dietrich's popularity fades it will be from a cause other than censorship

Thus it appears that movie-goers are in little danger of losing their greatest favorites. Any and all of these great stars just mentioned might be completely killed on the screen in the near future should they duplicate their rôles of the past, but even before the storm clouds of censorship appeared movie producers had felt that [*Continued on page 58*]



It Was All Garbo's Fault

By
Clark
Warren

An interviewer sets out to interview Herbert Marshall, but what he gets—because of Garbo—is an entirely different story

IT WASN'T Herbert Marshall's fault that, in seeking to finish an interview with him, we had to watch the filming of *The Painted Veil,* Greta Garbo's latest picture, and hob-nob with those making it, from La Garbo herself to the doorman who got in the habit of throwing us off the set.

It was mostly Greta's fault that we had such a time interviewing Mr. Marshall. It all began when, chatting with him just before *The Painted Veil* went into production, we suddenly realized that here was a man who, in addition to his personal virtues, was sought after by the screen's most glamorous women. Mr. Marshall has what Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett and the great Garbo herself want in a man to play opposite them in their most ambitious films.

We put the question up to Mr. Marshall, who smiled whimsically at the thought, hiding, we fancied, a bit of inward confusion. An innately modest man, he doesn't like this sort of probing any too well, but is too much the gentleman to tell an interviewer where to go with his impertinent questions.

"Don't forget Miriam Hopkins, and one of my favorite rôles and movie stories, *Trouble in Paradise,*" he suggested. "Incidentally, any engaging crook rôle of the sort in that picture is the kind I prefer to play—"

"Oh, Miss Hopkins [*Continued on page* 62]

Unobserved on the set of *The Painted Veil,* SCREEN BOOK's interviewer discovered many interesting things about the new picture and its popular stars, Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall—all of which are revealed in this amusing article

THE STARS ARE Not What They

In which a famous Broadway columnist reveals remarkable, little-known stories about the stars

By
LOUIS SOBOL

SCREEN BOOK is proud to present its newest star contributor, Louis Sobol, whose daily writings in the *New York Evening Journal* and his syndicated column in other newspapers the country over are read daily by many thousands. Watch for his articles exclusively in SCREEN BOOK each month

"I could go off into a corner and cry for little Shirley Temple—with or without a gin fizz"

Past Performances!

I COULD go off into a corner and cry for little Shirley Temple—with or without a gin fizz. I mean what has this Temple baby to look forward to—say twenty years from now? Can she become the life of the party by reminding the invited guests that once, when she was fifteen, she worked in a department store where a buyer got just a bit too fresh to her—like other stars, for instance? Or flap the back of her neatly coiffured head and chirp, nonchalantly like, "O dear, dear me, it doesn't seem only ten years ago, I was dancing for Louis Schwartz at the old Club Richman and worrying about my hips and my next date." Joan Crawford could do that—inserting the broad "a's" at the proper intervals, of course. No, here they take this kid and make her a star at the age of four—giving her no background of obscurity with which to invite a chuckle.

It has occurred to me out of a clear sky that what I'm driving at is that most of our screen celebrities, as we laughingly term them, have at some time or other, written or told me about incidents in their obscure past that I am saving to discuss with my grandchildren, if I can ever afford a fireside about which to gather them.

The Pity Of It!

THIS fellow Maurice Chevalier, for instance. With his puffed underlip vibrating like a harp string after a good hearty twang, he told me how chagrined he was to come into this world in a place then known and still known as Menilmontant, Paree, to find himself on the nethermost rung of the social ladder, birth-certificated as the son of a painter—a painter on a big scale. "A house painter, Louee. My fazzer he die when I am eleven and my mozzer she scrob floors." Whereupon having been dutifully expelled from school Maurice became an apprentice to a carpenter, electrician, printer and finally a utility man in a nail factory—sinecures from each of which he was promptly fired. Now, there, my chickadees, is a past to sink your teeth into and wrap your mouth about—overlooking, if you will, my journalistic tendencies to prepositional tags.

How Nancy Did It

NANCY CARROLL took three screen tests. "Sorry," they told her. "Your face is too round." So she be-

USED to BE

"Jimmy listened. There was a sharp report. The chap had shot himself to death"

"A house painter, Louee. My fazzer he die when I am eleven and my mozzer she scrob floors"

came a newspaper woman instead and her first assignment was to interview Hal Skelly. Two years later, she was his leading lady. This same "round face" fascinated another young gal who finally sought her out and implored Nancy to "please teach me how to make up like you." That was Miriam Hopkins.

Pen Pusher Colman

THEY admired the senior accountant of the British Steamship Company for his handsome profile and his manner—he had a manner! But his superiors shook their heads and opined freely over their tea and tiffin that the lad would never get anywhere in the shipping or financial world—and they knew their tea and lemon! For Ronald Colman chucked it to play small stock company parts. But he's still one of the few of our Hollywood stars who can keep his own books.

Muni's Accidental Start

LET Paul Muni tell it as he told it to me. "We are on the streets of Cleveland in 1907—my first memory of a depression. My parents finally succeeded in getting into a little picture theater where they contributed a half hour of song and comedy in addition to a two-reel picture; admission five and ten cents. Salary for both $35 a week with an average of twelve to fifteen performances a

[*Continued on page* 56]

How Victor McLaglen Almost Became an Arab

"Hearing the first news of the World War while in Capetown I left for England with my brother, Fred, to enlist. Here I met my six brothers—all eight of us enlisting and leaving with various units for the British front. I was made Lieutenant and sent to Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusiliers with whom I went through a number of exciting engagements with the Arabs and Turks and was made a Provost Marshall of Bagdad. In Mesopotamia I fell in love with a beautiful Arabian girl, daughter of a very wealthy Arab who owned a thousand camels. I had been there so long I spoke the Arabic like a native. My intention was to return to London to be demobilized and go back to Mesopotamia to go into partnership with my beloved one. In fact, I was determined to become an Arab." —but he didn't—and only recently I saw him in a picture in which he was fighting the Arabs or at least a dozen men who looked like Arabs, and I was never one to question movie characterizations.—Louis Sobol.

THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE
CARROLL
FRANCHOT
TONE

•

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley

FOX

More Glory for Gaynor

Critics who stated that Janet was a sweet young thing, but that she couldn't act are swallowing their words now. In *Servants' Entrance* Janet walks off with the honors in every scene and justifies the loyalty of millions of movie-goers who have made her America's Number One Sweetheart at the box office

Nell Gwyn Toasts Her King

A merrie roguish queen of hearts who could take a king and did. Charles II was the king and Anna Neagle is the girl who does the tall vamping in *Nell Gwyn*. At the right she is seen in the costume that broke the heart of a French lady. If the picture is just a little naughty, remember it was made in England and Hollywood can't be blamed!

Shirley has a Rival

Baby Jane (Juanita Quigley), who appears with Claudette Colbert in *Imitation of Life*, threatens to give Shirley Temple some very important competition

She's Really in the Swim!

Dorothy Lee is not of the "Don't-go-near-the-water" bathing beauty school. That be-ootiful figure comes from swimming, diving and hours of water polo. In more clothes, Dot is just as beautiful, as you will agree after seeing *Cockeyed Cavaliers*

Most Popular Man

Breathes there a leading lady with soul so dead that she doesn't want Cary Grant as a leading man? They say that even Garbo asked to have him opposite her. Picture at the right shows how Cary laughed when we told him he was the screen's greatest lover

He's in the Army Now

If a more handsome man ever stepped into uniform for Der Vaterland, we don't know who he is. Fredric March comes to the screen next in *We Live Again*

Hollywood's Most TRAGIC LOVE STORY

By Boris Nicholai

Hazel Forbes

YOU can comb the annals of screen pathos for weeks on end and never find a more heart-rending story than that based on the life of Hazel Forbes, one of Hollywood's most promising new actresses.

"She is rich," you say. "She ought to be happy." But wait until you have read the story. Hazel Forbes began life surrounded by beauty. Hers should have been the story of the modern Cinderella. But she was cheated.

Her first romance began with Paul Owen Richmond, young scion of a manufacturing family, long before she knew anything about it. It was like a prince falling head over heels in love with a beggar maid. Hazel Forbes had never heard of Richmond—but he had heard of her. She was the Ziegfeld Follies girl who posed for a tooth powder advertisement, and he was the prince of fortune who fell in love with the girl on the sign. His was the plant which turned out shampoo and other products which go to make show girls beautiful. And he was the man who sat nightly in the first row, simply going mad by looking at the beautiful blonde on the stage to whom no one would introduce him.

Then this young millionaire hit upon an idea. Why not buy out the tooth powder company and at the celebration ask to see their favorite model present. Paul Owen Richmond did just that, and there he met Hazel Forbes. When they were introduced it was a case of love at first sight.

Shortly afterwards the two were married. For a honeymoon they went on a yachting trip and [*Continued on page* 59]

The death of Lew Cody brought to an end what might have been one of Hollywood's most sincere and beautiful romances

Death brought an end to Hazel Forbes' ideal marriage—and later when the tragedy was dimmed in a new romance the grim reaper came again to rob a beautiful girl of happiness

Something behind the smouldering dark eyes of Katherine De Mille captivated those who saw her for the first time with Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa*. Now, in *Belle of the Nineties*, her mysterious charm is even more potent

The Tragedy that Haunts Katherine De Mille

By Jay Brien Chapman

THEY call Katherine De Mille the daughter of Cecil B. De Mille, famous motion picture director, but as a matter of record, she is not.

She is a child of a drama and tragedy so striking that the film industry's greatest showman might personally have authored it. It did attract his attention, struck him to the heart, and he adopted her when she was nine years of age, from the Los Angeles Orphanage.

Katherine's life as the daughter of De Mille has been a happy one, but the tragedy that entered her life at the age of seven is to be seen in her very large brown eyes, some subtle expression about her full red lips, some deep reserve in her manner. The combination, plus a striking beauty of body and face, gives her on-screen and off that exotic look you may have noted if you saw her in *Viva Villa* or *The Trumpet Blows.*

Famous judges of feminine beauty have remarked about Katherine's unique screen presence that there on the silver-sheet, thanks to some happy combination of woman and camera, she is perhaps the screen's most alluring, most magnetic actress. The impression is instantaneous, and has nothing to do with her manner. Seen as the domineering young "wife" of Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa,* she held forth to the spectator, allure lacking in many a trained and deliberate effort to attract by the screen's celebrated sirens.

"Most certainly I am not consciously trying to be a siren in such parts," says Katherine. "I am merely trying to enact the character assigned me, to the best of my ability. If the camera gives me such sex appeal, I'm not conscious of it."

Let us hasten to add that Miss De Mille's delectable appeal is no less in real life, and its mysterious, intriguing quality grows upon one with acquaintance. It provokes because it is both novelty and enigma; because it is something our most celebrated screen sirens do not offer.

More of that later, and the possible reasons for it. The key to her whole seemingly exotic and "different" personality may rest in her early history with its Cinderella-like climax: Tragedy, the orphanage, adoption by the most famous of movie directors, and a life since that time which any princess might envy.

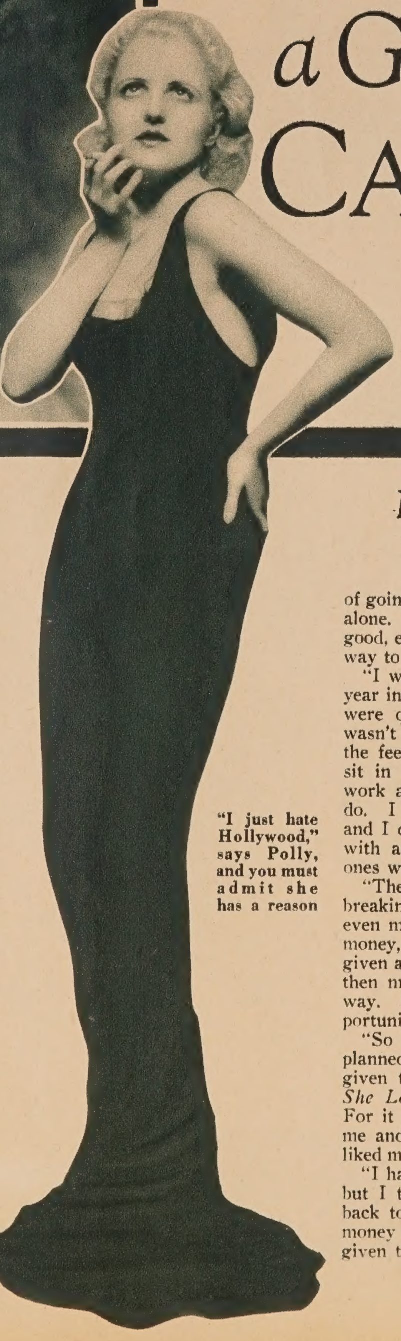
KATHERINE was born in Vancouver, B. C., one June 29, the only child of Edward Gabriel Lester and Cecile Colani Lester. French-English ancestry, with dominant Latin characteristics, explains to some degree her exotic appearance. Brown hair, deep liquid brown eyes, olive complexion.

Her father was a school teacher and an artist; her mother also an artist, whom he met at art school. Theirs was one of those daring, highly romantic, almost idyllic love affairs, and the child from earliest infancy was aware of this attachment of unusual intensity between her father and mother. It was one of their sentiments—superstitions, if you will—that if one of them died, the other would quickly follow.

That was what happened. When Katherine was seven years old her father entered the World War with the Canadian Army. The little girl and her mother came [*Continued on page 52*]

Let's Give POLLY a Great Big CAREER

Little Miss Walters is going to do things in Hollywood—here is the lowdown



"I just hate Hollywood," says Polly, and you must admit she has a reason

By Al Sherman

POLLY WALTERS is returning to Hollywood, pretty much the conquering heroine. But Polly doesn't want to go to Hollywood. She doesn't like the cinematic capital and, besides, Polly is very much in love.

Polly, however, is going to Hollywood because she likes the very flattering offer Universal studio executives made her and, too, she is thinking of her career—her very, very important career. So what price Love?

Polly, when she isn't thinking of her big romance, is pondering the perplexities of life and the strange ways of movie producers who just can't make up their minds.

It took a Broadway stage hit to turn Polly into a personality much-desired by movie producers, despite the fact that this tiny blonde maiden spent more than a year in Hollywood, working for an insignificant sum and playing bits that only permitted the knowing ones brief glimpses of her talent. So Polly was shipped back to New York.

Then along came *She Loves Me Not*, and Broadway know-it-alls started talking about the new "find"—the brilliant, talented, effective and (oh, well you know the words and music!) Polly Walters. Everyone commented on how Polly just ran away with the show; everyone predicted a great career for this effervescent lass.

"I JUST hate Hollywood," said Polly, when I asked her what she thought of all this. "I really don't like the idea of going there but I can't think of myself alone. I want to prove that I can make good, even if I had to go back to Broadway to prove it.

"I wasn't very happy during my first year in Hollywood. Mother and I really were quite miserable about it all. It wasn't money-matters so much as it was the feeling of all-aloneness. We'd just sit in our hotel room after I finished work and we'd wonder what we could do. I don't know how to drive a car and I didn't care much about going out with actors. And they were the only ones we knew.

"Then, too, I knew that things weren't breaking right for me and that made me even more unhappy. I didn't get much money, as you know, but I figured that, given an opportunity, I'd make good and then my career really would get under way. But I never really got that opportunity.

"So I went back to Broadway. I planned to go into vaudeville, but I was given this chance to play this part in *She Loves Me Not* and I grabbed it. For it really was something that suited me and that, perhaps, is why everyone liked me in it.

"I had a lot of movie offers after that but I took the highest bid. I'm going back to Hollywood because I want the money and because I want to prove that, given the

[*Continued on page* 65]

The First True Story

Norma

By
GRETA MONTABEL

TODAY, in the opinion of many, Norma Shearer occupies the enviable position of First Lady of the Screen. But often as she watches her shadow on the screen, reads thousands of letters from countless admirers, endorses huge weekly pay checks, as she looks at her husband, Irving Thalberg, and her young son, her mind goes back to the time when, hidden in poverty and obscurity, she had yet to taste the thrill of fame.

The past, to her, is more real than the present. She is almost afraid to talk about the happiness that is hers today for fear that something may happen to it. The past, on the contrary, is solid and secure. It has been lived—nothing can change it.

It was in 1900 that Norma Shearer was born in a beautiful little house on Grosvenor Street in Westmount, one of the delightful suburbs of Montreal. Her family, although not wealthy, enjoyed a comfortable financial position, her father being president of the James Shearer Construction Company.

On the gamble that Norma Shearer might one day succeed and be able to pay him, Arnold Genthe took this portrait among many others, at a time when the star was making her first bid for fame. Does she look like the Norma Shearer of today?

Lovely Athole Shearer shared many of her sister's early struggles as an extra and later gave up trying to become an actress. Today she is wed to a famous director

# of Her Romantic Life and Career

Shearer

Although the Shearers did not belong to the so-called best group of society, they had a charming group of friends, with whom they rode, hunted, and enjoyed spontaneous good times.

Norma Shearer was very fond of her family, but her favorite was her sister, Athole, today married to a famous screen director. Together both sisters entered Westmount High School. Together they left it. Together they entered into all sorts of mischief—always directed and invented by Norma.

During the summer months, the Shearer family migrated to their country place, Millwood, near the Humber river. There was an old mill constructed by Grandfather Shearer—a famous old landmark. Both Norma and Athole adored this old mill, spending hours exploring its mysterious corners. Today Norma bemoans the fact that the old mill has disappeared and in place of the musical sound of the falls is the wild symphony of jazz coming from a night club perched on the other bank of the river.

Both the Shearer sisters were perfect swimmers and loved to dip into the cool waters of the Humber river. But after one of their playmates died in a tragic drowning, Mrs. Shearer prohibited them from swimming unless Mr. Shearer was present.

AT FOURTEEN, Norma was a beautiful child, fast forgetting her tomboy manners. She made up her mind firmly to become a famous concert pianist. Her music teacher, a little hunchbacked woman, had instilled in her this great ambition until Norma returned from a summer vacation, ready to take examinations at the Royal Academy of Music. But she never took them. The teacher passed away, and without that little forlorn grey-haired woman for inspiration Norma lost all interest in a musical career. She still wanted fame, however, and her eyes turned toward the stage.

[*Continued on page* 66]

Highlights of Norma's Early Life

Like many of us, Norma Shearer was forced to make her own way in the world after the crash of her family's modest fortune. Pride and determination drove her on—and although she once gave up completely—pride drove her to try again. Extra rôles, modeling for commercial photographers, tramping the streets of New York for days on end in search of work, driven on by hunger and poverty. These things have created the gallant, talented Norma Shearer of today

Encouragement from Irving Thalberg helped Norma Shearer to fight off despair early in her career. Little did she know that she would one day become his wife

Beautiful, happy, wealthy —today Norma Shearer has attained everything, but no more than she has earned, as you will agree after reading this story

Irene Dunne as she is seen in *Age of Innocence*

This is the Age of Innocence

And in it, Irene Dunne becomes the fascinating "other woman"

The Exciting Plot of *Age of Innocence*, starring Irene Dunne and John Boles

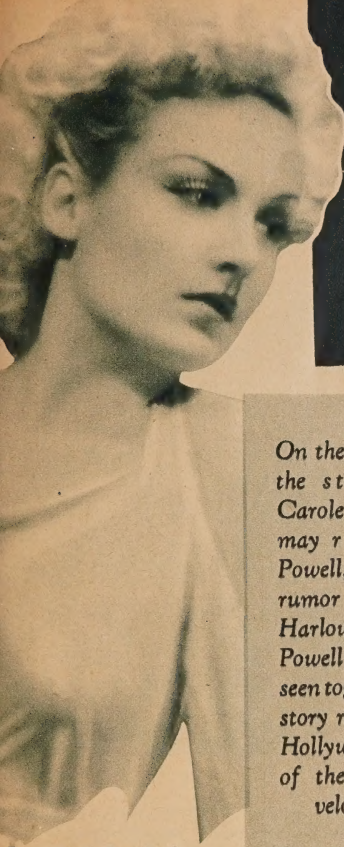
IRENE DUNNE as the Countess Olenska comes to America to divorce her husband, and discovers that such an intention horrifies the New York social set of the "elegant eighties." Because the handsome Newland Archer (John Boles) had snubbed her as a child she is determined to make him fall in love with her. This she does, but fails to count on the fact that John has been promised to naïve little May Welland (Julie Haydon). John marries the girl of his choice, but romance persists—and the climax of this dramatic tale will be a welcome change from the usual Hollywood happy endings.

Age of Innocence is hailed as the best picture Irene Dunne ever made, and in it is discovered a rare charm that seems long to have remained hidden in her work.

Julie Haydon and John Boles in a gay moment from *Age of Innocence*, a drama that will hold you spellbound

Shall we call it LOVE or Friendship?

On the heels of the story that Carole Lombard may re-wed Bill Powell, comes the rumor that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are being seen together. This story reports what Hollywood thinks of the new developments



Carole Lombard

"Jean Harlow and William Powell! Hollywood needs a perfect romance, and Hollywood feels that this would be it"

By
Eleanor
Robinson

HOLLYWOOD has been holding its breath and keeping its fingers crossed, hoping that the firm friendship that has sprung up between Jean Harlow and William Powell will eventually develop into a romance that leads straight to the altar. For Jean and Bill are two of Hollywood's finest and no romance would be more enthusiastically received.

The movie colony has what it considers ample evidence that the famed Platinum Blonde and Bill Powell have grown fond of each other's company in the past few weeks in the fact that they are so frequently seen together at prize fights and other public places. But, at this writing, sportsmanlike reporters have refrained from lurid headlines proclaiming a new romance. They all swear by Bill Powell and hesitate to tempt the jinx that so far has prevented Jean from a happy marriage. That's why Hollywood keeps its fingers crossed and hopes that nothing will happen to spoil what may be a budding romance.

Bill Powell said to some intimate friends the other day: "Hollywood is a great deal like a small town community where all the young matrons conspire to marry off the single ones. Well, it's natural. The single life is particularly unsatisfactory in Hollywood, where a constant spotlight makes everyone pay strict attention to social conventions. And it's human nature to be monogamous. I'm certainly not averse to marriage for myself, if the right time and the right woman comes."

Jean, too, is not averse to another attempt at marriage. "I'm not going to think of it for a long time," she said, "but it's ridiculous to say that I won't marry again. I firmly believe in marriage. If, at a later date when I am confident that a marriage would not prevent me from continuing my work, I would marry."

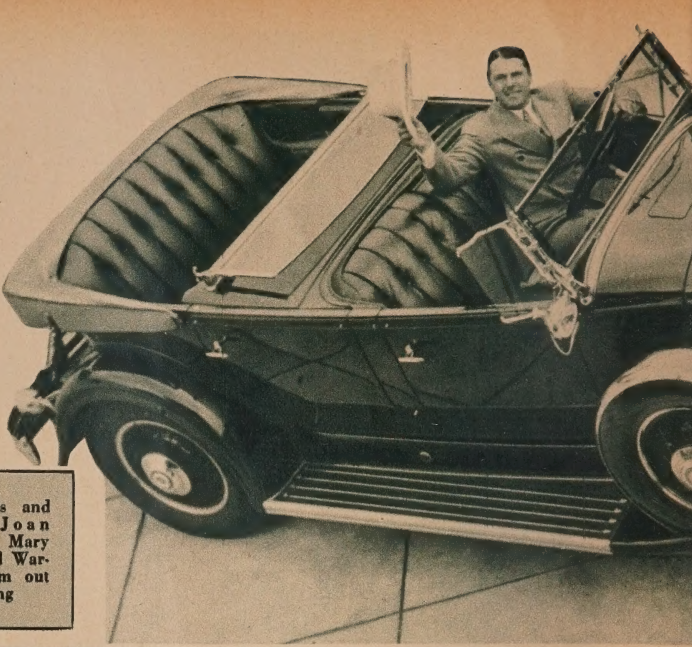
Now, as Hollywood watches the friendship between Jean and Bill develop so satisfactorily, some very excellent arguments appear to show why such a romance has every possibility of permanent success.

Undeniably, Bill had been very much in love with Carole Lombard. Why then, shouldn't he react favorably to Jean? Both girls are of the same age, both are the same type of beauty, both are extremely intelligent. In many ways, it would be hard to choose between them if one were a bachelor.

And right here is the one stumbling block to a possible romance. Rumors are currently circulating to the effect that Bill might remarry Carole! But this seems impossible, due primarily to the fact that they didn't get one of those renewable divorces. If their parting had been one of those primitive, dish-throwing affairs, where the home cave echoes with passionate shouts, they might have changed their minds to the other extreme and made up again. No, they are intelligent members of an ultra-civilized society and they planned it all out carefully before Carole went to Reno.

Practically speaking, the matchmakers have it all worked out. Bill is putting up a gorgeous new home on the site of Hobart Bosworth's old mansion and [*Continued on page* 53]

Two maids and a man—Joan Wheeler, Mary Russell and Warren William out strolling



HOLLYWOOD

Brisson - a Mighty Man is He!

SEVENTY-TWO professional ring battles made a real man out of Carl Brisson. He stands six feet two inches in height, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, once won the welterweight championship of Denmark and later captured the middleweight crown to reign invincible over all Central Europe in the ring.

Besides those murderous fists, Brisson inherited a glowing personality. For this reason, cabarets took him from the ring. And the stage and screen took him from the cabarets. Unlike most prize-fighters who attain the pinnacle of success, Brisson has not wasted his money. He owns huge investments and extensive properties in England, France, Denmark and other nations. His only foolish extravagance is an ornate car, which is more spectacular than any vehicle that flashes down Hollywood Boulevard. Brisson is not a young stripling, as shown in the historic fact that Greta Garbo once had a girlish crush on him when he was the reigning favorite of the Swedish stage. Neither is Brisson an old man. Youth is reflected in his every gesture, and at the sight of his rippling muscles even King Fisticuffer Maxie Baer would gasp in admiration.—*Cinema Stooge.*

Hitching With Hepburn

THERE'S a hitch-hiker in Los Angeles who brags that he was picked up in the desert out of town by La Hepburn and her girl-friend, Laura Harding, who were returning from the east in Katie's now famous Ford station-car. He thumbed and thumbed until his thumb was sore and sunburned, and nobody'd heed until the little trucklet rattled up. "Hop in!" Katie is said to have told him. "You can perch somewhere there on the baggage."

Homesick Dietrich

MARLENE DIETRICH is getting lonesome for Germany. The other day she was planning a trip to the California mountains and called up the studio location manager, who is supposed to have any and all kinds of locale on tap within a few hours' ride of Hollywood. "Have you anything like the Black Forest of Germany?" she asked. "I cannot go there — yet — but something like it would help."

Hollywood Mothers

DOC STORK is about to be declared a Public Enemy—not by the film stars whom he has been visiting so freely of late, but by the Public that sees what movie censors will permit it to see. Seems Joan Blondell, Dixie Lee Crosby, Helen Twelvetrees, Frances Dee, Sally Eilers and half-a-dozen more are talking of retiring to devote all their time to their infants. This custom may spread and every movie mother'll retire permanently. Maybe that will mean "no children" clauses in contracts. Or even "no marriage" clauses. And if it extends to adopted children—since the idea is to give the children better care in their growing years—look what a swath of movie talent it would cut!

Crosby Fears Kidnapers

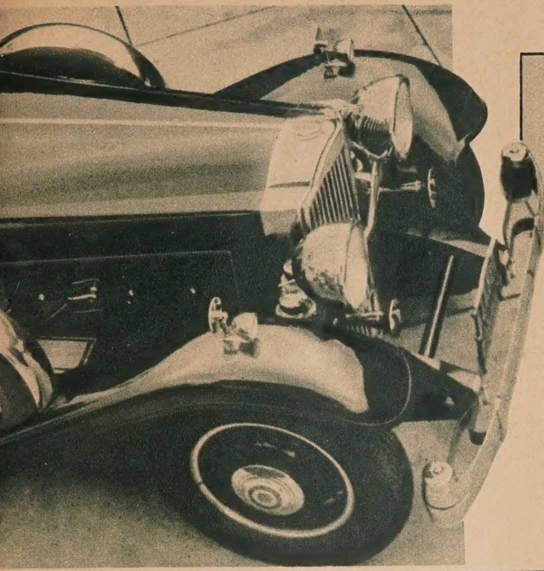
BING CROSBY, fearing kidnapers even at the hospital where his twins were to be born, had special precautions taken. But when the regular defensive mechanism of the hospital wouldn't permit the father to view his own double offspring Bing saw that he could have spared his own pains in that direction. When your reporter asked Bing's co-operation about getting a picture of the twins, the famous crooner whispered anxiously: "Listen! You try to get a picture. And if you do, for heaven's sake let me see a print. I want to see what they look like!" At this date the incubator twosome is doing nicely, and Bing has finally made their acquaintance.

Simply Crazy

HOLLYWOOD animal story: Gracie Allen's parrot went crazy and was sent to the asylum jibbering and the squirrel that adopted Jack Oakie won't be gotten rid of. Jack gave the pest to his girl-friend but it escaped and in a few days was chasing Jack again, a hungry gleam in its eye.

Miriam Turns Champ

MIRIAM HOPKINS sprang a surprise the other day by beating at tennis one of the best youthful lady



How times change. Ken Maynard, still rides a mean horse in western pictures that are now coming back with a bang, but he makes his best speed in this powerful Packard phaeton

New romance? Margaret Lindsay and Dick Powell are seen frequently together these days, strolling around the Warner lot. Handsome couple, what?

FLASHES

racket swingers of Southern California amateur circles. And now Miriam won't let your reporter tell you what tennis star was beaten in the game he umpired because it might embarass the racket gal to have it known she was beaten by a mere movie star. Miriam has been taking lessons from a member of the famous Sutton-Bundy-Doeg family.

Worth Ten Dollars

THE air transport guard who was tipped by Dick Powell to let Dick be the first one to greet Mary Brian when she flew back to Los Angeles from personal appearances in the east, is keeping the ten-spot Dick gave him, waiting for a chance to have it autographed. *That's* fan loyalty for you, Dick—and considering what it gets you, mebbe you better autograph that ten so he can frame it, and give him another to spend!

Will It Ever Stop?

THE rumor that was about Hollywood regarding Alice Faye's secret marriage is all cleared up. It wasn't *the* Alice Faye, and it wasn't a marriage, but aside from that, the rumor was quite accurate. Alice's mother is also Alice, and some reporter saw the mother's name registered with a "Mrs." prefix, which started all the shooting.

A Hot One!

HOLLYWOOD is fond of its stories about the actor who was so well disguised by clever makeup that the studio gateman didn't recognize him and wouldn't admit him. Here's a topper to that one. A well-known male star, without makeup other than a haggard, hungry look and a worn suit of clothes, "pan-handled" all one luncheon time in front of the Brown Derby. He got two dimes but never a tumble of recognition from his friends, the famous stars and directors! "Wealthy people," he explains, "are ashamed to look a beggar in the eye!"

Shirley Garbo Temple

SHIRLEY TEMPLE went Garbo, but only for a few weeks. Incognito, she "sought seclusion" to rest up from her strenuous summer of picture work. But little Shirley wasn't the one who said "Ay tank ay go home!" It was her parents who kept up the fight with Fox Studio for a $2,500 weekly salary for the tot, finally accepting the $1,000 weekly contract offered by the studio.

They Never Forget

"ONE thing about a once-famous person being broke, you can still rely on the sympathy of some loyal fans," a big star of yesterday told me in explaining why I should buy gas at a particular service station. "I went in there with this poor old car and only money enough to buy a gallon of gasoline. He recognized me, and insisted on filling up the tank. Then he referred me to a grocery store where another fan of mine would give me some groceries on credit."

The Very Idea!

HA! HOT strife in Hollywood over a scandalous story. Stars all indignant. Someone wrote a yarn saying they

Ann Sothern—Successful Failure

HARRIET LAKE wasn't getting anywhere in pictures. Studios hired her and forgot her. She was just another of Hollywood's half-successful failures. Then at a party she met the late Florenz Ziegfeld who swept her way to New York for stardom in such shows as *Smiles* and *Of Thee I Sing*. Hollywood promptly woke up and brought her back to the screen as Ann Sothern. This time she didn't let herself be lost among the hundred or more prominent actresses. She stepped out in *Let's Fall in Love* and soon had studio moguls wringing their hands for her services.

Ann knows well her Hollywood and stage and screen, for since her birth twenty-four years ago in Valley City, North Dakota she has lived almost her entire existence in theater wings and dressing rooms. In spite of this fact, Ann didn't particularly want a movie job. It just happened that movie bosses singled her out while she was living in Los Angeles with her mother. Perhaps her success is due most directly to her ire at being hired and forgotten so often early in her career. She vowed that she'd show 'em. See Ann Sothern in *The Hell Cat* and *Blind Date*. You'll agree then that she DID!—*Cinema Stooge.*

Movie chorus girls—Irma Richardson, Marion Shelton and Rose Vespro keep their perfect figures trim by spending hours on the beach

A new queen for the movies—Ann Neagle, currently seen in *The Queen's Affair*, and soon to be starred in *Nell Gwynn*

These Stars Are All Interested In One Picture

sometimes change dogs every year, like clothes. In 1933 'twas Scotties, now Spaniels are all the go, and where, the author said, did the out-of-style pets go! That raised an issue of practically national importance, like strikes and wars and rumors of wars. Many a star indignantly assures us that *his*—or *her*—dog isn't changed yearly just because of a fad, but remains first in the heart of his owner ever after.

Joan, Movie Fan

JOAN CRAWFORD gave us a party the other day at which a Leslie Howard picture and a Katy Hepburn picture were shown in her home theater. We asked her how-come this particular choice, and she replied: "They're my two favorite stars." Thought you'd like to meet Joan, the movie fan.

Virtue in Hollywood

INCIDENTALLY, here's a picture of a 1934 Hollywood wild party. See two movies. Eat mildly. Drinks if you want them; one person got almost gay but most preferred coffee, tea or milk. Sent out for buttermilk for one of the guests. Business of inspecting the wishing well, the bird cages, and the garden, and calling in the gardener to explain to assembled guests, lecturer fashion, how he makes the posies grow and poisons the snails. And the dogs hold the center of the floor most of the time, doing home-taught tricks!

Maxie Nixes Dames

STATISTICIANS estimate that 7,834 beautiful blondes were added to Hollywood's blonde beauty roster recently. They came to Hollywood to meet Max Baer. Some to greet, some to admire, and many probably to sue, just on general principles. What a blow to them to find that Maxie, champion with his pocket full of money, is now less the playboy than the business man!

Another New Romance?

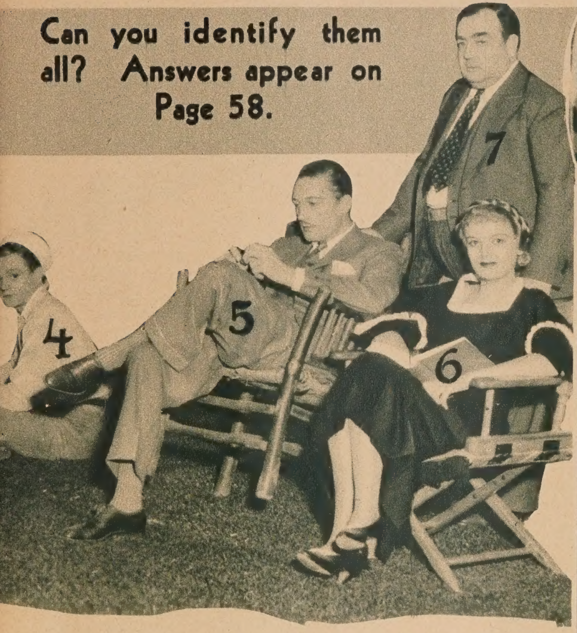
THERE'S some stiff competition in store for Bob Riskin upon his return from Europe. Glenda Farrell, the g.f., has been receiving some good old-fashioned courting from Ronald Simon, millionaire play-boy, which promises to give Bob Riskin plenty of worry—on account of Glenda is a little more than intrigued with the "hearts and flowers" way.

Taking the Air

JEAN PARKER'S flying instructor tells your ol' reporter that young Jean is one of the best fliers, potentially, he ever instructed. "She has that rare

No wonder Maureen O'Sullivan has that certain look in her eyes! She's gone back to dear old Ireland for a vacation

Hollywood's sensational new dance team, Gordon Wescott and Joan Wheeler, demonstrate their apache dance



Can you identify them all? Answers appear on Page 58.

Dress like the stars! See SCREEN BOOK'S Preferred Patterns on page 48!

combination of steady nerves, plenty of courage and quick decision, with the right sort of cautiousness. She'll make a female ace if she keeps up as she's started," he declares.

He Has to Work

THOMAS MEIGHAN, in Hollywood after two years of uninterrupted vacation, has come to the conclusion that a movie actor cannot be happy when he "retires." That is why he left idle riches and a "dream home" he had built on Long Island to return, very happily, to the screen in *Peck's Bad Boy*. He was once the film industry's highest salaried star, drawing $12,500 weekly.

Katy Explains

WHEN they asked Katharine Hepburn why she drives a second-hand, worse-for-wear Ford station car—a sort of truck, in which she and Laura Harding drove across the continent during the summer—around Hollywood, she replied: "It matches my overalls." True enough, with her car and her blue dungarees she'd pass—if she tucked her hair up into a cap—for your slim young deliveryman.

And So Does John

JACK GILBERT declares that his illness, which delayed production on *The Captain Hates the Sea*, wasn't *mal de mer*. That, some wag suggested, would be reason enough for anybody, captain or tar, to hate the sea: plain old sea-sickness. Others suggested that it was the presence of the three stooges, formerly associated with Ted Healy.

Lilian's Paint Job

HOLLYWOOD'S most startlingly visible, swanky white car, which folk at one time claimed had been relinquished by Lilian Harvey, made it's reappearance the other day with the no-longer-Fox star at its wheel. Rumors that Lil had purchased a modest little coupe were started because the imported job was temporarily removed from circulation, getting a new coat of paint. Same color!

The impossible Story of

You would laugh at a movie based on the strange events in the life of Frances Drake. Her story IS impossible, but it's true. Read how it happened that she became a "girl without a country"

By
Julie Lang

THIS is the incredible story of Frances Drake, whose biography became quite improbable long before Hollywood adopted her into its sparse ranks of chosen people.

For, like you and me, Frances was born into a typical American home, with the exception probably that her father was one of the lucky stock brokers, the pre-depression type.

But in spite of her New York-spinach-and-orange-juice beginnings Frances Drake arrived in America eight months ago—a girl without a country. She was an American, filled with the excitement of a homecoming after six years abroad, only to find herself an alien, a foreigner in her native land.

It happened something like this.

Papa and Mamma Drake had the pattern for her future all nicely marked, ready for cutting before Frances had reached the romper age. The brochure read along these lines: French governess from three to ten; one of the better finishing schools somewhere-on-the-Hudson from ten to eighteen; début at the Ritz winter of eighteenth birthday; possible marriage same year to a good provider, one of the established New York families, preferred.

Now, how do you like that? It turned out that Frances didn't care much for it, either.

"I'm afraid I upset a lot of family apple-carts," she told me, when recalling vignettes from those early years. "My father blamed one of our ancestors, the famous pirate Sir Henry Morgan. You've probably read about the way he cut up in the seventeenth century.

"When I was only four years old, father's business took us to Toronto, Canada, and it was

One of her ancestors was a pirate. She looks like a Spanish lassie, but she is American-born, even though it has taken her months to make Hollywood believe she is not English. And that's not all of the unbelievable facts you should know about Frances Drake

Frances Drake

there that I experienced my first rigid discipline at a typical English girls' school.

"I HAD an adventure about this time that still stands out in bas-relief from the prunes-and-milk routine of my school years. The first, and by far the most terrifying, was a kidnaping skirmish with a Chinaman. I was about eight at the time, and I had wandered off alone from home. It was in the wrong side of town, almost dark, when a pair of hawk-like claws snatched me into an alleyway. Somehow I managed one lusty scream before one of the claws closed over my mouth. Then there were other screams, not mine, blows and curses. Soon I was on the street, borne triumphantly home by my rescuers. I was more than a little cocky over my new rôle of dramatic heroine, and made the most of it."

A sudden end was put to Frances' restless disappearances in her thirteenth year, when she was packed off to England, and under the supervision of her grandmother, living in Surrey, was enrolled in an exclusive school for girls at Arundel. An English finishing school is quite a bright feather in the cap of any New York débutante—but Frances never donned the cap or the feather.

"I was known as the little American at Arundel," Frances relates, "and I got away with murder traveling under that banner. I was the only 'foreigner' enrolled in the school, and when I was late for breakfast, recalcitrant in the classroom or openly disobedient, I was excused by faculty and scholars because of my odd beginnings in the wilds of America and Canada."

BY THE time she was graduated, Frances had made many close friends, and asked permission to spend a year in England before returning for the regulation début. Her grandmother rented a house in London for the season and Frances was swept off her feet into a social whirl before she could unpack her toothbrush.

During a three-year cavalcade of parties (that one year strung out into thirty-six months), nostalgia began to rear a mournful head. Then she met a young American actor. He did not touch her heart, but he played a cataclysmic rôle in [*Continued on page* 54]

FRANCES DRAKE

Frances Drake holds the plaque awarded to her by SCREEN BOOK's readers who chose her as "Hollywood's Most Promising Young Actress"

Frances Drake could have played the rôle of a rich heiress in private life, but she spurned that for cabaret dancing. Now she is soon to be starred

Facts You Don't Know About FRANCES DRAKE

She was kidnaped by a Chinaman at the age of eight—her English accent is not an affectation, but the result of having spent six years in English private schools—as a professional dancer, she was the pride of London—she lost her first attempt at a rôle in pictures to Raquel Torres, but 6,000 miles away in Hollywood an executive saw the test and demanded that she be brought to America at once

SMASH HIT

A Fine Triumph for Pat Paterson

SERENADE

★★★★

Seldom does the screen offer a more remarkable collection of fine players in a single picture. Individual performances of unusual strength and perfect teamwork on the part of the whole cast makes this cinema version of a familiar story one you will not soon forget. Costuming is particularly well done and the settings some of the most beautiful this reviewer has ever seen. Pat Paterson makes an exquisite heroine, with Nils Asther capturing second honors in a role that fits him like a glove. Comedy applause goes to Harry Green. Henry B. Walthall, June Vlasek, Lucien Littlefield and Joseph Cawthorne complete the cast.—*Fox.*

Fields and ZaSu Pitts in a Grand Mirth Fest

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

★★★★

Delightful humor and pathos are the keynote of this fine picture that is certain to break box office records everywhere. W. C. Fields as the stubborn Mr. Stubbins once more proves that he is the funniest comedian Hollywood has to offer. Teamed with ZaSu Pitts in the role of Miss Hazy, he finds perfect foil for his extreme nonsense. In addition to the fine work of Pauline Lord, the distinguished New York stage star, Evelyn Venable also gives the story added charm. From the opening flash to final fadeout this picture is grand! —*Paramount.*

Mae West Sparkles in Delightful Picture

BELLE OF THE NINETIES

★★★

Threat of censorship caused this picture to be partially re-made, but it is still full of the magnetic and fascinating quality that is Mae West. Mae appears as a burlesque queen of St. Louis and New Orleans in the '90's opposite such hearties as Roger Pryor, Johnny Mack Brown and John Miljan. By all means see it.—*Paramount.*

Ruth Etting in a Grand Picture

GIFT O' GAB

★★★★

Its story dealing with a radio station, this picture offers everyone a good opportunity to see as well as hear their ether favorites, among them being, the glorious Ruth Etting Phil Baker, and the Beale Street boys. Gloria Stuart and Edmund Lowe add finishing touches to the whole proceedings. — *Universal.*

Claudette's New One Pleases

IMITATION OF LIFE

★★★

This is an intimately human drama of ordinary folks, packed with strong appeal. Claudette Colbert is the widow who fails as a pancake maker but meets colored Louise Beavers with whom she teams up to make a million dollars. Fine comedy and emotional conflict resulting from the racial differences of their daughters is well sustained. — *Universal.*

FOLLOW THE CRITIC'S Choice!

WE LIVE AGAIN

★★★★

Taken from Leo Tolstoi's famous *Resurrection*, this magnificent production is beautifully staged and directed. Relentless, yet warmly human in unfolding the drama, it catches the spirit of Tolstoi's masterpiece. Both Anna Sten and Fredric March contribute perfect performances and prove themselves a remarkable cinema team. Gwendolyn Logan and C. Aubrey Smith are outstanding in the supporting cast.—*20th Century.*

SMASH HIT

Jeanette and Maurice in Delightful Mood

MERRY WIDOW

★★★★

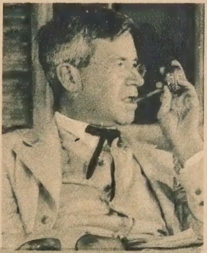
No use talking, Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald aren't at their best unless they are with each other on the screen. If you can remember *The Merry Widow* of silent days you will agree after seeing the modern version that the "Widow" of today is incomparable. For comedy, grand music, gorgeous scenery and more gorgeous ladies, this picture captures first honors. With Jeanette and Maurice stealing most of the show, Una Merkel, Edward Everett Horton and Minna Gombell manage to make themselves important to the gala event. SCREEN BOOK'S critics urge every reader not to pass up a date with *The Merry Widow.—Metro.*

Ann Harding in a Great Performance

THE FOUNTAIN

★★★★

The Ann Harding of old comes back in a highly appealing drama of the world war, in which she plays the part of a German officer's wife. Exiled temporarily, she falls in love with a British officer, but gives him up to return to the husband who has been physically wrecked by his wounds. Paul Lukas and Brian Ahearn contribute fine work.—*Radio.*



Will Rogers Clicks Again

JUDGE PRIEST

★★★★

A beautiful, human drama that will make you laugh and cry at the same time. Will Rogers is at his best as the loveable Judge Priest and he is supported by a perfect cast, which includes Henry B. Walthall, Stepin Fetchit, Berton Churchill, Anita Louise and others. Rogers' fans shouldn't miss it.—*Fox.*

Joan Bennett Gets in on the Revolution

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

★★★

Francis Lederer is better cast in this than in previous films as the British soldier who deserts the King in order to fight with the Yanks, because of a girl—Joan Bennett. There is some discreet pep in the film as a result of the venerable old custom of "bundling," and the love story is intriguing. Mary Boland helps the picture.—*Paramount.*

Love Finally Traps the Brilliant Criminal Attorney

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION

★★★★

Here at last is a picture of a different sort, melodrama that opens with a vivid flash and whips along to a furious smashing climax. The story tells of a criminal lawyer with a reputation for protecting guilty clients who finds himself involved in a crime as the result of his love for two women and stirring events result, ably played by Whitney Bourne, Claude Rains and Margo, the sensational Spanish dancer. Although the cast is comparatively little known, you won't want to miss this if you are looking for a picture that is entirely different and one that is packed with thrills and suspense.—*Produced by Hecht and MacArthur. Released by Paramount.*

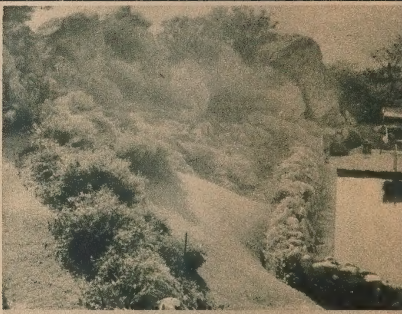
Ann Harding's Home in the Clouds

A patio in heaven! Here Ann Harding spends most of her time on holidays

A haven for rest and peace. Corner of Ann Harding's bedroom

The other day a movie fan asked what home in Hollywood we'd pick if we could choose any of the stars' homes as our own. We'd take Ann Harding's hilltop mansion—these pictures tell the story.
—The Editors

Photos by John Miehle



What a place for a dip! The mountain top swimming pool

Dignity, beauty, harmony. Three words that aptly describe the homelike atmosphere in the living room of Ann Harding's home

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

..or it will cost you nothing!

The PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *and* UPLIFT BRASSIERE

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES
QUICKLY EASILY and SAFELY

- The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.
- The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

...TEST *the*
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
at our expense!

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer...act today!

In 10 Short Days You Can Be *YOUR SLIMMER SELF...*

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

- "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "Without your girdle I am lost," says Mrs. Ouida Browne. "I reduced almost twenty pounds," writes Mrs. Noble. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller," writes Mrs. Carolyn Jennings. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 710 New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

STAR LETTERS

Where the stars tell the editor a thing or two

Gene Raymond, who receives more fan mail from SCREEN BOOK readers than any other actor, says: "There's no kidding ourselves. The fans are the real bosses of the motion picture industry"

Dear Editor:

To all who spend their time wishing for an easy success, I should like to say that it is the most ungratifying experience anyone could have.

"I had built my castles too high without substantial foundations"

I ought to know, because I've had one. When I came to Hollywood three years ago, I had pretty much of everything my own way. I plunged into the business of making pictures with inexhaustible self-confidence. For two years I enjoyed success and acclaim. Just as suddenly I realized it couldn't last. I had built my castles too high without substantial foundations.

I'm glad to say I have learned a lot of things since then—principally, the really gratifying results that come with hard work, set-backs, and near defeat. I'm back to stay this time!

Yours sincerely,

Sidney Fox

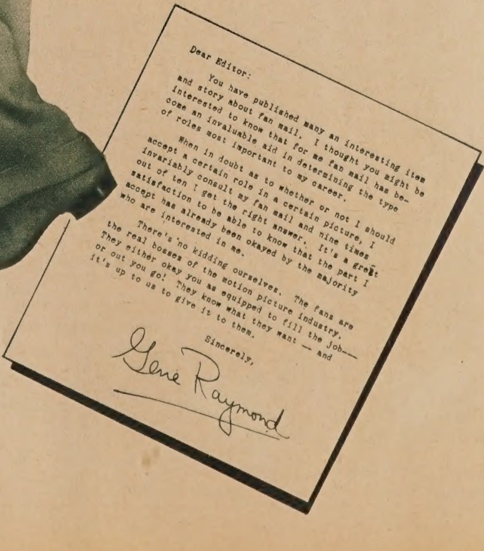
Dear Editor:

Thanks for an opportunity to pop into one of my favorite magazines, personally. Just a couple of lines to tell you that, thank heaven, I'm going to be allowed to be a happy guy once more in picture rôles.

It's a strange admission—but do you know I've had to live down the best rôles of my career, and it's been a darned tough fight getting back. But from now on, I'm laughing at life, and to h— with the American Tragedies!

Sincerely,

Phillips Holmes



Dear Editor:

You have published many an interesting item and story about fan mail. I thought you might be interested to know that for me fan mail has become an invaluable aid in determining the type of roles most important to my career.

When in doubt as to whether or not I should accept a certain role in a certain picture, I invariably consult my fan mail and nine times out of ten I get the right answer. It's a great satisfaction to be able to know that the part I accept has already been okayed by the majority who are interested in me.

There's no kidding ourselves. The fans are the real bosses of the motion picture industry. They either okay you as equipped to fill the job—or out you go! They know what they want — and it's up to us to give it to them.

Sincerely,

Gene Raymond

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

I wonder if the fans realize the truth in that old adage, "the simple things in life are best?" *I* didn't until lately. Just a short time ago I found an old deserted log cabin in the Topanga Canyon not far from Hollywood. It wasn't much for looks. Maybe I felt sorry for it and took it for that reason. Anyway, I moved a few things in and started going there to rest between pictures.

"Now I realize I've found heaven. . . . I can cook until the cows come home"

Now I realize I've found heaven. It's a place especially built for "getting away from it all." It has an old wishing well, a little creek that trickles through its back yard and an old-fashioned range where I can cook till the cows come home. Best of all, it hasn't a telephone and I didn't realize until now how unnecessary that "modern indispensable" could be.

I'd like to ask all fans and mine in particular to take what I call "the outdoor test" at least once a week and find out for yourselves whether or not you haven't been missing something. Yours for more power, pep and good looks. And thank you, Mr. Editor, for this splendid chance to talk to my friends. I'll be seeing you next in *Gift of Gab.*

Sincerely,

Gloria Stuart

Dear Editor:

May an actor who has tried two ways of "crashing" Hollywood—one with "pull" and one without—describe his experience briefly for the benefit of readers who may wish to try for themselves?

Three years ago I made my first, and futile, try to "crash" films. That was the time I relied on "pull." I had a friend who had a father who was a prominent executive in the studios. That

[*Continued on page 72*]

IN MEMORY
OF
MARIE DRESSLER

1869—1934

Hollywood's most beloved actress passes on

MARIE DRESSLER, well loved star of the stage and screen, is dead. After forty years of performing experience, starting with chorus work and including vaudeville and the circus, she reached the peak of her career when she was more than sixty, in Hollywood. Her screen début was, appropriately enough, made with that other artist of patheticomedy, Charlie Chaplin, in an immortal piece of insanity called *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. Many other pictures followed—both comedies and features. *Tugboat Annie* was perhaps her most important rôle; at least the few people left who had not yet fallen under the spell of her grand character and peculiar rugged beauty fell in love with her then and will never forget her. A strenuous and rich life of service has earned for her long, dreamless rest; kindness and courage are written on her still face.

Will Rogers as he appeared with Marie Dressler just before her fatal illness. Of this grand performer Will recently said, "Before I die, it is my ambition to appear in a play with Miss Dressler"

AT STUDIO . . .

DINNER DANCE . . .

or BEACH

"Born to be Kissed"
M-G-M Production starring
Jean Harlow
with
Franchot Tone

Jean
HARLOW'S
Beauty
Is Always Fascinating

JEAN HARLOW'S
COLOR
HARMONY
MAKE-UP

. . . Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin.

. . . Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color.

. . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips.

Would YOU Like to Share
Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars . . . and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

POWDER . . . *You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.* **ROUGE . . .** *You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.* **LIPSTICK . . .** *Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too . . . so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free.

5-10-83

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Charm

HOW TO MAKE BEAUTY BLOOM

By Janet Lynn

Below: Pert Kelton washes her face with a stiff brush

Below: Pert is a firm believer in the value of cleansing cream

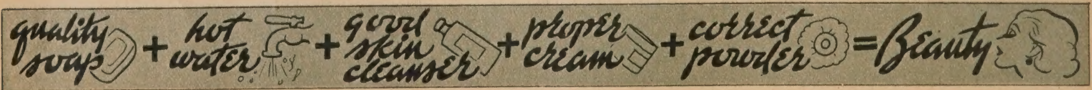
PHYSIOLOGY books—at least the ones I studied in the little red schoolhouse—devote many chapters and lurid illustrations to the liver, lungs, heart and other impressive human organs. . . . But the pores are lucky if they get a scornful paragraph or two at the end of the last chapter. . . . I consider this a very silly and impractical custom, for while our hearts and livers function perfectly without disturbing our peace of mind, our pores are forever giving us women trouble. . . . Either they pour forth sebaceous oil till we get disgustingly shiny of nose and forehead, or they clog up with waste matter and form blackheads. In some cases they even go so far as to harbor disfiguring pimples. And what could be worse for a woman who values her appearance?

There are two kinds of glands in the underlying skin, sebaceous or oil glands and suderiferous or sweat glands, both excretory. The sweat glands cause little or no trouble as far as facial beauty is concerned, excreting such a small amount of perspiration that it usually evaporates as soon as it appears. The oil glands, however, can and often do make life miserable. A certain amount of sebaceous oil is necessary, of course, to keep the skin soft, moist and satiny; and the pores or mouth of the sebaceous glands are well able to handle a normal amount of sebum (sebaceous oil). . . . But it is when the sebum is manufactured too generously, or when it is thick instead of thin and "runny," that the pores are unable to cope with it. They simply cannot force all the heavy oil out onto the skin, and some of it remains in the passageway of the pore, gradually hardening and distending the pore. In other words, forming a blackhead.

IT IS apparent that the best way to remedy large pores and blackheads is to control the manufacture of sebum—to cut it down in quantity and to make it thinner, [*Continued on page 60*]

SCREEN BOOK OFFERS A UNIQUE BEAUTY SERVICE

Along with her free replies to any questions pertaining to beauty, Janet Lynn now offers another unusual service. To all readers who include a distinct snapshot which shows the face clearly, Miss Lynn will send a letter, telling how makeup may be applied to increase charm. Be sure to print your name and address carefully on the back of each snapshot to prevent them from being lost. Address your letters to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing a three cent stamp (U. S. Postage Only).



The Hollywood Lowdown

[*Continued from page* 8]

Gene's Best Gag

GENE RAYMOND told me this one. He was in a scene for *Trans Atlantic Merry-Go-Round* with Sam Hardy, who was costumed as usual in a gaudy checkered suit, and Sidney Blackmer, clad in conservative serge. The scene was difficult, and time out was finally called. After a rest, they tried it again, and the director, mopping his brow, said, "We'll print that."

But Sid Silvers, sitting back half asleep, drawled: "It's no good."

"What do you mean, it's no good!" demanded the exasperated director.

"Sid Blackmer has put on Sam's checkered coat," Sid grinned.

Gloria's New Scenery

SHADES of the old Gloria Swanson of the De Mille days, with her exotic clothes and hair-dresses! You should see Gloria all horsed up in fine feathers and hair-fixings in her Fox picture, *Music in the Air!*

His Mistake

THE hero of that fire on the Garbo set was the studio fireman who never having seen Garbo, rushed on the set, grabbed the girl who was sitting in Garbo's chair, and dashed out with her in his arms, faking a brilliant—if unnecessary—rescue. Then he discovered she was Cecelia Parker, who plays Greta's sister in *The Painted Veil.*

Valuable Helen Hayes

SEEMINGLY, Helen Hayes' name meant just $19,000 weekly to the stage play she had to leave to the hands of a substitute in New York in order to rush to Hollywood for pictures. Its box office receipts the week before her departure were $28,000; the week after, $9,000!

Elissa's Complaint

BOY, imagine someone complaining about *not* being typed in films! Elissa Landi is the girl who registered this hitherto unheard-of complaint against producers in general. She declared that if they had typed her, instead of giving her such a wide variety of rôles to play, she would have made a far greater hit on the screen to date.

And Not Mickey!

FORTUNATE it was Director Ernst Lubitsch and not Jeanette MacDonald who was afraid of mice. The director could turn over the piloting of a scene of *The Merry Widow* to his assistant to direct so he wouldn't have to look at mice, but Jeanette had to act in it!

Marlene and Shirley

MARLENE DIETRICH is the latest to fall for Shirley Temple's charm. And so Marlene sometimes leaves Paramount, where she met Shirley, to visit Fox, the tot's home studio.

[*Continued on page* 49]

WHENEVER I THINK OVER THE HANDICAPS NATURE HANDED TO WOMEN, I JUST BOIL.
I WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY, FRAN, ESPECIALLY NOT AROUND A YOUNG DAUGHTER
THAT'S JUST WHAT RILES ME HERE GRACE IS JUST TWELVE, AND HAS TO GO THROUGH THIS MISERABLE UNCOMFORTABLE TIME.. RUBBING . CHAFING..
WHY, FRAN DEAR WHY DON'T YOU GET THAT CHILD A BOX OF THE NEW KOTEX IT'S AS SOFT AS DOWN, AND
OH THAT'S JUST AN ADVERTISEMENT
ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BOX FOR HER SHE'LL FIND IT'S A DIFFERENT WORLD!
LATER
GRACE GOING TO A DANCE TONIGHT?
YES, THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE ABOUT KOTEX. NEITHER GRACE NOR I WOULD EVER USE THE OTHER KIND

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

Here's new comfort...

NEW FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT

FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

● Most women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy-soft, that even young girls, vigorous of motion and tender of skin, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

No twisting! No roping!

This new Kotex, instead of twisting, roping and pulling, constantly readjusts itself to conform to the body. And the special center gives security against soiled lingerie.

You wear it! Forget it!

Haven't you longed for just such a sanitary napkin as this? A Wondersoft pad? One that fits so snug that there are no telltale outlines under your clinging gowns?

Buy Wondersoft Kotex at any store. Even the box doesn't look like an ordinary sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size.

FREE TO WOMEN!

Intimate health facts revealed in a book that explodes old superstitions; it's called "Health Facts on Menstruation." If you want a FREE copy, send the coupon below.

Do you wonder: "How shall I tell my daughter?" For all mothers and guardians, FREE copies of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," a simple, understandable book that the child, herself, may read.

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I want "Health Facts on Menstruation" ☐
I want "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" ☐

Name ____________
Address ____________
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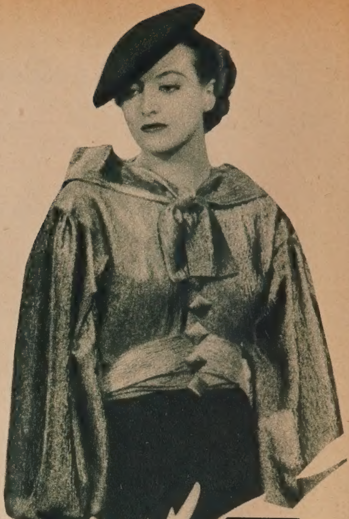
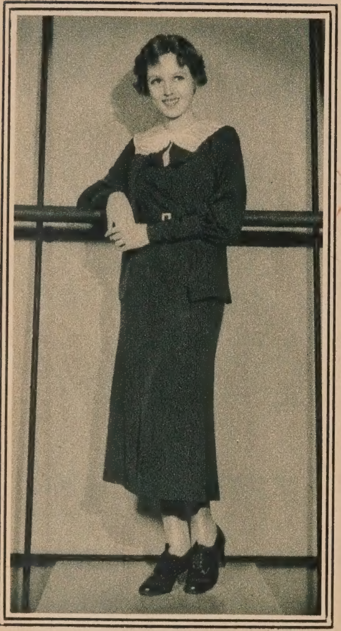
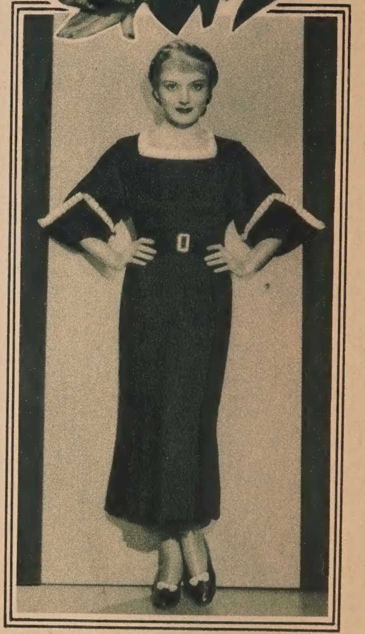
Charm
Star Patterns

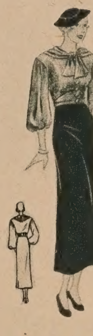
Order a "Star Type Pattern" today. SCREEN BOOK has adapted variations of these latest Hollywood frocks to suit the needs of every up-to-the-minute American girl







PATTERN B-231



JOAN CRAWFORD can always be counted upon to introduce something just a little different in each of her new productions. In "Chained," in which she is again co-starred with Clark Gable, she wears this stunning blouse of lame with a severely plain dark skirt. The blouse has been changed effectively in the pattern because there are some things which just Joan can wear. Your version will be every bit as smart, however. You can have it in lame or most any material you wish. The chic yoke and graceful sleeves are very new and the close fitting girdle guaranteed to make any waist look slimmer. Pattern B-231 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric and 2⅛ yards for the contrasting skirt.

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed............cents, please send me

☐ Pattern B232, Joan Wheeler's fall frock.

Size............Bust............

☐ Pattern B231, The adapted "Joan Crawford ensemble"

Size............Bust............

☐ Pattern B230, Dorothy Tree's afternoon dress.

Size............Bust............

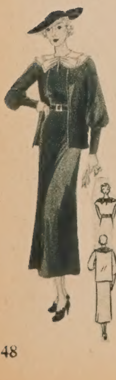
Name ....

Street ....

City ....State ....

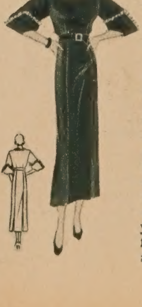
All pattern orders will be filled promptly. Remember there are many other smart creations in SCREEN BOOK'S pattern catalogue. Place checks in squares above to indicate your order. Patterns are 15c each. When ordered in combination, one pattern and the pattern book may be obtained for 25c.

PATTERN B-232



THE ensemble which Joan Wheeler, Warner Brothers featured player, is wearing was designed especially for her last picture, "A Lady Surrenders." The lingerie collar on the frock comes over the flat neckline of the jacket and continues to act as a youthful finish when the ensemble is worn in its entirety. The outfit would be extremely smart made of one of the rough canton crepes so fashionable this fall—perhaps in that new dark shade called "scotty green." Pattern B-232 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch fabric, ¾ yard contrasting and 2¼ yards lace edging.

PATTERN B-230



PERHAPS the most effective feature of Dorothy Tree's frock is the unusual sleeve treatment. There is a great feeling of simplicity about them, but nobody could possibly overlook the woman wearing them. The square neckline goes perfectly with the angular lines of the cuff. In the small sketch on the left you can see more clearly the smart treatment of the shoulders and the graceful pleats at the bottom of the skirt. Pattern B-230 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch fabric and 2⅝ yards of pleating. You will find this frock well suited for all-purpose wear.

The Hollywood Lowdown

[*Continued from page* 47]

Not Forgotten

AT A preview of *Ladies Should Listen* Charles Ray, who plays a mere bit in the picture, got a startling ovation. The moment he had appeared and was identified by the audience, the whole house roared with applause, and following lines were lost while the crowd cheered and called for "more of Charlie Ray."

Garbo Steps Out

GRETA, the Scandinavian sphinx, lately getting to be quite a stepper-outer, didn't cease going places after getting down to serious work on *The Painted Veil.* The fact that she continued to dine out in public with friends during the actual filming of a picture creates another new precedent for La Garbo, who, during her working days, used to spend all her time when not at the studio, at home in bed.

What a Gag!

IT WAS Margaret Sullavan and some unidentified helper who played that trick on Roger Pryor, removing his handsome new Ford from its private stall in the Universal parking lot, and substituting an ancient Model T from the junk yard!

Money Matters

INSIDERS estimate that more than $1,000,000 in stories purchased for the screen now cannot be used due to the moral campaign.

$15,000 estate left to his widow by Alec B. Francis.

Shirley Temple signs $1,000 weekly contract after family holds out for $2,500. Agent who may handle Shirley's business affairs in the future will receive only 2.5% of the total according to parental edict. Usual fee is 10%.

Alice White breaks all records for salary offers. From South America came an offer for $30,000 for one week's personal appearance. Alice couldn't get away.

$1,640,000 is the estimated cost of *The Merry Widow*, including foreign versions. Makes this picture one of most expensive on record.

Warfield Theater, San Francisco, refused to hire Max Baer for week's personal appearance at $7,500.

Fatty Arbuckle's estate, which goes to widow, Addie McPhail, totals $400.

Her PIMPLY SKIN scared men away

Easy to end pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin

Thousands report quick improvement with famous medicated cream.

DRESS SMARTLY! Make yourself as attractive as you can! But what's the use if a blemished skin ruins your charm for men?

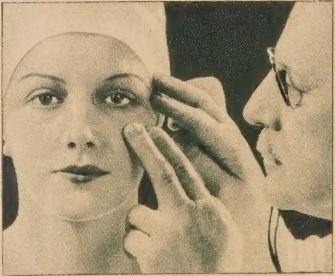
Don't despair—your skin *can* be made clear, lovely, alluring. Not with ordinary creams, though! They remove only the surface dirt. Follow the advice of doctors, nurses and over 6,000,000 women who have already discovered this priceless beauty secret! Use Noxzema, the *medicated* cream that actually helps *correct* complexion troubles—be they pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness or rough skin.

HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema's penetrating medications work deep into the pores—purge away clogged, blemish-causing poisons—leave pores *medically* pure and clean. Its balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—*overnight*—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.



New Beauty in 10 Days

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a *corrective* facial cream. Today Noxzema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

Get a trial jar of Noxzema—use it for 10 days to correct skin flaws—see how clearer, lovelier your skin becomes.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin *tonight!* If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 610, Baltimore, Md.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

Noxzema

Let's GO Domestic

Crackers and cheese now play leading rôles at Hollywood's swankiest afternoon and evening parties. This article tells you how to prepare delightful menus from these simple and inexpensive foods

Muriel Kirkland pictured with the platter of crackers, cheese and onions which she serves to guests who are fortunate enough to be invited to partake of her famous "midnight snacks" after the theater

A FEW years ago it was hardly possible to find a suitable variety of cheese in the usual grocery store. Imported cheeses were expensive, and hard to get; cream cheese and plain dairy cheese were classed as common foods; as a result cheese was rarely served. But all this has been changed; and today we can find in almost any grocery store a group of interesting cheeses, for Government promotion has stirred manufacturers of food products to supply us with as great a variety as one may find in England or France.

The cracker and cheese course has become a favorite form of dessert or last course in American homes, not alone because of its food value and attractiveness, but because it is so easy to serve. It is really the rest of the meal that dictates the choice of a dessert. In England the meal often ends with what is known as a savory, frequently built around cheese; and in Italy and France fruit and cheese compose the dessert course.

In this country we have not given much thought to the part cheese can play as the final course of a meal, yet it is not only a practical but delicious—shall I say "substitute" for dessert, or dessert itself?

A dinner for instance, consisting of a vegetable soup, steak, potatoes, bread and baby limas, a salad and coffee does not need a heavy dessert, such as pie. But rosy red fall apples or russet pears with cream cheese or Camembert would be perfect. When cheese is served with fruit abroad, bread is usually passed. In this country crackers are the choice. It is both smart and courteous to pass an assortment of cheeses for dessert service, arranged on a cheese board, a big red Edam cheese perhaps in the center, the top sliced off so the golden interior is temptingly revealed; a mould of cream cheese placed on a paper doily and Camembert or Gruyere could complete the group. A cheese scoop is used for the Edam service and separate cheese knives for the others. The fruit may be assorted as apples, grapes, pears and peaches, and would look like a picture in a low Mexican pottery bowl. The crackers may be assorted—whole wheat, oatmeal, saltines and soda crackers—and arranged in even piles on a big compartment dish or tray. The guests are provided with dessert plates, bread and butter knives or cheese spreaders and fruit knives.

By

Ida Bailey Allen

A famous authority on cooking, Mrs. Allen conducts *Let's Go Domestic* for SCREEN BOOK each month, bringing to readers the benefit of her long study on subjects of vital importance to every woman

Or cheese may form part of the dessert course when served with fruit salad, crackers and coffee or tea as the last course at an informal luncheon or supper. As fruit salads are dainty in flavor the milder cheeses are chosen for this service, such as Bel Paise. The crackers should be toasted; thin crisp gingersnaps may be chosen for service with a plain fruit salad.

When crackers and cheese are served as the finale of formal dinners, a cheese board and cracker assortment is often passed, and thin rye toast or Melba toast are often included. Stilton cheese is particularly good, especially if a little old Port is poured over it, as done in England, and it is allowed to stand twenty-four hours to season.

The service of [*Continued on page* 70]

NEWS IN BRIEF

Cupid's Racket: Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph Morgan, skips to the altar with Robert Shippee. Nick Stuart going places with Irene Hervey and it looks like reconciliation with Sue Carol is nix. Grace Bradley and Maxie Rosenbloom are holding hands (so the famous fighter won't clout her?). Tommy Lee, whose marathon romance with Joan Marsh is history, now cuddles with Irene Bentley. Anita Page suddenly ups and weds Nacio Herb Brown in Tia Juana. Gloria Stuart does ditto with Arthur Sheekman.

Domestic Strife: Donald Cook cut from the ties that bind by Maxine Dailey Cook on charges of cruelty, which Don didn't bother to defend. Greta Nissen divorced from Weldon Heyburn—but he had an awful time finding it out.

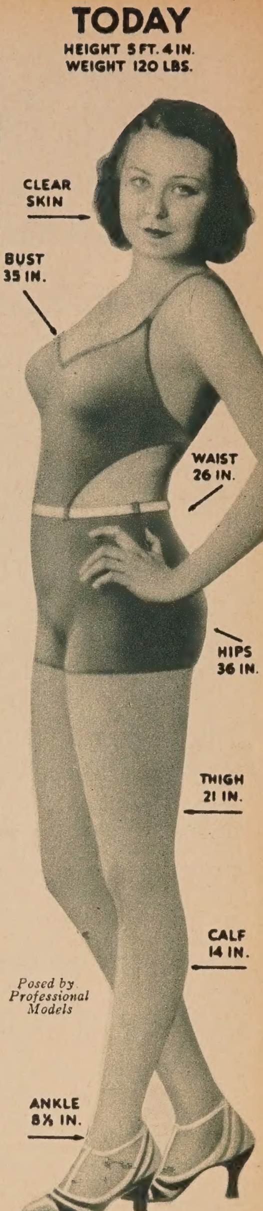
Casualties: Mrs. Rita Beery, Wally's wife, seems fully recovered from her long siege of heart attacks. John Barrymore reported ill. Mae Clarke off to the hospital again. Nervous breakdown, her third. Ida Lupino recovered from paralysis scourge.

This and That: Looks like Mary Pickford may go on national radio broadcast at salary of $5,000 weekly. Florine McKinney signs contract with Universal, her first picture to be *Night Life of the Gods.* Ramón Novarro returns from South American tour $40,000 richer. Katharine Hepburn forced to cancel her scheduled appearance in a play in Ivorytown, Conn., and rush back to Hollywood for work in her newest picture, *Little Minister.*

—*Wide World*

Arthur Sheekman, brilliant scenario writer, with Gloria Stuart, whom he wed after a whirlwind romance, in Agua Caliente

6 WEEKS AGO
Y-E-A SKINNY


TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
ANKLE 8½ IN.
Posed by Professional Models

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds

—so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2810, Atlanta, Ga.

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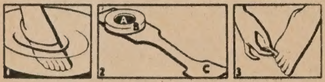
● Lycette Darsonval, Première Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballet, won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

● To a famous dancer, foot care is of greatest importance. Not *all* foot troubles can be removed with Blue-Jay. But most of them are simply "corn troubles," ended in a jiffy with this safe, scientific corn remover. Corn pain ends instantly. In three days the corn is removed. Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house.

25c at all druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses.

RADIO PROGRAM! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tuesday and Friday afternoons NBC.



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2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
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3. After 3 days the corn goes. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

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The Tragedy That Haunts Katherine De Mille

[*Continued from page* 28]

to Los Angeles, and the separation so afflicted the mother that she became ill. Word arrived that the father had been killed in action in the battle of Vimy Ridge. Within a few days, Katherine's mother died also.

Katherine entered the orphanage, and slightly less than two years later De Mille adopted her. Sensing the tragedy that lingered in her heart, and the strange, sensitive character that seemingly had been born in her and nourished by living with parents who loved each other so greatly, the great director devoted all his ingenuity to the task of making her happy.

FIRST she attended a public school, following De Mille's theory that mixing with all varieties of happy, careless and carefree American children would be good for her. Then came Hollywood School for girls, and later Santa Barbara School for girls. To De Mille's delight, he discovered that "play acting" had been her hobby since infancy, and that she lost her sorrow in this fascinating pursuit as it developed through school theatricals. At the exclusive Santa Barbara school she directed all plays presented by the student body.

Wishing to have her close to him and to further the interest that seemed to have absorbed her, De Mille let her work with him in pictures when she finished school. She played small parts in pictures, acted as script girl, and studied film cutting.

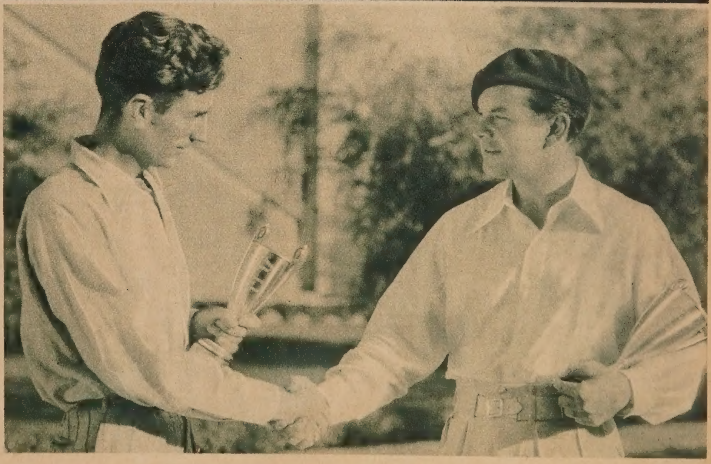
This work was followed so intensely that her health was threatened, and her father sent her away for two years of rest and travel, to recuperate. He would not allow her to return to films after the first year, as she wished, but sanctioned her entry into the Chicago Art Institute so she could pursue a side hobby of sculpture. With her health fully restored, she returned to Hollywood. A conference with De Mille resulted in this agreement, the terms of which were stipulated by Katherine:

That she should make her own way in pictures, free of all "influence" the De Mille name might wield with casting directors and directors. It was her own theory that only in this way might she achieve a *sound* success. Remarkable as it seems, she succeeded. It was partly by De Mille's own canny suggestion that her subsequent success came about strictly on her own merits. Tremendously proud of her, and no doubt secretly anxious for her success, he let it be understood that he did not care whether Katherine actually "clicked" or not. On several occasions she lost chances to play in certain pictures for which she most certainly would have been chosen had anyone suspected that De Mille really wanted her to get into pictures.

Meeting her today, one gathers the impression that while her strange early life and its tragic denouement did not serve to warp her nature or mar her present happiness, it developed one side of her nature and moulded it prematurely. A big slice of carefree childhood was taken from her, and now, young as she is, she is inwardly older.

Does that explain her strange allure? Or was it inherited from the passionate, romantic nature of her parents, or instilled into her nature as she grew from infancy with those parents because she was able to see the unusual power of the love they bore for each other?

Two Tennis Champs Shake on Their Victory



Jay Brien Chapman, SCREEN BOOK's Western Editor, teamed with Sidney Blackmer and walked off with the doubles championship in a recent Hollywood tournament

SCREEN BOOK Fan

SCREEN BOOK

Heather Angel, on the set of *Romance in the Rain*, reads SCREEN BOOK while waiting for the director's call

Love or Friendship?

[*Continued from page* 33]

it most certainly will need the feminine touch. What, after all, is the use of a beautiful home without a beautiful wife to rule it?

Of course, Jean has her own home, but that problem is simple. She needs a large home for her mother and her step-father and her staff of servants. Jean adores home-making and although it would be difficult to leave those restful white rooms, the lovely gardens and pool, she isn't at all selfish and I'm sure that, as Mrs. Powell she'd be willing to let her mother have her old home while she put up new chintz curtains in the Powell estate.

JEAN and Bill are devotees of swimming, and Bill is putting in a sixty foot pool. It's going to be heated, too, so that it can be used on those cold winter days. He's an expert swimmer, the only sport he has been able to give much time to out here. Jean, too, places swimming first in her calendar of sports.

Both Jean and Bill love intelligent discussion, and can talk about anything under the sun with interest and penetration. Bill's charm as a conversationalist is well-known, and Jean, with her originality of thought and ease of expression is enchanting to all who know her. Thus, being well matched in every way, is it any wonder that Hollywood hopes for the best. Hollywood needs a perfect romance, and Hollywood feels that this would be it.

Is it friendship or love? Only Bill and Jean can answer that question. Personally, this writer hopes that here at last is a love that will enfold Jean with the chivalric sympathy and kindly understanding that is Bill Powell's nature, and bring her the joy and happiness that has been so long denied.

I was so lonely and friendless. With only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson proved that this way of learning was as easy as A-B-C.

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How flabbergasted they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

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The interesting story told above is not just one unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 700,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends — having the best times you ever had.

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Guitar Saxophone
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Piano Accordion
or any other instrument

Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

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3610 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

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Instrument .... *Have you Instrument?* ....

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The Impossible Story of Frances Drake

[*Continued from page* 39]

what she thought was the neat order of her life. He had been a professional dancer, and the appearance of the pair on the dance floors of the smart London night clubs caused much comment. It was his idea that they seek bookings together on the stage or in night clubs. Frances, like every girl in her teens, had secretly longed for footlights, but when the opportunity came she drew back. Possible family objections and the specter of failure haunted her.

Strangely enough, her grandmother abetted the idea, and with Jerry to back her up she finally went into the serious business of rehearsals without awaiting permission from her father.

Because the pair were already well known socially, and because they danced with a mellifluous grace bookings came in swift order from Ciro's, the Berkeley, Qualino's, Grosvenor House and finally a return to Ciro's for a revival of the Merry Widow Waltz.

Then an opportunity to play a leading rôle in that typical take-off on a slice of American life, *Potash and Perlmutter*, found Frances nettled by the sudden upheaval of things. She took the part, and before the first week of rehearsals were finished knew she had found what she wanted. She grabbed that rôle with the grip of a rat-terrier and shook it for everything it was worth.

Her next part was that of a Cockney maid in *Little Earthquake*, and the American girl drew raves from the English critics. Then came that modern stage-door-Johnny, the motion picture producer, with a contract supplanting the traditional bouquet. This little producer had a part for Frances in *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*, a picture starring Carl Brisson, now a fellow player at Paramount studios. There was a leading rôle awaiting her for her second picture, *The Jewel*. She turned gypsy in a test for another British production, but for the first time in her short career failed to get the part. It went to Raquel Torres, the present Mrs. Stephen Ames. But the test found its way, no one can tell how, to the Paramount studio some 6000 miles west. The detonation of that Hollywood contract left Frances numb. That nicely marked out pattern of her life was emerging in a crazy-quilt design.

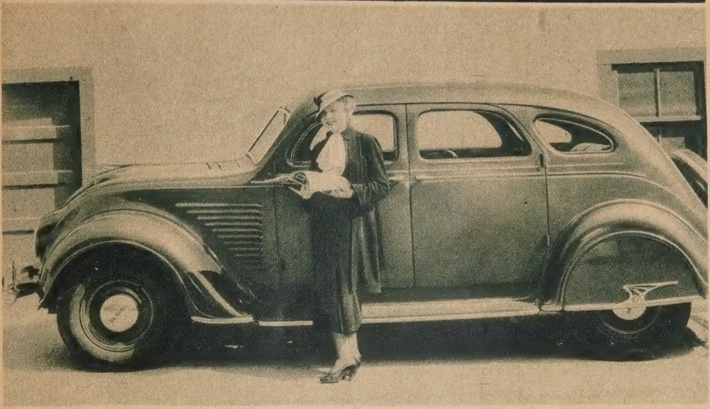
But who turns down a Hollywood contract? An heiress here, an eccentric actress there, but never you or I or Frances Drake. With her cousin, Jerry Dean, who had by this time established herself as a playwright, she prepared for the return to her country—her native land.

She wanted to cheer and wave her hat when she saw the Statue of Liberty, but Jerry restrained that impulse for her. The first days in New York were crammed with tense excitement. Her parents were on the dock with good-luck wishes for the new career. Frances had made pulp of their most concrete hopes for her, but like good sports they

Introducing a Candidate for Stardom

Beautiful blonde Ketti Gallian is hailed as a coming star by virtue of her fine work in *Marie Galante*. Above photo shows a scene from the picture

Ready For a Spin in the Hills



Ida Lupino poses beside her new streamlined De Soto just before starting off on a jaunt through the Hollywood hills

knew objections would annoy, never stop her.

WHEN the flurry of the first twenty-four hours subsided, Frances noticed an odd reaction among her countrymen. New York, referred to her as that "English girl." She was stupified that she was accepted everywhere as an alien and she began to feel like one before she boarded the train for Hollywood.

"I realize now that I wasn't a bit American when I stepped off that boat," she told me. "Naturally, I had acquired a British accent. The years from thirteen to nineteen are six of the most impressive in our lives. It is little wonder that I was taken for a typical Englishwoman."

And there were still other indications. Frances found that she had learned to live "English." She likes tea for breakfast, missed afternoon oolong and lemon dreadfully, wore Bond Street tweeds and walking oxfords for the street, and seldom affected makeup in the daytime.

On the way to Hollywood she perked up. She had heard much of the western friendliness and hospitality, and the film colony already knew her as "that American girl who made good in London." Hollywood would accept her as an American—and Hollywood did, but not the way Frances had pictured it.

When she arrived (as everyone does for the first time) in the rain, and asked at the studio gate for Mr. Shauer, an executive, she noticed a flash of surprise on the clerk's face.

"I was to see that flash of surprise on everyone's face for the next two months, everytime I opened my mouth," she related. "With few exceptions, I also noted an amazing lack of that western friendliness. I was accepted as an American, but not with open arms.

"AND then finally I discovered my error. It was my accent. Hollywood didn't misunderstand it as New York had, it resented it like the dickens. I was catalogued as an affected American girl gone violently British after a London season. I couldn't explain to every new acquaintance that almost half my life had been lived in England.

"I decided on the spot to find those long lost vowels in my vocabulary, and I actually study hours a day on true American pronunciation and typical phraseology. You won't find a 'cheerio' or a 'ripping' in my conversation today, and I call those things that go up and down, 'elevators' not 'lifts.'"

But she still gets many a shock and not a few chortles while the naturalizing process progresses. The first day she worked on a set, it was *Bolero* with George Raft, and heard the cast and crew call the director, Wesley Ruggles, by his first name, she was left gasping. Such a familiarity is never permitted in a British studio.

She gasps, only in a different tempo, over the sublime attentiveness of American men.

"Why they actually send flowers, just for the sake of sending them, I guess," she marveled. "An Englishman never thinks of such offerings unless it is in honor of an important event or date. I think our men are really divine, don't you?"

What more can I tell you about this self-made-American?

That Hollywood considers her a potent threat on the screen, you probably know. That she is beautiful, in a smouldering, volcanic way, you have seen, and if you have not hie yourself to *Bolero, The Trumpet Blows*, or *Ladies Should Listen*, immediately.

That she will live up to SCREEN BOOK'S recent poll as Hollywood's Most Promising Young actress?

Only you fans can be the judge of that.

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Have you seen the beautiful star patterns on page 48 of this issue? Send for one today and enjoy the thrill of being as well-dressed as the stars!

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They Are the Best of Pals

Being a Danish star, Carl Brisson is particularly fond of Great Danes. Here he poses with one of the several who frolic around his Beverly Hills estate

The Stars Are Not What They Used To Be

[*Continued from page* 21]

day. My brothers (fourteen and sixteen) had been drafted into the orchestra. I, age eleven, was going to school. But my day arrived! A new sketch had to be played. It needed another actor. My folks couldn't afford to pay for one out of their salary yet they had to raise another actor. So as a last resort, it was decided that Muni would do the part. "But for this once only," my father said. "I will not tolerate a son of mine in a theater. They will have the chance I never had!"

Death Laughs At Durante

A FELLOW called a piano player, thumping the ivories for coffee and cake and not such good cake—called him up on the phone one night and shouted, "Jimmy?" "Yeah, dis is me—Jimmy Durante," answered the night club entertainer. Said the other voice, "Jimmy, listen to this." Durante listened. The fellow was conducting a staccato argument with his sweetheart. "Listen closely, Jimmy" he yelled, suddenly, into the phone. Jimmy listened. There was a sharp report. The chap had shot himself to death.

So-o-o Wynn Got His Start

ED WYNN'S first appearance on a stage for a wage was on August 8, 1902. He was sixteen, the play was *American Grit*. He was the only Jew in the company and his rôle was that of a Methodist minister, aged seventy.

More About Barrymore

JOHN BARRYMORE received a wire from Al Woods, veteran producer, asking him to play the part of a hop head. Barrymore demurred on the grounds that he was a comedian and didn't want to mar his career by essaying dramatic rôles. Woods got in touch with Catharine Harris, then his wife, and urged her to persuade Barrymore. She did. Barrymore from then on was a stage tragedian—and only lately, in the cinema, has he returned to character parts with comedy touches.

Ed Lowe's Liabilities

EDMUND LOWE took a special course in Shakespeare and played Macbeth, Shylock and Hamlet. At eighteen he had a degree of Bachelor of Arts and two years later the degree of M. A. He has never been able to hock either.

Nice Neighborhood

AS A LITTLE boy, Cecil de Mille lived in a big brick house in Manhattan on West Forty-fifth Street. There a little girl was brought over to play with him. Her name was Maude

Adams. Years later, on the site of the home where they played, a gambler named Rosenthal was slain and a police captain went to the electric chair for the murder while newspaper circulation trebled and quadrupled.

Out Of Raft's Past

GEORGIE RAFT was born in the poverty of Manhattan's Tenth Avanoo—a tough mugg among tougher muggs—one of eleven kids out of whom, none remains save he and his mother. For two years he was the unpaid mascot of the New York Yankees and then became a semi-professional baseball player, earning as high as ten dollars a game—sometimes as many as two games a week.

Sissy Robinson

"MY FIRST memory," writes Edward G. Robinson, "was a love affair at two. She was the neighboring farmer's daughter. At the same time I learned what shame was and hid under tables and couches although I didn't know what a shotgun wedding was then. At five I was a pyromaniac. I had found a bundle of newspapers. There was a candle burning in the room. I dropped it on the papers and was fascinated by the flames. Soon the curtains were afire. At seven, I went to my first theater—Jules Verne's *Around the World*. But the shooting on the stage made me hysterical—and I didn't go near a theater for three years thereafter."

Short, Short Histories

AL JOLSON sold song books to audiences in Washington and earned as much as $35 a week. Mae West, like little Shirley Temple, was a child wonder and at six was rolling her eyes and dimpling her cheeks for audiences. Among her early rôles were those of—please believe me—Little Red Riding Hood, Little Eva and Goldilocks. She later sang songs while a good-looking boy played the piano for her—a fellow whom she called Rikeman, Rackman or Reekman, as the fancy seized her—but who is better known today as Harry Richman. Norma Shearer came from Montreal with a letter of introduction to Flo Ziegfeld. He didn't give her the job at the time but he passed her into the show and there she sat awed by the dainty Marilyn Miller. Today, Marilyn Miller's chief screen awe is Norma Shearer. Eddie Cantor was a singing waiter at Feltman's in Coney Island, noted chiefly for its hot dogs. "I can still see them clamoring for service," says Cantor. "They wanted Cantor. But the hot dogs were better."

And so I could go on—picking fragments out of the lives of these people of the screen—Ann Harding working as a file clerk for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and insisting she was going to marry an army officer and live at army posts. . . . May Robson, a scared little girl of twelve in a pension in Brussels. . . . Clark Gable a timekeeper in a rubber factory in Akron, Ohio, at $100 a month. . . . George Arliss' first visit to the United States and his disappointment with the much ballyhooed Fifth Avenue to learn later that he had been walking up Sixth Avenue under the dreary "Els."

Early frustrations, thrills, disillusionments, fulfillments, string the memories of our people of the screen—and life, I imagine, would be pretty dull for them and for us, if it were otherwise.

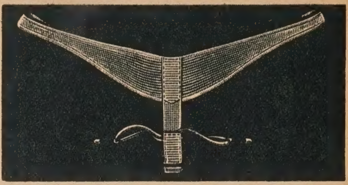
Ready for Lunch

The candid camera snaps Lee Tracy as he enters the lunch room at Paramount studio, fresh from the set of *You Belong to Me*

Make a Date With Louis Sobol!

Broadway's most popular columnist will offer another of his fascinating stories about the great and near-great of Hollywood in the November issue of SCREEN BOOK. Don't miss a single chapter of this remarkable series!

Comfort **WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST**



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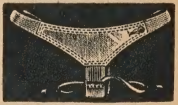

STYLE 1318
(at left)
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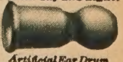

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What Stars Will Censorship Hit?

[*Continued from page* 18]

urge for a higher standard of pictures and there need be no fear that they intend to walk on dangerous ground now that the pendulum of public opinion has swung to new high levels.

Behind the Scenes

WHAT, asks the average movie-goer, will our screen fare be like now? Will it be so spotlessly clean and simple that pictures will no longer be interesting? Do they all agree on what should be done with the screen? What are the facts behind the clean-up drive?

Through this correspondent SCREEN BOOK has interviewed a number of prominent Americans, representing both sides of the case. First to speak is the popular Dr. Sidney B. Goldstein, associate minister of the famous Free Synagogue of New York. "The child's mind," says Mr. Goldstein, "decidedly is influenced by immoral pictures. Children of impressionable ages sit before pictures depicting crime, sex and so on, couldn't help being influenced by everything they see.

"That films are in need of censorship has been proven beyond doubt by themselves."

Folly of Censorship

DIRECTLY opposite is the view of Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, authority on sex education for children and active worker in welfare movements. "The point I would like to make," declares Mrs. Dennett, "is that children, if they are properly reared, can be made essentially 'dirt' proof. I wouldn't recommend that they be plunged into it, but neither would I lean on such a broken reed as mere suppression, whether it's censorship, boycott or whatever it may be called. Censorship is like wearing grey clothes so they won't show the dirt—or like sweeping dust under the furniture. Such tactics do not remove dirt—they merely drive it temporarily out of sight."

When asked whether the standards of movies should be keyed to the child's mind, Mrs. Dennett replied, "Decidedly not! It is ridiculous to treat grownups as if they are still children, despite the fact that many of them are. As for the children I don't think it hurts them to see things that are over their heads. I would rather run the risk of shooting too high than too low."

A Common Goal

SUMMING up the present situation, it appears that both pro-censors and anti-censors want essentially the same thing—decency and higher standards of entertainment. They only differ in how to obtain it. No one has questioned the motives of the crusaders. Their purposes are of the highest. But in fairness to them, warning should be posted that they may weaken their cause and lose their objective if they admit to their ranks the violent reformer who attacks personalities instead of pictures. The reformer who would attempt to kill the careers of such well beloved stars as Mae West, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer and others simply because they have heard plays in which they have appeared branded as off-color.

As an example of what can happen to movies under strict censorship of the fanatic type, a few examples from a book called *Censored* are both enlightening and amusing. The Kansas board of censors struck out the following harmless material from pictures: Titles containing the word "whiskey." Scene in which a character thumbed his nose. This bit of dialogue—"And this gentleman, is not, I trust, a son who has escaped my memory."

Pennsylvania censors ordered the following elimination from *Beau Broadway*: Omission of the word "gambler" in the dialogue: "He's the best-known fight promoter, gambler and race track man in America."

Ohio censors eliminated one whole scene in a picture because of the expression on a man's face as he looked at a Salvation Army lassie. From a foreign picture they ordered out all scenes that showed a man looking through a keyhole.

Leave Movies Alone

MANY hundreds of examples of lamentable action on the part of censors can be quoted, but the movie-goer does not need to be told the dangers censorship holds in store for his entertainment and the stars he admires. Nor does he need be told that he must fight for the rights of untrammeled thought in books and plays.

He knows that the present "movie morals" campaign must be kept out of the hands of professional, publicity seeking reformers to save the screen from boycott and the suffering it might cause thousands of innocent workers in Hollywood.

The American people have shown repeatedly from Colonial times to Prohibition days that they cannot be threatened, bullied, driven or beaten into doing what they do not choose to do of their own volition. There is no law on any statute book in the United States that compels anyone to see a motion picture he deems improper.

The movies, left to the guidance of its own leaders, have already evidenced a desire to solve the problems of the day. Clean pictures have become the most desirable pictures to produce. Self-regulation, the only kind of regulation that is worth the paper Mickey Mouse is written on, is in full swing.

Answer to Picture Puzzle on Page 37

The picture was taken on the set of *The Dragon Murder Case* and the stars are (1) Jean Muir, (2) Lyle Talbot (3) Margaret Lindsay, (4) Jimmy Cagney, (5) Warren William, (6) Dorothy Tree and (7) Eugene Pallette. They all are working in the picture except Cagney.

Going Over for a Touchdown!

Cecelia Parker, the demon halfback, takes the ball over for a touchdown as Betty Furness backs up the line in a mock game of Rugby staged during the making of a Pete Smith short on this famous sport

Hollywood's Most Tragic Love Story

[*Continued from page* 27]

returned, more in love than when they had started. "How like a happy fairy tale!" their friends exclaimed. But they didn't count on fate. Hazel Forbes' happy marriage ended in tragedy. Paul Owen Richmond had hardly settled down to life after his honeymoon on the waves when he died. Doctors were unable to save him. Hazel Forbes received condolences from the many people who after those black-edged cards were written only turned and exclaimed, "How I envy her! Look how rich and independent she is."

BUT Hazel Forbes, with all that money suddenly thrust upon her, nearly died of a broken heart for the man she loved. She went away trying to forget. Someone suggested Hollywood, where you are taken at face value—where no one every sympathizes with you—where you can forget even death in the fascinating, vitalizing motion picture industry.

So Hazel Forbes entrained for Hollywood. On the train the second day of the trip a porter went from car to car, calling, "Mr. Lew Cody!" "Mr. Lew Cody." Directly before Hazel Forbes' compartment, the movie star tipped the porter and turned, grinning from ear to ear, toward the blonde girl he had never seen before. He didn't know that she was rich, or that she too was on her way to Hollywood. All Lew Cody knew was that he was traveling alone; he had just received good news, and he was happy. He must have someone to enjoy good fortune with him.

"I've just made a killing in the market," he said to Hazel. "I'm traveling alone, and I'd like you to have dinner with me."

"Men always get important telegrams on trains when young blonde girls are traveling alone," she replied.

They both laughed. They agreed to dine together, and each would pay his own check. Thus, by the time the train arrived in Hollywood, Hazel Forbes and Lew Cody had become fast friends. He introduced and sponsored the young, unhappy heiress in Hollywood. But to her, he never mentioned love.

DISTINCTLY I remember my first glimpse of Hazel Forbes. I had arrived at Lew Cody's home for luncheon. Only the night before when he left me at my studio, Lew Cody had admitted to me that he was in love with Hazel Forbes. Now, eight hours later I sat in my friend's dressing room, having a cigarette while he dressed. I heard the doorbell ring and the butler announce Hazel Forbes. Then a moment later I heard soft music. I walked to the balcony and looked down into the living room. Below me sat an angel. Over the ivory and ebony keys her hands roamed to pick out random chords of dreamy music. She played beautifully.

Later we sat in the patio with the warm sun on our backs, Hazel Forbes, Lew Cody and I. Not many hours before this popular actor was my friend. Now he didn't even seem to see me. His whole life seemingly depended on hearing Hazel Forbes' each and every word. They seemed completely happy in each other's company. Over a year Lew Cody had tried to erase the tragic memory of Paul Owen Richmond's death from Hazel Forbes' mind. And that year after she had tried nearly twice as long before.

Only a few months ago I watched the two drive merrily off to Malibu together, I do not know whether Hazel Forbes loved Lew Cody. But of this I am certain. Lew Cody loved Hazel Forbes. He had told me so.

Then suddenly he died. Just like Paul Owen Richmond, Lew Cody left this beautiful, talented girl a legacy of sorrow at his departure. Now Hazel Forbes must try again to forget!

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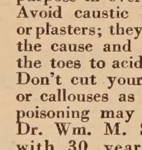

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How to Make Beauty Bloom

[*Continued from page* 46]

more liquid. Naturally, that involves diet and a sensible course to follow is to cut down on fat consumption and to see that the fats eaten are the kind that melt at a relatively low body temperature. Some fats and oils are essential, of course, to keep the body operating normally and to furnish material for the sebaceous glands; so don't, in an effort to check over-oiliness of the skin, eschew *all* fats!

Among those fats that are liquid and melt at low temperature and which, therefore, are harmless, are olive oil, maize oil, cottonseed oil, oleo oil, cocoanut oil and margarin. Fats harmful to persons with oily skins are those containing stearin, which keeps them solid until the body temperature rises well above ninety degrees. They are mutton, suet and all mutton fat, tallow and all beef fat, lard and hog fat, chicken, duck and goose fat, cocoa and butter.

There are various local or external methods which are helpful in checking and removing surface oil. One is the cleansing of the skin several times a day with hot water and a lathery soap. The alkali content of the soap cuts the oil and removes every vestige of it from the skin. When soap is used so frequently, however, some precaution must also be taken to remove the alkali residue from the skin, for if it is allowed to remain there it will only aggravate the condition, sometimes causing blackheads to develop into pimples. Repeated rinsings in clear warm water help to remove part of the alkaline deposit, but not all of it. To complete the process, a skin tonic that will neutralize the alkali should be used freely.

THERE is an excellent liquid skin cleanser and invigorator, recently introduced, that is particularly efficient at this task. It is a thin, water-clear liquid that is applied with a bit of cotton and has cleansing properties as well as alkali-neutralizing power. This liquid will remove make-up, accumulated pore excretions and dirt just as effectively as cleansing cream, without the disadvantage (to an oily skinned individual) of depositing *more* oil on the skin. It also contracts enlarged pores, gradually reducing them to normal size. This operation is accompanied by an exhilarating tingling of the skin that is most pleasant. The liquid provides a fine oily-skin powder base, too, free from the pore-clogging propensities of heavy creams and lotions. If you are an oily-skin, large-pore victim, write to me for the trade name of this liquid. It costs only 35 cents a bottle.

Although there is often a need for a medicated cream to allay irritation and prevent further infection of an oily, blackhead-infested skin, it is unwise to apply an oily cream. In cases of this sort, a white, greaseless cream containing a soothing medication is used with a great deal of success. This cream a favorite among doctors and nurses, acts as a lubricant, softening a tender skin and gradually helping to banish blackheads and the sallowness that usually disfigures an unhealthy skin. For best results, the cream should be applied at night—after all make-up is removed with soap and water—and left on overnight. In the morning it should be washed off with warm water, followed by an application of skin tonic.

THE firm making this cream recently brought out a new face powder that is exceptionally pure and free from clogging elements. They recommend it to be used by those whose skins are subject to blemishes, and claim that their greaseless cream provides a fine base to make it cling evenly. The powder comes in three flattering shades—Natural, Rachel and Brunette—and it costs $1 a box. . . . The greaseless, medicated cream is priced at 35 cents, 50 cents and $1 a jar. Do not hesitate to write to me if you wish the trade name.

Janet Lynn's Confidential Beauty Service

Miss Janet Lynn,
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(Enclose this coupon in envelope and send to this address.)

Dear Miss Lynn:

Please send me a confidential reply to the following questions:

....
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....
....
....
....

Name ....
Address ....
....

Place three cent stamp (U. S. Postage) here to cover cost of mailing.

(If you wish to write Miss Lynn more in detail, you need not use this coupon, which is offered merely for your convenience.)

What a Thirst!

Maurice Chevalier drains a glass of ice water at one gulp as he rests on the set of *The Merry Widow*

Many women attempt to cover up an excessively oily skin and blackheads by using too much powder and rouge. The result is that sebum mixes with the powder and rouge to form a gummy mass that is more unsightly than an unmade-up skin. And what is worse, the powder often enters the pores and solidifies the stagnant oil still more. When dirt is mixed with the powder, the pore inevitably becomes infected and swells to a pimple or pustule. If your skin is over-oily, remember these rules of make-up: (1) Always wear a powder base to prevent the powder from entering the pores and (2) use as little powder and rouge as possible. Another rule, the breaking of which is responsible for many cases of enlarged nose pores, is never to put fresh powder on over old.

THERE'S barely space left to tell you about the wizard shampoo I've discovered. It's of the soapless or oil variety that rinses away in clear water, and is made of a blend of vegetable oils. Because it contains no harsh alkali, it is especially good for cleansing dry, brittle hair, leaving each hair so lubricated that no supplementary oil treatment is necessary. It cleanses drab hair thoroughly of lustre-dimming waste and film, leaving each individual hair so gleamingly clean and brilliant that a brightening rinse is superfluous. I have found that it dissolves all dandruff miraculously, leaving the scalp just as shining and clean as the hair. Women with dyed hair find it an ideal shampoo, for it restores oil and pliability to the hair and does not alter the color. A four-ounce bottle retails at 60 cents and a ten-ounce bottle at $1. I'll be glad to send you the manufacturer's name.

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OCTOBER

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SEE PAGE 12

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It Was All Garbo's Fault

[*Continued from page* 19]

by all means," we interrupted hastily. "She's *our* idea of a person, too. And we're not forgetting Claudette Colbert in *Four Frightened People*. But you see Dietrich, Garbo, Shearer and Constance Bennett somehow represent the American public's idea of those strange creatures, *glamorous lady screen stars*. In fact, those four are practically the glamour trust of the movies. And you've played opposite every one of them within a short space of time. With a cry of delight they rush forward to choose you—"

"Oh, I say!" protested Marshall. Then, with a look of resignation that may have concealed we know not what murderous impulses, he finally added: "Perhaps I have been fortunate. At any rate—"

Came an interruption from Garbo—the first of a long series! From where we sat on the railing outside Marshall's dressing room, on Dressing Room Row, we saw a commotion at the foot of the stairway leading up to La Garbo's suite. A call boy fairly tumbled down the stairs. Then came a studio hairdresser, at a more leisurely pace. The call boy ran in our direction, and as he neared us, shouted:

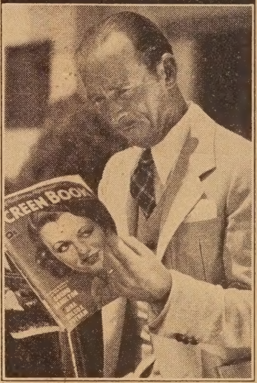
"Miss Garbo's ready, sir. Will you please come now, sir?"

And then, tripping down the steps rather lightly, came Garbo herself. She walked rapidly to the nearby stage entrance, looking neither right nor left.

We glanced at Marshall, whose conversation had been suspended. Now, was that look on his face relief at being spared the necessity of answering some more of our highly intelligent questions? Or just joy at the prospect of beginning actual camera work opposite Greta?

"Excuse me," he said. "We'll get together for further discussion soon, I hope?"

Know Him?



Why, it's your old friend, Andy Clyde, snapped with another of your old friends, SCREEN BOOK

WE HOPED so, too. But time went by, and so did chances for meetings. When we had the time to see Marshall, he hadn't the time to see us. Finally he suggested, via a third party, that we complete the interview gradually, between "set-ups" of the cameras and lights. The fact that La Garbo's sets are always closed to invaders from the outside world did not occur to us as we agreed to that arrangement.

Next day at the studio, however, it was impressed upon us. Somebody had been fired for having been responsible for some unwanted person getting on Greta's set. Rumor had it that Schnozzle Durante had tried to get in, but failed, and that someone else, quite miraculously, had succeeded. They weren't sure whether that someone was Will Hays, the movie czar, or Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio where Garbo works, but were pretty sure it wasn't W. Somerset Maugham, who being only the author of *The Painted Veil* wouldn't stand a chance.

While we were thinking of ways and means of crashing the set and keeping our rather sketchy appointment with Mr. Marshall, the now-famous fire broke out. Newspaper items said Garbo had gone to lunch at the time; this wasn't so. She had merely retired, against the advice, nay, the pleas of those on the set, to a dark and distant corner, from which she ate her lunch and watched the drama in which we, as emergency aides of the Culver City Fire Department, played a rôle.

You see, the fire was in the wall of the entrance-way, which is between two stages and the dressing rooms. Evidently, when the fire broke out, lamps on the sets had been disconnected for greater safety. Chemicals soon extinguished the little blaze, and then the firemen, who had "rescued" Cecelia Parker from the darkened set, unnecessarily of course, because they thought she might be La Garbo, asked for the star. To their vast disappointment they were told she had gone to lunch. And one of them, removing his tin hat and wiping the sweat from his brow, said loudly: "Well, boys, ay tank we go home now."

'Twas then that the feminine laugh rang out from the dark recesses of the sound stage! And at the same time, guards hustled out firemen and amateur helpers alike—

But that had, as it were, broken the ice. Or melted it. We were on hand very early one morning when the big stage doors were rolled back and workmen were bringing in furniture under the direction of a "prop" man. Bareheaded, and in shirt sleeves, we bustled into the set, hoping to be mistaken for workers.

It was just being lighted by the electricians under the direction of one of the assistants of Bill Daniels, Garbo's cameraman. Aha! The Koerber home. A middle-class Austrian home, this; four rooms in a group as you will see in certain shots of *The Painted Veil* on the screen. Here Hilda Koerber—Greta, to you!—and her father Dr. Koerber, the Austrian scientist played by Jean Hersholt, were to film certain scenes that day. With them, according to the call sheet, our victim, Mr. Herbert Marshall, would appear, as the British doctor of the story, Walter Fane.

After examining the high-walled four-paneled portable screen of black canvas that in all Garbo pictures insures the star the greatest possible privacy during the filming of some of her scenes—it is used to enclose the star's individual closeups, and for closeup shots of important love scenes—we went over into the dark corner where, as we suspected, was Greta's little portable dressing room. The lights were not yet on in here, but through the wide-open door could be made out two simple chairs, a couch, and a dressing table. Also a stand, on which rested a book and a single shiny red apple of the sort boys used to bring teacher. Now, who was red-appling Garbo?

Meanwhile actors and others were arriving on the set. An assistant director spied us, and demanded to know if there was any reason why he should not throw us out bodily. "Maybe," we suggested, "you'd better ask Boley."

We pointed to Director Richard Boleslavsky, who had just hove in sight and was approaching to see who was occupying his canvas chair.

When he made us out he clapped a hand on the assistant's shoulder and, pointing, remarked: "That fellow? We should throw him out on his ear! He's an imbecile, an utter idiot. Three years ago a publishing company gave him an order for a Russian book. He has not done a *page* of it."

ASSISTANTS do not have time for foolishness, so this one hustled off. We told Boleslavsky that he, having nothing to do but direct pictures, had lots of time to write best-sellers such as his *Way of a Lancer*, and its sequel. As for us, *we* had work to do—

Then Marshall arrived, but before we resumed that interview, someone interrupted us. Whom do you suppose? Garbo, of course! She said "Good morning!" all around, passed within three feet of us, and went to her little portable dressing room. Enroute, she said "Good morning" so nearly *at* us that we blushed all over, but it was a false alarm. The greeting had been intended for an electrician, who was hastily removing a big coil of cable from her path, and fumbling as he grinned his adoration.

Presently Marshall had time to add one sentence to our interview. Speaking of *The Painted Veil*, he said:

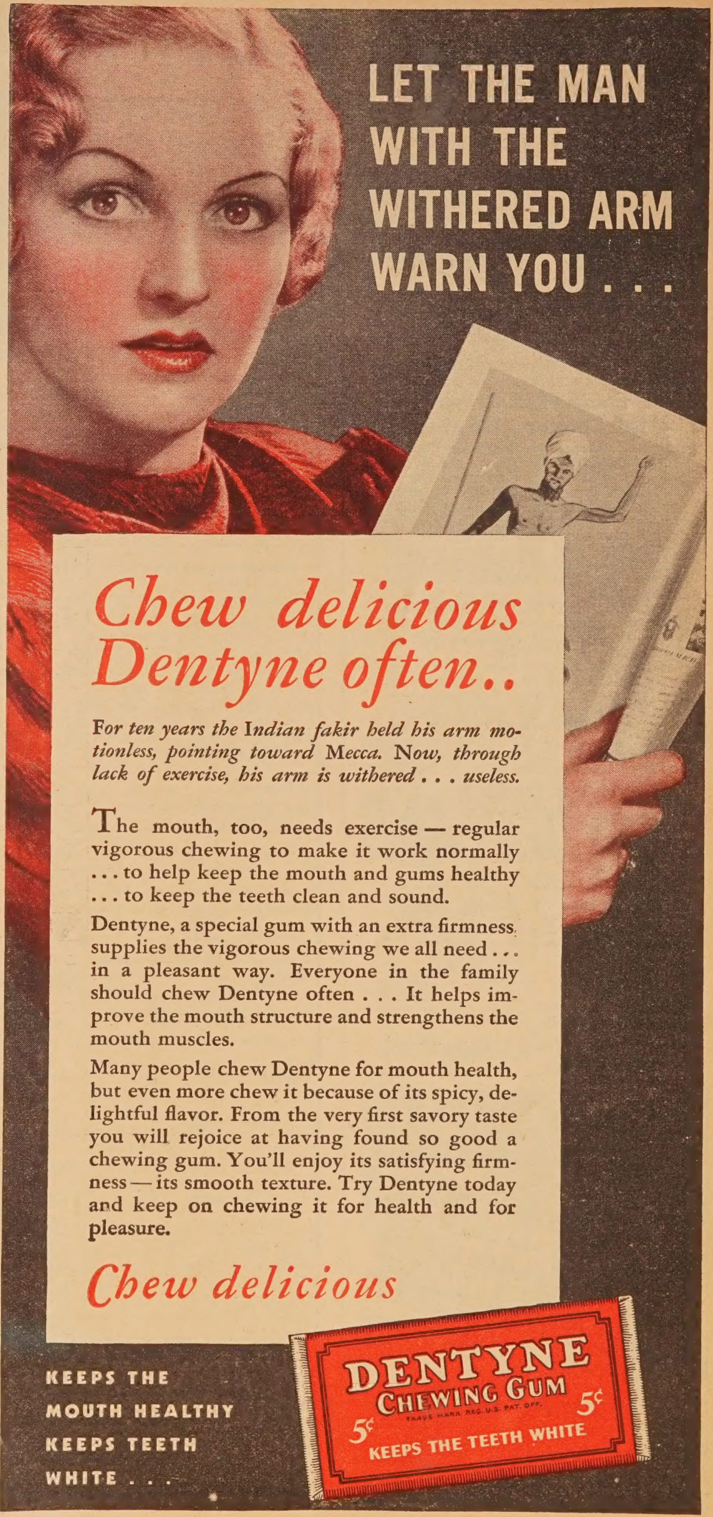
"It is early to have much to say about the picture; but it is being made under enchanting conditions of work, starting with, I believe, one of the best scripts in a long time."

Before we were finally discovered as invaders and, behind Marshall's and Boley's backs, quietly removed, we gleaned several more facts from the man who was playing, almost before our eyes (but behind that cursed black panel!) love scenes with Greta Garbo. For instance, in reply to our question, "Is it true you don't like these 'polished gentlemen' rôles?" he replied: "Shall I say that I don't mind portraying a polished gentleman so long as he has revealing moments when he can burst through and show he has nerve?"

And in regard to the part he was then playing: "Yes, Dr. Fane is a nice honest, gentle chap who can and does get beautifully angry!"

We were to witness a bit of that anger when, by another scheme too involved to detail here, we saw action on another set of *The Painted Veil*. This was Dr. Fane's home, when he returns to find Hilda locked in her room with Brent. Stuff of high emotional pitch for both

[*Continued on page* 71]



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MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH
WHITE . . .

SCREEN BOOK'S LOWDOWN CHART

Questions	Katharine Hepburn	Claudette Colbert	Norma Shearer
Age?	26	28	34
Birthplace?	Hartford, Conn.	Paris, France	Montreal, Canada
Real name?	Katharine Hepburn	Claudette Colbert	Norma Shearer
Nickname?	Katy—Happy	None	None
Brothers and sisters?	1 brother, 3 sisters	One brother	One of each
Married or single at present?	Single	Married	Married
Number of marriages?	One	One	One
Husband's name and profession?	Divorced from Ludlow Smith, broker	Norman Foster, actor	Irving Thalberg, producer
Best friend?	Laura Harding	Daisy Lucas. Paul Lucas' wife	Irving Thalberg
Began career?	On New York stage	On stage in New York	On New York stage
How long in Hollywood?	3 years	3 years	9 years
Studio address?	RKO Studios	Paramount Studios	M-G-M Studios
Lives in?	Rented apartment	Rented house	Her home in Beverly
Servants?	2	4	4
Cars?	Packard	Lincoln	Rolls-Royce
Musical instruments played?	Piano	None	Piano
Favorite sports?	Golf—Conn. runner-up State champ	Tennis, swimming Traveling	Tennis, swimming, horseback riding
Hobby?	Acting—her career	None	Irving Thalberg, Jr.
What do you collect?	Nothing	Books	Etchings
Favorite food?	Boston baked beans	Sole Marguery	Anything tasty
Favorite color?	Brown	Blue	Blue, soft yellows
What do you dislike most?	Interviewers	Affectation	Pose, ostentation
Color of hair?	Chestnut brown	Brown	Brown
Color of eyes?	Green	Brown	Gray-blue
Color lipstick worn?	Bright red	Medium	Bright
Color nail polish?	Natural	Medium	Natural
Size gloves?	6½	? ?	5¾
Size shoes?	? ?	? ?	? ?
Height?	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 1½ in.
Weight?	107 lbs.	107 lbs.	103 lbs.
Bust measure?	34½ in.	34 in.	34 in.
Waist measure?	24 in.	26 in.	25½ in.
Hip measure?	37 in.	35 in.	36 in.
What do you sleep in?	Pyjamas	Nightgown	Pyjamas

Another Questionnaire in November SCREEN BOOK!

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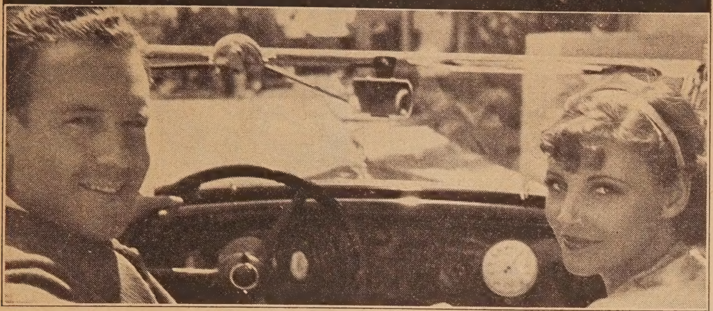

Nick Foran, a new film Beau Brummel, with Iris Shunn, a movie newcomer, just as they started home from the studios after a hard day's work

Let's Give Polly a Great Big Career

[*Continued from page* 29]

chance, I can make good—even in pictures.

"Those are my only reasons for going to the coast. I'd much rather stay here. At least, everyone I know is here, even my boy friend."

"Boy friend?" I queried, immediately scenting a romance. "Don't tell me you're in love?"

"But I am," replied Polly, ever-so-seriously. "He's one of the nicest boys I ever met. He is in his second year in college and I like him a lot.

"I want him to continue in college until he graduates, but he thinks he'd like to have a go at the movies. So, perhaps, he'll go off to Hollywood and if he does, why then it will be swell. Seymour is such a nice person and I'm really very, very fond of him."

"Seymour? Seymour who?" I asked again.

"I really shouldn't tell you, because, after all, it's really my own concern. But I suppose you'll find out eventually. You newspaper men always do. His name is Seymour Kline and he lives in New York. I used to live across the street from him and we'd meet going downtown. So we'd talk, you know, about things and such and the first thing you knew, I learned that he liked me a whole lot. Of course, I'm much too young to think of marriage—and so is Seymour—but he's so nice. He's awfully good-looking, don't you think?"

And I saw Seymour's picture. He is good-looking.

"WHY should I like Hollywood?" asked Polly, after some questioning on my part. "They didn't treat me any too well during my first stay there. Gee, but it was lonesome. You know, it's so beautiful in Hollywood that it hurts. The mountains, the seashore, everything is just gorgeous. And yet we seldom had a chance to really know anything at all. I'd have to work—and work hard. And then I'd come home, tired, and so I wouldn't be in the mood to go places or to do things. Naturally, Mother and I got a bit lonely.

"But things will be different now. If Seymour goes to Hollywood, we'll be together and, maybe, he'll get a job at a studio. But even if he goes back to college, I'll get a chance to go out. Because maybe we'll hire a car and someone to drive it. Gee, that'll be swell!"

I could understand that feeling. For Polly always didn't have an easy time of it. When she was barely fifteen, she persuaded her mother to let her go into vaudeville. A prize pupil at Marie Sands' dancing school in Columbus, Polly thought, even at that early age, that she should be given an opportunity to prove her talents.

So Polly went into vaudeville. She later became the Walters of Walters and Ellis, adagio dancers par excellence. Polly's name, by this time, had undergone various changes from Marie to Teddy (short of Teresa, which is her real name.) And as Teddy Walters, Polly would leap from a papier-mache rock into the arms of her dancing partner, while a breathless audience clapped its approval.

Walters and Ellis created a new ballet, the "Undersea Ballet." And Polly was the graceful sea nymph who kept eluding the horrendous sea monster, to fall finally into the willing and protecting arms of the handsome hero. The fall was from a built-up platform disguised as rock and many a time Polly bruised her pretty head.

But let Polly explain those days herself.

"I worked terribly hard then. When we went into vaudeville, it was even worse. Finally I had to quit for a while. Then I returned to the stage, doing an act with three men. I only got as far as Pennsylvania when I had to call it quits. I was just all black and blue and Mother made me come home.

"It was about this time that I got a chance to appear in a couple of Vitaphone shorts with Joe Penner. And, after these shorts, I got an offer to go to Hollywood. I did, but as I said before, it wasn't much fun for me.

"Gee, but I hope things will be different now! I do want to make good—just to prove that I can do it!"

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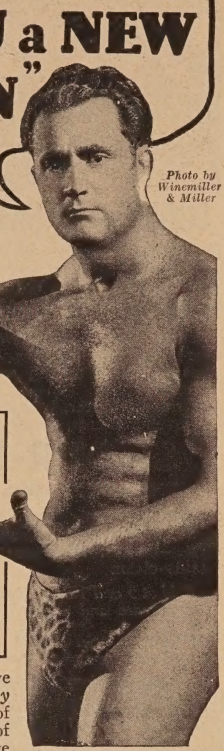

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The First True Story of Norma Shearer's Life

[*Continued from page 31*]

Norma had some relatives who were in the theater business. Her mother's brother had married Gertrude Ritchie, an actress. Together they had organized several companies. Listening to tales of the exciting, glamorous adventures in the world of the theater, Norma rapidly became fascinated. One of her pet amusements was to raid her aunt's makeup box and transform herself into fantastic, odd-looking creatures. She spent long hours experimenting with makeup and talking shop with her aunt and uncle. These two people, with their encouragement, are as much responsible for the success of Norma Shearer as anyone.

SUDDENLY, an unexpected tragedy occurred in the lives of the Shearers. Norma's father lost his business in a financial crash that swept away the modest family fortune. Her brother, Douglas, promptly went to work to help family finances. Norma remembered her ability at the piano and promptly landed a job at a piano store where she played popular tunes of that time—"They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii," "On the Beach at Waikiki," and "Naughty, Naughty, Naughty." One day Mrs. Shearer came to the store, as Norma was pounding out a new song hit. Smiling, the daughter looked up at her mother, but as quickly her smile faded. There was such an expression of deeply hurt pride on her mother's face. So, when Mrs. Shearer asked her to give up the job, Norma promptly did, leaving in the middle of the week. To this day, a certain music store owes one of Hollywood's most famous stars $5.00 for half a week's salary.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Shearer opposed the idea, the next move was an attempt to secure theater work for Norma and Athole in New York. The stage was nice, as long as you just talked about it, but living continuously in its atmosphere was a different matter. The girls, however, pleaded so insistently that their parents were forced finally to let them try their luck. The question of how they were to live in New York until jobs were secured was settled quite easily. Through their aunt, they met a woman in Montreal who was once an actress. She had a sister in New York who owned an apartment building. "It's not much of a place," she told the Shearers, "but my sister is an angel. She'll let you live there for nothing until you get on your feet."

That problem solved, the next question was to find money to pay for the trip to New York. From the wreckage of their home Norma had saved an old upright piano, which was sold for four hundred dollars, enabling the three adventurers — Mrs. Shearer, Norma and Athole—to start off on their long journey.

NEW YORK, imposing, magnificent, noisy, didn't seem to take special notice of their arrival. They went straight to the apartment house, an old, broken down place at the corner of Eighth avenue and Fifty-seventh street. It was grimy and depressing, peopled

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29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
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by broken down actors and actresses. But the owner of the place was really an "angel." She put the three up in a room for the modest sum of $7.50 a week and refused to take the rent until they found jobs.

The room had one double bed and a cot which lacked a mattress. Their wardrobe trunk served as a table and a gas jet was the stove on which they cooked their breakfast of coffee, rolls and marmalade. Lunch they bravely overlooked, and dinner they ate in one of the neighborhood's cheap restaurants. For months they survived principally on egg plant, because it was the restaurant's cheapest dish.

One of the first problems the mother and her daughters had to face was that of clothes. They had never realized that New York could be so cold, and they nearly froze to death. Then, Norma thought that in order to impress theater managers she should be unique in appearance. The dress which she first wore in New York was just that. A hobble skirt reaching to her ankles—a hat with a wide brim and a ribbon dangling down her back—her hair combed in little ringlets. This, however, she believed was not quite impressive enough for business so she rigged herself in something more sensational—a mannish coat, man's hat and a cane!

Alone, Mrs. Shearer and her two daughters set out on the road that was to eventually lead Norma to success and stardom. Had they known the future that lay ahead, they might have suffered less, but who can tell about the future?

Florenz Ziegfeld was the first person on whom they called—the one man to whom they had an introduction. After that their only guide was the telephone book.

Ziegfeld received the three Shearer's cordially and before they left his office presented them with three tickets to the Follies. Norma felt grand! He had been so nice that she felt her worries about a job were over. But when she called the next day, a secretary said that Mr. Ziegfeld was too busy to see them. Norma's heart sunk.

DISCOURAGED, but not beaten, the three began their journey from manager to manager, agency to agency. Six months went by. Norma was forced to put pasteboard in her shoes, the soles of which were worn out from trudging up and down Broadway. At last, when all hope seemed gone, they heard that a motion picture company needed twelve girls. Norma and Athole rushed to the studio to find sixty applicants ahead of them. Norma took desperate measures and by the trick of coughing loudly caught the casting director's attention. She started work at $5.00 a day—when there was work. If the sun shone the picture was filmed. If it was cloudy they were forced to wait for better weather. The company was shooting at Mount Vernon in an old draughty studio.

Those were horrible days for the Shearer sisters. They borrowed makeup from the other girls, but as they were not expert in its use invariably looked like clowns. They dressed in a long room, the cracked windows of which failed to keep the wind from howling in. They seldom returned to their little room beneath the elevated before midnight.

This was their first taste of the movies—not very pleasant. Norma soon won a chance to play a bit rôle in *The Flapper*, which starred Olive Thomas. She was offered the usual five dollars a day, but decided to take a chance and ask for more. She went to the assistant director and told him that she couldn't work for less than a hundred dollars a week and that her sister must also be in the picture. Strangely enough, he consented to her demands without a protest. Norma had won her first major battle in the climb to stardom!

That picture was made in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. One of the scenes demanded that the girls, almost a hundred of them, slide down a long hill on bobsleds. They started all at the same time from the top of the hill and landed in a scrambled mess in the rocks below. Several of the girls, Athole among them, were seriously hurt. For days Norma nursed her sister while the entire company remained in Tarrytown waiting for the girls to recover. The late Olive Thomas was especially kind to Norma, and she never forgot the kindness this once famous star bestowed during those days when Athole was recovering from her severe injuries.

SOON the days of short extra jobs came again. That meant much work and little money. It was while working in *Way Down East* that Norma happened to meet D. W. Griffith. Quickly taking advantage of the opportunity, she explained to him that she wanted to be a star and would he please make a test of her. Griffith granted her wish. A few days later he called and told her to give up all thoughts of a picture career—to go back home where she belonged.

Norma was only more determined because of the rebuff. She secured an agent who finally signed her for a part in *The Stealers*. It was this picture that brought her to the attention of a young man named Irving Thalberg, at that time Production Manager at Universal studios in Hollywood. He wrote Miss Shearer's agent, offering her a contract. Full of hope and happiness, Norma hastened to the New York office of Universal, and negotiations were started.

Mrs. Shearer, feeling that Norma should have some really good portraits of herself, took her to the studio of Arnold Genthe, world famous photographer who later on made the pictures which landed Greta Garbo her contract. Arnold Genthe received Norma and her mother very kindly. Mrs. Shearer explained that Norma was negotiating for a Hollywood contract and needed some really good pictures. He was the only man who could take them. Would he consider taking them, even if he couldn't be paid until they were in position to do so? Genthe consented. The pictures, more than a hundred of them, were made for publicity purposes. Yet they were never used because the contract with Universal was never signed. Norma's agent had asked for too much money.

BUT Norma, grateful for the studio's attention and eager to remain in the good graces of Universal, wrote to the Production Manager, thanking him for the offer and expressing the hope that they might get together on a contract at some other time. Irving Thalberg still keeps that letter.

Norma felt that after *The Stealers* she was definitely established. But time went by. Her meagre savings disappeared rapidly. For the first time both she and her mother were completely discouraged. A letter was sent to Mr.

[*Continued on page 73*]

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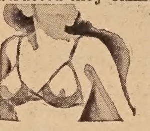

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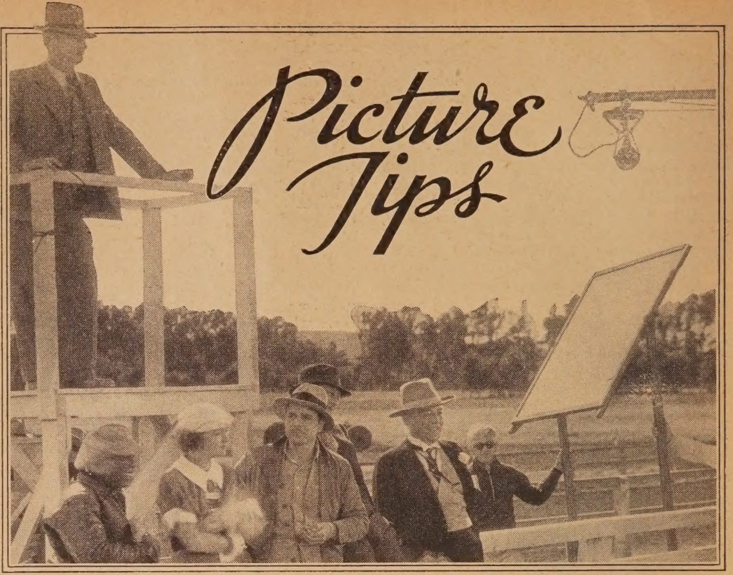

Picture Tips

Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter on the set of *Broadway Bill*

THE NEW PICTURES

OUTDOOR MELODRAMA with a plot that revolves around two officers of the border patrol service, *Happy Landings* is neatly performed by Ray Walker, Jacqueline Wells, William Farnum and Noah Beery.★★★—*Monogram.*

MURDER—MYSTERY—COMEDY, with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville supplying the comedy to make *Their Big Moment* exciting, wholesome entertainment.★★★*Radio.*

MUSICAL COMEDY—Charles Boyer is leader of gypsy band in *Caravan* who marries Hungarian Countess, Loretta Young. Grand comedy furnished by Eugene Pallette and Louise Fazenda. Rest of cast excellent.★★★—*Fox.*

ETERNAL TRIANGLE. If you still aren't tired of it, you may enjoy *Housewife*, which has George Brent and Ann Dvorak in leading rôles.★★—*Warner.*

RACE PROBLEM PLOT is the basis for *Four Walls*, featuring Franchot Tone and Karen Morley. Players try hard but plot not particularly new.★★—*Metro.*

THERE STILL IS LOVE on the screen, and if you don't believe it see *Blind Date*, in which Paul Kelly, the ambitious young garage owner, woos and wins Ann Sothern.★★★—*Columbia.*

WHAT AN AFFAIR! That's what your reviewer thinks of *The Queen's Affair*, with Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavy, who do a neat job in a plot dealing with the princess who fell in love with a commoner.★★★—*United Artists.*

EXCELLENT MYSTERY is Edward G. Robinson's *The Man With Two Faces*, in which the star plays a remarkable dual rôle. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez and Mae Clarke also in the cast.—★★★—*Warner.*

HIGHLY DRAMATIC—*Whom the Gods Destroy*, although somewhat unbelievable, tells dramatically the story of the theatrical celebrity who saves himself from a sinking ship by getting into the life boats disguised as a woman. Cast: Walter Connolly, Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. ★★—*Columbia.*

MODERN AUDIENCES will be pleased at this new version of *Count of Monte Cristo* featuring Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. It is more realistic than silent attempts.★★★—*20th Century.*

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show . . . ★★ Average Movie . . . ★ Mediocre Offering

A BOY GOES WRONG in *Straight Is the Way*, due to his education in the slums, but a girl sets him on the right path after society has stamped him with a prison record. Cast: Franchot Tone, Karen Morley, Mae Robson.★★★—*Metro.*

AN UNCONVINCING YARN and a lack of draw names handicaps *She Was a Lady*, although there are several thrilling scenes in the picture. Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Woods are the lovers whose romance is nearly broken up, and Ralph Morgan is excellent as the father.★★—*Fox.*

WAR IS DECLARED again on the screen in *Shock*, in which Monroe Owsley and Ralph Forbes do good work but are unable to offset the fact that the picture suffers from a little too much shell shock.★—*Monogram.*

BRIGHT COMEDY is the verdict on *Here Comes the Groom*—but Jack Haley comes through with flying colors as an outstanding comedian. A member of a gang of rough, tough eggs, all rogue's gallery material, his only interest is to play the piccolo well. Isabel Jewell, Patricia Ellis, Larry Gray, Neil Hamilton and Mary Boland take part in the deft gags which make the picture move.★★★—*Paramount.*

CHARMING COMEDY—Robert Montgomery in *Hideout* is delightful as a hardboiled racketeer forced to the country when things get too hot for him in the city. There he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and she brings about his regeneration.★★★—*Metro.*

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT is to be found in *British Agent*, story of the dangerous, critical life in and around the British diplomatic offices in Russia during threatened red revolution. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have the leading rôles.★★★★—*Warner.*

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—*Nell Gwyn*, played by Anna Neagle, a lady of rare beauty, shown in the act of giving Charles II headaches and heartaches. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays the rôle of King Charles in a masterful manner. Despite the fact that the picture is spicy, it's all good fun and your critic hopes that the censors won't yield to the temptation of scissoring this one.★★★★—*United Artists.*

SPARKLING WITH FUN, *Romance in the Rain* unfolds the plot of the press agent who creates a Cinderella and then falls in love with her. Roger Pryor and Heather Angel have the leading rôles.★★★—*Universal.*

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

BEAUTIFUL PERFORMANCES and excellent direction make the screen version of Galsworthy's *One More River* a really outstanding picture. Cast: Diana Wynyard, Colin Clive, Reginald Denny. ★★★★—*Universal.*

EXCELLENT COMEDY, with Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle doing the screen version of *She Loves Me Not,* the famous Broadway play. ★★★—*Paramount.*

AMERICAN HOME LIFE is ably portrayed in *There's Always Tomorrow,* which has Frank Morgan, Elizabeth Young and Binnie Barnes in the cast. ★★★—*Universal.*

THE FLEET'S IN—if you see *Here Comes the Navy,* in which Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien sock each other around. Gloria Stuart is the love interest. ★★★—*Warner.*

YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE with Grace Moore when you see and hear her in *One Night of Love,* the story of love and temperament in the heart of an opera singer. Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot help make things interesting. ★★★★—*Columbia.*

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL MAKES GOOD—meaning Virginia Bruce opposite Colin Clive in *Jane Eyre,* screenized version of the popular Bronte novel. ★★★—*Monogram.*

AMERICAN CAVALCADE—this most aptly describes *The World Moves On,* an epic story featuring Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll. ★★★—*Fox.*

SHIRLEY STEALS ANOTHER ONE—we mean the little Temple child who walks off with honors despite the fine work of Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper in *Now and Forever.* ★★★—*Paramount.*

FOR YOUNG AND OLD, *Treasure Island,* the famous Robert Louis Stevenson classic, is perfect entertainment. Cast: Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger, Lionel Barrymore. ★★★★—*Metro.*

DIZZY, MAD, HYSTERICAL—such is *The Old Fashioned Way,* in which W. C. Fields, with the aid of Joe Morrison, Judith Allen and Baby LeRoy, proves that there are none funnier. ★★★★—*Paramount.*

MEDIEVAL CHEATING was never done better than it is in *Cleopatra,* Cecil De Mille's newest historic drama. Claudette Colbert is dazzling as Egypt's queen, using her wiles with great results on Warren William and Harry Wilcoxon. Lavish to a degree. ★★★★—*Paramount.*

BACK TO THE FARM becomes much more than a slogan when you see *Our Daily Bread,* with Tom Keene, Karen Morley and Barbara Pepper excellent in story of youth during depression. ★★★ — *United Artists.*

MONEY AND LOVE are balanced on the scales in *The Girl From Missouri,* with Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone all doing fine work to settle the question. ★★★—*Metro.*

GAY MYSTERY in the modern manner is offered by *The Thin Man,* the detective story everybody's been reading. William Powell and Myrna Loy are swell. ★★★★—*Metro.*

FIREWORKS are the least that happens in *Cat's Paw,* with Harold Lloyd at his funniest as the son of a missionary in China with romantic designs on Una Merkel. ★★★★—*Fox.*

KIDNAP PLOT, exciting and well-staged is *Million Dollar Ransom,* in which Phillips Holmes is the young man of wealth who hires a gangster to kidnap him, to prevent his mother's marriage to a gigolo. ★★★—*Universal.*

MYRNA LOY ADMIRERS can't help but like her fine work as a German spy in *Stamboul Quest,* in which she plays opposite George Brent, a young medical student who falls in love with her. ★★★—*Metro.*

GOOD CLEAN MYSTERY, packed with fun and suspense. *The Notorious Sophie Lang* introduces a fine new actress, Gertrude Michael, who plays the rôle of a jewel thief whose miraculous escapes are exciting and funny. Paul Cavanaugh and Alison Skipworth in the cast. ★★★—*Paramount.*

BEAUTY PARLOR SETTING with beauty all over the place in all its stages makes *Kiss and Make Up* appeal mostly to women. Cary Grant is head of a swanky salon in Paris, torn between professional and matrimonial demands. He goes to work on Genevieve Tobin and the result is so perfect he marries his masterpiece. However, her beauty palls. ★★★—*Paramount.*

PLEASE ALL TASTES is the job that's done by *The Great Flirtation,* with Adolphe Menjou as the greatest actor in Budapest and Elissa Landi as the girl he marries in order to hold her. In America, things go differently. Landi and Menjou are perfectly teamed, and Gregory Ratoff deserves orchids for writing the story. ★★★ — *Paramount.*

Scene from *One More River.* Diana Wynyard and Colin Clive

Scene from *The Queen's Affair.* Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey

Scene from *You Belong to Me.* Helen Morgan and Lee Tracy

Scene from *Among the Missing.* Richard Cromwell and Billie Seward

Screen Book's List of Preferred Pictures

- ***The Queen's Affair*—Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavy.**
- ***One More River*—Diana Wynyard, Colin Clive.**
- ***She Loves Me Not*—Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby.**
- ***One Night of Love*—Grace Moore, Tullio Carminati.**
- ***The World Moves On*—Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone.**
- ***Jane Eyre*—Virginia Bruce, Colin Clive.**
- ***Now and Forever*—Shirley Temple, Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper.**
- ***Treasure Island*—Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone.**
- ***Here Comes the Navy*—Jimmy Cagney, Gloria Stuart.**
- ***Old-Fashioned Way*—Baby Leroy, W. C. Fields.**
- ***Cat's Paw*—Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel.**
- ***Cleopatra*—Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon.**
- ***Madame Du Barry*—Dolores Del Rio.**
- ***The Thin Man*—William Powell, Myrna Loy.**
- ***Little Man, What Now?*—Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery.**
- ***Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*—Ronald Colman, Loretta Young.**
- ***Affairs of Cellini*—Frank Morgan, Connie Bennett, Fredric March.**

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Let's Go Domestic!

[*Continued from page 50*]

crackers and cheese with the dinner salad is a little different. In this case a plain green or vegetable salad with French dressing is chosen, and the cheese may be high in flavor, as Roquefort or Gorganzola. These cheeses are cut in cubes or thin slices and passed on a doily covered plate with a cheese knife for the service. The crackers may be passed in a cracker jar if desired.

One of the most popular ways of serving cheese and crackers is for the after-theater supper. A very delicious dish is made with thinly sliced Swiss cheese, cut in small squares, placed on saltines, dusted with paprika. transferred to the broiler and heated under a low flame until the cheese melts. Served with a fruit or vegetable salad, prepared earlier in the day, this supper will be deservedly popular with your guests.

For an even more substantial snack, there is the familiar Welsh Rabbit, the less familiar Tomato Rabbit or Fondue served on crackers, or toasted cheese biscuits. Here are the recipes. I am sure you will find cheese and crackers in any of these forms delicious, correct, easy to prepare and adapted to the last minute emergency service that is likely to confront any hostess at any time.

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned for six.

Tomato Rabbit

¾ cup thick sifted, stewed tomato
⅓ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 ½ tablespoons butter
1 pound dairy cheese

Dice the cheese; melt the butter and add the seasonings. Add the cheese and slowly melt it over hot water. Then add the tomato and cook and stir until smooth and creamy. Serve on crisp crackers.

Toasted Cheese Slices

1 ¾ cups grated store cheese
1 ½ tablespoons butter
1 egg
⅓ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon meat sauce
Large soda crackers
6 slices bacon

Combine the cheese, butter, egg and seasonings. Spread thickly on the crackers, covering them way out to the edge. Put a half slice of bacon on top of each and bake in a moderately hot oven until the bacon is crisp and the cheese is browned. Allow about eight minutes.

Hot Camembert Crackers

1 Camembert cheese
Salt and paprika
1 small green pepper, minced fine
Good sized soda crackers

Remove the crust from the cheese; then spread the cheese thickly on the crackers away out to the edge. Dust with the salt, paprika and minced green pepper and bake in a hot oven, about eight minutes, or until the surface of the cheese is golden.

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Speed Demon Joan

A scene from *Chained*, showing Joan Crawford at the wheel of a powerful speed-boat which she drives during the picture

It Was All Garbo's Fault

[*Continued from page 63*]

Marshall and Garbo. If we had been discovered watching *that*, discovered, say, by a sneeze that registered in the mike and ruined a "take," we'd have faced a firing squad next sunrise!

BE IT remarked here that in a quiet, appreciative way the Swedish cinema queen and Marshall seemed to like one another. Nothing romantic, you understand. Just friendly. As friendly as a reserved Englishman and a lady so famous for exclusiveness could become in a few weeks of professional association, in which kisses are as much part of the day's work as a politician's hand-shake.

It would be more fitting, perhaps, to end on a bit of the interview with Mr. Marshall, but we cannot resist giving instead the final incident we witnessed, in which Garbo played a part. It was such a new and revealing part that even her most familiar fellow-workers (Jean Hersholt, for instance, who knows her well) were startled. She was told tentatively that a joke was to be played on the assistant director. It was his birthday. He'd get an elaborate package, along with a speech of presentation. On opening it, he'd find cabbages and onions!

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"Huh—we hadn't thoughta that. Want to see the fun?"

"Yes—I shall stay from lunch to see it. But we shall get him a real present later, no?"

The tall package, be-ribboned and expensively wrapped in layers of colored cellophane, was opened. And when the victim's face fell at least a mile, Garbo was right there in the midst of them, to see it. Her laugh rang out, loud and hearty, and we envied the be-fuddled victim of the joke. For we knew that later he'd get an extra-special present to pay for the fun—directly from Garbo!

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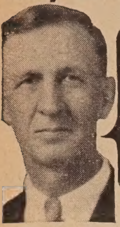

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333 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.
In accordance with offer, send at once generous trial tube of HYDROSAL Ointment.
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Star Letters

[*Continued from page* 44]

pull got me a contract right away, and I probably had more publicity thrown away on my efforts than anyone else in the industry. But you see, I'd gotten the wrong start. I was trying to enter on "pull." There was no reason for my easy start other than the undue influence exercised in my behalf. I hadn't had enough theatrical training at the time, couldn't register effectively on the screen, and no amount of publicity—or "pull"—could do anything for me.

So I packed my bag and left. The past two and a half years were spent in hard work in every type of stage rôle I could find: Stock and musical, on the road playing "tank" towns and on Broadway. I worked my head off, because I wanted to win my way back to Hollywood.

Now I'm back. This time my "pull" couldn't help me, for you see I had already been tried and found wanting. I had to crash the gates on merit, or not at all. Finally I got a Columbia contract and now I'm working as earnestly in films as I did on the stage, hoping some day soon I'll be somewhere near as good as my publicity claimed I was three years ago, before I had anything to offer! And believe me, this method of making good is vastly more satisfactory.

Sincerely,

Robert Allen

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you, with the others, for the swell reviews on my job in *Little Man, What Now?* At the same time I'd like to make a correction. I am not guilty of picture thievery. As a matter of fact, the accusation is beginning to worry me.

I like to think that the play is the thing—that the actor's job, no matter how big, or how small, is of secondary importance to the vehicle. Just as a well-constructed statement needs punctuation, in order to read interestingly, so a play needs certain parts to be emphasized, and it's up to the character actors to do it. The truly honest player, keeping in mind the good of the picture, makes the biggest and best of his part without minimizing the other fellow's.

My personal opinion is, that anyone who steals a scene deliberately in an attempt to efface another's rights, is like the man with the dyed mustache. He is the only one who is being fooled.

Sincerely yours,

Alan Hale

Watch for More Interesting Star Letters in November SCREEN BOOK

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THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal
If you wear glasses, or think you should, our FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by USERS AT HOME of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed FREE upon request.
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Dept. 410-H, Los Angeles, Calif.

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THESE TWO marvelous stars—plus the captivating little Shirley Temple and a host of other stars make "Now and Forever" an outstanding screen hit. The story is dramatically told and profusely illustrated in the current issue of Romantic Movie Stories. One of 8 complete film stories in this issue; and absorbing personality stories and a striking gallery of portraits of your favorite stars.

Other stories of current screen hits are: "His Greatest Gamble" (Richard Dix); "She Learned About Sailors" (Lew Ayres-Alice Faye); "Here Comes the Navy" (James Cagney-Pat O'Brien-Gloria Stuart). Many interesting departments.

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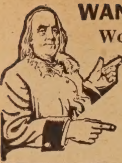

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WANTED: ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS for immediate consideration. MMM Publishers, Dept. FW, Studio Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

The First True Story of Norma Shearer's Life

[*Continued from page 67*]

Shearer, asking for money to take them home. But he didn't have it—and they struggled on. Finally, when they had only a few pennies left a letter came from Douglas Shearer. With it he sent his entire savings, $300. That paid their railroad expenses back to Montreal.

Penniless, defeated—going back home a failure was the most humiliating experience of Norma's life. Meeting people she used to know, having to answer questions about their sudden return—to admit failure. But she was saved from what she felt to be disgrace by a wire from her agent, saying that she could have a job substituting for Gladys Walton who was forced to retire from a picture because of illness. Norma accepted at once, and she and her mother left that same night.

BACK in New York, this time convinced that luck was on their side, they registered at the Woodstock hotel. Disappointment soon arrived. Miss Walton recovered and resumed her part. The Shearer's were again stranded—this time with a huge hotel bill and no money! Desperate, Norma tried to secure a job playing the piano in movie houses. But because she lacked a union card her applications were rejected. Mrs. Shearer obtained a job clerking at Franklin Simons, while Norma scoured the city looking for work. Finally she found it—posing for commercial photographers.

Remember the picture of the girl peeking through an automobile tire with the words, "Time to Re-tire" beneath? That girl was Norma Shearer! The sign hung for years in Columbus Circle and Norma used to gaze at it every time she passed the neighborhood. Even today, some of those advertisements may still be seen in New York's lower East Side.

With her work in commercial photography and an occasional bit in pictures, Norma raised her income to $75.00 a week. Two or three years went by and Norma had forgotten her dreams of stardom.

Then out of the blue came two offers—one from the Roach studios and one from Louis B. Mayer. The last one appealed to Norma—a four weeks guarantee with an option for five years and a salary slightly over $100 a week. Norma Shearer didn't stop to think it over. She accepted and left for Hollywood at once with her mother.

◆

Further Intimate Adventures of Norma Shearer in November SCREEN BOOK

Read the story of Norma Shearer's disappointments in Hollywood. Her grim struggle toward success. Her romance with Irving Thalberg. There are many untold facts about this famous star in the final instalment of her remarkable story. Don't miss it!

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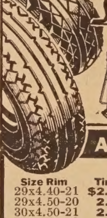
WITH EACH 2 TIRES



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29x4.50-20	**2.35**	0.85	31x5.25-21	**3.25**	1.15
30x4.50-21	**2.40**	0.85	28x5.50-18	**3.35**	1.15
28x4.75-19	**2.45**	0.95	29x5.50-19	**3.35**	1.15
29x4.75-20	**2.50**	0.95	30x6.00-18	**3.40**	1.15
29x5.00-19	**2.85**	1.05	31x6.00-19	**3.40**	1.15
30x5.00-20	**2.85**	1.05	32x6.00-20	**3.45**	1.25
28x5.25-18	**2.90**	1.15	33x6.00-21	**3.65**	1.25
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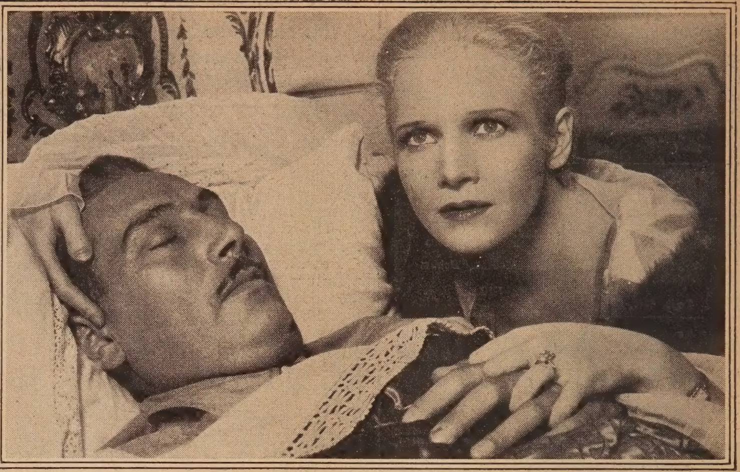
Help Ann Harding Choose Her Next Role

"I sincerely feel that Ann Harding's career is suffering terrifically from poor pictures. Can't something be done to give this delightful actress a rôle worthy of her talents?" Such is the criticism of a fan from Kansas City. SCREEN BOOK wants to enlist the help of movie fans in finding suitable fare for her future screen efforts. Go to see Ann Harding do the best work of her career in *The Fountain,* one of her finest pictures. Then write a letter to Handclaps and Hisses, suggesting the type of story which would be most suitable for her next effort.



MOVIE MISTAKE

"In *Now I'll Tell* Alice Faye wears a modern 1934 bathing suit in the year 1919. How come?" — *Selma Fassak.*

HANDCLAPS and HISSES

VITAL THOUGHT

"The screen has never anticipated nor made manners, morals nor styles. It has simply followed the fashion." — *Grady Rumph.*

[*Continued from page* 10]

ing and the crisp humor of Joan Blondell. Here's hoping Miss Sothern is given finer rôles, more suited to her talent. — **Mrs. Martha Kobylack, 13508 Saybrook Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.**

$1.00 Letter
Alice, Take a Bow!

A LITTLE extra trumpet tootin' for that grand little blonde, Alice White. She's one actress who has worked hard enough to merit a successful return to the screen. Miss White handles all of her sophisticated rôles to perfection. Though she is perfectly typed as the gold-digging sweetheart which she usually portrays, I'd like to see Alice White in a rôle that contained more than froth. — **Kay Beckwith, 6300 14th NW, Seattle, Wash.**

"I'd like to see Alice in a rôle that contained more than froth"

$1.00 Letter
The Way to Fame

MANNERISMS! What a vital part they have played in screen successes! Charlie Chaplin skidded to fame on the over-size soles of his north-by-east feet. Buster Keaton's frozen face has tolled a fortune at the box office. A pair of eloquent hands are ZaSu Pitts' greatest assets. The educated hips of Mae West have revived the usage of SRO signs.—**Mary Erwin, 513 East Call St., Tallahassee, Fla.**

$1.00 Letter
Handclaps Only

HANDCLAPS for Norma Shearer, whose charm and genuine artistry make her an outstanding screen personality. For Gloria Swanson's courage in attempting another comeback. For Clark Gable's work in his most difficult rôle to date—the young surgeon in *Men in White.* For Franchot Tone, who has proved himself a real actor, rather than just "Joan Crawford's leading man."—**Mary Morris, 1003 E. Jefferson, Bloomington, Ill.**

$1.00 Letter
Still More Cheers

CONGRATULATIONS, producers! During the performance of *Men in White* I sat by a registered nurse who laughs at ridiculous hospital scenes in many pictures. She said that the operating scene in *Men in White* was almost flawless. That the instruments and the manner in which they were handled was perfect. Let us have more pictures that portray life as it really is.—**S. L. Downey, Mt. View, California.**

Box Office Talks

PRAISE to William Powell and Myrna Loy for their *savoir faire* in *The Thin Man.* Why doesn't it rate four stars in those blasé New York papers is a greater mystery to this feeble intellect than the disappearance of "The Thin Man" was to "Nick Charles." After all, *The Thin Man* played the Capitol Theater in New York for two weeks of the hottest days in summer.—**A. A. Becker, 916 Monmouth St., Gloucester, N. J.**

Random Opinions

IF CLAUDETTE COLBERT gets any better I'll throw her right out of the window! And Lee Tracy, why suh, he's superb! He flourishes in a high tension rôle like unto the green bay-tree!—**W. S. Beam, Veterans Adm. Home, Virginia.**

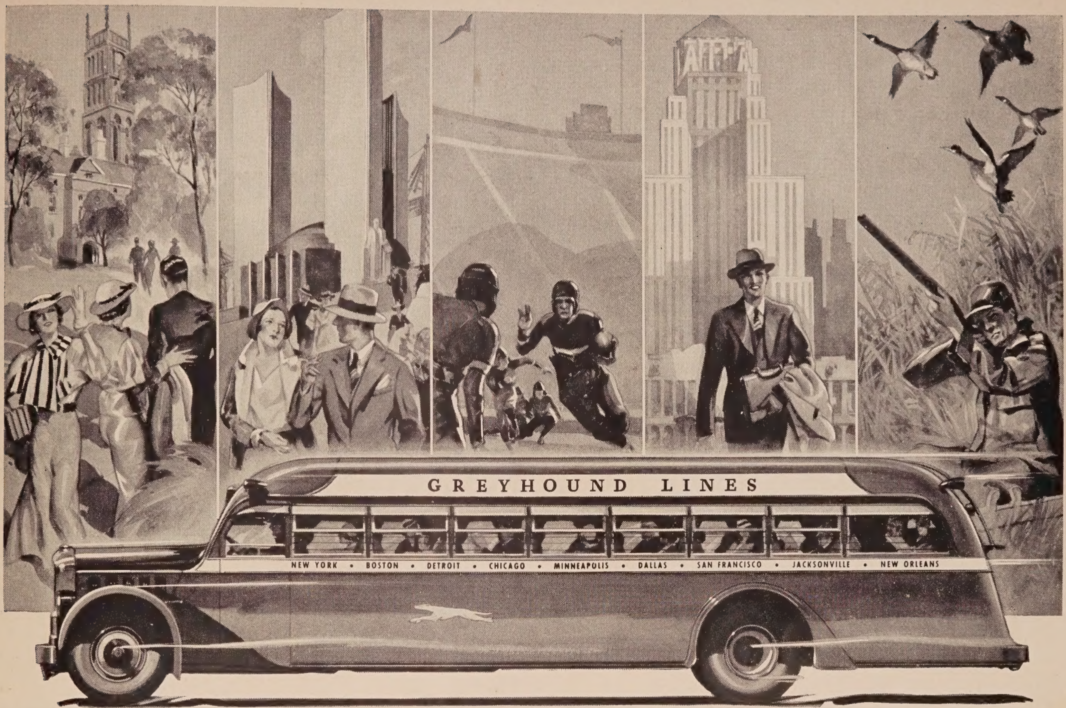
Cheer for Shirley

THE racetrack people of *Little Miss Marker* may not be like the real thing and some of the incidents may be far-fetched, but little Shirley Temple makes everything seem real as she flashes in and out of the picture. She has all the dramatic ability of a Chatterton, the poise of Shearer and the wit of Blondell. And she's the least affected child actress I've seen.—**R. W. Matthews, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.**

WIN A PRIZE!

Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of a tie; the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

WRITE TODAY!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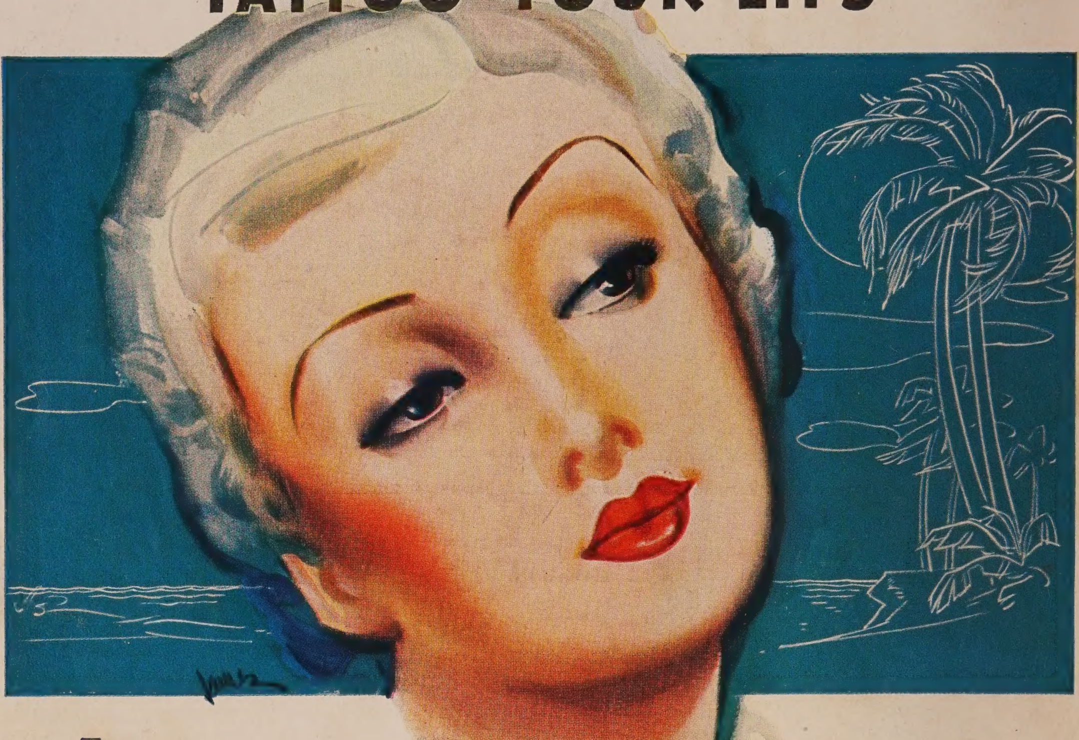
Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



Tattoo your lips and you'll dare romance! Tattoo . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else . . . Tattoo is so softening, so tenderly smooth . . . lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply Tattoo . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the color stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!*

More than one shade of Tattoo will become you . . . try at least two for differing costume harmonies . . . select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo for lips, $1.

Then . . . Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like Tattoo!

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CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

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SCREEN BOOK

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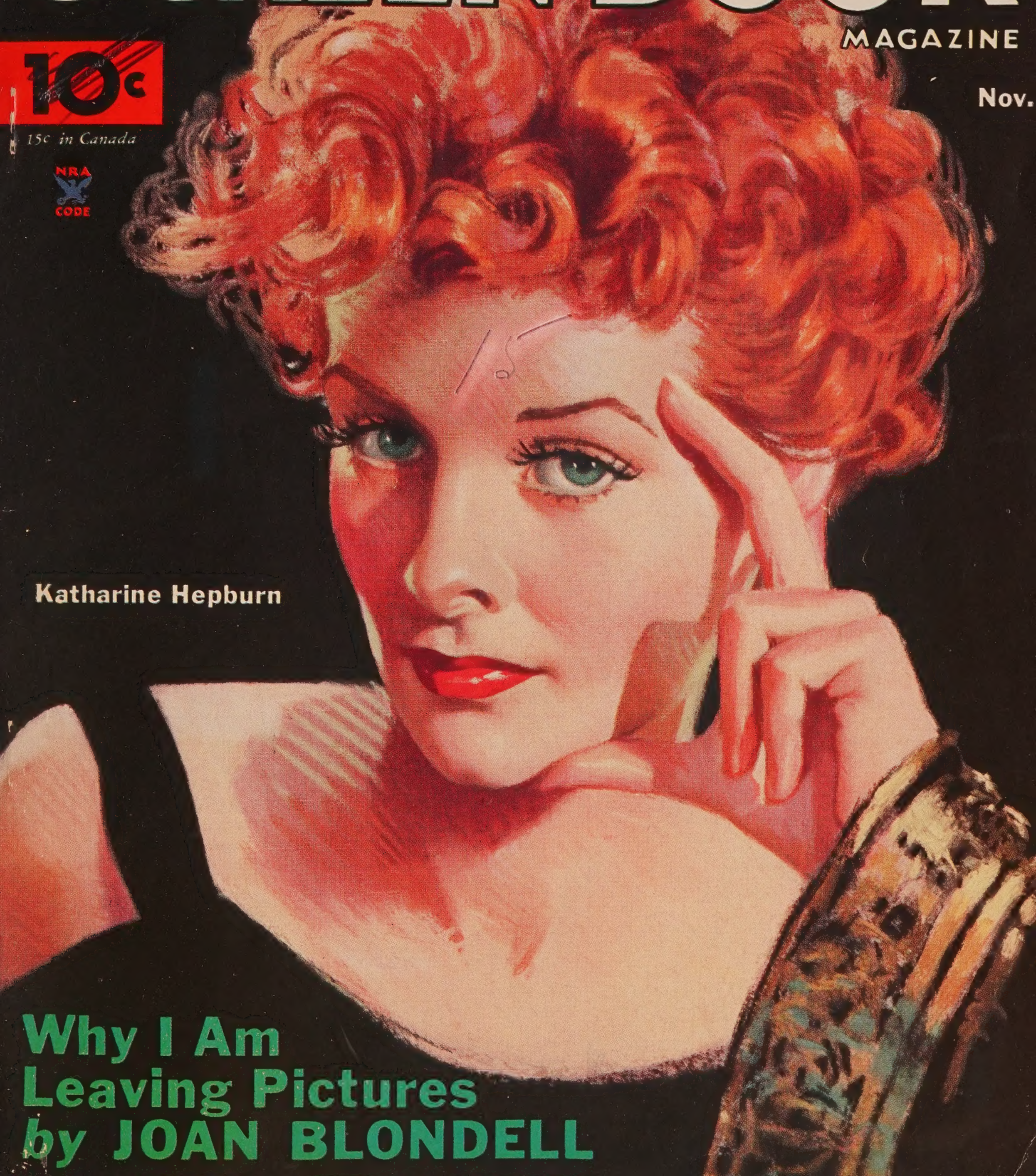


Katharine Hepburn

Why I Am Leaving Pictures
by JOAN BLONDELL

DUART *Permanent Waves*

are the choice of Hollywood Stars

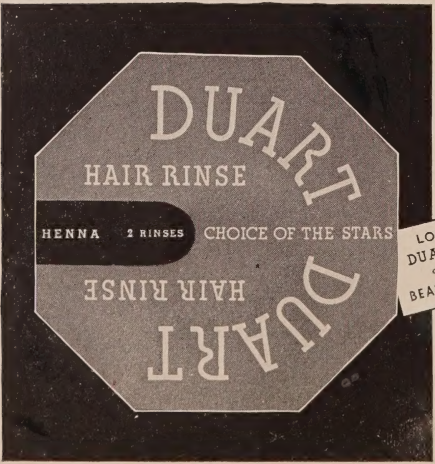
Billie Burke RKO-Radio Star

IT'S A FACT. Eighty-nine Hollywood beauty shops who serve the world's most famous and fastidious patrons feature Duart permanent waves. What surer guide to beautiful hair can you have than to follow the advice of the Hollywood Stars and choose DUART for your next permanent?

DUART *hair* RINSE

is a Hollywood favorite, too!

You can easily give your hair the soft glowing radiance that men so much admire. It's as simple as A B C if you use a correct shade of Duart Rinse after every shampoo. It does not dye and it does not bleach. But, it delicately tints and beautifies the natural color of your hair while rinsing away the tiny soap curds that cover your hair with a dull gray film. With 12 shades of Duart Rinse to choose from, Hollywood beauty experts recommend that you use a shade slightly lighter than the color of your hair.



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☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
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with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . . or it won't cost you a cent!

● *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere.*

WE WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle and the new Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

● The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

VENTILATED TO ALLOW THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

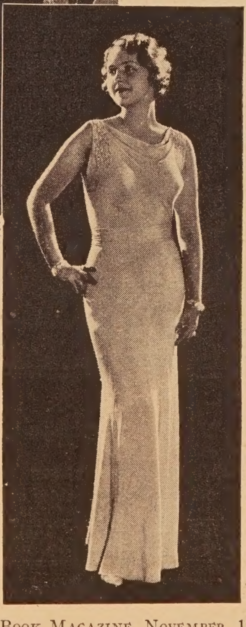
TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND BRASSIERE AT OUR EXPENSE!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy

● "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll . . . . "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley . . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian . . . . "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble . . . . "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 711 NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of Perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

NOVEMBER, 1934 VOL. XIII No. 4

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

NEWS SCOOPS

SCREEN BOOK tells all the News First

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Introducing a Star of Our Own

As attractive as the stars whose portraits she paints, Tempest Inman has long been one of America's foremost artists, her work appearing in many of the world's leading magazines. With the beautiful study of Katharine Hepburn on the cover of this issue, SCREEN BOOK takes pride in announcing a long series of these strikingly lovely portraits of Hollywood stars. Watch for them each month!

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WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE *Merry Widow*

with

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • • MINNA GOMBELL
Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

By The Star Reporter

Shirley Temple introduces a new kind of pet in Hollywood

Now YOU Tell One

A FAMOUS New York columnist recently wrote a tidbit to the effect that, with the razing of the famous Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, a vault was forced open and $27,000 deposited there years ago in the name of D. W. Griffith was found. A business associate of Griffith's has let it be known that when and if the money is turned over to Griffith the latter will gladly cut it with the columnist. That's how seriously Hollywood takes the story.

Author! Author!

THE brother of a former famous character actor of stage and screen recently produced his own play at one of Hollywood's little theaters. The play was pretty terrible and the acting more so—hence when the curtain went down there was a call for the author. After ten minutes he was found—so help me—in a fig tree in a yard adjoining the little playhouse. I couldn't find out what happened to him after that.

Garbo's Boy Friend?

YOU'D never guess who Garbo has been seeing frequently of late. None other than George Brent. The romance, if such it is, began during the filming of *The Painted Veil*. But one date or two is Hollywood's idea of a cupid's carnival, so don't take this news too seriously.

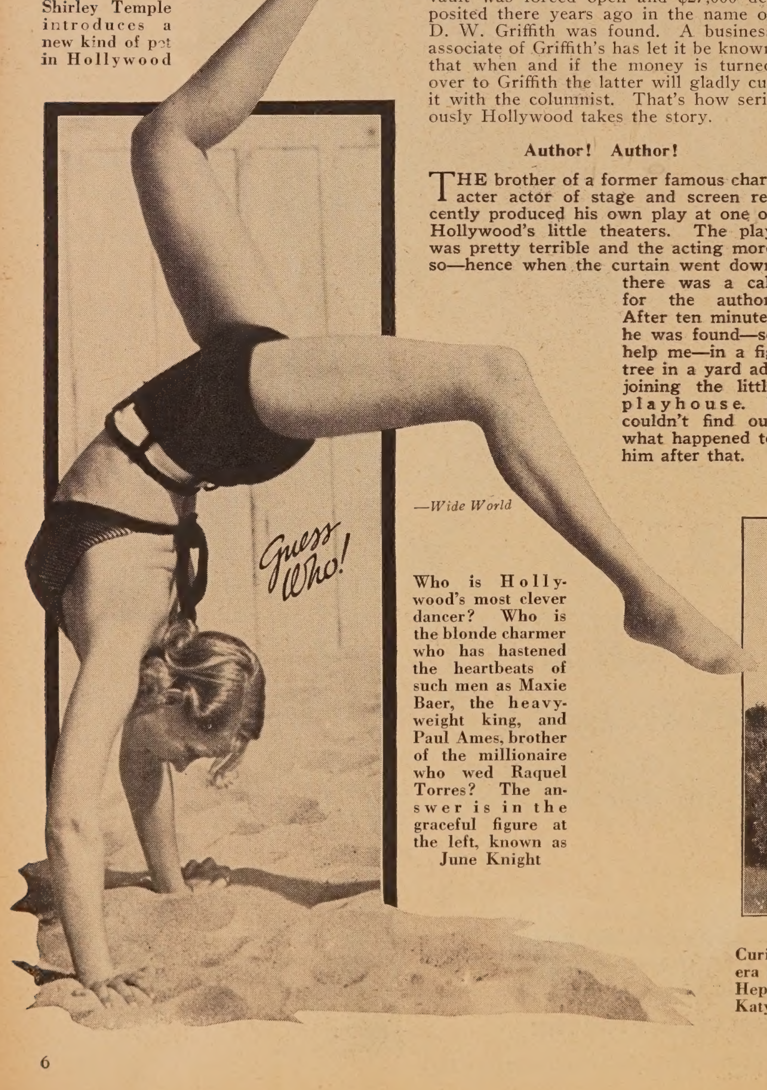
Bets Are Against It

WITH the air filled with rumors of a reconciliation between Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, those in Hollywood who bet on everything are giving odds that it won't happen, or if it does that the matrimonial mending won't last.

Collecting Falls Off

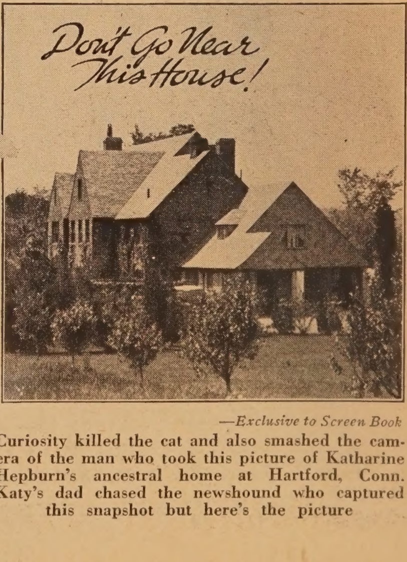
NOT long ago an actor's shoe laces would bring five dollars on the open market. But times have changed. The late Lew Cody's effects, auctioned off, sold for almost nothing, although a goodly crowd was there to watch the proceedings. Suits that cost $120 sold for $15. A $15 panama hat went for eighty cents, and a beautiful lounging robe netted only slightly more than a dollar.

[*Continued on page* 8]



—Wide World

Who is Hollywood's most clever dancer? Who is the blonde charmer who has hastened the heartbeats of such men as Maxie Baer, the heavyweight king, and Paul Ames, brother of the millionaire who wed Raquel Torres? The answer is in the graceful figure at the left, known as June Knight

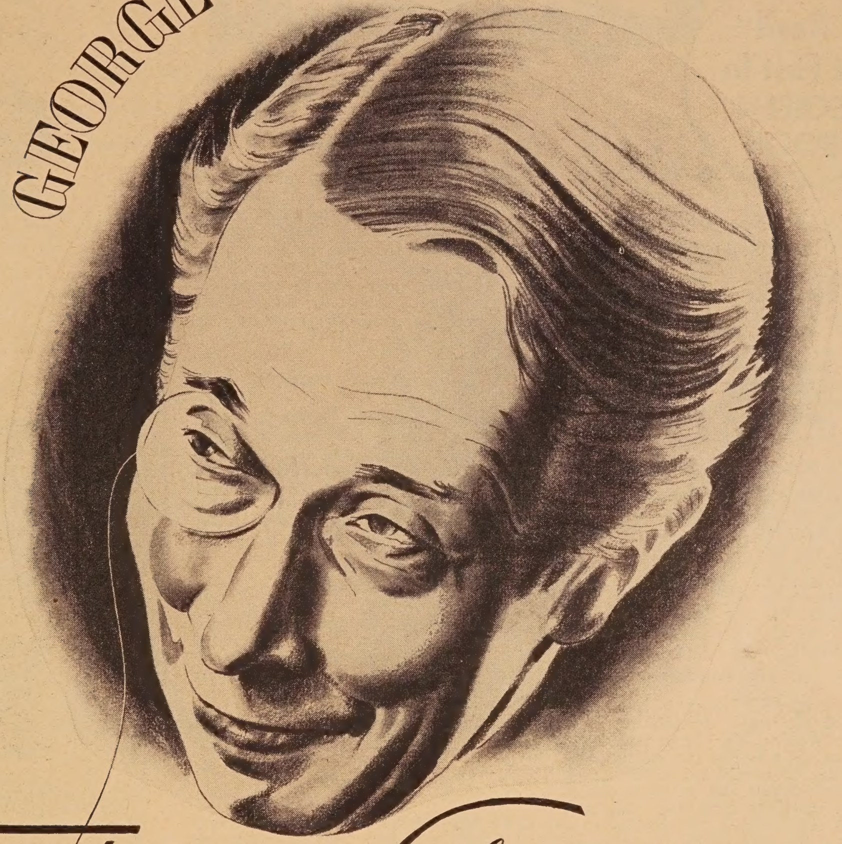


—Exclusive to Screen Book

Curiosity killed the cat and also smashed the camera of the man who took this picture of Katharine Hepburn's ancestral home at Hartford, Conn. Katy's dad chased the newshound who captured this snapshot but here's the picture

THE GRAND SUCCESSOR TO "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

GEORGE ARLISS



IN

The LAST Gentleman

with EDNA MAY OLIVER
JANET BEECHER • CHARLOTTE HENRY
RALPH MORGAN
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS

Cranky...cussed...crabbed...cantankerous! But an Arliss so grandly human you'll laugh ...and cry...as he adds new lustre to his mantle as the First Gentleman of the Screen!

**20TH
CENTURY
PICTURE**

ANOTHER TRULY DISTINGUISHED DARRYL F. ZANUCK PRODUCTION

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

Read It First In SCREEN BOOK

[*Continued from page 6*]

Lowe Still Grieves

EDMUND LOWE, who feels deeply the loss of his wife and pal, Lilyan Tashman, is occupying the beach cottage at Malibu where Lilyan once reigned as the summer colony's most beloved hostess. Eddie has domiciled his two grand aunts, aged eighty and eighty-two, as his house guests for the season, and they are two of the most popular women at the beach.

Katy, Sweet Katy

WE CAN'T *talk* to Katharine Hepburn, officially, because we're one of those mean old journalists—and Katy can't put up with any of 'em. But we did get to eat some of her home-made fudge the other day, fudge she had made with her own hands, and a frying pan. 'Twas about the best fudge we've ever tasted. Thanks to you, Director Gregory La Cava.

Stars Go Pugilistic

BING CROSBY recently invested $7,500 in a fighter, Freddie Steele, of Tacoma, Washington. Then a bit later Steele was set down by the boxing commission for three months, which means that Bing's investment takes an awful drop for that length of time. It's said also that George Raft paid another neat sum for a piece of Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight pummler — which gives you an indication of how some stars invest their money.

Don Juan Coogan

JACKIE COOGAN'S mother has firmly objected to her son's stepping out with Hollywood lassies, most prominent among them being Toby Wing and Ida Lupino. Although Jackie is now grown up, she wants him to spend his time finishing the college career he started at Santa Clara University. Time for courting, she believes, after he gets his diploma.

Charlie Farrell's Vacation

ALL excited, Charlie Farrell postcards from the French Riviera, where he and Virginia Farrell are vacationing, to say that he had a chance to play on Wimbledon's famous center court against Fred Perry, the world's tennis king. Charlie, in case you've never heard, swings a mean racket.

Phoney Headlines

SPEAKING of Georgie Raft, I hope you didn't believe all you read in newspapers about his battle outside the Brown Derby. The fracas was really one of those one punch fights that Hollywood is noted for—and Raft didn't land the punch. The slap was delivered by Mack Gray, a pal of the star's.

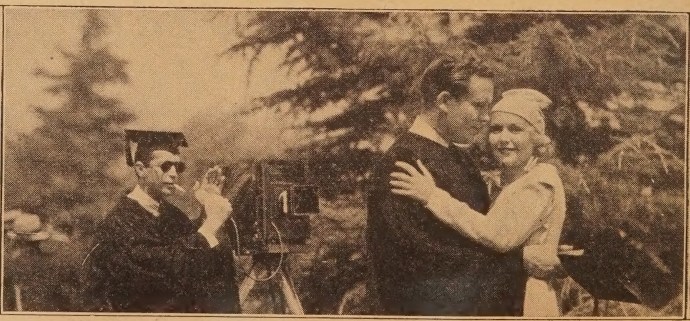
Not Pals?

SEEMS that Mr. Wallace Beery wants a change of diet. Too many pictures with Jackie Cooper and he'd like a change—such is the information that comes from his intimate friends.

Let's Skip it!

Pert Kelton, who freely admits that she is inclined toward plumpness, insists that the only way to eliminate those extra curves is to skip them off. It's fun, too

Anne Shirley, just assigned to play the leading rôle in *Anne of Green Gables*, is only sixteen



Hold that pose! Franchot Tone, garbed in his graduation togs for *Gentlemen Are Born*, takes over the still cameraman's job as John Foran woos a pretty member of the Warner acting school

Dorothy Dare, whose new picture is *Happiness Ahead*, practices roller skating for the rôle

3 trying moments conquered!

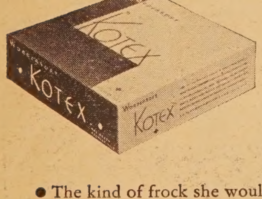
How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never squeezes, ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself to the body, because of the special center—unlike any other pad.

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered in filmy cotton.



A filmy, daring frock

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is absolutely sure of protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

FREE TO WOMEN!

Choice of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene. Check your choice on coupon below.

KOTEX COMPANY, Room 21478
180 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

☐ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."
☐ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.

Name __________

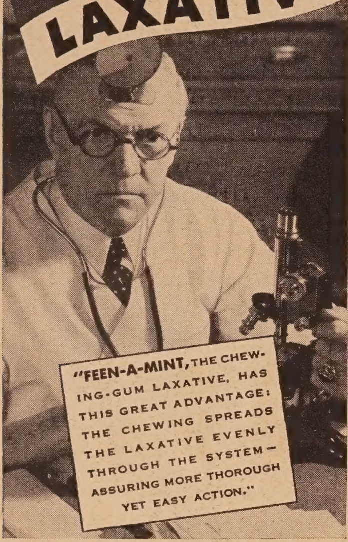
Address __________

City __________

DON'T SUFFER CONSTIPATION—

there is effective relief if you just

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE



"FEEN-A-MINT, THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE, HAS THIS GREAT ADVANTAGE: THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM—ASSURING MORE THOROUGH YET EASY ACTION."

To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT A LAXATIVE DOES NOT HAVE TO TASTE BAD TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEWING **FEEN-A-MINT** IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.

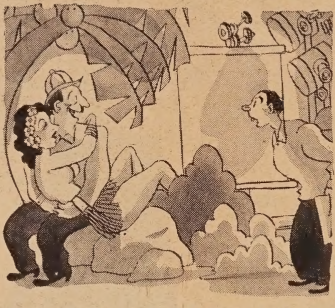
Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum **LAXATIVE**

CONTEST NEWS

Published Monthly
by SCREEN BOOK

The Winner!



"Wire Hollywood: the little daily expense chart I have drawn up will show you at a glance just how I arrived at this figure"

First with the clever "gag line" for the above cartoon was Miss Bea Lacy, 1205 Hyde St., San Francisco, Calif., who found her answer in "Crash the Gates of Hollywood" on page 38 of the September issue and rushed it to contest judges to capture her cash prize of $50.00. Other winners are Raymond Corry, 249 East 52nd St., New York City, $25.00. Hazel Laney, 36 13th St., Wheeling, W. Va., $10.00. Velma Holt, Louisville, Tenn., Gene Tarbeck, 16233 Ilene, Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. R. P. Peter, 704 E. 13th St., Cameron, Texas, $5.00 each.

Limerick Prize Winners!

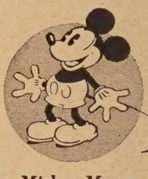
A $5.00 check is winging its way to Miss Bernice Gerard, 2415 So. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., as her reward for the prize last line among the hundreds submitted for the limerick below:

Shirley Temple

WHAT A VAMP!

A young lady starlet named Shirley
With blue eyes and blonde hair so curly
Makes slaves of the prop men
Right up to the top men—
They learned about "IT" from this girlie.

It was no easy job to think of a last line clever enough to win in the Mickey Mouse Limerick. The $5.00 prize finally goes to Miss Nina Dixon, Fairmont Drive, Box 87-A, Route Two, Birmingham, Ala.



Mickey Mouse

MICKEY'S TEMPTATION

A Hollywood vamp of great fame
Tried to tempt Mickey Mouse with champagne.
But he scorned jewels and silk;
Bravely said, "I'll take milk;
So cheese it! Your trap's set in vain!"

Cash in on these new Limericks!

SCREEN BOOK offers $5.00 each for the two best lines in the two Movie Limericks which appear in this column. Put on your thinking cap now and mail your last lines to The Limerick Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Hollywood Opening

If you wish to escape Cupid's dart,
To care for Joe Brown never start.
For the size of his mouth
From the North to the South

....
(Write your last line here)

The Crooning Champ

When Crosby gets out 'neath the moon
In May or November or June,
Though he's far from a bore,
The girls all implore,

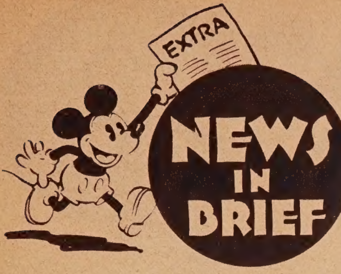
....
(Write your last line here)

....
(Your name)

....
(Street address)

....
(City) (State)

CONTEST REGULATIONS: It is not necessary to buy a copy of SCREEN BOOK to compete. Contestants may clip out the above limericks or merely send a copy. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in each limerick, and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Editors of SCREEN BOOK will be the sole judges. This contest is open to every reader with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their relatives. All entries must be received on or before midnight of November 1, 1934.



NEWS IN BRIEF

Romances to the grave: Sue Carol goes through with her divorce suit against Nick Stuart when reconciliation fails to jell. Sue to have custody of two-year-old child . . . Kenneth Harlan granted annulment from Phyllis McLure . . . Albert Rogell, director, files divorce against Ena Gregory, onetime actress . . . Wife of Norman Kerry, once famous star, declares the cooing is over for good.

Tragedy's new rôles: Two suicides have sobered Hollywood this month. Jerry Jarnegin, beloved Broadway character, husband of Irene Franklin, shot himself to death during a dinner party . . . George Hill, noted director, also a suicide. Russ Columbo accidentally killed by exploding pistol.

Order in court, please: Lila Lee named one of three defendants in $10,000 damage suit resulting from auto accident . . . Junior Durkin sued for $5,000 because it is alleged that his dog bit a boy. Why not let the boy bite the dog and forget it?

Two, can't live as cheaply, but: Altarward have gone Marian Nixon, who wed Director William Seiter . . . Sara Clark, who took the vows with Director Eddie Buzzell. Verree Teasdale, who is now the wife of the world's most sophisticated man, Adolphe Menjou. Heather Angel now has the privilege of making bridal biscuits for Ralph Forbes.

Ouch! These Hurt! Gary Cooper's dad, Judge Charles Cooper, suffers broken knee in auto smash . . . Florence Rice recovers from attack of arthritis . . . Hal Roach recuperating from meeting with doctor's knife . . . Rosita Moreno on the mend after having her appendix yanked.

Hollywooers: Sally Blane and Hugh Williams reported romancing . . . Lyle Talbot reported SO interested in Genevieve Tobin . . . Newspapers scream story of Kay Francis' rumored wedding to Maurice Chevalier in midst of Chevalier's little romance with Virginia Bruce.

—Photos by Wide World

Off on vacation! Dorothy Jordan and her husband, Merian C. Cooper, arrive in New York City

Adolphe Menjou as he applied for his license to wed the lovely Verree Teasdale

With his brother, Robert, Doug Fairbanks arrives home to woo Mary again

Ann Dvorak meets her father, Edward McKim, from whom she was separated eighteen years ago

HOW TO REFINE SKIN TEXTURE

Nurses discover quick, easy way–

Gain new beauty by correcting these common skin faults

BLEMISHES, large pores, scaly skin, oiliness . . . rob so many women of their natural skin beauty. Now these skin faults can be quickly corrected. Nurses have discovered a quick, easy way to end them. Their secret is a dainty, snow-white cream originally prescribed by physicians for burns, eczema and other skin troubles. Today it is used by over 6,000,000 women to clear and refine the skin.

If your skin is coarse-textured, rough, oily or blemished use Noxzema. It will purge the pores of deep-lodged, irritating impurities that *cause* blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften — its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the big coarsened pores to exquisite fineness.

Which mars your beauty?
LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILINESS
FLAKINESS

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. It's *greaseless—vanishing — stainless!* With this scientific complexion aid, your skin will soon be clean, clear—lovely.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

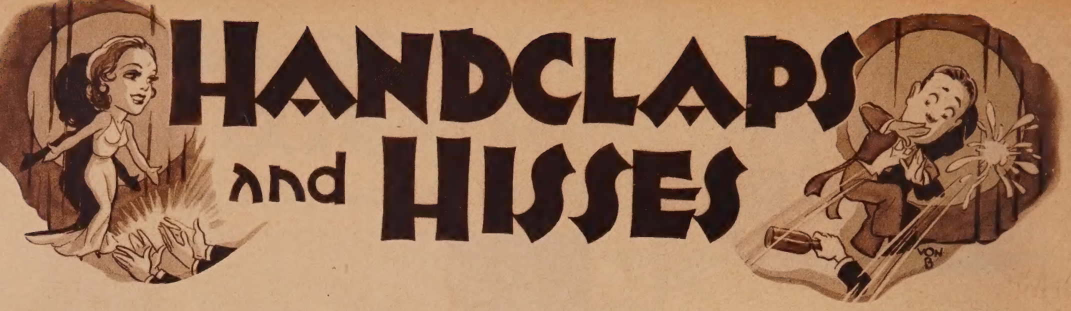
Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store or if your dealer can't supply you send 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 611, Baltimore, Md.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.

WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight – as much as the skin will absorb. In the morning note how *soothed* it feels —how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema relieves irritation, improves hands *overnight.*



HANDCLAPS and HISSES

$15.00 Letter

Screen's Greatest Star

A PURELY personal preference, of course, I unhesitatingly nominate George Arliss as the Screen's Greatest Star. Not because I think it "arty" to do so, but simply because no other screen actor or actress has ever equalled the performance in sheer artistry of *Disraeli* or his rôle in *The House of Rothschild* and *Working Man.* No other film favorite has given a better or more human interpretation to a rôle than his in *The Man Who Played God.* No other motion picture actor has the so-called handicaps.

Hopelessly unattractive physically, old, not overly healthy, yet, even the great Bernhardt did not overcome these drawbacks with more triumph—with a greater illusion of beauty than does this man, who is, and can be, so generous to all others from his sure place on the heights. May he continue his fine work on the screen for many years!—**Clarence Rose, R. F. D. 1, Box 404, Sebastopol, California.**

"Even the great Bernhardt did not overcome these drawbacks with more triumph"

The new George Arliss picture, The Last Gentleman, *is reviewed on page 39 of this issue.—The Editor.*

"I pause to pay homage," says a Michigan fan, "to a less lauded luminary who has charmed and warmed the hearts of us all." Dolores Del Rio is that star

OFFICIAL VOTE
Cast by SCREEN BOOK Readers to Choose HOLLYWOOD'S Greatest Star

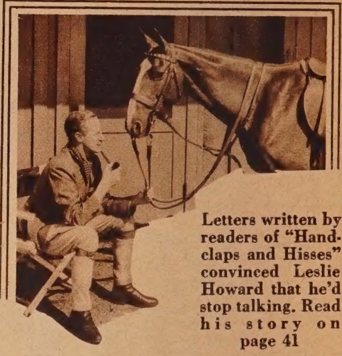
1. GEORGE ARLISS
2. GRETA GARBO
3. MARIE DRESSLER *
4. LIONEL BARRYMORE
5. KATHARINE HEPBURN
6. MARGARET SULLAVAN
7. WILL ROGERS
8. FREDRIC MARCH
9. NORMA SHEARER
10. JANET GAYNOR

Editor's Note This does not constitute a popularity poll. SCREEN BOOK readers were asked only to nominate the star worthy to be called "Hollywood's Greatest." Many other stars received a considerable number of votes among the thousands received but we take the liberty of announcing only the ten highest ranking. The editors believe that Marie Dressler would have ranked first had it not been for her passing as she was mentioned in many letters in addition to the votes cast in her honor.

$10.00 Letter

Deserving Del Rio

AFTER observing the swift and sensational rise to stardom of such stars as Garbo, Dietrich and Sullavan, I pause to pay homage to a less lauded luminary who has charmed and warmed the hearts of us all. In a more quiet and unostentatious manner Dolores Del Rio has climbed upward slowly but convincingly. Hers was no quick ascent with subtle eccentricities. Unmistakable skill, sheer loveliness of form and face and a persistent desire to please her public has endeared her to us all. Since *Evangeline* up to her present *Madame DuBarry,* Miss Del Rio has stood at the mecca of her profession, a first class actress who deserves more applause.—**Marie Zizlavsky, Box 18, New Buffalo, Mich.**



Letters written by readers of "Handclaps and Hisses" convinced Leslie Howard that he'd stop talking. Read his story on page 41

$5.00 Letter

Friend of a Star

ONE of the nicest things that has ever happened to me was the pleasure of being a schoolmate of Jean Parker's. Now that we are both away from school, and I in another city, I can still be with Jean in her pictures when they come to Santa Barbara. She will be Mae to me always and no matter how much makeup is used she comes forth in her own sweet and natural way each time. No producer could make her an actress — she was born that. I only wish that all of her fans could have known her in real life. She is an artist as well as an actress and just as good as an actress, too.—**Betty McAuliffe, 115 W. Islay St., Santa Barbara, Calif.**

"No producer could make Jean Parker an actress—she was born that"

$1.00 Letter

Now, Is He Mortified?

THERE'S only one thing more tiresome than being cross-examined and that's to hear Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante pull the same gags and go through the same nonsensical motions that made him famous many movies ago. The first few pictures he made were a scream but after that it became monotonous and about as funny as a crippled old lady

[*Continued on page* 74]

Letters of the CINEMA STOOGE

Hollywood's three wild men write a hilarious letter to The Stooge, telling him about the giddy city of the Cinema

Dear Stooge:

AFTER several requests from you for our impressions of Hollywood and for the $5.00 we owe you, we finally decided to give you our impressions of Hollywood as seen through the eyes of three stooges—which ought to be a lot better than seeing it through the eyes of one as we are sure your readers will agree.

"The impression is that all of the inhabitants are men. On closer examination there are women too, only they wear pants"

HOLLYWOOD is on the right as you go in, and as you walk down Hollywood Boulevard the impression is that all the inhabitants are men. But on closer examination you find that there are women too, only they wear pants. On the average, most of the women are nice. We know they are nice because they won't have anything to do with us.

ALL of the out of town visitors go to the prize fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium every Friday night where they are sure to see such cinema stars as Clark Gable, Lupe Velez, Mae West and The Three Stooges. The fights are usually pretty violent, but not half as rough as the battle for autographs afterwards. Some of these tourists will commit mayhem to get the stars' autographs.

"Some of these tourists will commit mayhem for an autograph"

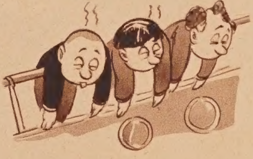
THE weather here is ideal—flowers everywhere, sunshine always, outside of a little fog. The men here wear the funniest combinations of clothes. Pants of checked flannel with coats of white linen and all such freaky styles. At first we thought they didn't have anything else to wear but we found out differently so now we are in style too. I wear my brown pants and Larry's blue coat and he wears my brown coat and his blue pants. Then we swap around like as if we had two suits apiece. Curly can't wear any of our clothes because of his size so we borrowed a grey checked coat from the wardrobe department to go with the green pants he still owes for.

LARRY
MOE
JERRY

HOMES in Hollywood are very beautiful, at least on the outside. We haven't been in any of them yet because we've only been here two years. Curly passed by a beautiful home in the Los Veliz district where a lot of the stars have their estates on his way to keep a date with a waitress in Pasadena. Well, he stopped in front of a gorgeous home and went up the front steps to see who lived there. It was Vic McLaglen's place. Suddenly a big bloodhound jumped out at Curly and we almost lost a partner then and there. As it was, we only lost the seat of Curly's pants—which is all right as he likes to sit down all the time anyway.

"A big bloodhound jumped out at Curly but all we lost was a seat of pants—and he likes to sit down anyway"

WE CAN'T tell you much about the picture studios. They won't let us in. Larry almost got a job in one picture. They wanted a fellow who looked like a musician. They called him in for an interview and when they found out he could play the violin they wouldn't take him. We finally got a break with Director Lewis Milestone in *The Captain Hates the Sea.* We were on the ocean a couple of weeks making this picture and boy, if the captain hates the sea any worse than we do, he's some hater. We went eighty miles out into the ocean by rail—we didn't dare get away from the rail, being that sick. And when we got back to terra firma we sure had a firma terra of water. We understand you can't stand the stuff either.



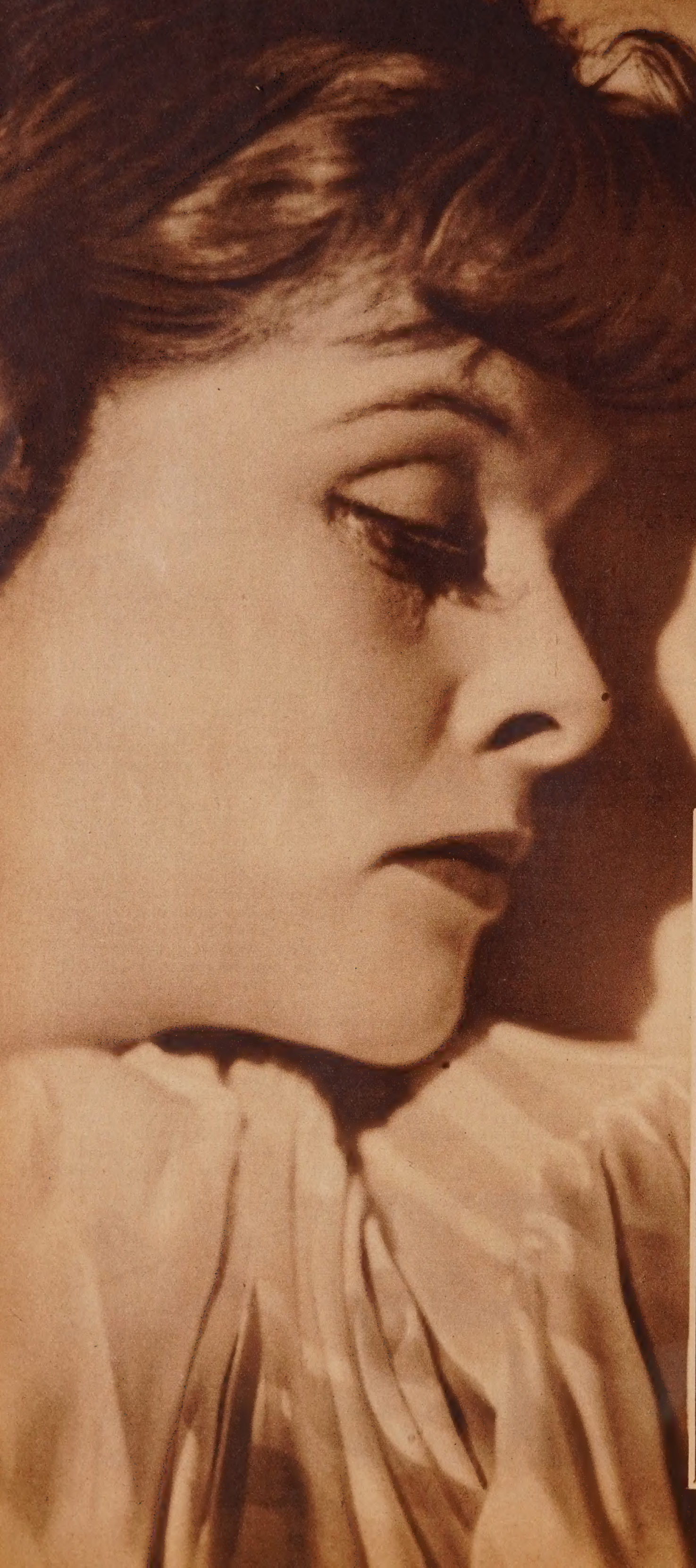
"We went eighty miles by rail—we didn't dare get away from that rail"

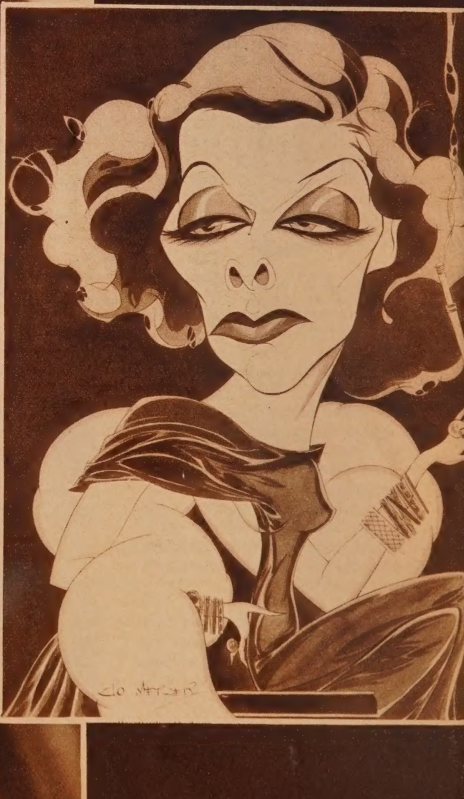
ALL in all, Hollywood is a grand place. For us it has been a land of promise. We've been promised more things than a candidate for congress can think of. Picture business is hard work, but we don't know which is hardest—the work or the recreation. We get up every morning at the crack of dawn, wide awake at eleven-thirty and start right in. Mondays we rehearse [*Continued on page 63*]

"Tuesday we rehearse kicks in the stomach until six-thirty p. m."

Two Views of Hepburn

One of Hollywood's master cameramen, Ernest A. Bachrach, presents his newest portrait of Katharine Hepburn, taken as the star reported for work in her newest picture, "Little Minister". Below, Jo Metzer, exclusive SCREEN BOOK caricaturist reveals how he sees the tempestuous Hepburn through the medium of his outspoken pen





SCREEN BOOK

NOVEMBER, 1934

Why I Am Leaving Pictures

Motherhood means more to Joan Blondell than a career—and as it is almost impossible to have both, she is now planning to make a courageous choice

By

Joan Blondell

as told to

S. R. MOOK

AT THE moment I am not so much concerned with why I'm leaving pictures as I am with working in some big words (such as professional writers use) to impress my fans, if any, with my versatility. Well, "versatility" will do for a start. If it also has to do for a finish, that's not my fault. I'm a home girl.

The reason I'm not so much concerned with my reasons for leaving the screen is because they're all quite clear in my mind.

I happened to marry my husband because I love him. Fortunately, he has photographed most of my pictures so the days I've been working we've been together. However, nobody works every day on a production—none of the actors, that is—and on the days I haven't worked I've been like a lost soul.

You may point out that in other walks of life the husband goes to work in the morning and comes home at night and they're separated during the day. That's true. But the movies and the theater are not "other walks of life." In the theater—and I was raised there—the husband and wife are together constantly. Sometimes that works out fine and sometimes it doesn't work out at all. In my case I can think of nothing that would be finer.

On the stage you know you're playing matinees Wednesday and Saturday and six nights a week. The rest of the time is your own and you can make your plans accordingly, knowing you'll be able to carry them out.

In the movies you never know where you are. Before I was married I had been working like a Trojan going from one picture to another. Finally, in order to avert a nervous breakdown, the studio promised me three days off after I finished a certain picture. Now three days may not seem like much to you. In fact, it's very little more than a week-end. But to me those three days sounded almost as alluring as a trip to Europe. It was only the thought of them that kept me going.

[*Continued on page* 58]

"What good would a baby be if I could see no more of it than I've seen of our home during the two years I have been married?" asks Joan Blondell. "I want to express my thanks to the thousands of fans who have stood by me through good pictures and bad"

Stars Have No Right to Private Lives

By Johnny Mack Brown

WHEN I hear about this star or that refusing to see interviewers, to be photographed, to go to a little extra trouble here and there for the sake of the people who patronize the movies, I wonder what goes on in that star's mind.

Does he—or she—just *forget* responsibility to the public?

That might be the kindest way to explain what sometimes happens. Any denial that such responsibility exists is, of course, absurd. Stop to think what it is that creates a star! Before he reaches the high places in motion picture work, with their high rewards in fame, money, and many other satisfactions, he can be selfish if he chooses. He represents no one but himself. He is an artist, working obscurely, and ordinarily for very little reward except the satisfaction of doing well what work he can find to do. Then he catches on! He suddenly finds himself chosen, elected, call it what you will, by a small but growing army of people. He suddenly means something not only to himself and his immediate associates and dependents, but to a certain very large group of people. Right at that moment he can no longer be selfish. That is, if he intends to accept the responsibility held forth to him. Right at that moment, he must make his choice between stardom, with its high rewards and *just as inevitably, its heavy responsibilities,* on the one hand, and remaining in obscurity, on the other. Having chosen, he should abide by his choice, and play the game.

Read the opposite side of this question as presented by Leslie Howard on page 41. Then write your own opinion to the editor

Mind you, no one is *forced* to become a star. If he thinks stardom isn't worth the responsibility it involves, let him refuse it, just as he would refuse the offer of a public office he felt he couldn't fill. Accepting stardom is like accepting a public office. It means that you are offered, and accept, a public trust; you represent a certain number of people. If you didn't, you wouldn't be a star. You couldn't, no matter how great an artist you might be, draw your big salary, win your wide-flung honors. You are paid, not for your individual prowess, but for the number of people your name will attract.

YOU see, a great artist who doesn't represent a large following is worth to motion picture producers only what his art contributes to the perfection of a picture. A popular star, on the other hand, means to producers that the star's name alone will bring into the theaters the people that star represents. It is because he has this large, loyal following that he is a star, and enjoys the rewards and privileges of a star.

Among the things he owes "his" public is the setting of an example, in his private life, that he may hold up to others with no fear that it may be detrimental to their welfare. His books, as it were, should be open to the public for inspection. What he is, what he does is no longer just his business. It is *their* business. And it is his duty to live a private life he isn't ashamed to let the public scrutinize. Nor should he be impatient because his followers frequently ask the same familiar and seemingly silly questions: What is your favorite breakfast food? What kind of sox do you wear? Do you prefer tennis to golf?

THE very intimacy and endless persistence of these questions should hammer home to any star the sense of his responsibility. If they—the movie fans of the land—are so interested in trivial details of his life, what must the effect of the more important phases of his life and conduct have upon them?

You see, the reason these seemingly silly and trivial questions are so often asked of stars is because admirers, hero-worshippers and heroine-worshippers of

Johnny Mack Brown has many loyal friends in Hollywood. Here he is seen with Mona Barrie at beautiful Lake Arrowhead, where they vacationed before starting work on *Police Ambulance*, a Columbia picture.

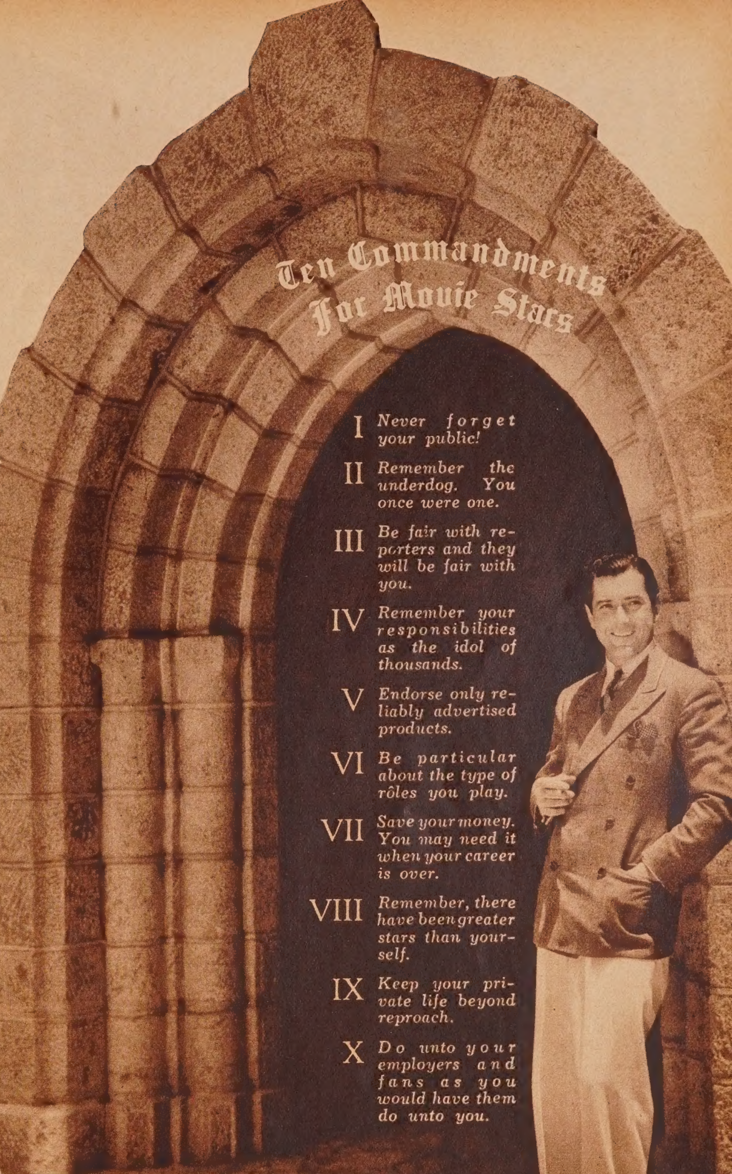
A popular star states his case frankly in this outspoken discussion of a problem on which many Hollywood stars are in violent disagreement

all ages among the screen audience wish to imitate the stars. There is usually a logical reason behind such queries. I'm pretty husky and healthy. If they find out how I eat, exercise, bathe and so on, doesn't it follow they might improve their own physical condition? Another star may be widely admired for his ability to wear clothes and his choice of them. The fan who admires this trait writes questions that pertain to that.

Who are you, Mister or Miss Star, to deny them an answer? To call such questions "silly?" There may be a great deal more logic and ordinary good sense behind the questions than behind your distaste for them, your occasional refusal to answer them, to grant interviews, to have photos taken, to make personal appearances, and so on.

I have heard stars and others say, "Surely the majority of the motion picture-going public isn't interested in the petty and inane details such as newspapers and movie magazines want to publish about us."

These stars evidently do not realize how close to [*Continued on page* 70]



Ten Commandments For Movie Stars

I *Never forget your public!*

II *Remember the underdog. You once were one.*

III *Be fair with reporters and they will be fair with you.*

IV *Remember your responsibilities as the idol of thousands.*

V *Endorse only reliably advertised products.*

VI *Be particular about the type of rôles you play.*

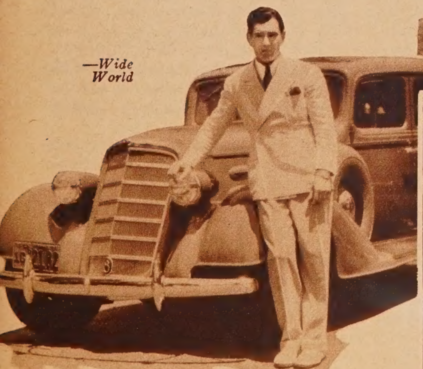
VII *Save your money. You may need it when your career is over.*

VIII *Remember, there have been greater stars than yourself.*

IX *Keep your private life beyond reproach.*

X *Do unto your employers and fans as you would have them do unto you.*

—Wide World



Johnny Mack is conservative. Here he is seen with a new car—a sturdy and comfortable but inexpensive Oldsmobile

Left: Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown with her young daughter. Johnny's wife is a non-professional, a soft spoken, charming Southern girl whom he wed in Alabama, where he won fame as a football star and later as a gridiron coach

"When that gambling club was raided I raced madly down there, hoping to pull you out of a window or something"

I am Ginger Rogers' Secretary!

And if it's the lowdown on this beautiful little star you want, Patty Dubuis can give it to you like no one else

A snapshot of the author, who, besides being Ginger Rogers' secretary, is her best friend and adviser

By Patty Dubuis

I AM Ginger Rogers' secretary. I specialize on Ginger, and claim to be, with her mother, the world's best authority on the singing and dancing redhead.

Just as I finished that last sentence Ginger jumped through the door. I mean "jumped." She doesn't walk—she doesn't glide—she jumps. It definitely becomes her.

Over my shoulder Ginger read that great truth and squealed!

"Oh, Patty, don't tell 'em that. Couldn't you say that I make graceful entrances in the approved 'great star' manner? And won't you please tell 'em that throngs follow me on the boulevard—instead of the truth, which is that nobody *ever* recognizes me! And don't say anything about the family Ford coupe that I drive—make it a Rolls Phaeton. Give me some mystery and some glamour."

No, Gingie, I'm telling the truth about you.

You know very well the reason you're never recognized. You look like such a baby. Like a small school kid who'd never have the sense or experience to sing and dance like Ginger Rogers.

Furthermore, you like that Ford coupe, and I like it, and I think it would be a dirty trick to publicly disown it after these years of faithfulness. You know perfectly well that the reason you stick to it is that you hate ostentation, and you see no reason for being the sole support of a high-falutin' phaeton.

I suppose you don't want me to tell the big bad public that you bounced out of bed at six o'clock yesterday morning and walked for miles up back of your house, in Griffith Park. And that your only companion was your mongrel pup, Yankee. No, I shouldn't tell that. I should say that a dainty breakfast was served in your room at noon (what about the bacon, eggs and hotcakes you ate when you got back from your hike!) and that after slithering out from between orchid satin sheets and dressing in a feathered chiffon negligée you took a turn around your balcony with your faithful Russian Wolfhound. Fooey!

Then, you'd like to have me confess that fan letters bore you—and that when you come yawning prettily into your office at home, you dismiss the bits of paper with a toss

[*Continued on page* 64]

Cagney Burns Up!

JIMMY CAGNEY can hardly be blamed for wanting to punch somebody on the nose. Well known for his willingness to aid fellow humans in distress and one of the few stars who have donated to and organized a great number of private charities, the red-haired Warner Brothers star has cause to be fighting mad over the fact that he has been made the goat of what appears to be merely a war between two political factions.

Beneath bold black headlines the recently published newspaper stories carried reports of charges that letters of Ella Winter, wife of the writer, Lincoln Steffens, allude to sums of money donated by a "Mr. Cagney" presumably for the use of Communistic political activity.

"While it is true that I know Ella Winters, who is the wife of Lincoln Steffens . . . neither has ever asked me to contribute to any cause," Jimmy denied indignantly. "If Ella Winters wrote such a letter as has been reported, and I can hardly believe she did, then she had no right to do so . . . it certainly would be ridiculous of me to align myself with any un-American movement. . . . I would be the first to suffer if these radical movements and agitations succeeded." Thought of personal danger and risk of being misunderstood or of having his charitable activities willfully misinterpreted, however, never deterred Cagney from aiding the less fortunate.

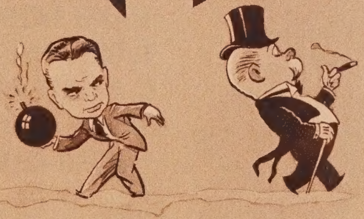
To his statement to the press he added: "The fact that I have achieved a certain amount of success hasn't blinded me to the fact that I owe something to my less fortunate fellow-man."

FURTHER opportunity for ungrounded and destructive attacks upon Cagney and upon a large number of other successful stars live in the general interest of the more intelligent members of the movie colony in sociology and social progress. Knowing that through the screen their art serves, inspires and lightens the burdens of the many rather than the comparatively few who can patronize the legitimate theater, these movie stars remain in close sympathy with the great mass of the American people.

It is a well-known fact that Jimmy is "radical" on certain subjects. One of the most important of these is his violent objection to the killing of animals and birds. He won't hunt or fish, so strong are his feelings on this subject, and it was only after considerable argument that he could be convinced to don hunting togs and pose with a gun and dog in a recent picture. Likewise he is radical on the subject of rôles in which he is called upon to hit, spank or otherwise mistreat a feminine player. In the musical picture, *Footlight Parade,* he refused definitely to oust Barbara Rogers from his dressing room with the aid of his foot. But most of the time he forces himself to humor his public, for after all that's where he gets his neat salary of something over $1,000 weekly. So much for this star's radical tendencies.

FURTHER than all this, the ridiculous "Communistic" charges against Cagney become even more amusing in face of the fact that stellar contracts bind stars NOT to identify themselves with any particular group—be it Communistic, Republican or Democrat—because such affiliations might detract from their popularity.

If you've been gullible enough to believe that Jimmy Cagney is in the bomb-throwing class, you've got him wrong. But Jimmy *would* like to see unemployment and poverty stricken from the globe—and he'll make a soap box speech to that effect if you like.

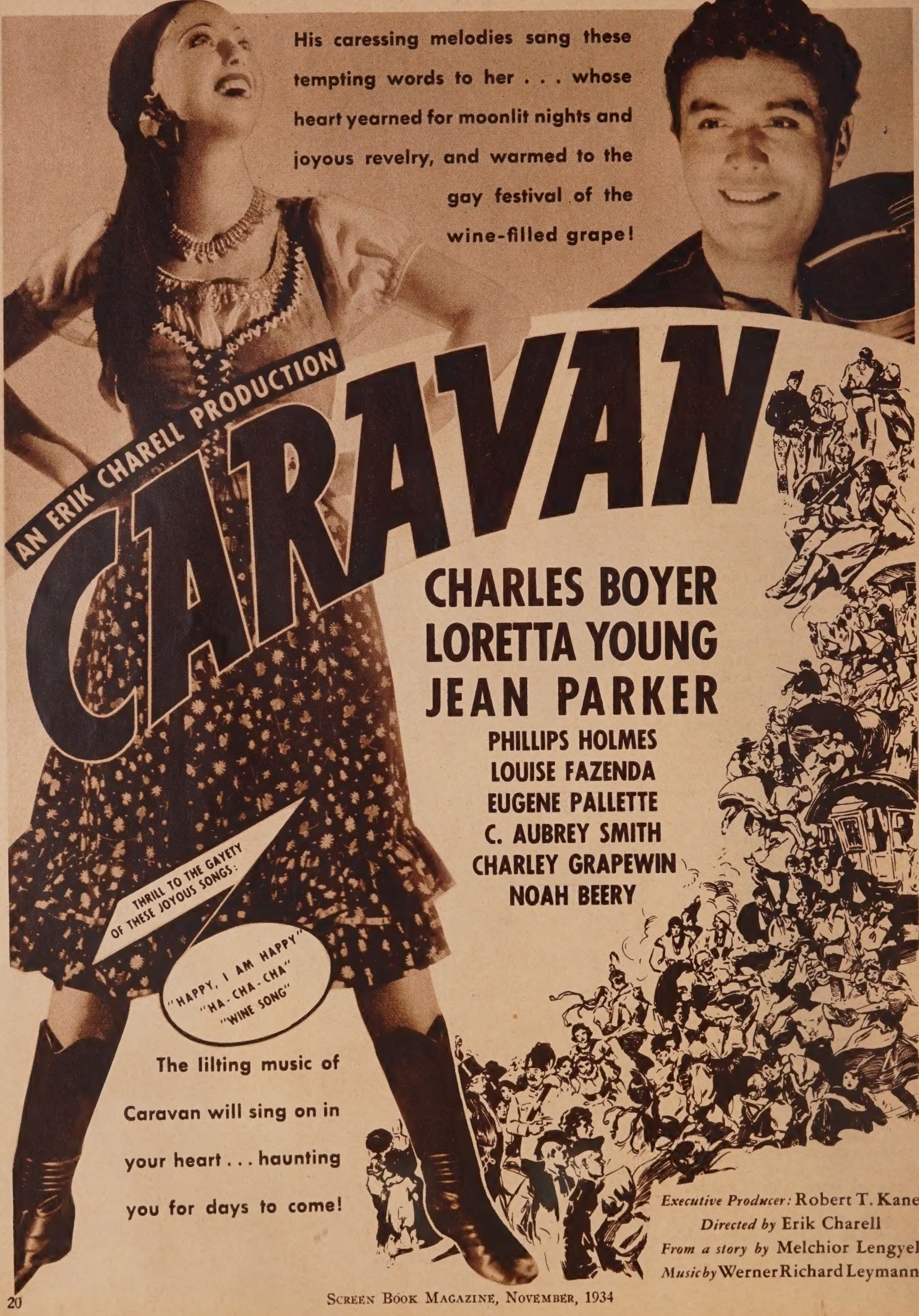


He's been called "Communistic!" because he dared to be generous, and if there's any bomb-throwing to be done, Jimmy would like to have those who issued the charges as a target

By
Clark Warren

One of the common people, but not a Communist. Below Jimmy is seen as a hardboiled truck driver in *A Perfect Weekend*

LIVE NOWHERE! . . REVEL ANYWHERE! . . LOVE EVERYWHERE!



His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES
LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE
C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
NOAH BEERY

THRILL TO THE GAYETY OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . haunting you for days to come!

Executive Producer: Robert T. Kane
Directed by Erik Charell
From a story by Melchior Lengyel
Music by Werner Richard Leymann

Will Rogers
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Screen Book's Autographed Portrait Album

Most sincerely
Clark Gable

Happiness always
Alice Faye

Good wishes –
Sincerely,
Carole Lombard

I've Had to PAY for Fame

In Rochelle Hudson's own story of her struggle for success you'll find facts you never before knew about Hollywood and the exciting business of being an actress

By Whitney Williams

AT EIGHTEEN, Rochelle Hudson stands on the threshold of a rich and glamorous career. Critics and public alike suddenly have come to the realization that in this trim, chestnut-haired young girl is an actress whose talent indubitably is a force to reckon with . . . and at the rate she's going now she should be one of the outstanding younger players by the end of the year.

Her interpretation of the hero-worshipping girl in *Such Women Are Dangerous* signalized her graduation from the ranks of passably-fair ingénues. Her scenes with Warner Baxter in that production convinced beyond a shadow of doubt that she could delve deeply, and expertly, in characterization. But in the fine gradations of that portrayal, and in her acting since, lies a story which very patently explains just why success is hers at so tender an age.

"I have had to *pay* for such fame as has come my way," she declares. "Whatever success I have been fortunate enough to achieve is not the result of dreaming about stardom or having a 'pull.' Nothing so simple as all that.

"Winning a distinctive place in any profession is never a matter of mere luck. Motion pictures and acting parallel in this respect law, medicine, engineering. One cannot win recognition without a certain native ability in any of these lines . . . and with that ability, hand in hand, goes HARD WORK.

"In my case, I have been studying and preparing myself for a professional career ever since I was four years old, and for all that I have done thus far on the screen I still feel I am practically beginning. New fields and problems appear daily that must be investigated and mastered, and with every rôle comes further realization that one is never finished with learning.

"At the age of four, I started to dance, and as I grew older I enlarged the scope of my study in that art. Every day until I came to Hollywood five years ago I practiced diligently, and took three lessons a week. After I reached Hollywood, I devoted even more time to it, because I felt that it developed carriage, rhythm, grace. It gave me poise and assurance.

"I also took piano lessons at a very early age and learned rhythm in the study of that instrument. Singing, which came a little later, developed my voice and taught me breathing, which is very important in the matter of expression.

"BY THE time I was ready to come to Hollywood, I had a good sound background upon which to draw for acting. It may surprise you to know I didn't plan to embark upon a screen career when I arrived here. I said that I've studied and prepared myself for a career ever since I was four. That is true . . . but this training, invaluable to the actress, was directed toward a dancing career. When I changed my plans and turned to the screen, all those things I had learned moulded perfectly into my new scheme of things. They served me in good stead, as though I had actually contemplated acting rather than dancing.

"In the five years I have been in Hollywood and on the screen, I've paid dearly for any fame I have attained or achieved. I've worked night and day, foregone theaters, parties, dates, to equip myself for rôles I knew I could win if only I were willing to apply myself and attend to business.

"Getting a choice rôle, I've discovered, depends upon one's ability and capacity for hard work. Of course, you can remain with the rank and file, if you prefer, playing straight parts that any other fairly good actress could play. But if you are looking beyond that, into the future, and have any ambitions at all regarding stardom, you must devote yourself to intelligent effort and endless self-denial.

"EARLY in my career, I started a rigid course in voice culture, diction, how best to conduct myself before the camera. I went to the best dramatic coach I could find in Hollywood for this training, and I'm still

[*Continued on page* 55]

"I started to dance at the age of four"

"You pay for movie fame by sacrifices and hard work . . . labor and study. There's no fun in acting . . . it's strict business"

The Stars Declare War on Shirley Temple!

To combat the menace of Shirley Temple, the stars threaten to see their own personal magicians. If they do, this is what will happen

If you can believe anything you read these days, Wynne Gibson will appear soon opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Baby, Take a Bottle.* If Wynne doesn't stop hitting the one Maurice is handing her, she'll never be in shape to start the picture

Cute little tike, isn't he? When interviewed by SCREEN BOOK about his successful campaign against Baby LeRoy, Wallace Beery leered at the reporter, broke a rattle over his head and bellowed, "Papa!" It's a malignant untruth, we say

Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie are planning to co-star in a picture if little Mr. Oakie can be taught a few words. From the look on little Jackie's face it will be a long time

Shirley Temple, not to be outdone, threatens to go into the vamping business. Here she appears with Adolphe Menjou, who is the latest of 10,000,000 Americans who have succumbed to her charms. And Adolphe a newly married man, too. Tch! Tch!

"Put 'er thar, podner!" Victor McLaglen, tipping the scales at twenty-four pounds, shakes hands with Randolph Scott as they meet for a frolic in the sandpile at Hollywood's municipal playground

The Myth of the Screen's $2,000,000 Heiress

Headlines proclaim the sensational beauty of *Crime Without Passion* a wealthy society girl—but here for the first time in SCREEN BOOK you can read the true story

Beautiful as Garbo—appealing as Carole Lombard, Whitney Bourne leaps to a prominent position in Hollywood with her first picture

Whitney Bourne

Here's to the City of
Boston
The Land of the Bean
and the Cod
Where the Lowells
speak only to Cabots
And the Cabots only
to God!

THAT'S how exclusive is Whitney Bourne, the sensational new picture discovery in *Crime Without Passion*. And what's more, in spite of all the genealogy and treasury that surround "the" Bournes, this poor little rich girl, is really a poor girl.

"I personally haven't a dime of my own, except what I earn," confided Whitney, when I point blank questioned her about the family purse.

"But, you are reputed to have over two million dollars in your own name," I divulged, thinking maybe she hadn't heard about it.

"Well, that's just a lot of society editor talk, and I'm afraid the income tax department will be grossly disappointed, if they take it seriously. Do you know, I actually live on a stringent budget? I take a dollar a day, and keep a record of everything I expend."

This may sound a little far-fetched, but somehow I believed Whitney, for she is almost native in her sincerity and candor.

To Paramount unquestionably goes the ribbon honors, for having made the ultra catch of the season. Socially, Whitney Bourne is absolutely topnotch, and although tanks of blue blood have trickled through the veins of her pedigreed cavalcade, Whitney, through some mark of fate, is full of good old red corpuscles, as was evidenced in her unspoiled demeanor and in every remark she made, when I visited with her at the studio. She claims kinship to a "black sheep" for having abandoned the ostentatious routine of her mater's domicile, but is as white as a lily, as far as I and everyone who works with her is concerned—she's so utterly human. Although Whitney never speaks about it, intimates say that her family is not in sympathy with her career and as a result, she is completely on her own, without a red cent of support from her own people. Someday, Whitney will be wealthy again, but it probably will be because she has struggled and suffered even as you and I to earn her own living.

WHITNEY was born in New York in 1914, and christened Helen, which name she has long dropped. Her mother was Helen Cole Whitney, daughter of "the" Charles F. Whitneys of Boston, wealthy Back Bay colonists. Her father is George Galt Bourne, whose seamstress fortune treadled from the Singer Sewing Machine Company, of which her paternal grandfather, the late Commodore (of the New York Yacht Club) Frederick G. Bourne, was chairman. She now is the step-daughter of Harvey Dow Gibson, chairman of the Emergency Relief Committee, her mother having married Mr. Gibson, following her divorce from Whitney's father in 1924.

By
Mildred Luber Duim

FROM the gloved hands of a French governess, Whitney was placed in fashionable Miss Hewitt's School, thence to Paris for the arts, and later to London for additional tutoring—then back to Paris, where she flung her Emily Posts into the River Seine. Here is a girl, reared in luxury, schooled in the curriculum of correct menus, who at a very tender age saw through the flimsiness and inanity of so-called society, and chose the footlights, instead of the Belgravia spotlights, as a future.

"Society—especially here in America, has no identification—no tradition whatsoever, and is on the whole to my belief a barren existence. It is void of individuality, and those striving to hold on to the slavish addictions of the set conventions, stunt their natural development. And I for one will not be subjected to their rigid code."

She talked freely and easily, in a soft mellow voice, unaffected, without trace of any Oxford complex, which so many of her deb-sisters unbecomingly acquire. This Junior Leaguer was frank—sometimes to the point of brutality, and I don't believe

[*Continued on page 72*]

THE genial gentleman who operates this excellent magazine will probably fire me right out of these nice glossy pages when he learns the truth.

I have never been to Hollywood!

Not that I can't discuss glibly and with an air of authenticity the vagaries and the goings-on of the screen luminaries. You'd be surprised how closely I follow the columns of the Coast chatterers and the pieces in the papers and the film publications. I know all about the Colony club, the Vendome, the Brown Derby, Sardi's and even something about Agua Caliente if you don't ask me to pronounce it. But I'm strictly a one-street man—Broadway—although very often when I've had too much tea with lemon I will assure the bartender that Broadway stretches its arms right into Hollywood—and even to Paris. Get me to tell you about that someday.

"Al hides himself in his apartment and begs you to come up—he's lonesome"

The Broadway Lowdown

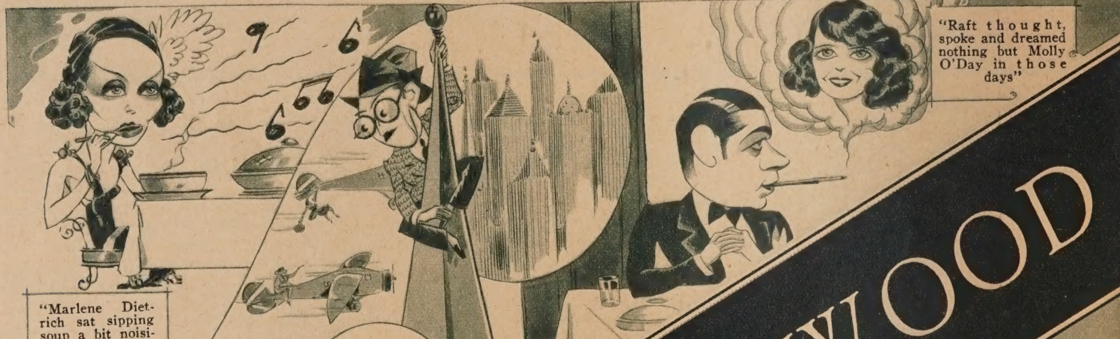
I'VE learned one thing, though, in my many years as a newspaperman. They can't trip you up on what your own eyes see and your own ears hear. And fortunately Hollywood comes to Broadway. That's when I have my innings.

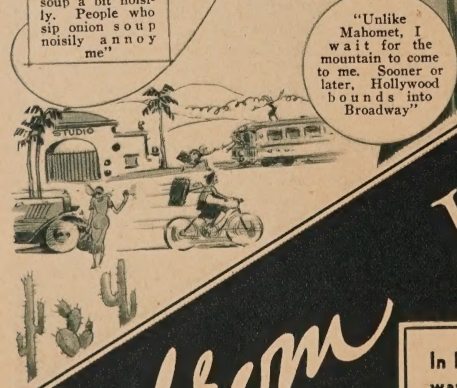
Now, I don't know just what Mr. Al Jolson does or says when he's in the well-advertised (and I presume justly so) sun-kist California clime but here on Broadway when he isn't sneaking off to Lum Fong's for a bowl of Yokka Main or to the Hickory House for a charcoal-grilled tenderloin, the fellow hides himself in his apartment and begs you to come up—he's lonesome. I mean, of course, when Ruby isn't in town. But Chevalier—there's a nightspot hound for you. You run into him everyhere, at every hour. Always appearing to have a good time. Robert Montgomery invades the snootier clubs and maintains an air of aloofness. Jimmy Durante walks up and down Broadway, complaining (but never refusing) of the touchmen and is a sucker for the night club operators, entertaining for hours at a time—and then paying his check.

Durante Goes Doggy

JIMMY admitted rather sheepishly, the last time I ran into him at the Palais Royale a few months ago, that he was putting on the dog. He had a new shirt—purple, and a brand new tie—green, neatly tied. That isn't the Jimmy we used to know before the pictures and radio got him. Jimmy never went in for hi-falutin' shirts and ties and clean finger nails. He was just a lovable chap who wore brown button shoes with swallow-tails. "I gotta t'ink of my family now," he explained. "I gotta guy what's givin' me ancestors—for a half a grand!"

from HOLLYWOOD


"Marlene Dietrich sat sipping soup a bit noisily. People who sip onion soup noisily annoy me"
"Unlike Mahomet, I wait for the mountain to come to me. Sooner or later, Hollywood bounds into Broadway"
"Raft thought, spoke and dreamed nothing but Molly O'Day in those days"

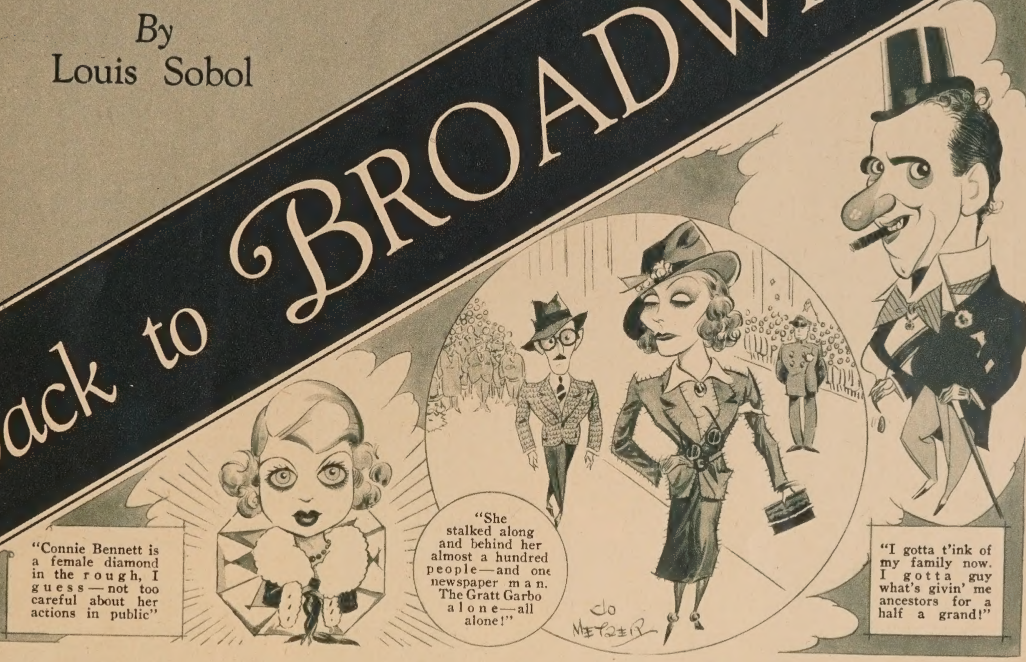


In his long years of service as one of Broadway's most popular columnists, Louis Sobol has formed firm friendships with the world's greatest stars of both stage and screen. His anecdotes, written simply and with a sparkling humor that is his alone, are true and exclusive to SCREEN BOOK. Watch for his articles on these pages every month

In this remarkable article you'll learn more about Hollywood favorites than in a dozen stories from the pen of an ordinary writer!

By
Louis Sobol

back to BROADWAY



"Connie Bennett is a female diamond in the rough, I guess—not too careful about her actions in public"

"She stalked along and behind her almost a hundred people—and one newspaper man. The Gratt Garbo alone—all alone!"

"I gotta t'ink of my family now. I gotta guy what's givin' me ancestors for a half a grand!"

My First Screen Love

THEY tell me Mary Pickford is gracious and sweet and generous but decidedly aloof on the Coast. She is gracious and sweet and generous in this neck of the ocean, too—but I've noticed no-stiff-backed aloofness. She's the lady who only a few months ago came into my office while I was tapping out my daily piece for the paper and waited quietly until I looked up—and stood up. And shyly stuck out her hand—and introduced herself! Perhaps, you'll understand a little more clearly when I tell you that she was my first screen heroine and screen love.

Joan's Sex Appeal

JOAN BLONDELL kept pretty much to herself the last time she was in town. I don't hold it against her because Joan was always a shy sort of gal. I knew her and had dinner with her often at the home of mutual friends when she was just an ambitious and not too pretty little actress. Frankly, I didn't think she would get very far because she appeared to have as much sex appeal as a fried carp. The cameramen certainly brought out something in her I didn't know existed. She finally got a nice rôle in a short-lived play called *Penny Arcade* where for the first time I watched the work of a promising youngster, who played opposite her—Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy comes back to Manhattan occasionally. I ran into him at a Warner opening at the Strand theater. He was standing in the lobby and Irving Hoffman, the caricaturist, brought him over and introduced him. I started to ask him questions but found that he was on the firing line instead.

"Garbo maintains her nun-like seclusion, usually stopping at the St. Moritz where instructions are that no one is to admit she's a guest"

Dietrich's Onion Soup

A COUPLE of seasons ago Marlene Dietrich—in skirts—with her legs uncrossed, sat in Sardi's sipping onion soup a bit noisily. People who sip onion soup noisily annoy me. I have been annoyed with the beautiful Marlene ever since.

Wild Man Oakie

I CAME near running Jack Oakie down one winter evening on 54th street at midnight. Bareheaded, his shirt opened at the neck, he was strutting up the middle of the street with cars whizzing by on either side of him. "What's the idea, Jack?" I yelled. "Jump in before you're bumped."

"Don't bother me," he snapped. "I'm thinking of a letter to write to my ma."

His favorite eating places were Dave's, Reuben's and occasionally Lindy's. At three or four in the morning, he'd grab you and plead, "Let's go somewhere, huh? Let's go to Barney's, what you say?"

[*Continued on page* 50]

HOLLYWOOD

Heather Angel needs no bodyguard as long as she is accompanied to work each morning by her pet Dalmatian

Crosbys Do A Garbo

"WE WANT A PICTURE OF BING CROSBY'S TWINS!" The demand comes from all over the country, but as SCREEN BOOK goes to press, Bing still is shying at photographers. Perhaps your editor can slip one in at the last minute—but if not, you'll just have to wait for the temperamental twins to get ready. Maybe they're holding out for a Paramount contract.

Brisson's New Hobby

THE favorite pastime of Carl Brisson, the mighty Dane with a golden voice, is snaring his favorite tunes off the radio with a wax recording apparatus. These "embalmed" tunes are carefully indexed so that he can hear them any time he chooses.

That's Love!

WE HAVE a soft spot reserved in our hearts for Fay Wray for the way she registered her opinion of her husband, John Monk Saunders. "I never fly away from him," she said, speaking of her swift airplane trips, "but I always fly to him." Whenever work calls, Fay leaves her husband by slow train.

Franchot Revolts

FRANCHOT TONE, a nifty dresser when he wants to be, goes in for comfortable old clothes on every possible occasion and frequently discards his ties. "They were invented," he says, "because man was sensitive about the prominence of the normal male Adam's apple."

Garbo Never Changes

GRETA GARBO'S tenth anniversary in Hollywood has come and gone, and in some ways the Swedish Sphinx has changed surprisingly little. Your reporter remembers going around the old Metro lot with her some nine years ago, accompanied by another pretty girl in a bathing suit, a press agent and a photographer. The idea was to get a gag picture showing Greta, comically ritzy, in the rear of an ancient Ford.

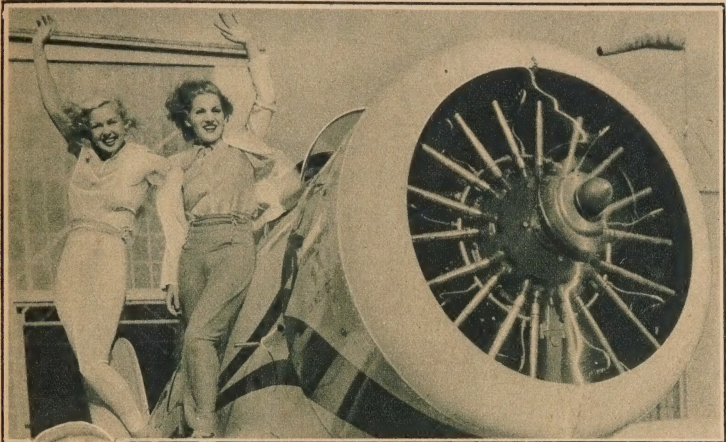
Clara Lou Sheridan, who appears in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, doesn't care about heat waves as long as she has a 200-pound cake of ice and an ice cream cone

Aaron Rosenberg, giant All-American guard, gives Alice Faye something to kick about as he shows her how to put her toe to the pigskin

We Want Mae West!

In a California city where censorship agitation is more severe than any other part of the country theater records show that Mae West's "I'm No Angel" broke all existing box office records. Not only that, but the picture was called back for a second run. The goodly folk out there feel about the same as the censor in the cartoon on page 52.

FLASHES



Let's stowaway! Toby Wing and Grace Bradley hopped aboard a Mexican-bound plane to enjoy the ready-made breeze from the propellor but lost their nerve when the pilot was about to hop off

Katharine Hepburn is now Hollywood's champion commuter, hopping back and forth between New York and the coast twice a month. She usually travels under the name of "Miss Hadley"

—*Wide World*

Greta was puzzled. In broken English she asked: "By why be so proud to ride in such and old car?"

His Personal Throne

HENRY ARMETTA, Italian comedian, is probably the only man in filmdom whose folding canvas chair, used for repose between scenes, was especially made for him. It's a particularly long, broad and short-legged affair. After a fellow player sat down in it the other day by accident, Armetta had lettered on the seat, "Henry Armetta—no touch!" But Hank sat down on it before the paint was dry, and now the seat of his trousers bears a sign you can read by mirror: "Henry Arm . . . no touch!"

Mistaken Identity

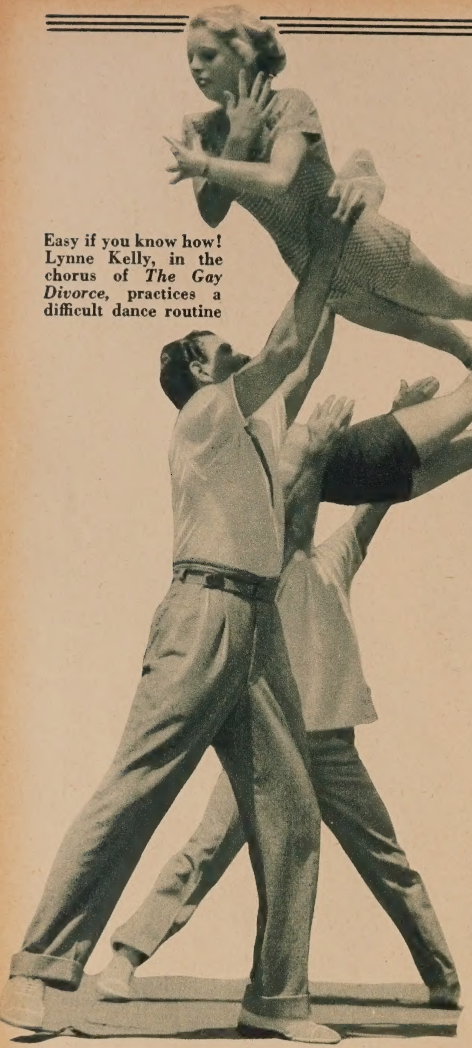
A STUDIO visitor at Paramount was asked to meet "Mr. Crosby and Mr. Brisson." He later protested that these men weren't Bing and Carl, after which the guide pointed out that they were the celebrities' brothers. "Now you know we're the wrong brothers," Everett declared, "and every Wednesday when we draw our buddies' pay checks we know it too!"

Expensive Mistakes

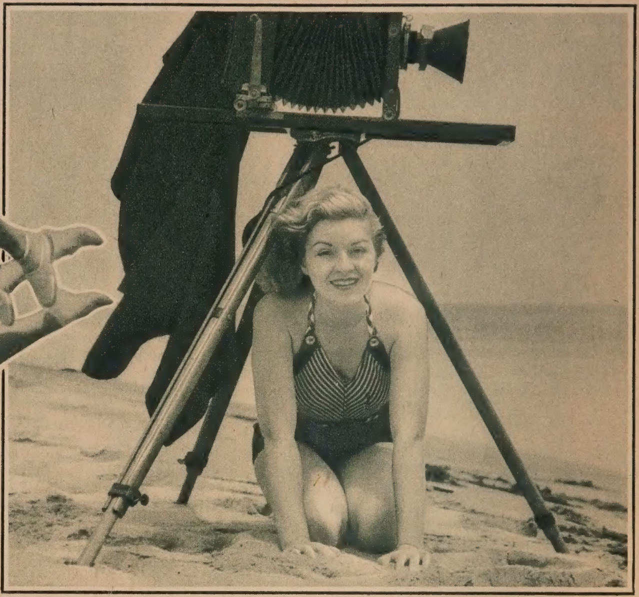
A CERTAIN film studio has what it calls the Five Foot Folly Shelf. The shelf is in the film vault, and it consists not of books but of circular tin cans containing film tests of those applicants for film jobs who at one time or another were turned down. "Folly

Garbo's Hideout Discovered!

While reporters were scurrying about Hollywood last month, trying to find the whereabouts of Garbo, she was miles away at Grand Manal, near St. Andrews, New Brunswick, on Canada's Halifax coastline, sunning herself on the rocks. As SCREEN BOOK'S tipper-offer trespassed by, catching a glimpse of Garbo attired in becoming brown riding breeches, woolen stockings and leather coat, the star looked up and waved him a cheery "adieu." That's the kind of girl Greta is—always saying goodbye before she says hello!



Easy if you know how! Lynne Kelly, in the chorus of *The Gay Divorce*, practices a difficult dance routine



Claire Trevor, who has just captured the highly-prized title rôle in *The State vs. Elinor Norton*, snapped on the beach with one of the cameras which has been following her around for months

Do you want to know really intimate facts about your favorites? See SCREEN BOOK Lowdown Chart on page 62!

Shelf" got its name when someone discovered the names of "Katharine Hepburn" and "Clark Gable" among the testees who were turned down.

Dolores Remodels

DESPITE the artistic perfection of her Santa Monica house, Dolores Del Rio felt the need of change, so has set about to redecorate her own quarters there. The house as it was, so very like the sets on which the star works, made Dolores feel like the postman who goes hiking on his vacation.

Can't Touch Colman

NOW that Ronald Colman's wife has obtained her divorce in England, the gossips are trying hard to link the star with someone, but it's quite a strain. The actor himself says he has no thought of a second marriage. Reports that he is interested in Virginia Pine in a romantic way are without foundation.

The Garbo Method

GRETA GARBO'S colored maid, Hazel, who worked with Claudette Colbert in the cast of Universal's *Imitation of Life*, gave Louise Beavers, the colored screen favorite some acting tips second hand from Garbo. Louise was duly grateful.

He's Not "The Killer"

WITHOUT explaining how his bodyguard came to be known as "The Killer," George Raft says that Mack is going to drop the humorous title. Wonder if that goes with the operation on Mack's nose, a little present that was bestowed by Raft at the same time he had his battered ear glorified by plastic surgery.

Changing Faces

SPEAKING of plastic surgery, many screen favorites have had their features remodeled, but few would ever admit it. Alice White, who had a more cute nose made for herself, is one of the few who frankly admits it. And certainly, it hasn't lost her any friends for Alice still receives more fan mail than 90% of the screen's feminine population.

Paralysis Victim Mends

FRIENDS of Pauline Garon, delightful French-Canadian actress, were delighted to learn that she has recovered completely from her attack of infantile paralysis and has returned to work on the set of *The Six Day Bike Rider*, starring Joe E. Brown.

Let's Get It Straight

SEEMS like the Duesenberg people are getting a lot of free publicity on Mae West's new car. You might like to know, however, that the machine is a twelve-cylinder Cadillac, special body and shiny black. It doesn't happen to be bullet-proof, either.

Elissa Landi, Inc.

ELISSA LANDI keeps in the news these days, in contrast to her quiet past. Now she's a member of the firm of Elissa Landi, Inc. That includes herself, her mother, Caroline Zanadri Landi, and her secretary, Mildred McClure. The reason for the star's incorporation is to expedite the handling of her film and writing business, as well as her various investments.

Darktown Stutterer

WHEN Oscar Smith, Paramount bootblack and screen player of some note appeared before the mike recently,

A rare candid camera shot. Binnie Barnes, noted English actress, watches her cousin, Edna Searle, adjust her slipper in preparation for a tap dancing number in *What Ladies Dream*, now being filmed at Universal studios in Hollywood

Time to retire! Joe E. Brown opens his prodigious cavern to show that his work in *The Six Day Bike Rider* is no snap

listeners thought that he was giving an imitation of Rosco Ates. Not so, Oscar merely stutters, on and off.

Who's Being Kidded?

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who will bite a reporter who comes too near her, just hates publicity, but that doesn't account for the fact that she has signed up with a clipping bureau to read everything that is written about her everywhere.

Jackie's Vacation

AFTER finishing *Treasure Island*, Jackie Cooper's mother decided to give the young player a trip to New York via the Panama Canal. But Jackie's earnings are being salted away, so it was necessary to get a court order for expense money. The court granted $2,900 for the little jaunt, which ought to provide a few little extras for Jackie and mama.

Jimmy a Soft Guy

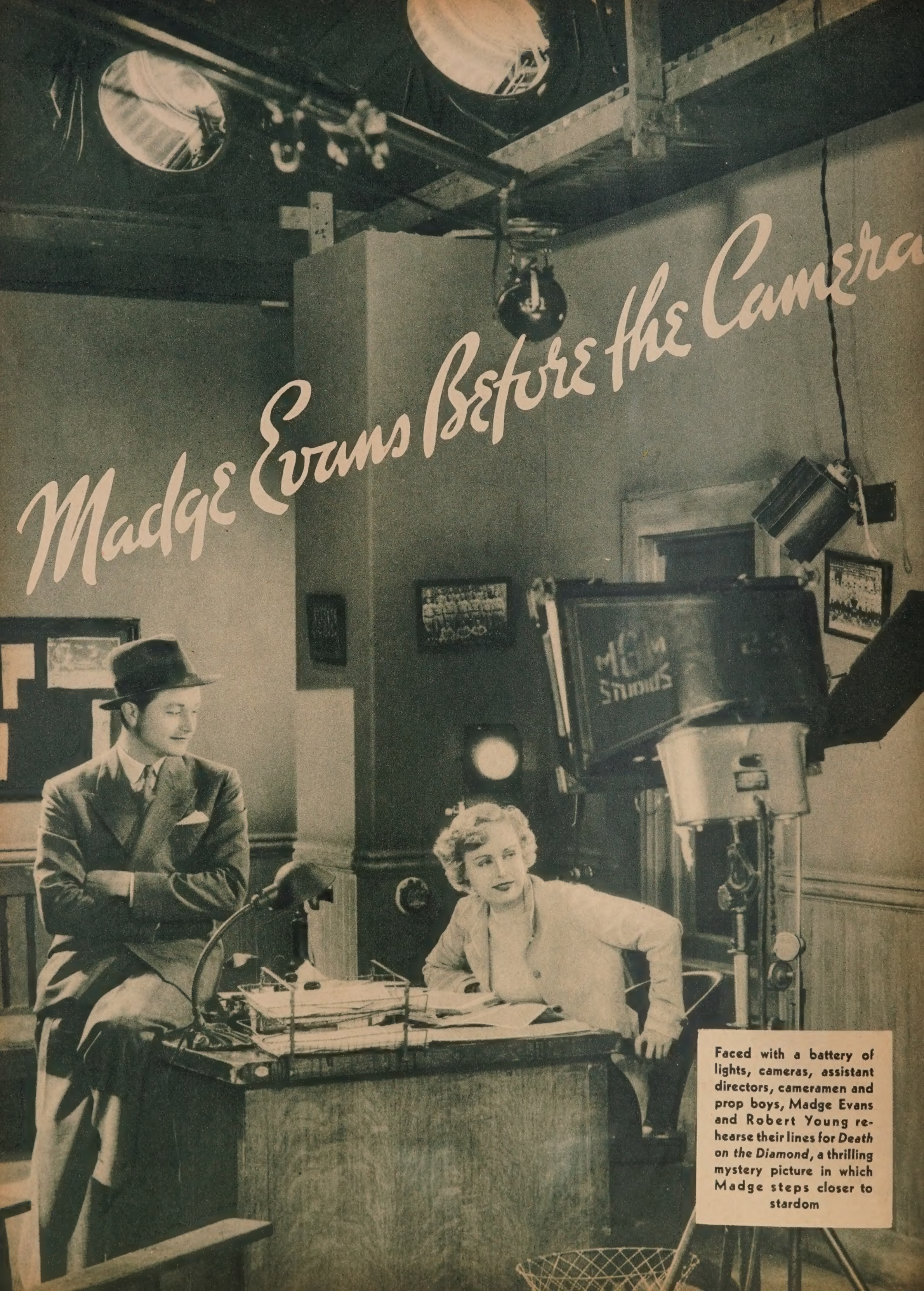
ELSEWHERE in this issue is the story of Jimmy Cagney's burn-up over charges that he contributed cash to the Communist cause. Let it here be recorded that all of Jimmy's friends have a ditto feeling about the episode, for Jimmy is known as a "soft touch," and he has often been urged not to let a little sentiment dig into his pocket book.

[*Continued on page* 59]

THEATRE
HARRY ST. CLAIR

Ever see a lovelier chorine? Her name is Dorothy Christie, who has beautified scores of pictures, the latest being Joe E. Brown's *The Six Day Bike Rider*

Madge Evans Before the Camera



Faced with a battery of lights, cameras, assistant directors, cameramen and prop boys, Madge Evans and Robert Young rehearse their lines for *Death on the Diamond*, a thrilling mystery picture in which Madge steps closer to stardom

– and in Private Life

Away from the camera Madge Evans spends much of her time on the spacious lawn of her Beverly Hills home romping with her three pet pups who think nothing at all of the fact that they are privileged to play with a movie favorite

LUCK DIDN'T MAKE *Norma Shearer a Star!*

In the final chapter of her remarkable life story, Norma Shearer rises from the depths of failure to conquer Hollywood, find lasting love and become the most talked of woman on the screen

SYNOPSIS of First Instalment: The Norma Shearer who led a quiet, sheltered life with her mother and father, sister and brother in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, Canada, fully expected that she would never have to work for a living. But a sudden reversal of family fortune stepped in to change her orderly existence. Forced to earn a living, she departed with her mother and sister, hoping to find work in New York as an actress. Poverty, disappointment and despair dogged her footsteps until she returned to Montreal, a self-confessed failure. Hardly had she arrived than word came of an offer and she rushed back to New York, to find the opportunity gone, and to face again her earlier struggles. With but a few small jobs in pictures, she turned to modeling while her mother clerked in one of New York's largest department stores. Norma was resigned to her lot, feeling certain that another opportunity would never come, but suddenly it did. Seemingly out of the blue sky, an offer came from L. B. Mayer studios in Hollywood—an offer which Norma promptly accepted and departed for Hollywood full of high hopes. Now continue the story.

Norma Shearer, to whom $100 a week was a fortune in 1924, fully expected that the studio paying such an enormous salary would certainly give her a royal welcome. As the train pulled into the station in Los Angeles she was fully prepared to face a gala reception committee. But there was no one to greet her. No flowers. No photographers. What was wrong, she wondered? Wasn't Hollywood prepared for her arrival? She felt like crying, but there wasn't even time for that—with luggage to be attended to and a suitable hotel to be found. That first day in Hollywood was extremely disheartening Norma Shearer today readily admits.

A recent photograph of Norma with her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr.

The following morning Norma paid her first visit to the studio for a conference with Irving Thalberg. At the office door she was greeted by a personable, dark-haired young man—an office boy, Norma thought. A minute later she was amazed when the young man sat at the huge desk himself, amused at her sudden confusion. She remained speechless, for somehow she had always imagined the Irving Thalberg who signed her first contract to be an older and much more dignified person.

From this point on, life started anew for Norma and her mother, but she had yet to see the end of disappointment and misery. Everything seemed to go wrong. Even her salary checks, which were all important at the moment failed to reach her. Two weeks went by without her receiving a salary. Two weeks in which she ate at cheap restaurants, afraid to ask the studio for money for fear they might be displeased. Finally, the checks did arrive—after being lost for two weeks in the mail.

Then there was her work. In spite of the fact that Norma was under contract she didn't seem to be making much headway. She hadn't been assigned to a picture, although she had been loaned to Famous Players Studio, where she appeared in one western picture with Jack Holt.

Time went by . . . and as the days slipped away the outlook for her future began to change. Work, now, was

DONUTS AND COFFEE 5¢
BEANS 10¢

Norma Shearer ate in cheap restaurants, afraid to ask the studio for money when she first came to Hollywood

Executives refused to let Norma Shearer play the title rôle in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. But with the help of a director she proved that no other actress was more deserving of the opportunity. Scene above shows her in the picture with Raymond Hackett

coming more regularly. Norma bought a little car in which she drove back and forth from the studio and took long rides with her mother through the cool Hollywood hills in the evening.

HER first pictures were *The Wanters* and *Pleasure Man,* followed by a long series of pictures in which she advanced from small parts to featured rôles and finally to stardom. From the start of her career, Norma took a keen interest in all phases of picture-making—the comparative value of stories, the value of a good wardrobe, and many mechanical matters to which the average actress paid scant attention.

It was this keen interest in her work that first brought her to Mr. Thalberg's office for the purpose of discussing plots and future roles. Norma fought and argued to secure parts in pictures which would advance her career. She didn't always succeed in getting what she wanted. Even tears, a woman's greatest weapon, failed to move the young but strong-minded production manager.

During one of her arguments with Thalberg, Norma suddenly decided to change her tactics. With studied poise she turned to him and said. "You know, Mr. Thalberg, I didn't need to come to this studio. After all, I had two offers before yours!"

Thalberg didn't answer, but his amused expression suddenly brought to mind the part a "Thalberg" had played in the other offers she had received from Hollywood. "Are you *the* Mr. Thalberg who made me an offer from Universal?" she asked.

"Not only that," Thalberg replied with a grin, "but also the other two offers you received."

Thalberg had never forgotten the young girl whose work in *The Stealers* and *Channing of the Northwest* had especially

[*Continued on page* 48]

By
Greta
Montabel

"I know how easily success and happiness can slip away. All we can do is to try our level best to keep them, and pray that they will stay with us"

SMASH HIT

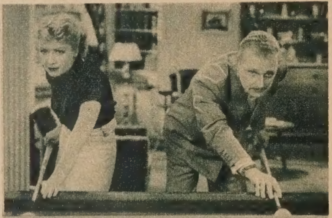
Joan and Clark Hit It Off Well in stirring drama

CHAINED

★★★★

This picture is one of those familiar triangle stories. Joan Crawford's employer, Otto Kruger, loves her, but can't get a divorce from his wife. So he sends her away to South America. On the boat she meets Clark Gable and Stuart Erwin, falling head over heels for Clark. The picture is splendidly enacted and should do for Joan what *It Happened One Night* did for Claudette Colbert. Clark Gable is more likeable and polished than ever in his rôle, proving that with each new picture he becomes more important on the cinema horizon as an acting genius. This smash hit is well worth your time and money.—*Metro.*

SMASH HIT



Miriam Hopkins in Search of Real, Honest Love

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

★★★★

A light and frothy tale of the "richest girl's" search for a man who loves her for herself alone, delightfully portrayed by Miriam Hopkins. Your opinion of such a girl's problems may differ from those in the story, but this picture which has the heroine posing as her own secretary is packed with fun and romance. Joel McCrea is the hero who finally makes good. Fay Wray, Reginald Denny and Henry Stephenson are outstanding in the supporting cast.—*Radio.*

Madge Evans and Bob Young in Love

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND

★★★

A thrilling baseball story with a romance between Madge Evans and Robert Young to give it added punch. Highspotting the picture is the mysterious death of a player who knocks a home run and is killed before he can score. Excellent support is given to the principals by Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and C. Henry Gordon.—*Metro.*

Attorney Solves Death Mystery

THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG

★★★

This new murder mystery with Warren William and Mary Astor is good entertainment. A howling dog adds to the eerie moments, and your critic won't spoil it by telling you why he howls. William is good as the noted criminal attorney and Mary Astor effective as the wife who is accused of murder.—*Warner.*

Lee Tracy Stars With Davie Holt

YOU BELONG TO ME

★★★

A realistic but somewhat slow picture dramatizing life in vaudeville. Little David Jack Holt steals the acting honors from Lee Tracy and Helen Morgan, who sings her torchy songs effectively. The story tells of a widowed actress who with her son falls into the clutches of a worthless hoofer. See it to meet Mr. Davie Holt, the talented child actor.—*Paramount.*

FOLLOW THE CRITIC'S *Choice!*

THE PAINTED VEIL

★★★★

Garbo again rises to the height of her greatness to make *The Painted Veil* one of the finest dramatic pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. As the wife of a doctor she turns to a lover when neglected, later rediscovering her first love in the death-haunted horrors of a Chinese jungle, proving herself a dramatic actress without a superior. Herbert Marshall, George Brent and Jean Hersholt offer fine dramatic performances to make this film an event of major importance.—*Metro.*

SMASH HIT

Loretta Young in a Musical Courtship with Charles Boyer

LOVETIME

★★★★

Seldom has the screen seen an operetta to equal in charm and beauty the story of *Lovetime.* Loretta Young is the Hungarian girl who returns to her country after her childhood education in England. She discovers that by the terms of her father's will she has one day in which to be wed. Out of spite she marries a gypsy, played by Charles Boyer, when she finds that her uncle has plotted matrimony with his own son, Phillips Holmes in mind. Amusing complications ensue, but a happy ending finds Loretta in the arms of Phillips. Loretta Young seems more beautiful than ever, and the entire cast turns in unusual performances.—*Fox.*

Thomas Meighan Jackie Cooper's Dad

PECK'S BAD BOY

★★★

The old tale by George W. Peck modernized and packed with satisfying entertainment for both old and young. Jackie Cooper does well as the boy and Thomas Meighan is excellent as the adopted father from whom the boy is estranged by his aunt and a hypocritical son, in the person of Jackie Searle. Dorothy Peterson turns in a finished performance.—*Principal.*

Russ Columbo's Final Role

WAKE UP AND DREAM

★★★

The romantic songs of the late Russ Columbo are outstanding in this pleasing story of the "busted" vaudeville team that finds a solution to its troubles. June Knight is appealing and Roger Pryor makes a hit as the man who promotes Columbo into the movies. Andy Devine is excellent.—*Universal.*

"Injuns" Pursue Gail Patrick and Billy

WAGON WHEELS

★★★

An excellent Western packing plenty of action, punch and epic quality. It deals with the first wagon caravan to cross the mountains, fighting Indians to break the trail to Oregon. Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton, Monte Blue and Billy Lee give stirring performances. A fine picture for those who like adventure, and a refreshing change.—*Paramount.*

SMASH HIT

Another Great Hit for Arliss

THE LAST GENTLEMAN

★★★★

What happens when an erratic old gentleman has a fortune to give away is ably portrayed by George Arliss, who manages his relatives' lives while they believe they are managing his. It is superb comedy with Edna Mae Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan outstanding in the supporting cast. As usual, the performance of Arliss is more than perfect. The picture is suited to the changing public taste and is certain to meet with instantaneous success.—*United Artists.*

Cantor is Back Again!

Owl-faced Eddie stirs a new riot of mirth in *Kid Millions*. Here are the first scenes from the picture!

1. Eddie Cantor with his leading lady, Ann Sothern

2. A collection of stunning chorus ladies

3. Eddie gets eye trouble from looking at the beauties aboard his yacht — and so will you!

4. Ethel Merman singing *An Earful of Music*

5. Betty Joy Hayward, one of the film's cutest

6. Ethel Merman and Eddie in blackface, appearing in a spectacular number from *Kid Millions*

Leslie Howard's *Last Interview*

In which the star, after receiving hundreds of letters from SCREEN BOOK readers, tells why he is going to "do a Garbo"

By Frank McNaughton

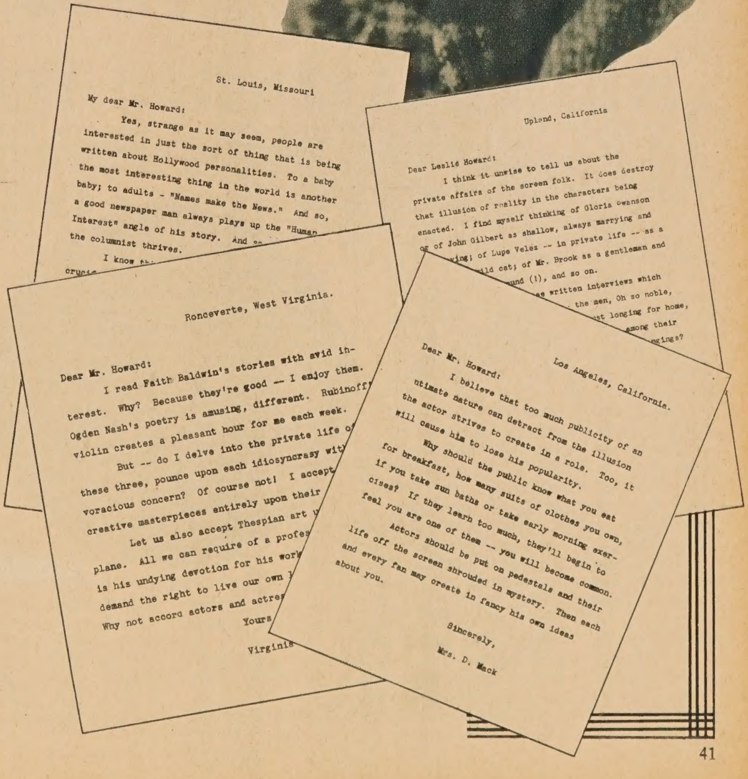
LESLIE HOWARD is going to do a Garbo! In the future, insofar as giving out "interviews" on his private life, his tastes, personality off the screen and other mysteries writers such as myself probe into, he is going to out-Sphinx Sweden's most famous daughter and Hepburn too.

I had heard the rumor, first that he contemplated such a move, then that he had actually decided for it. Letters had poured in on him in a flood, some of them inspired by a letter of his own, printed some time ago in SCREEN BOOK. A surprising number of fans, I learned later, had urged him to follow his inclination and go into the silences!

Yet I couldn't quite credit such a rumor until I finally cornered him between mounds of baggage just about to shove off for England and his vacation from Hollywood and pictures. *The British Agent* was at last completed, and he could talk.

"Yes," he admitted, "this is probably the last interview I will give. After thinking it over for months, I have decided to taboo all these devices for holding one's private life up for the inspection of the whole world. It is a thing I have always resented, something that never seemed quite *right* to me."

He looked at me quizzically, while lighting our cigarettes, and suddenly burst forth: "Look here, old chap! Consider it [*Continued on page* 53]



St. Louis, Missouri

My dear Mr. Howard:

Yes, strange as it may seem, people are interested in just the sort of thing that is being written about Hollywood personalities. To a baby the most interesting thing in the world is another baby; to adults - "Names make the News." And so, a good newspaper man always plays up the "Human Interest" angle of his story. And s

the columnist thrives.

I know

Upland, California

Dear Leslie Howard:

I think it unwise to tell us about the private affairs of the screen folk. It does destroy that illusion of reality in the characters being enacted. I find myself thinking of Gloria Swanson or of John Gilbert as shallow, always marrying and

wing; of Lupe Velez -- in private life -- as a

ild cat; of Mr. Brook as a gentleman and

und (1), and so on.

e written interviews which

the men, Oh so noble,

st longing for home,

among their

ngings?

Ronceverte, West Virginia.

Dear Mr. Howard:

I read Faith Baldwin's stories with avid interest. Why? Because they're good -- I enjoy them. Ogden Nash's poetry is amusing, different. Rubinoff

violin creates a pleasant hour for me each week.

But -- do I delve into the private life o

these three, pounce upon each idiosyncrasy wit

voracious concern? Of course not! I accept

creative masterpieces entirely upon their

Let us also accept Thespian art

plane. All we can require of a profes

is his undying devotion for his work

demand the right to live our own

Why not accord actors and actre

Yours

Virginia

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Howard:

I believe that too much publicity of an intimate nature can detract from the illusion the actor strives to create in a role. Too, it will cause him to lose his popularity.

Why should the public know what you eat for breakfast, how many suits of clothes you own, if you take sun baths or take early morning exercises? If they learn too much, they'll begin to feel you are one of them -- you will become common.

Actors should be put on pedestals and their life off the screen shrouded in mystery. Then each and every fan may create in fancy his own ideas about you.

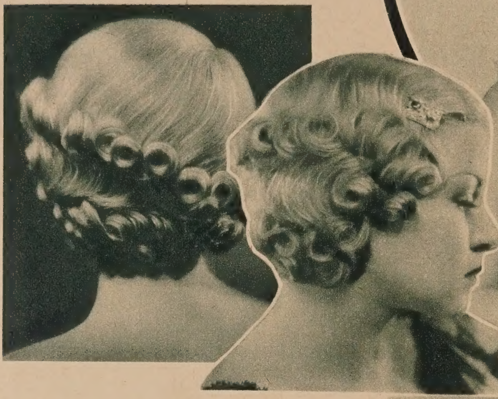
Sincerely,

Mrs. D. Mack

NEW COIFFURES GO HIGHER

Charm

By
Janet Lynn



Claire Trevor's coiffure is an excellent example of the new trend in hair styles. It is brushed smoothly back from the face and arranged in flat, moulded curls that cling closely to her head

Madge Bellamy introduces the distinctive new forehead curls which are exceedingly becoming to girls of the piquant type

THE uplift movements in coiffures, which got off to a feeble start in 1933 is being pushed harder than ever for 1935. . . . Hair stylists say that the hair *must* be worn up and off the neck this winter because of the pancake beret type of millinery that exposes the back of the head.

The hair should be arranged in soft curls high on the back of the head, but these curls must not be of the fluffy or tendril type. They must be flat, molded ones that cling to the head and do not destroy its contour. Around the face the hair must be smooth, sleek looking. The most accepted style is one in which the hair sweeps back off the face, absolutely straight, or with only the barest suggestion of a wave.

Tiny jewelled ornaments and fresh flowers such as gardenias and camellias are going to be worn for evening again. Some will be placed at the sides and back of the hair, but most of them will be worn on top of the head, to accentuate the upward trend of the coiffure. . . . Bangs of a sort will be worn by those women to whom they are particularly becoming, but only to those. . . . And they are so different looking this year, they can't strictly be called bangs. . . . They're really a mass of flat curls, meandering down over the forehead in a quaint way.

This new style of hairdress is very feminine and picturesque and—is becoming, thank goodness, to practically every type. The only woman it does slight is the one with a long, thin neck, and she will do well to ignore the new style and cling to the more flattering cluster of roll curls at the nape of her neck. Of course, she can have a row or two of curls mounting up one side of the head, in addition to the curls at the nape of the neck, to make her coiffure seem more up-to-date.

Like most romantic hairstyles, this one is designed primarily for the woman with oval face and fairly regular features, but it can be readily adapted to the long, narrow face, the fat face, and all sorts of oddly shaped features. . . . The girl with a long, thin face, for example, as well as the one with a troublesomely large nose, will find the coiffure most becoming if she cuts a section of hair in front and fashions a cluster of flat curls in the center of her forehead. . . . These curls should not extend down to the eyebrows, but should cover about half of the forehead. This mass of curls above the nose will minimize its size in a most remarkable way and the curls climbing up the back of the head will also have the happy effect of counter-balancing the bulk of the nose and making it seem less conspicuous.

The girl with a round or fat face must modify the 1935 coiffure only slightly. . . . She must not, of course, wear bangs or curls on her forehead, nor permit the coiffure to be the least bit fluffy at any point. . . . She should have her hair parted on the side and brushed back smoothly, like a satin cap, for waves and curls around the plump face only make it look more moon-like than ever. . . . In the back, the curls should mount upward on slant or swirl, to make the

Free Beauty Advice

Along with her free replies to any questions pertaining to beauty, Janet Lynn now offers another unusual service. To all readers who include a distinct snapshot which shows the face clearly, Miss Lynn will send a letter, telling how make-up may be applied to increase charm. Be sure to print your name and address carefully on back of each snapshot, to prevent them from being lost. Address your letters to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing a three cent stamp (U. S. Postage Only.)

head seem narrower. Claire Trevor's hairstyle illustrates exactly what I mean. Its smooth, unwaved expanses, contrasting with the definitely outlined curls, form the ideal coiffure for the person with fat face and short neck.

You will notice that Miss Trevor's hair is a trifle lower on the neck than is considered *chic* for 1935. . . . That is because her cameraman and director will not allow her to cut it shorter—no matter what Fifth Avenue or Paris may dictate. . . . The demands of the camera, which is kinder to long hair than to short, must be met, Claire realizes, so she compromises by keeping her hair shorter at the sides.

IF YOU are dissatisfied with your hairstyle every time you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror, write to me, enclosing a reasonably clear snapshot, and I'll tell you how to dress your hair in a flattering and exciting new style. I can't do this, of course, if you fail to send the picture of yourself, or merely tell me that you are blonde and lanky. I must know about the shape and size of your head and neck and the general cast of your features. . . . And don't forget the three cent stamp for my reply!

There's one thing necessary before you can hope to dress your hair successfully in this new 1935 style, and that's a permanent wave with curly ends. . . . If you *don't* have one, you can expect your high-piled curls to straighten out and fall limply down the back of your neck thirty minutes after you curl them! No hair has the body required to make those ringlets stay perched up high, unless it is permanently waved. There is a certain method of permanent waving that gives even the finest, limpest hair sufficient body and elasticity, you may be interested in knowing. This system is used in most beauty shops and the machine is so highly perfected that failures are

[*Continued on page* 60]

The Blushing Bride

When she wore this bridal costume in *Romance in the Rain*, Heather Angel little suspected that she would be married soon. But cupid caught up with her only a week later. Now she's Mrs. Ralph Forbes

NOBODY NEED BE SKINNY
HERE'S HOW TO ADD POUNDS AND ATTRACTIVE CURVES —QUICK!
IF I ONLY HAD YOUR FIGURE, PEP AND CHARM
SKINNY?

NEW DISCOVERY ADDS POUNDS —double quick!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times, iron added

NO NEED to be "skinny" when this new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time!*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated *7* times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast,* imported from Europe —the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

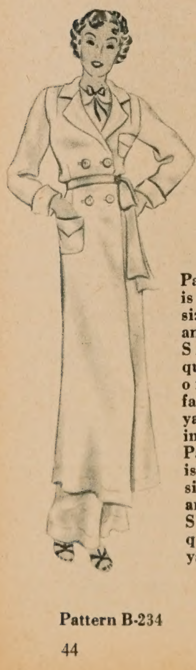
Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

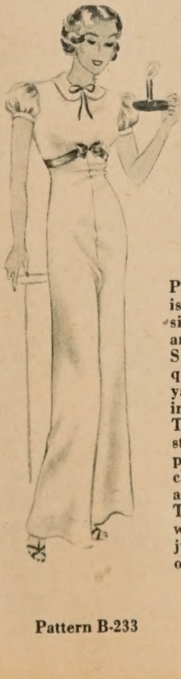
Charm Star PATTERNS

By Jane Carroll

AS SCREEN BOOK'S new Fashion Editor, my first job was to bring you something different for your wardrobes—straight from Hollywood. I believe I was exceedingly lucky to persuade Ida Lupino to let me have a pattern of her adorable pajama ensemble, and to be given gracious permission by Hazel Forbes to adapt for your use what I think to be the most exquisite of all the lovely dresses in her wardrobe. At the right are photographs of Ida and Hazel as they appear in these creations and below appear the same frocks as sketched by SCREEN BOOK'S artist. Study them and then examine the two little sketches and descriptions. You'll see how really simple they are to make and yet how smart. I'll wager that you'd never be able to duplicate either of these at the price you'd care to pay. You won't have to scrimp and save for the luxury of wearing an exact duplicate of Ida's pajamas or donning a smart creation like that worn by Hazel Forbes. Remember, SCREEN BOOK'S patterns are always accompanied by a simple sewing chart.

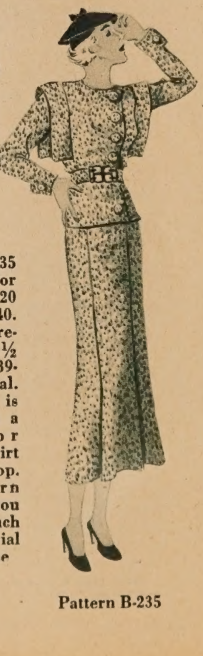


Pattern B-234



Pattern B-233

Pattern B-233 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch fabric and 1⅝ yards of one-inch ribbon. Pattern B-234 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 39 inch fabric



Pattern B-235

Pattern B-235 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. This dress is stunning in a plaid or checked skirt and plain top. The pattern will tell you just how much of the material to purchase

Send for these smart pattern offerings modeled by Ida Lupino and Hazel Forbes. They'll help you to be as well-dressed as the stars in Hollywood!

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed ...... cents, please send me

☐ Pattern B-233, Ida Lupino's pajama outfit.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B-234, Ida Lupino's pajama coat.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern B-235, Hazel Forbes, afternoon frock.

Size .... Bust ....

☐ SCREEN BOOK'S Fall and Winter Pattern Catalogue.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... **State** ....

All pattern orders filled promptly. Place checks in squares above to indicate your order. Patterns are 15c each. When ordered in combination, one pattern and the pattern catalogue, the price is 25c.

Sailor Woos Toby

Toby Wing displays the letter she received from a sailor who, smitten with her charms, made her a guest by proxy on the ship which carried President Roosevelt on his vacation

Money Matters

MITZI GREEN, now a grown-up young lady, signs a picture contract with a salary which graduates from $1,250 to $2,000 per week.

Gary Cooper's father asking $50,000 for injuries sustained in a recent automobile accident.

Nils Asther in court to explain alleged failure to catch up with alimony payments to former wife, said payments supposedly being $5,000 in arrears.

Pretty Anne Shirley contracted to Radio Pictures at a salary which starts at $225 weekly. Contract was approved by the courts.

Estimated cost of Hecht and MacArthur location trip for the Jimmy Savo Russian comedy epic is $1,000 an hour while shooting, most of cost going to salaries for company, in which there are approximately 1,000 persons.

The cost of that beautiful aquarium which you will see as a background for a penthouse in *Imitation of Life* was constructed right on the Universal lot at a cost of $10,000.

The record money-maker among pictures is—guess! *The Singin' Fool*, starring Al Jolson, which brought $5,000,000 worth of box office music. Second on the list of all-time box office champs is *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* which rang the bell at $4,500,000.

Blonde Hair must be EVEN *and* LUSTROUS *to be Really Beautiful*

Be Sure of Lovely EVEN tints--Use Marchand's

Uneven or dull blonde hair is so unattractive and so unnecessary—*really unnecessary when MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH is being used so successfully to EVEN-UP and to brighten blonde hair.*

No matter what you've tried or how you've tried before—if you want lovely natural-looking blonde hair use MARCHAND'S. Marchand's is not a dye or a powder. It comes to you prepared, in liquid form. That's one reason why it is easier to get even, uniform results with MARCHAND'S It has a lasting effect on the hair, it will not wash out or come off. Thousands of blondes have found there is one fine reliable product that can be depended upon to produce clear EVEN tints —and that is MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G.1134
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name..

Address............ City .... State..........

. . . Helps to AVOID COLDS
VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL
for
Nose & Throat

USED at the first sign of nasal irritation—just a few drops up each nostril—Vicks Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat . . . *where most colds start* . . . Va-tro-nol aids and gently stimulates the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds.

If irritation has led to stuffiness, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes —clears away clogging mucus—enables you again to breathe freely. Welcome relief for the discomforts of head colds and nasal catarrh.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real medication* —yet is *perfectly safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle always handy—at home and at work.

***Note!* For Your Protection**

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol.*

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

CAROLE LOMBARD *and* GARY COOPER
In Paramount's "NOW AND FOREVER"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

AWAKEN *Romance with the Charm of Beauty*

Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

BEAUTY'S secret of attraction is color. This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up...Color Harmony Make-Up ...created by Max Factor...Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You, too, can enhance the attraction of your beauty with color harmony make-up . . . for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

POWDER

To create a satin-smooth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde colorings . . . Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is the color harmony shade.

ROUGE

Now a touch of Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge . . . Harmonizing in color and creamy-smooth in texture . . . it blends and clings perfectly.

LIPSTICK

...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony. It is moisture-proof, the color remains permanent, and uniform for hours.

*Max Factor * Hollywood*
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California.

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

✱ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* FREE **5-11-77**

NAME

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CITY STATE

Let's GO Domestic

Why not give a Hollywood Progressive Dinner for your Hallowe'en celebration? SCREEN BOOK'S famous cooking expert tells how to do it beautifully and with little expense

By Ida Bailey Allen

IT IS quite wonderful to be popular and entertained a lot, but sometimes it is difficult to reciprocate the invitations and entertain in return, especially if you are a business or professional girl, with little space and money, or a young married couple just starting out in one room and a kitchenette.

Five girls I know found themselves with many invitations to return. None of them had space, time, or money to entertain a crowd, yet they were socially obligated to more than a dozen friends. This is how they put their heads together and solved the problem:

"Let's have a progressive dinner," one of them suggested, "the kind where you eat one course in each house and travel around in cars."

"And let's give it on Hallowe'en," some one added. No sooner said than planned. As there were five girls, they decided to serve five courses. Jean lived in a big studio—just the place to serve the cocktails and canapés. "I'd better have dry sherry, too," Jean added, "some people prefer it to cocktails and it's smart to serve first."

Marie also lived in one big room, but it boasted a fireplace, and she owned a large silver tureen that had belonged to her grandmother. "I'd like to make the most of these assets," she said, "and serve soup in that tureen and show it off, onion soup like that I had at Montmartre at four in the morning when I was in France, last year. And I want to serve it on a table in front of the fireplace."

Jane had recently married and boasted a dining room and a real kitchen. "I'll serve the main course," she said, "I have more time and more room than the rest of you, besides Jim and I are both working, so that really divides up the expense."

Dorothy also boasted a dining room, so the fourth course—the salad—fell to her; and as Barbara was the proud owner of a game room, they decided to make that the last stop, serve the dessert, coffee, and liqueur there, and spend the rest of the evening playing Hallowe'en games. Each hostess was not only entirely responsible for her own course, but for its service and the decorations as well. These were kept secret from the other hostesses.

Here is the complete menu and the decorations as they were finally worked out:

A PROGRESSIVE HALLOWE'EN DINNER SERVED FROM EIGHT O'CLOCK ON

1. **First House:** Cocktails, dry sherry and assorted canapés—served in the living room. Side table or tea wagon, ar-

Try These Delicious Canapés!

Recipe for Devilled Crab-Meat Canapés: **Pick over and flake one-fourth pound can of crab-meat. Add one-half green pepper, mince fine; and blend with mayonnaise combined with a little lemon juice. Cut thin slices of white bread in diamond shaped pieces; and spread with butter creamed with a little prepared mustard. Spread the crab-meat mixture smoothly on prepared bread; and garnish each canapé with a slice of stuffed olive.**

June Knight displays the delicious canapés which she offered as her share of a recent Hollywood progressive dinner

A New Cagney Romance

Every bit as handsome as his brother Jimmy and almost as popular, Bill Cagney is appearing next opposite June Collyer in *Stratosphere*, a Monogram picture

ranged for service of salted nuts, olives, potato chips, the canapés, etc.

Decorations: Autumn leaves, bittersweet vines, and button chrysanthemums.

2. **Second House:** Onion soup—served from a tureen by the hostess at a table before the fire. Bread sticks or Melba toast as an accompaniment. Table set with peasant linen. Centerpiece of autumn flowers and orange candles.

3. **Third House:** Ham baked with pineapple rings; pan roast potatoes; peas and carrots in cream—served in the dining room. Table and room decorated with vegetables and lighted candles, stuck in holders made from potatoes and large carrots.

4. **Fourth House:** Jellied cucumber relish salad and cheese biscuits—served in the dining room. Centerpiece consisting of one large lighted Jack-o'-lantern; no other lights. Room decorated with cornstalks, scarecrows and ghosts.

5. **Fifth House:** Preserved ginger sundaes, Hallowe'en Fortune cake, coffee and benedictine. Served in the game room decorated with ghosts, cornstalks, skeletons and with dim lights.

EACH hostess secured an assistant to help with the service of the food which was done throughout in buffet style. For after all, it is a rather big undertaking to serve twenty people easily and well in any case, but especially so when you are busy at a job till five. Such amusing looking waiters were never seen before or since.

A clown with a rooster's head served the cocktails; a wizened old witch dispensed onion soup and read your palm as you ate it; a chef with a waxed mustache and rakish cap carved the ham; a phosphorescent wired ghost flitted about with the salads, while banshees wailed from heaven knows where; and two brownies served the dessert and coffee.

I am sure many of you will want to duplicate this Hallowe'en Progressive Dinner. So here are the recipes for the foods you may not know how to make. By the way, all of the measurements are

[*Continued on page* 54]

Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

* * *

If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. **The excess fat simply slips away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

Since 1907, more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? And it is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

Marmola is on sale by all dealers.

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

DO YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS?

IF SO, WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON SIROIL!

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from psoriasis. Siroil applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if it does not relieve you within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

SIROIL LABORATORIES INC.
1214 Griswold St., Dept. 3 Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________State__________

"So Glad I Learned About These Clopay 15¢ WINDOW SHADES"

IMAGINE SUCH COSTLY-LOOKING SHADES ONLY 15¢ EACH!
16 PATTERNS All With Clopay *EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

WHAT a welcome discovery when I learned about Clopay Window Shades! I never dreamed such low-priced shades could be so lovely, so durable or have so many features found in no other kind. Their *patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers, too, by moistening *patented gummed strip. *Trim only one side, too, to fit narrow windows. *Wide choice of solid colors or distinctive chintz patterns by leading American designers. And to think—only 15c apiece! At all 5c and 10c stores, and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

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1317 York St., Cincinnati, O.

New FABRAY Looks... Feels ...Wears Like OILCLOTH, Yet Costs ½ to ⅓ Less At Your Favorite 5c and 10c Store

HIS JOB—

to make your trips

PROMPT • • •

PLEASANT • •

COMFORTABLE

Watch passengers disembarking from any Greyhound bus. At least two or three will pause a moment for a friendly word with the driver. Eavesdropping, you'll hear something like this . . . *"You gave us a very pleasant trip!"*

It's a fact. Watching a Greyhound driver at the wheel is a big share of the trip's enjoyment. Steady hands at the wheel—keen eyes on the highway—*more* than his share of road courtesy to other motorists. While you save dollars on trips to any part of America, it's fine to know that your driver is hand-picked, specially trained—one of the world's best.

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Luck Didn't Make Norma Shearer a Star!

[*Continued from page 37*]

appealed to him at the time he was employed by Universal studios. Norma's name was jotted in a little book in which he recorded the names of unknown players whose work appealed to him. It was in this book, after the two were married, that she discovered this fact for herself.

Norma's relations with Thalberg were kept always on a strictly business basis, but she admits now that she was more than a little fond of him from the day they met—although she never dared to admit it. It was on a Christmas eve that Thalberg finally showed a personal interest in Norma, although she never suspected it as such. She had been working all day on a cold, damp set. When she reached her dressing room late in the evening the phone rang. It was Thalberg. Formally he wished her a Merry Christmas. Norma replied politely, hung up the receiver and burst into tears. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her of something other than business—and then in such a cold manner!

All In A Whirl

Bobby Woodburn, one of the remarkable dancing beauties in *The Gay Divorce*, snapped in action during rehearsal

NORMA'S social life soon became quite active. She went frequently to parties, usually escorted by John Gilbert. It was at one of these affairs that Norma met with an experience that might have crushed the spirit of a girl who lacked a sense of humor. Attending a reception at the home of Mae Busch, she decided to wear her prize possession, a white fur wrap. On her arrival she was introduced to a famous star who wore a beautiful ermine coat. They chatted for a few moments, when Norma, always a lover of clothes, couldn't help expressing admiration for the star's coat. "It's simply divine!" she exclaimed. "Mine looks a bit like it, don't you think?"

The star looked at Norma's coat, and with a disdainful glance, murmured, "Yes, quite—only mine is real and yours is only alley cat." Norma hid her confusion behind a cheery laugh, while the star moved away with a sweeping, regal air.

Frequently at these social gatherings Norma ran across Thalberg, but their greetings were always pleasantly formal and it looked as though they would never pass the "Miss" and "Mister" stage. Suddenly, however, just three years after Norma's arrival in Hollywood, Thalberg's secretary called with an invitation to a première. Norma hesitated, thinking that it might be best to turn him down the first time. But by now she had come to regard him with something that was akin to lasting love. She accepted, and from that point on their romance developed rapidly to a happy ending—or it might better be said, a happy beginning. On September 29, 1927, they were wed in one of the most brilliant ceremonies Hollywood has ever witnessed. Never, during her several years of married life, has Norma ever been humiliated by rumors of divorce. Hers, perhaps because she refused to publicize it, is one of Hollywood's perfect marriages.

IN AUGUST, 1930, a son was born to the happy couple. After Junior's birth, both Thalberg and Norma decided that she should give up her career, but the tremendous success of *The Divorceé* and *Let Us Be Gay*, which won for her the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, changed that decision. Today Norma has no intention of quitting the screen, although she hopes someday to have more children.

Perhaps the greatest triumph Norma Shearer ever scored in Hollywood came with the arrival of the talkies. As a star of silent pictures she was threatened by the new invention. It was about this time that Bayard Veiller, at that time in negotiations with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to direct the talking version of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, suggested that Norma play the leading rôle. All the executives, including Thalberg, believed his suggestion idiotic. They couldn't imagine the sweet, delicate Norma Shearer in the rôle of "Mary Dugan."

Veiller, however, had told Norma

Boy and Girl Graduate

Franchot Tone and Margaret Lindsay pose for SCREEN BOOK's cameraman garbed in their graduation costumes for a scene in *Gentlemen Are Born*

about his plans. They arranged a scheme to convince executives that she would be a success in the picture. With Raymond Hackett they rehearsed the scene of the district attorney's examination many times. Then one night when the studio was deserted they secured a set and "shot" the scene. Norma's voice came out perfect. When surprised executives viewed the scene all arguments and doubts disappeared. Norma Shearer became "Mary Dugan."

From this moment on her career has been an unbroken series of successes. As a star she occupies one of the first places in the cinema world. Both she and her husband are very sociable and rather "British" in private life. In Hollywood they live in their own home. In New York they invariably stop at the Waldorf-Astoria. Norma is known as one of the best dressed women on the screen. She has a definite love for sports, tennis and swimming being her favorites.

TWO definite personalities of this young, ambitious woman have won for her the love and admiration of her thousands of followers. In the studio Norma Shearer, the actress, is an efficient and brilliant player. At home Norma Shearer, the woman, is a devoted wife and mother, with the happiness of her family claiming her sole attention. Her success and happiness have not been handed to her on a silver tray.

Norma's success has not been a matter of luck, as those of you who have followed this story to its conclusion will agree. Of her career she says, "Every day I knock wood when I talk about the little success I've had in pictures and about all the happiness that is mine. I know how easily success and happiness can slip away. All we can do is to try our level best to keep them and pray that they will stay with us. When I think about it, it all seems too good to be true!"

—THE END—

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From Hollywood Back to Broadway

[*Continued from page 29*]

Joan And Doug

I MET Doug Fairbanks, Jr. for the first time at Cynthia White's Greenwich Village Ball at Webster Hall. He had half the Yale grid squad around him—and every so often they gave a short barking cheer and he'd yell, "Whoo!"

He was Joan Crawford's more or less devoted husband then but some months later when there was some public question about his devotion, I encountered the beauteous, wide-orbed gal herself, clinging to the arm of a scared-looking but nice-looking young chap named Franchot Tone. That was at Walter Chrysler, Jr.'s home. Joan wore a big picture hat and smiled nicely and politely while Tone looked as if he'd like to be somewhere on the high seas. It was a different Joan than the one I knew ever so many years ago—a prettier and more composed lady — but the other Joan seemed a better fellow.

That Bennett Girl

IT WAS with Con Conrad, incidentally, that I went over to A. C. Blumenthal's apartment at the Ambassador one night (he and Peggy Fears were on speaking terms then) and there met for the first time, Constance Bennett. A tall, not unhandsome gent walked in and out but nobody seemed overeager to introduce him. It was at the time that the tempestuous Connie was denying what everyone knew—her romance with the Marquis—and of course, the wandering gent was the Marquis in the flesh and wide pants.

I've seen Constance often since—at openings and at night clubs. She's a very nice girl—a female diamond in the rough, I guess—not too careful about her actions in public. I mean nothing more sinister by that than that she's noisy—particularly at openings.

Russ Columbo's Love

I AM credited with having helped to put Russ Columbo over. That is, I took Con Conrad's word that this handsome Italian boy was a comer—and said so often—too often in my column, until other people—particularly radio people believed it. I suffered all the joys and agonies of his courtship with gorgeous Dorothy Dell and almost broke with him when he and the big-hearted and beautiful Ziegfeld girl parted. For I was mad about the girl in a purely platonic sense—I could cry now to think that they both are gone.

Raft, The Romancer

YOU can't keep Georgie Raft away from the night spots here. But there he's true to form for long before the call to Hollywood came, we'd sit up until five and six in the morning at the old Club Abbey or Guinan's or the five o'clock Club. In those days, Georgie would give you what we so neatly call an ear-bend about Molly O'Day. Raft thought, spoke and dreamed nothing but Molly O'Day in those days and he would hold on to your lapel and plead for you to give her a break. "Get her picture in, will ya?" or "say something about how good she looks—say the movie people want her back." It was no different a Georgie who came back this last time—or the time before that. Only instead of Molly, it was Margie King or Edith Roark who accompanied him and on

Gloria Swanson and John Boles Co-Starred

The scene above shows Gloria Swanson and John Boles in an amusing scene from *Music in the Air*, their first screen appearance together

Mr. Le Roy Sets Out For A Spin

Baby LeRoy likes the streamlined effect of his latest toy, a nifty miniature Airflow De Soto, given to him on the occasion of his recent birthday

the very last visit to New York it was Virginia Pine. Raft, like Durante, is the night club proprietor's friend. It needs little urging to have him get up on the floor and break into his funny little dance. And like Durante, he's a sucker for a touch.

Notes On Garbo

GARBO maintains her nun-like seclusion on her rare visits to Manhattan, usually stopping at the St. Moritz where the instructions are that no one is to admit she's a guest. More than a year ago, I followed her for half a block as she strutted up Fifth avenue in large walking shoes, wearing a mannishly-cut plaid suit—and purple sun glasses over her eyes. Her wide brimmed hat was drawn down over one eye—but for all that—and the glasses, you knew your Garbo when you saw one. So she stalked along and behind her almost a hundred people—and one newspaperman. The Gratt Garbo alone —all alone!

Lloyd's A Great Guy

EVEN as I write this Harold Lloyd is in town again—shy, eager to escape attention. I don't know whether this is a pose with him—I've always been skeptical of the shyness of movie stars—particularly that of Garbo's—but Lloyd certainly puts on a grand act if he's faking. However, I like the fellow immensely—he is intensely human and warm. A friend of mine who manages the Poli's theater in New Haven, Conn., called me up only yesterday to tell me that Harold had consented to travel all the way to New Haven to make a personal appearance in connection with the opening of his picture there. Lloyd didn't get a bent sou for that—he consented chiefly because his New York press agent and friend, Marc Lachman, is a close friend of Gene Rodney, the manager. And only the week previous, figure this one out, he had rejected an offer of $10,000 for one week at a Manhattan movie house!

Montgomery's Quick Change

GETTING back again to Robert Montgomery—the fellow has surprised me. Back in 1928, when he was still a little damp about the ears, he was the juvenile in my play, *The High Hatters*. He gave an excellent performance in a piece that was branded by the critics as the worst bit of dramaturgic hooey in a decade—but he wasn't easy to get along with—and not particularly popular with cast, director, producer or author. In fact, I took quite a dislike to him for his arrogance. That didn't spoil his ambitions, however, as you all know. The last time he was in Manhattan I saw him again when he had some justificaton for arrogance. Hollywood had straightened out a few of the wrinkles—he was pleasant, he was nice —he was rather human. Incidentally, his predecessor in the rôle in the play which I wish I had never written was a likeable young chap named Monroe Owsley. That is to say, he rehearsed for a week and was then fired by the director who advised him to give up the stage. Owsley did—for the pictures.

Cantor's Big Heart

EDDIE CANTOR isn't much different here, I fancy, than in Hollywood. Very much the family man, he makes few excursions into the night realms—and when he does, the genial Ida accompanies him. He is extremely sensitive to criticism and equally susceptible

Of course you would

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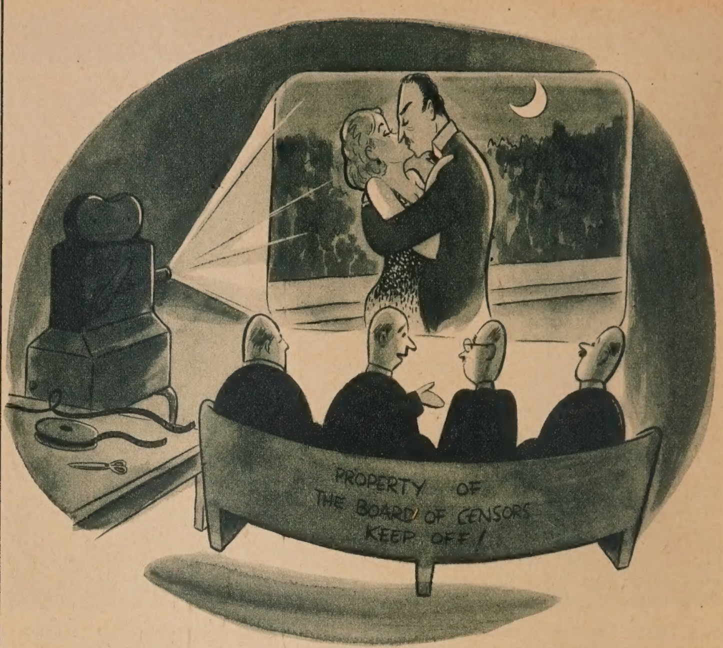

"Of course it's good, but if we let it stay in my wife will think I like it!"

to touches. A sob story breaks him down. The man is all heart, whatever else may be said about—or against him.

Gable's Repartee

CLARK GABLE proved a good sport in his last visit to Manhattan. Went out of his way, in fact, to prove his regularity to Broadway, by mingling around as much as possible. Most of us still recall the hilarious night at the Casino de Paree when he and Lou Holtz exchanged rapid fire repartee with the honors going, by a slight margin, to the film star. The repartee was fast—and risque.

Dazzling Kay Francis

KAY FRANCIS puts on her best bib and tucker in her frequent visits to our town. At one opening night—I wish I could recall the play—she practically disrupted the early evening. Cameramen flocked in, popping their lights and getting into everyone's way. Autograph fiends rushed past the ticket-taker and crowded down the aisle. People came piling down from the balcony—just to get a glimpse of Kay in a nobby creation with white fox part of the general motif. Only two seats away sat Talullah Bankhead and in the seat behind, with George Jean Nathan, was Lillian Gish. No one noticed them.

The Fickle Public

HOWEVER, only a few nights later, at another opening, another lass thefted the thunder. Katharine Hepburn in some outlandish mannish creation. Kay Francis, a vision of loveliness, was more or less ignored for the hoydenish Kathie, freckled, thin and not too beautiful on this particular evening. I wonder what her thoughts were as she stood in the lobby that night after the final curtain and watched the eager surging crowd around the annoyed Hepburn.

Movies Change 'Em

UNLIKE Mahomet, I wait for the mountain to come to me—and it does. I mean, sooner or later, Hollywood bounds into Broadway and either puts on airs or acts naturally. The big treat is to meet the little gals who used to be in the choruses about town and who thrilled every time you mentioned a dimple or a particularly fetching smile. They go out to Hollywood and occasionally one makes good. Then they come back for a flying visit and we learn about Hollywood from them! You know what I mean, I hope!

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Each month in SCREEN BOOK, Louis Sobol presents his sparkling barrage of intimate anecdotes about the favorite children of Broadway and Hollywood. Join the many thousands who read his daily column syndicated in newspapers the country over and enjoy his "Star Chats" exclusively in this publication.

Leslie Howard's Last Interview

[*Continued from page* 41]

for the moment from your own point of view. Isn't it silly, this ultra-personal publicity?"

"But why taboo interviews just for that reason?" I queried. "Why not give out to interviewers only the sort of thing you wish to have printed about yourself?"

"Does no earthly good. They find out from someone else. Then the story is printed with all the gruesome details."

"Don't you like publicity?" I probed.

"Some people like it. Frankly, I don't." His manner of snapping out that statement was decisive enough! "I shouldn't mind if it were only giving out interviews that pertained directly to the work I am doing at the moment, either on the screen or in the theater. The thing I resent is being asked hundreds of questions about my most intimate thoughts and actions. And more than that, my obligation to give answers that will please and entertain—supposedly—those who read them. That places a tremendous burden on anyone who is supposed to have a reasonably mature intellect.

"For instance, when I answer some questions with sincerity rather than diplomacy, as I should like to answer all questions, I find I have brought down upon my head the wrath of thousands—maybe millions—according to the circulation claimed by the newspapers or magazines that print my answers. If I've said something about Hollywood, we'll assume, that isn't entirely complimentary, it seems to make people think I am just an insular Briton.

"Now naturally, I am a Britisher and am happy to be one. But as far as the theater is concerned the thought of nationality never occurs. In films, that is, in one's actual work on the screen, it is equally unimportant. But in publicity it takes on a strange importance. At least, it has done so in my case. I provoked a storm of criticism by giving an opinion that seemed to indicate I preferred to bring up my children in my own country, just by way of example. The cry was 'He earns his money in America. Too bad he doesn't want to bring up his children here.'

"As it happens, the children have formed friendships in England, and have become accustomed to English schools. Why should I disrupt their lives at this point to bring them to America, when I spend half my time in England? When their school days are over, if my work in America keeps me here most of the time naturally they shall come over and appreciate the good points of American life just as well as they would if they had lived all the time in California. In fact my daughter, Leslie, is rather in love with California, especially because it was in Beverly Hills that she learned to swim! We leased Elsie Janis' house, which had a fine swimming pool. She learned to swim there and it also attracted other children in the neighborhood with whom she formed friendships.

"See how involved this probing into private lives becomes? Perhaps one makes a statement, and does not make his reasons for it quite clear to the interviewer. Perhaps the writer forgets to include the reasons. Perhaps the editor deletes them as so much extra wordage. The result is misunderstanding. Isn't silence better? Then at least one's statements wouldn't be misunderstood, whether the silence might be misinterpreted or not."

"I'll take care of broadcasting your reasons for silence," I assured him. "That, by the way, is something new. A *planned* silence! Garbo and Hepburn may have planned theirs, but if so they didn't reveal the fact. Yours is planned and now I shall reveal it."

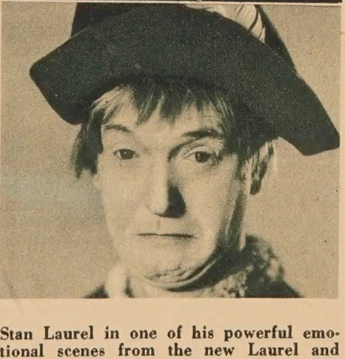
"THE only thing I shall be tempted to talk about hereafter is my work," smiled Howard. "It's a pity one can't hold forth on such subjects. It's what an actor knows best and what seems to me should be interesting to others who do not know the subject from his point of view. Far more interesting than a description of the sort of sox he wears or the number of shirts he owns.

"But these little things are what the public demands to know about its favorites," I protested. "That's a characteristic of the public, and a price of motion picture fame."

"If that is correct, it is nevertheless just as injurious to the actor, in my opinion," was his quick retort. "Publicity shatters illusions. That is, this sort of publicity. How can the audience, seeing one on the screen, keep its mind on the character he is portraying when it is thinking such things about the actor himself as this: Yes, he plays polo . . . yet seems anything but a sportsman in appearance . . . he can't stand cricket . . . yet I thought all Englishmen loved their cricket . . . he smokes a pipe . . . I can't bear a man who smokes a pipe! Do you see? What chance has the poor actor got to make an impression with his performance when he tries to compete with the thoughts conjured up by all this information about him?"

There was a sudden flurry around Leslie. Baggage was snatched away. Someone rushed up and dragged him off toward the iron gates that marked the first step toward his trip to England and his official retirement into the Silences.

Aw, Don't Cry!



Stan Laurel in one of his powerful emotional scenes from the new Laurel and Hardy comedy feature, *Babes in Toyland*

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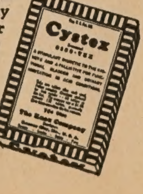
A famous scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, getting up nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as Loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost nothing.



Let's Go Domestic

[*Continued from page 47*]

level and the recipes will serve six. For twenty guests the girls multiplied the ingredients by three, as quantities gain a little by multiplication.

DEVILLED CHEESE CANAPES

1	package snappy cheese
1	teaspoon meat sauce
1	teaspoon prepared mustard
	Saltines
	Paprika

Cream the cheese, add the meat sauce and mustard and spread on the saltines. Dust with paprika; and transfer to a cooky sheet or shallow pan. Toast under the broiler until the cheese starts to melt and the canapés are brown on top. Serve immediately while still hot.

SARATOGA CANAPES

Select large potato chips, spread with minced ham blended with a little mayonnaise and garnish each canapé with sliced midget sweet pickles.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

3	tablespoons butter
3	cups sliced onion
1	teaspoon sugar
½	teaspoon salt
⅛	teaspoon pepper
6	cups consommé
6	rounds toast
	Grated Parmesan cheese

Melt the butter; add the onions and cook until they are tender, but do not brown them. Caramelize the sugar; dissolve it in a little of the consommé; and add with the salt and pepper to the onions. Transfer to a large soup pot; and add the consommé. Cook over a low heat for about thirty minutes. Then place the toast in one large or six individual soup tureens or bowls and pour in the onion soup; sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan cheese. Place under the broiler until the cheese starts to melt. Serve with additional grated cheese.

HAM BAKED WITH PINEAPPLE RINGS

1	medium-sized ham
2	tablespoons pickling spice
	Boiling water
	Whole pineapple slices
¼	cup soft brown sugar
3	tablespoons dry bread crumbs
	Whole cloves
	Maraschino cherries

Scrub the ham; cover with cold water; add the spices and cook over a low heat until the boiling point is reached. Then continue to cook over a moderate heat about three hours or until tender. Remove from the water; pare off the skin and excess fat. Combine the sugar and crumbs and spread on the ham. Stick with the whole cloves and cover with the pineapple slices, fastening them in place with toothpicks. Place a cherry in the center of each pineapple slice. Transfer to a baking pan; add one cup water; and bake for three quarters of an hour or until the ham and pineapple are brown and glacéd. If necessary, baste during the baking with the liquid in the pan.

JELLIED CUCUMBER RELISH SALAD

3	cups chopped cucumbers
½	teaspoon salt
¼	teaspoon paprika
½	teaspoon pickle spices
2	tablespoons minced onion
½	tablespoon lemon juice
1½	tablespoons powdered gelatin
½	cup finely minced pickle relish
	Extra slices of cucumber

Combine the cucumbers, seasonings and onion; add three cups boiling water and boil fifteen minutes. In the meantime, soften the gelatin in two tablespoons cold water; add to the cooking cucumbers and when dissolved, strain. Set in the refrigerator until beginning to congeal and stir in the relish. Transfer to individual moulds which have been lined with extra slices of cucumbers. Chill until firm; unmould and serve garnished with lettuce and mayonnaise.

PRESERVED GINGER SUNDAES

1	quart French ice cream
	Preserved ginger and its syrup
½	cup coarsely chopped diced walnuts
	Sherry-flavored sweet whipped cream

Arrange the sundaes for service in sherbet glasses or in Hallowe'en decorated paper ice cream cups. Place a generous scoopful of the ice cream in each one. Pour over two tablespoons of the preserved ginger, diced and mixed with a little of the syrup. Sprinkle with a few nuts. Decorate with the whipped cream which may be put on by means of a pastry bag and tube.

Garbo-Style Pajamas

Like 'em? This is the nifty new pajama ensemble Greta Garbo sports in her newest picture, *The Painted Veil*

Oh To Be a Drowning Man On This Beach!

S.M. GUARD
S.M. GUARD
S M
S M GUARD
S.M. GUARD

If one of these lovely feminine life guards at Santa Monica don't happen to be around, you can always depend on Buster Crabbe to save you. Inset photo shows Crabbe, who formerly was a life guard in Honolulu, demonstrating how he saves 'em via the surf board route

I've Had to Pay for Fame

[*Continued from page* 25]

studying. I always will. I learned camera angles, how to stand and sit and walk. There is an art to all these simple functions, you know, as well as in how to use your hands for effective expression.

"Instead of jumping up out of a chair, for instance, as you might normally do at home, you must learn how to rise gradually and gracefully. It must come as part of your speech. If you use your hand to invite a person to enter a room, that motion starts first with the shoulder, then the elbow, wrist and finally the hand. In sitting down, you must understand how and where to place your feet and knees. Otherwise, they might be too prominent, or appear larger than they really are.

"These illustrations are minor details, of course, but collectively one's rise or fall in pictures depends in part upon them. You must know, too, any peculiarities of speech that you may have, such as a sibilant 's' and 't.' Personally, I always have had to be particularly careful about these two letters. Other people encounter difficulty with other letters. 'T,' I know, doesn't sound as though one would have trouble in pronouncing it, but in my particular case it sometimes sounded like a very harsh 'th.'

"On the stage, one learns elaborate gesturing, and how to place the voice so that those in the back rows and upper balconies can hear. That is one reason why many from the stage fail to make favorable impressions on the screen. The microphone is such a sensitive instrument that it catches every sound, and one must be careful always to talk in normal tones. The mechanics of screen acting is more subtle than the stage, and the lift of an eyelid or a tilt of the head, a slight scowl or a smile may add immeasurably to the effect one wishes to convey. There are a thousand and one little tricks learned only through constant study and observation.

"IF YOU would be a successful actress, you must live with the idea in mind that your time doesn't belong to yourself . . . it belongs to your job and to the studio. You must be willing to sacrifice many pleasures that come your way, because a young girl in pictures invariably receives many invitations that she cannot possibly accept and still be able to do justice to her acting. She must pass up many of the good times that her friends enjoy and devote herself exclusively to her job.

"I try to vary my rôles as much as I possibly can. For that reason I have played everything from tiny bits up to leads. While under contract at Radio Pictures, I asked to be cast in every imaginable type of part, so that I might have practical experience in a vast assortment of characters.

"There are so many angles to one striving for stardom that one can never hope to master them all. Many regard acting as an enjoyable diversion which brings fame and remuneration to the actor or actress, without any particular effort. Or, they honestly believe one must have a 'drag' to get by.

"As a matter of fact, you pay for movie fame by sacrifices and hard work . . . labor and study and long hours the majority of persons outside the studio have never even dreamed of. There's no fun in acting . . . it is strict business . . . often it's drudgery. Believe me, fame on the screen comes only as a result of the most trying, brain-fagging toil. But it's worth it."

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

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These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

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STAR LETTERS

An Exclusive SCREEN BOOK Feature

Loretta Young writes about love and beauty . . . Warner Baxter explains *The Cisco Kid* . . . June Knight pays tribute to the late Russ Columbo . . . and other interesting letters

Dear Editor:

It seems to me that it is somewhat of an imposition on you to write to the Star Letter Department by way of answering fan mail. Yet, so many letters tend to duplicate queries received again and again that one is tempted to answer a few of them in open letter style.

Queries to me fall into different classes, but so many people wish to know the answers to the three given herewith that it is these I'd like to present, addressing the readers:

"The most important elements of beauty are health and cleanliness"

Love problems: Now, I ask you, how can one person give advice to another on a thoroughly personal matter? I'm not a sage anyway, you must remember. More important, I do not know the persons you write about, nor your own temperament, and can hardly learn enough by letters about these important factors to enable me to hazard any sort of helpful answer.

Beauty problems: These, too, are an individual matter, but I can say that among the most important elements of beauty are health and cleanliness. Frequent bathing, wholesome food, exercise and fresh air are the very foundation of beauty.

How to get into the movies: The experience of many has proven that there are quite a few paths to the movies—all possible. But to my mind the surest, best path is via the stage. Not via Broadway, but Main Street. Home talent shows first, then small stock companies, and finally, if possible, Broadway.

Best wishes to SCREEN BOOK readers,

Loretta Young

Dear Editor:

It is most awfully generous of you to permit an unknown actor the opportunity to write a letter for publication. I appreciate this very much indeed and want to thank you for the courtesy.

Today, I had lunch with Miss Louise Dresser. She used to play on the legitimate stage with my father—another James Blakeley—and she has known me since I was a baby. It was simply wonderful to talk with her about my father. She admired him so much, both as an actor and as a person. And that is what I want to write about. You see, her conversation has filled me with a great desire to be worthy of the name I bear. I want to work and really achieve a place for myself in motion pictures that will be creditable.

So far, since coming to Hollywood I have done only a small part, but it was a great "break" at that! I'm the wireless operator in Columbia's big picture, *The Captain Hates the Sea*, and while it may sound inconsequential or not worth mentioning at all, it means a great deal to me for through this small rôle I met two of my heroes—Mr. John Gilbert and Mr. Lewis Milestone. Mr. Gilbert is such a splendid actor that I was fortunate to be able to watch him work and I believe everyone admires Lewis Milestone especially if one has seen *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Here's hoping that my "bit" in *The Captain Hates the Sea* will be visible when the final cutting is done; also, that the small beginning may lead to bigger and better parts for me. As I said before, since talking with Miss Dresser today, I am obsessed with a great ambition to make good!

Very sincerely yours,

James Blakeley

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

So many of my friends "out in front" have written me asking if I am ever to appear again in a *Cisco Kid* rôle that, through your courtesy, I wish to tell them about it in an open letter.

"The Cisco Kid is the favorite character among those I have delineated for the screen"

Naturally *The Cisco Kid* is the favorite character among those I have delineated for the screen. I want to keep him alive and friendly with audiences as long as I am in pictures. But—I always want to have a suitable vehicle for him. It must be a vehicle of sufficient merit to justify his appearance before the people in all parts of the world who have expressed interest in him. Meanwhile, to the rôles that are assigned me I shall endeavor to give the best that is within me. And I want all of you to know that I am deeply appreciative of your letters, of your interest in my work and your loyalty through the years. It is heart-warming, and I thank you sincerely.

Warner Baxter

Dear Lois Briggs:

(Winner of Joan Crawford contest)

Thank you so much for your nice letter in SCREEN BOOK. I am grateful for your sincere comments on my work and shall certainly give serious thought to your suggestion that I play Kristin in Sigrid Undsett's book.

Gratefully,

Joan Crawford

Dear Editor:

What a pity that a man as sweet and true as Russ Columbo had to be taken from us! With his glorious voice and varied talents his possibilities for the future on the screen and in radio were unlimited. One of God's chosen people, evidently his work on earth was finished, but I know he will continue in another world.

"One of God's chosen people, evidently his work on earth was finished"

As one of those fortunate enough to be a co-worker, I mourn Russ Columbo deeply as a dear friend.

June Knight

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We take this occasion to acknowledge many letters received from stars and studio workers mourning the loss of Russ Columbo, whose accidental death came as a distinct shock to Hollywood. Unfortunately, lack of space prohibits us from publishing all these messages, and as a consequence we publish only the beautiful sentiment of June Knight, one of the last to see Russ Columbo alive as they worked together in the final scenes of* Wake Up and Dream.

Dear Editor and Readers:

Every time the newspapers and magazines carry the announcement that I, a former office worker, am in a new movie, a flood of letters comes in to me asking advice about getting film work via secretarial, stenographic and other office jobs. The most recent and biggest avalanche descended upon me when it was announced that I am starring in Invincible's *A Girl Must Live*. They ask: "Can I get in the way you did?"

Here's the answer, right from the heart: If you happen to be a secretary or an office worker and think you would like to be a movie actress, forget it! Stay at home and be satisfied with your secretarial jobs.

It is true that I was a secretary, and was taken directly from my typewriter out on the studio "lot" to face the cameras; that finally I began to make good on the screen. But it was one of those thousand to one chances, and came to me as it might come to you, not through any wishing for it, seeking to be recognized, or anything else you could do to cause such a long chance to fall your way. I came to California for my health, just happened to get a job in a studio, and a director saw me, just happened to decide I might be a good type, and just happened to carry out his first impulse to choose me for a rôle. The necessary combinations of circumstances wouldn't occur again, probably, in a hundred years or to any of the thousands of studio office workers.

And the competition in Hollywood is terrific, not only for rôles in the movies but for secretarial jobs in the town, nearby places and the studios. It's about as easy to get a job starring as typing. I don't know which is the easier to get—and keep. Take my advice and stay away.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Wilson

Dear Capt. Fawcett:

Is there a corner in "Star Letters" Department for a stage actor to give his first impressions of Hollywood? If so, here goes:

I began by hating Hollywood. That was before I ever saw it. And I expected to hate it heartily when I arrived. Just the same, one day Aubrey (that's my colored boy) and Snoopy (that's my dog) and I piled into my car and we headed for California. 'Twas early in June, and sizzling hot in New York, but cool and *raining* when we got to Hollywood, where the Californians apologized to me for their "unusual" weather. That weather won my heart right away.

So did the people. I met a former buddy of mine almost right away. Then I discovered that most of Broadway seemed to be on Hollywood Boulevard. And those people whom I didn't know nevertheless extended to me a cordial welcome. I don't think they often let a stage actor remain lonesome in Hollywood, and no one seems to resent his coming to make competitive bids for film rôles with the actors already here. They welcome you—and seem to say: "Very well—may the best man win."

Then work started. Best of all, in *The Captain Hates the Sea*, with Lewis Milestone, whom I've admired as a director ever since I saw *All Quiet on the Western Front*, directing, and another idol of mine since the days of *The Big Parade*, Jack Gilbert, in the picture. As I write this, we're on board ship off Catalina. Working, and cruising on shipboard!

So you can imagine I've changed my mind about Hollywood. It's a grand place, and I hope to make good here so I may remain. With thanks for letting me take a bit of your space, and every good wish to you and the readers,

Sincerely,

Fred Keating

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M. H. S.—Your astrology readings have proved so satisfactory for the past few years that I will continue getting them in the future. Will the light-haired party whom I recently met mean anything to me in the future, or is it just another case of disappointed love on my part?

Ans.—This is a case of love at first sight not only on your part but also on the part of the light-haired gentleman to whom you refer. A happy and lasting marriage is indicated for you at the first of the year.

M. H. W.—The readings which I have received from you for the past five years I consider the best of any. Will you tell me if this inheritance money which has been tied up for the last few years will come to us during this or next year?

Ans.—You will get your money around the first of March, 1935.

Miss S. H.—Will I make the trip to Honolulu which I am planning with my girl friend and will it be successful?

Ans.—You will make the trip as planned and it will turn out far more enjoyable than what you anticipated as it appears you will meet your future husband during this vacation.

M. I. R.—Should I ask for an increase in salary the first of the year? Will I get it?

Ans.—It will not be necessary for you to ask for an increase of salary during the first of the year as you will receive a substantial increase the first of December of this year.

L. C. A.—Whom will I marry and when?

Ans.—You will meet a sandy-complexioned party with the initials of S. W. during the Christmas holidays which will result in an engagement and a marriage next year.

T. I. L.—I am greatly in love with a man 20 years older than myself and he is in love with me. My girl friends advise me not to marry him. What should I do?

Ans.—You are both in love with each other and much happiness is indicated for you with this party. I would advise you to go ahead with this marriage.

S. A. P.—I have some songs and scenarios which I have recently submitted. Will I hear favorably from any of them?

Ans.—You seem to meet with some financial success in regard to your song-writing. You will be disappointed in connection with your scenarios. It will be to your advantage in the future to put your efforts more to song-writing.

R. R. Y.—Will I marry the medium dark complexioned party with the initials of H. M. with whom I am greatly in love at the present time or will there always be a barrier between us?

Ans.—This barrier seems to exist between you for the next few years. Eventually there will be a happy marriage between the two of you.

L. D. W.—Will my husband get the office which he is running for?

Ans.—He will be elected to this office.

T. T. A.—Will we win our lawsuit?

Ans.—Settlement will be made in your favor before the case goes to court.

D. A. Y.—Would you advise me to sell the business property?

Ans.—Not at the present time. By holding this property for a year or two you will be able to get considerably more for it.

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My advice on 3 questions with each reading ordered

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These Readings cover the balance of this year and all of 1935. They tell you at a glance the exact days and date, month by month, when the planets are in favorable and unfavorable aspect for your business and social affairs, such as signing papers and contracts, seeking employment, speculation, travel, love, courtship and marriage, as well as dealing with health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthdate and 50c for complete reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. **My advice on three questions FREE** with each order. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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No matter what you have tried for gray hair or dandruff, forget past disappointments and try this absolutely different liquid. It is not greasy—does not rub off nor stain scalp or linen. The one liquid imparts any color. You can easily prove it best for gray hair and dandruff. Try Nourishine now!

For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO. Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine.

Write for our free booklet, "Home Care of the Hair." Contains helpful hints on the home care of permanents, marcels, oily and dry scalp, describes coloring methods, etc.

Nourishine, $1.25; Shampoo, 50c, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from NOURISHINE COMPANY, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

NOURISHINE BEST FOR GRAY HAIR

Why I Am Leaving Pictures

[*Continued from page* 15]

I carefully packed some clothes and—this was in the days before I met my ball and chain—drove up to Wheeler Hot Springs—alone. Arriving, I engaged a room, unpacked my duds and went down into the dining room. I was waiting for my steak to be broiled and thinking it was a pretty swell world after all. Imagine my feelings when suddenly over the radio I heard: "This is station KFWB. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Joan Blondell please communicate with us. She is wearing a khaki shirt and slacks. She is wanted at the studio."

FREQUENTLY George and I have invited guests to dinner and then found we would have to work that night. Sometimes we haven't even had a chance to 'phone them not to come. If I'm retired and not working, *I* can at least be at home to receive them. Of course, it won't be the same without George but we'll be able to discharge our social obligations.

I'm on a forty weeks contract. That means I'm supposed to have twelve weeks out of every year to myself. Ordinarily that would be a Godsend. Twelve weeks in which to do as I please! Heavenly thought. "Pish, tush and bosh," I repeat.

Suppose George and I finish a picture on Saturday—or maybe on Friday, the thirteenth. We know we are going "off-salary" for two or three weeks. We think we would like to go camping—maybe up in Glacier Grand National Park. We buy enough provisions to last us for that time, some camping clothes and off we go.

If we're lucky we reach our destination. If the gods are unusually kind we manage to spend two or three days there before we receive the inevitable (Ha! Another big word!) telegram. "Return at once. Picture pushed forward a week."

We've spent a lot of money on clothes for the outing, food, a tent, gasoline, etc., but we get no opportunity to enjoy it.

I CAN'T get those twelve weeks off my mind. What I could do with twelve weeks if I could get them all in a lump! I could make personal appearances for six weeks and then have six heavenly weeks in which to do as I jolly well pleased.

Personal appearances pay big money. But in only one year have I had enough time in a lump to do that. It may sound silly or like mawkish sentiment, but the money for those personal appearances, while it would be welcome and would come in handy, doesn't mean as much to me as does the opportunity to meet the public.

That's about all the pats on the back you get when you're in pictures—unless you can make personal appearances. When I was making those personals, all the heartaches and disappointments I had suffered seemed worth while. The fans were marvelous to me. Wherever I went there were always crowds waiting for me outside the stage door when I came out. They seemed to fairly outdo themselves trying to make my stay in their cities pleasant. Maybe it sounds conceited to say I was besieged with autograph seekers, but I was. And I'm human and vain enough to admit I loved it. The fans put me where I am—wherever that may be—and if I could do anything for them I was tickled to death to do it.

And I had a warmish glow in the region of my heart that came when they showed so that they liked me.

I HAVE purposely omitted the most important reason for my permanent retirement until last. The baby.

I'm going to have a baby because it's part of both George and me. But what good would a baby be if I could see no more of it than I've seen of our home during the two years I've been married?

We snatched minutes—and when I say "snatched" I mean it literally—to furnish our home thinking we would get a lot of pleasure from it. For all the chance we've had to enjoy it together we might as well have been living in a tent.

I don't intend to see as little of my baby as I have of my home. Half the pleasure of having a baby is in taking care of it. When I see Chester Morris' wife, Richard Arlen's, Bing Crosby's and Eddie Nugent's wives doing all the things they do for their babies, I turn green with envy. If I were still working in pictures I would have to turn the baby over to nurses. If I'm retired I can do everything for it myself.

If I have nothing to do with my time but take care of the baby, I can still see George when he comes home at night—and he always comes home—at some time. I won't have to be pestered with photograph sittings and fittings and all that sort of thing during my spare moments. If we go away for a few days we'll know when we reach our destination we won't find Elmer Fryer waiting for us with a camera.

OF COURSE, if I could have a contract that called for only four pictures a year and, say a shooting schedule of three or four weeks on each picture, it would be wonderful. I could continue to make pictures (because I'm also human enough to admit I like acting) and still see a lot of the baby. But when you stop to consider I've made thirty-nine pictures in three years and that in exactly one of them I have been the focal (success! Another "unusual" word!) point of interest it seems unlikely that such a thing could happen to me.

At any rate, I hope you will understand why I am leaving the screen. I want to express my thanks to SCREEN BOOK for giving me the opportunity to explain my position to you and, at the same time, I want to extend my thanks to the thousands of loyal fans who have stood by me through good pictures and bad. Knowing you—even remotely—has been tinctured with the divine and I am sure you will approve of the stand I am taking. We may not meet so frequently as heretofore but there will always be a warm—no! a hot spot in my heart for you.

Hollywood Flashes

[*Continued from page* 33]

What, No Practice?

WHEN Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale took out their "notice of intention to wed" the suave screen idol was as flustered as any young bridegroom-to-be, and even, 'tis said, filled out the wrong spaces on one blank, so he had to do it all over again on another! It was Adolphe's third marital adventure, and Verree's second.

Not So Funny

ONE of Hollywood's most serious businesses, according to the observations of many famous visitors, appears to be comedy-filming. Which reminds one of the true story about a little man, big in the comedy producing business, who once became incensed at the facetious attitude of his gag men at a story conference, and hammering on the table shouted: "Gentlemen, get this into your thick noodles. My comedies are not to be laughed at!"

No Easy Mark

THERE'S a certain pugnacious actor in Hollywood who had never met Harry Wilcoxon, but for some obscure reason took a violent hear-say dislike to him and went to a party with the express desire of taking a poke at the Mark Antony of *Cleopatra.* His first glimpse of Wilcoxon chanced to be when the six-foot-two, 190-pound star, having just flipped away a cigarette, was indulging in his habit of clearing out his lungs by inflating a chest developed by deep-sea diving. The chest went out and out—and out. And the actor, staring for awhile, silently withdrew!

Thanksgiving is Here!

Al Jolson, on the set of his newest picture, *Go Into Your Dance,* shows the proper method of dismantling the 1934 turkey. What would Emily Post say?

It's Easy to See

THE reason they often confuse Pat De Cicco, blonde Thelma Todd's "ex," with Harpo Marx, some wisecracker says, is that Pat's still going for blondes. His latest to escort hither and yon is Alice Faye.

The Stooge Problem

IF A STOOGE isn't a free citizen, what about a stooges' daughter? And specifically, how about Joan Howard, seven-year-old daughter of Moe Howard, former Ted Healy stooge? Ted through the machinery of the law questioned the right of his famous stooges to be on the screen what they'd been on the screen with him, after they broke away from his fold. Regardless of whether or not Ted's proprietorship affects either the first generation of stooges or all generations thereafter, Joan's now appearing with Jack Holt at Columbia.

Perfect Behavior

WITH the eyes of the world upon their casual meetings at this luncheon or that dinner, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. have maintained a poise that does them credit. It must be pretty hard, under the circumstances that surround them, to know just how to act toward one another in public. Emily Post has no formula for this dilemma!

Stars Won't Change

STUDIO interior decorators at Paramount are trying to decoy several reluctant stars out of old, seedy dressing rooms in which they arose to fame, and into lavish new ones. But even their promise of "striking interior finish and furnishings that match the personality" have fallen upon deaf ears, because there's a superstition about keeping "lucky" dressing rooms. Among the reluctant ones are Mae West, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney and Carole Lombard.

Garbo's Joke

A SPY reports that Garbo's best laugh of the week came when she read a little notice to the effect that a certain movie director always inspires his players before each day's work with a "pep" talk. "Really," chuckled the Swedish Sphinx, "I should get him to inspire me."

Long Distance Love

TALK all you will of Hollywood as the breaker-upper of movie marriages, it takes a really kindly interest in that of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. During Adrienne's absence from Hollywood everybody tried to cheer Bruce, and sympathized with his quite evident loneliness on account of the enforced separation. Meanwhile the two lately-weds kept the air mail, telegraph wires and long distance phones busy.

Newest Romances?

ONE amazing hour's visit to the set of *Wake Up and Dream,* gave ye olde reporter a glimpse of what rumor

[*Continued on page* 71]

LOSE FAT

Kansas City Woman LOST 50 lbs.

● Why suffer the humiliation of fat when others find it so easy to be attractive and slender? Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I reduced 50 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded. After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

San Francisco Nurse Lost Fat!

● Trust a Graduate Nurse to know how to lose fat safely, without weakening baths, harmful exercises or starving diets. Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." Unsolicited letters tell of weight reductions in varying amounts, as much as 70 lbs. and more, and they report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

EXPERT CHEMISTS test every ingredient contained in easy-to-use, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS capsules. RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain di-nitro-phenol.

FAT GOES — OR NO COST TO YOU!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package or $5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.

RE-DUCE-OIDS
TRADE MARK REG.

GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F411
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

☐ 1 Package ($2.00) ☐ 3 Packages ($5.00)

Name..............................
Address..............................
City..............................State..............................

NEW LOW PRICES

GOODRICH · Firestone GOOD YEAR U.S., FISK and OTHERS $2.15 29×4.40-21

SAVE ON YOUR TIRES WE WANT DEALERS

YOU CAN'T BEAT OUR PRICES

And we defy anyone to excel our quality. Every standard brand tire reconstructed by our superior, modern method is positively guaranteed to give full 12 months' service under severest road conditions. This guarantee is backed by the entire financial resources of an old reliable company.

TODAY'S LOWEST PRICES

BALLOON TIRES

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.35	.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	85
28x4.75-19	2.45	.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6 00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1 15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.35	.75
31x4	2.95	.85
32x4	2.95	.85
33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
32x6	$7.95	$2.75
34x7	10.95	3.95
36x6	9.95	3.95
36x8	12.45	4.25
40x8	15.95	4.95

TRUCK BALLOONS

Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65
7.00-20	5.95	2.95
7.50-20	6.95	3.75
8.25-20	11.45	4.95

ALL OTHER TRUCK SIZES

ALL TUBES ARE GUARANTEED BRAND NEW

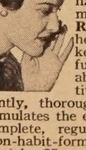
SEND ONLY $1 DEPOSIT on each tire. (On each Truck Tire send a $4 deposit.) We ship balance C.O.D., 5 per cent discount for full cash with order. *Any tire failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.*

12 MONTHS WRITTEN BOND GIVEN WITH EVERY TIRE

GOODWIN TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY Dept. 1301
1840 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL

FREE BRAND NEW TUBE OR "RAY-O-VAC" LANTERN WITH EACH ORDER FOR 2 TIRES

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

FREE! 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, in beautiful 3-color design, samples, **NR** and **TUMS**. Send *name, address and stamp to* A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk 108-SK St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

New Coiffures Go Higher

[*Continued from page* 43]

practically unknown. If your hair has a slightly natural wave on top, but is straight on the ends, you can have the ends waved by the croquignole method, without having the top hair touched. But if your hair is thin and fine and you need a wave on top for the increased bulk it gives, you can have a spiral wave on top and a croquignole in the ends. This combination type of wave is very well suited to the new hairstyles. . . . Prices for this system of permanent waving vary, of course, with the condition of your hair, the style of wave you want and the artistic reputation of the operator. That last factor is worth paying more for any day. Don't hesitate to write to me for the name of this permanent wave so you can ask for it at your beauty shop.

TO KEEP the smooth expanse of hair and contrasting curls looking glossy, they should be brushed vigorously each day. So many women, under the impression that brushing will take the wave out of their hair, shun a hair brush like the plague and, as a result, their hair never has that well-groomed, burnished look. . . . To keep your new coiffure looking its best, acquire the excellent habit of brushing it faithfully for five or ten minutes daily. But be sure that the brush you use can be kept clean easily. I use one with an open, rust-proof metal back, so I can stick it in boiling water to sterilize it whenever I like, without being afraid the bristles will come loose. Each bristle in this brush is fastened by hand into the indestructible back, so they stay there until you've worn them out. If you like a light weight brush, you may prefer the junior model, designed for boys and girls, but I find the regular size quite convenient. The junior size is $2 and the larger one $2.50. A mere nothing to pay for a brush that is made to last well into the next generation! If you want to improve the appearance of your permanent wave and give it a longer lease on life, then one of these brushes will be a good investment.

STURDY bob pins, as well as a serviceable permanent wave, are required to keep those flat waves and curls where they belong, but the pins *must* be invisible. . . . The entire romantic illusion of the new hair styles would be lost if brassy looking bob pins shone forth from the sleek clusters of curls. . . . The only pins that qualify as invisible are some that come in a complete range of five shades. These pins have been on the market for years, but only recently were they made inconspicious in finish. The manufacturer spent months comparing new and subtly shaded bob pins with swatches of human hair of every imaginable shade, until he selected five finishes that blend in perfectly with the five different classes of hair coloring. These five shades, which are brunette, brown, auburn, blonde and gray or platinum, are on sale at your drug store. They cost ten cents a card as before, in spite of the improvement!

If you dislike perfumed and tinted creams, you'll be glad to hear about the new all-purpose cream that is pure white and unscented. . . . It really is a delight to use and the results are equally pleasant. It contains three essential oils that make it capable of performing the work of three preparations. One is a mineral oil widely recommended by physicians as a thorough skin cleanser, the second is a refined vegetable oil, readily absorbed by the skin, for lubricating or nourishing purposes and the third is turtle oil, which is well known for its rejuvenating properties. . . . All three of these oils have been scientifically blended in such a way that each one becomes active when the cream touches the skin. Actually a "facial in a jar," this cream should be used twice a day for best results. It is exceptionally fine for dry skin, roughened by fall winds and for skin that is lined. There are two sizes priced at $1 and $1.50, and it comes in a smart, all-white jar that adds a new note of sophistication to your dressing table. I'll be glad to tell you where you can buy this new cream.

Janet Lynn's Confidential Beauty Service

Miss Janet Lynn,
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
New York City.

(Enclose this coupon in envelope and send to this address.)

Dear Miss Lynn:
Please send me a confidential reply to the following questions:

....

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Name ....

Address ....

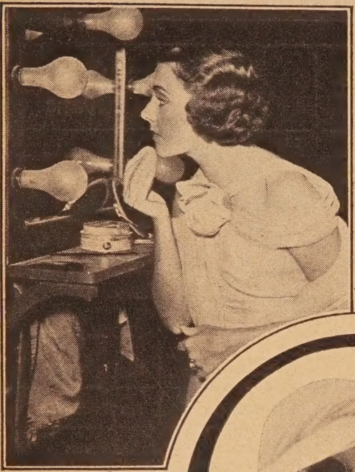
....

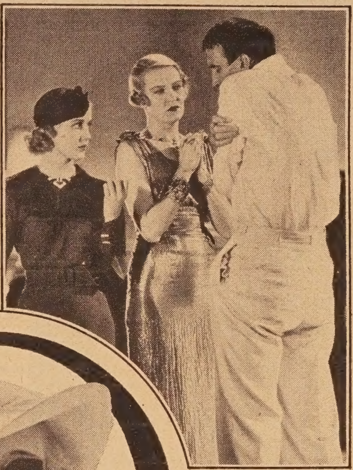
Place three cent stamp (U. S. Postage) here to cover cost of mailing.

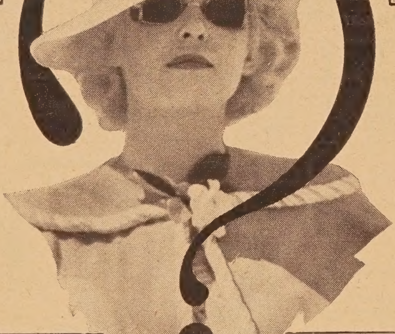
(If you wish to write Miss Lynn more in detail, you need not use this coupon, which is offered merely for your convenience.)

PICTURE QUIZZ

Can you solve the mysteries below? If you can, we'll admit that you are really picture-wise. Turn to page 71 for correct answers.



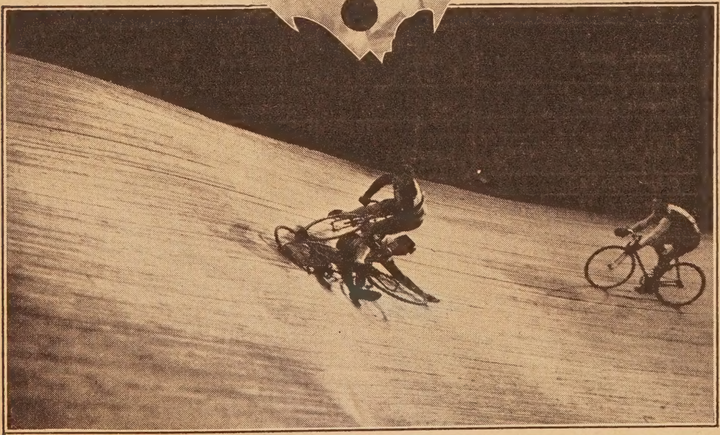




This should be easy! The pretty girl in the above picture is putting the finishing touches on her makeup for a love scene in her newest picture, in which she is co-starred with a young man who is really quite famous for his crooning ability

Anita Louise and Verree Teasdale are in conference with Director Dieterle on the set of *The Firebird.* What is the director doing?

What popular dramatic star is hiding behind dark glasses at the left?



This exciting scene occurred just recently on the set of a Warner Brothers picture. What picture is it from and who is the star?

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't even Lie Down!*"

IF THERE is anybody who knows what suffering is, it is the person afflicted with Piles!

Piles can do more to torment you and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other single ailment. Yet on account of the delicacy of the subject many hesitate to seek relief.

Yet Piles can have a very serious outcome, often necessitating surgery.

If there's anything that is genuine treatment of Piles it is Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly relieves the pain, soreness and itching and stops any bleeding. But, more than that, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole.

This is why: Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing,* which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing,* which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing,* which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Get either a tube or tin today and see the genuine relief it holds in store for you.

Relieves Teething Pains WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

new
CORN
PLASTER
You'll like its
6 Better Features

Why you'll prefer the new DRYBAK PLASTERS

• Latest twin tab design fits smoother, more snugly. Special *Drybak* backing is *waterproof* and doesn't stick to stocking. Always clean and inconspicuous. The individual medicated centers are safer, more effective.

Also try DRYBAK BUNION and CALLUS PLASTERS

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

IN EXTREME CASES OF FOOT TROUBLE, ALWAYS SEE YOUR CHIROPODIST.

BOX OF 12.. 25¢

DRYBAK CORN PLASTERS

New SHAMPOO TINTS HAIR OF ANY COLOR TO RICH *and* GLEAMING LOVELINESS

Hair of any color can now be tinted to marvelous, alluring loveliness as you wash it. New shampoo, discovery called **TINTZ** imparts brilliant colorful highlights to dull, lifeless hair. Beneficial, safe, greaseless—not a dye or a bleach. Won't harm permanent waves. Lathers richly—rinses readily. Trial package—your shade, Blonde, Titian, Brown, Brunette sent **FREE**. Send 10c to cover mailing.

TINTZ CO., 400 W. Erie St., Dept. F-51, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover mailing cost on **FREE TRIAL** package **TINTZ** in..............Shade.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....

Be a Nurse

WOMEN 30 TO 60 SUCCEED

YOU can learn at home in spare time. Your experience plus our help by mail fits you to make $25-$35 a week. Work among neighbors. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Estab. 35 years. Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times cost of course while studying. Equipment included. High school education not required. Men and women, 18-60. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 3311, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ....
(State whether Miss or Mrs.)
City ....*State* ....*Age* ....

SCREEN BOOK'S LOWDOWN CHART

Questions	Adrienne Ames	Alice White	Madge Evans
Age?	27	25	25
Birthplace?	Fort Worth, Texas	Paterson, N. J.	New York City
Real name?	Adrienne Ruth McClure	Alva White	Madge Evans
Nickname?	None	Peter Rabbit	None
Brothers and sisters?	3 brothers, 1 sister	None	1 brother
Married or single at present?	Married	Married	Single
Number of marriages?	Three	One	None
Husband's name and profession?	Bruce Cabot, actor	Cy Bartlett, writer	None
Best friend?	Arthur Stebbins	Betty Compson	Una Merkel
Began career?	As featured player	Script girl	Child actress
How long in Hollywood?	3 years	13 years	19 years
Studio address?	None	Universal studios	M-G-M Studios
Lives in?	Her own house	Her own house	Her own house
Servants?	Three	Two	Two
Cars?	Rolls-Royce and Ford	Ford and Cadillac	Ford and Pierce
Musical instruments played?	None	Piano	None
Favorite sports?	Golf and riding	Swimming	Tennis and swimming
Hobby?	None	Crocheting	Skeet shooting
What do you collect?	Rose quartz and amethyst	Antique Italian furniture	First editions
Favorite food?	Southern fried chicken	Spaghetti and cheese cake	Salads with anchovies
Favorite color?	Blue	Chartreuse	Blue
What do you dislike most?	Hypocrisy	High-hatters	Insincerity
Color of hair?	Brown	Blonde	Blonde
Color of eyes?	Blue	Dark brown	Blue
Color lipstick worn?	Vivid	Geranium	Carmine
Color nail polish?	Chinese red	Bright red	Natural
Size gloves?	6¼	6¼	6
Size shoes?	6A	4½c	4½
Height?	5 ft. 4 in.	4 ft. 11 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight?	117 lbs.	100 lbs.	116 lbs.
Bust measure?	34 in.	32 in.	33 in.
Waist measure?	26 in.	24½ in.	26 in.
Hip measure?	35 in.	32 in.	33 in.
What do you sleep in?	Nightgown	Nightgown	Pajamas

Editor's Note: If there is any star from whom you'd particularly like answers to the above questions, write today to The Lowdown Chart Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. Your letter may also include any additional questions you may want answered.

The Polite Vamp

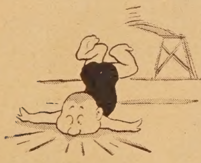
Alice Faye as she is seen in the act of politely vamping Jimmy Dunn in *365 Nights in Hollywood.* Gossips say their romance isn't all before the camera

---

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

[*Continued from page* 13]

our slaps until six p. m. Then we go home and do high diving in the pool. Tuesday we rehearse our kicks in the stomach until six-thirty p. m., and then go high diving in the pool. Wednesday and Thursday we practice our poking in the eyes until seven o'clock—then high dive in the pool until midnight. Friday we practice signals for any bridge or poker games we might get into and then jackknife into the pool some more. Today we worked in pictures until eleven-thirty p. m. and are finishing this letter so we can dive in the pool before they fill it with water. Boy, do we have fun!



"We can dive in the pool before they fill it with water. Boy, do we have fun!"

IF THERE'S any more lowdown on Hollywood your readers want from us, tell them to grab a rattler and come on out. If there's more than ten thousand of them they can stay in the extra guest rooms at Pickfair until there's a spare wing in Marion Davies' beach cottage.

As ever, your pals,

THE THREE STOOGES

Moe Howard
Larry Fine
Jerry Howard

"I'd like to meet that man . .

THE ONE WHO CREATED THIS DELICIOUS DENTYNE"

"I'm sure he must be different and exciting . . . like the Dentyne flavor. And he must have high ideals, too, because Dentyne is really the finest kind of gum . . . quite in a class by itself. Have you noticed how much chewier it is? My dentist tells me it is very good for my teeth."

A long time ago people ate more chewy foods. And they had but little trouble with their teeth. Today we eat soft, tender foods. We chew less. And our mouth health suffers.

Dentyne supplies this necessary chewing exercise. It helps your mouth to cleanse itself. It strengthens and stimulates.

Most people—however—would chew Dentyne anyway just for its wonderful flavor. Its delightfully spicy, tempting goodness and the pleasant firmness of its "chew" make Dentyne the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of intelligent people. You should try it today.

Chew delicious

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5¢ 5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY KEEPS TEETH WHITE . . .

FREE TUBE!
with each order for 2 tires. All Tubes New Heavy Gauge Circular Molded. Order now before offer expires.

NEW LOW PRICES
$2.15
29x4.40-21
$2.40
30x4.50-21
GOOD YEAR
Firestone
Goodrich
U.S. AND OTHERS
THESE TIRES SURE DO LOOK GOOD
YES AND THE YORK GUARANTY BOND PROTECTS YOU
12 MONTH WRITTEN-GUARANTY BOND WITH EACH TIRE
LOWEST PRICES ON EARTH

TIRE USERS by the thousands all over the U. S. A. vouch for the LONG, HARD SERVICE, under severest road conditions of our standard brand Tires reconstructed by the ORIGINAL SECRET YORK PROCESS. OUR 18 YEARS IN BUSINESS makes it possible to offer tires at LOWEST PRICES in history with 12 month guarantee.

NRA

Don't Delay—Order Today

BALLOON Tires

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

CORD Tires

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.25	$0.65	32x4½	3.35	1.15
30x3½	2.35	0.75	33x4½	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	0.85	35x5	3.95	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95	36x6	9.95	3.95
34x5	4.25	2.00	34x7	10.95	3.95
32x6 (8)	7.95	2.75	36x8	12.45	4.25
32x6(10)	8.95	2.75	40x8	15.95	4.95

ALL OTHER SIZES

DEALERS WANTED

SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT with each tire ordered. ($4.00 deposit on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C.O.D. Deduct **5 per cent** if cash is sent in full with order. **ALL TUBES BRAND NEW — GUARANTEED.** Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price. ORDER NOW!

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., **Dept. 3305**
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

Give Your
HANDS
A Chance!

SCOUR with SKOUR-PAK

Hands can't be nice—if you scour with things that roughen and scratch them. For scouring there's nothing better than steel wool. But for hands sake—use the Steel Wool Brush—Skour-Pak. Avoid careless use of steel wool (or metal fiber) and other scouring devices—avoid messy, scratched fingers and possible infection.

For safer, quicker, better scouring—and for lovelier hands, use—

SKOUR-PAK
THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

Special non-rusting steel wool—fastened in a handy safety rubber holder. No waste—can be used down to last inch. Drains clean.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent Stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department Stores.

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 Warren St., N.Y.C.

I Am Ginger Rogers' Secretary!

[*Continued from page* 18]

of your hand and "Dear me, this is all such a bother." I can't help giggling at the vision of you in such a pose.

In fiction, the early afternoon hours when you are not working would be littered with diction professors and voice teachers. With maybe a dancing instructor thrown in for state tax. But don't you think people would like you better if they knew that you'd be scared to death of a voice or diction teacher — and that you play your own songs on the piano — and that you've composed enough popular songs to fill in the water tank at RKO? And that you're a "natural" at dancing? Well, maybe I won't spill that. Maybe they wouldn't believe me.

Ginger cuts her birthday cake. She's just twenty-three

LET me see. We're about up to the time of day when the mythical dinner bell is about to ring. And Ginger Rogers, the great star—sits in state at home with liveried servants strung behind her chair, and a table full of caviar, *pate de foie gras* and pheasant's eyelids. If I put that in the story George would feel hurt. After all, he and Nona are darned nice colored-folks and if they don't serve you in the swell style befitting a personage—they at least manage a grand dinner, and George always invites your friends back to the house if they've expressed appreciation of Nona's cooking! You can't beat that for hospitality.

What do you suppose your fans would think if I told them the horrible truth that you are the Tiddle-dy-Winks champion of Hollywood? And that the only wild party you ever attended was one about a month ago when you and Mary Brian fought for the Tiddle Championship—and Mary almost won until you managed to hold her last disc until you had put two of yours into the glass? *That* was wild!

And how about all the gorgeous gowns in your closet that you fuss and fume about? Yes. And how about the three pairs of slacks you forgot to send to the cleaner last week? Your budget won't permit you to buy any more this week—and those you're wearing have a spot of grease on one leg. The point is, that if you don't have those three pairs cleaned you won't have anything to wear around town—since you refuse to dress up for anything but magnificent occasions.

That reminds me, Miss Rogers! Next time you walk off with your mother's best beret don't keep it a secret. She and I looked under everything in the house but the fireless cooker yesterday—and finally George admitted grudgingly that you had absconded with the object of our search.

INCIDENTALLY I hope you realize you had me in a fit of cold blue gollywobbles last night, when that gambling club was raided, and you'd threatened in the afternoon to go to one of those places just to see what they were like. I heard, about 11:30 that the place was to be raided, and I dashed madly down there hoping to pull you out of a window or something. By the time I arrived the police cars were just leaving. Imagine my consternation when I arrived home and found you peacefully asleep in your bed! And to top it off Nona bore unquestionable witness to the fact that you'd been there for two hours!

You had me scared last week, too. Sunday evening when I got to KECA just five minutes before your broadcast, and the Station officials were burning up telephone lines trying to find you. How in the heck were they to know that the meek little girl who had been sitting watching the program for an hour was Ginger Rogers? And while your mother and I and a half a dozen radio announcers did whips and jingles over your absence you sat calmly and sweetly waiting for your turn!

I wish you'd let me write a nice long story sometime about the afternoon we got into mixed doubles on the Griffith Park tennis courts, and when the boy who was playing partners with you said you looked like Ginger Rogers, you pretended to be insulted. And you said you thought she was a terrible actress, and an awful dancer and singer, and if you only had *her* chance in pictures you'd really *do* things. I've never told you before, but when I went back for our sweaters I told the poor boy who you were. He'd looked so crestfallen while you were tearing down his idol that I couldn't resist reinstating you.

Oh, so now you want to read what I'd be writing about you if you would let me. . . .

Well . . . it's all true, isn't it? You're no snooty, unapproachable Motion Picture Star. You're a grand kid who can sing and dance better than almost anyone in the world. And now's my chance to tell you what I've wanted to ever since I've known you: You happen to be one of the very nicest persons I know. And you could have me boiled in oil before I'd ever write or say a word about you that wasn't the truth. You're just about perfect as you are!

Get Acquainted!

Introducing a beauty from France, a lass from Kentucky, Holland's Valentino and the darling of all New York's chorus charmers

KETTI GALLIAN: Born in France where she is well known as a movie favorite. Later starred in London. Now under contract to Fox, appearing in *Marie Galante*

VIRGINIA REID: Eighteen-year-old beauty from Lexington, Kentucky, who has been judged by artists as one of the world's most lovely girls. Pictures: *Down to Their Last Yacht* and *Kid Millions*

WILLY CASTELLO: One-time light heavyweight champion of the Dutch army, Willy Castello started his career as an extra in French pictures. He has been brought to America by Universal to appear opposite Margaret Sullavan

DOROTHY DARE: She tripped the light fantastic in the choruses of several hit shows on Broadway, later stepping into stage plays. Newly recruited by Warner Brothers, her first picture will be *Happiness Ahead*

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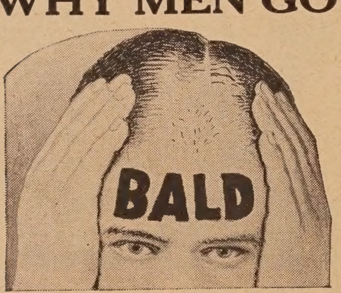
"IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT"

WHY MEN GO



BALD

Science Finds New Way to Remove Germ Cause and Activate Dormant Roots to Stimulate Hair Growth

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A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents dormant hair roots (papilla) from growing new hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

Now a new discovery enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to harmlessly remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores to breathe in air, sunshine and absorb a penetrating, stimulating scalp-food, to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots and grow new hair. It is the most sensational discovery in the history of falling hair. It is all explained in a new treatise called "GROW HAIR," showing "anatomy of your hair" and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 127, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.—(Advertisement.)

Information Please

Conducted by Doris Jean

WHAT is Gary Cooper's correct name? Where do his mother and father live? How tall is he and how long has he been in pictures?—*W. G. Invold, Stillwater, Minnesota.*

Gary Cooper's real name is Frank Cooper. His mother and father both live in Hollywood, although they sometimes visit their ranch in Montana. He is six feet two, and has been in pictures for nearly ten years.

How old is Helen Vinson? Is she married, and if so, to whom? What nationality is Elissa Landi? How old is Richard Arlen, and when is his birthday?—*Dorian Vreeland, Bok Park, Illinois.*

Helen Vinson was born September 17, 1907, so she is just twenty-seven. She is not married. Elissa Landi's nationality is rather confused. She was born in Venice, Italy, so by birth she is Italian. Her parents were Austrians, however (her grandmother was the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria), so she is Austrian by heritage. Now, she is married to an Englishman, so legally she is British. You may take your pick of those nationalities. Richard Arlen was thirty-five on September 1.

Is Ralph Bellamy married? If not, please tell me his address, for I would like one of his pictures.—*Miss Helen Lang, Ravenna, Ohio.*

Yes, unfortunately, Ralph Bellamy is married. His wife's maiden name was Catherine Willard. In case you still want one of his pictures you may reach him through the Fox Studio, Fox Hills, West Los Angeles, California.

Where could I get a picture of Lew Ayres—signed by him? How old is he? Does he like Ginger Rogers very much? —*Carmen France, El Paso, Texas.*

An autographed picture of Lew Ayres may be obtained at Fox Studio. He was born December 28, 1908, which makes him just twenty-five. He refuses to say anything regarding his feelings for Ginger Rogers, but he and Ginger have been going together frequently for a long time. They certainly don't dislike each other.

What is Jean Parker's real name? Where did she attend school? *Ans.: Jean's real name is Mae Green. She attended Pasadena High School, Pasadena, California*

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Would you please answer the following questions? Is James Cagney as rough and tough in regular life as he is on the screen?
—*Thelma Wolferz,* 88 *Morris Avenue, Manasquan, N. J.*

James Cagney is not at all the "rough and tough" character in real life that he portrays on the screen. In fact, offstage he is extremely kind and gentle always.

Where did Ginger Rogers go to school? What is her height and weight?—*Dorothy Jane King, 3528 Salem Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Ginger Rogers went through grammar school in Fort Worth, Texas, and attended her first year of high school there. Then she moved to New York and attended school there for a year until she obtained a part in a Broadway show. From that time on, her formal education came in short spurts between stage productions. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds.

Would you please tell me how many sisters Loretta Young has? And would you please give me the girls' names? How many are in pictures? What are their ages? Has she any brothers?—*Marjorie Givin, Crete, Nebraska.*

Loretta Young has three sisters, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, and Georgianna Young. Polly Ann, age twenty-five, and Sally Blane, age twenty-four, are in pictures. However, Georgianna Young, age five, has not yet crashed the silver screen. Loretta has one brother.

Please tell me what nationality Joan Crawford is. Where and when was she born? What is her next picture?—*Babette Breitbart, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

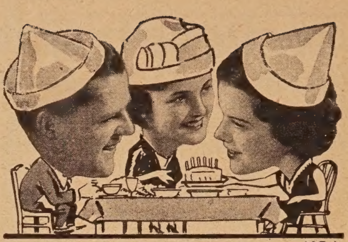
Joan Crawford is an American (from San Anton', Texas, suh). She was born March 23, 1908. Her present picture is *Chained* with Clark Gable.

Will you please tell me what Creighton Chaney's next picture will be? Is Creighton Chaney his real name? Where was he born? How old is he? Is he married?—*Potenciana Timbreza, Kahuku Oahu, Hawaii.*

Creighton Chaney's next picture has not yet been selected, but you can expect to see it announced very soon. Yes, Creighton Chaney is his real name; he is the son of the late Lon Chaney. He was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, just twenty-four years ago. He is married and has two young sons.

FREE PERSONAL REPLIES

Doris Jean will be glad to answer your questions, personally, but please do not send more than three at a time, and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage only). She cannot, however, answer questions concerning religion, the subject of getting jobs or assist in securing autographed portraits. Address your letter to Doris Jean, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California



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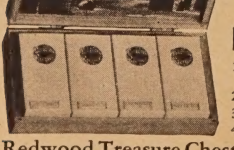

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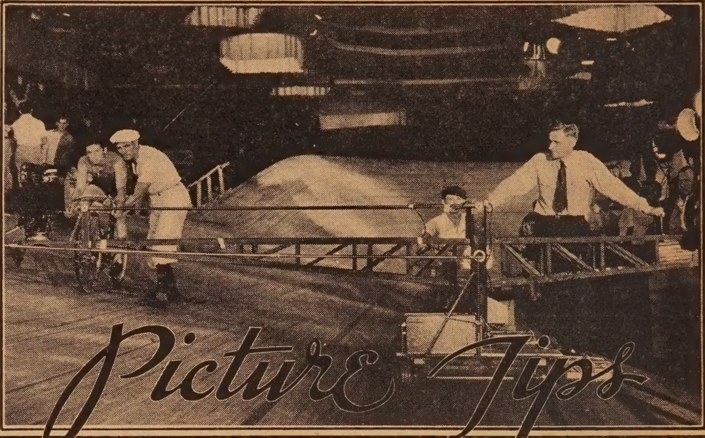

Remarkable backstage shot, showing how the racing shots for Joe E. Brown's *The Six Day Bike Rider* are being filmed

THE NEW PICTURES

TUNEFUL FARCE with a good cast, *Down to Their Last Yacht* is good average entertainment. Sidney Fox, Polly Moran, Mary Boland and Sidney Blackmer do their stuff against a South Sea background.★★—*Radio.*

SIMPLE, RUSTIC TALE from Gene Stratton Porter's famous novel, *Girl of the Limberlost* features a strong cast including Louise Dresser, Marian Marsh and Ralph Morgan.★★—*Monogram.*

LESLIE HOWARD'S BEARD is about the most unusual thing about *The Lady Is Willing*, a story of the loss of money in fake stocks and the attempts of the losers to get even with a charlatan by kidnaping his wife. Binnie Barnes is highly attractive in her rôle.★★—*Columbia.*

LOVE AND SACRIFICE play the leading rôles in *The Age of Innocence*, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles are co-starred. Somewhat similar to *Back Street.*★★★—*Radio.*

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE and what it does to the lady in question as emoted by Barbara Stanwyck in *The Lost Lady* with the help of Lyle Talbot, Ricardo Cortez and Frank Morgan.★★—*Warner.*

FAMILIAR FACES in *Kansas City Princess*, meaning Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert. It's the hardboiled blonde, playboy-comic type of picture.★★—*Warner.*

CENSOR AGITATION HURT *Outcast Lady*, previously called *The Green Hat*. Even with the fine acting of Connie Bennett and Herbert Marshall, Michael Arlen's famous play simply couldn't take all the pruning necessary to get it by the barrage of movie cleaner-uppers.★★—*Metro.*

WOULD YOU MARRY A CRIPPLE? *Have a Heart*, dramatic, beautifully acted, tells the story of the girl who became a cripple on the eve of her wedding. Jean Parker is perfect in this, her first starring production.★★★—*Metro.*

RIP-ROARING COMEDY and no mistake. In *Big Hearted Herbert* Guy Kibbee is the self-made man who never lets anyone forget it. Aline MacMahon and Patricia Ellis do fine work.★★★—*Warner.*

CINDERELLA STUFF is about all that can be said for *Desirable*, with Jean Muir, George Brent and Verree Teasdale, although you'll find the picture entertaining in spots.★★—*Warner.*

VIRTUE IS REWARDED in *City Park* as three kindly old codgers save Sally Blane from a bit of cinematic street-walking★★—*Chesterfield.*

DELIGHTFUL HUMOR makes *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, with W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts worth your time. You know the story.★★★★—*Paramount.*

MAE WEST AT HER BEST in *Belle of the Nineties*, which was not riddled by censorship as first rumored. Johnny Mack Brown is the man who falls for Mae's charms as she plays the old-time queen of burlesque.★★★—*Paramount.*

A LANDSLIDE OF TALENT is the boast of *Gift O' Gab*, which deals with adventures in and around a radio station. Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Edmund Lowe and Gloria Stuart in the cast.★★★★—*Universal.*

HUMAN DRAMA that will appeal. *Imitation of Life*, starring Claudette Colbert, with Louise Beavers, shows how easy it is to make a million dollars.★★★—*Universal.*

CLASSIC LITERATURE made into classic screen entertainment, *We Live Again* is one of the season's top-notch offerings. Taken from Leo Tolstoi's famous *Resurrection*, it is a magnificent production. Fredric March and Anna Sten co-starred.★★★★—*20th Century.*

APPEALING LOVE STORY —*The Fountain*, which has Ann Harding in love with another man, but loyal to her crippled husband is an outstanding offering.★★★★—*Radio.*

WILL ROGERS HIT—*Judge Priest* is another of Will Rogers' superlative cinema achievements. In the cast also are Henry Walthall, Anita Louise and Stepin Fetchit.★★★★—*Fox.*

JOIN THE REVOLUTION! You'll have a gay time with Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in *Pursuit of Happiness*, a comedy of Revolutionary days. ★★★—*Paramount.*

SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT—*Crime Without Passion*, featuring Whitney Bourne, Margo and Claude Rains is the story of a criminal lawyer who gets a dose of his own medicine. ★★★★—*Paramount.*

SMART AND SPARKLING, *The Merry Widow*, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier, is packed with grand music, gorgeous scenery and beautiful ladies.★★★★—*Metro.*

FAST-MOVING WESTERN—*Lucky Rhodes*, starring Buck Jones, has the familiar saving-the-old-ranch theme, but this time gangsters are mixed up in the plot.★★—*Universal.*

THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE neatly handled makes *The Human Side* an interesting picture. Adolphe Menjou is the man who adores his children and his divorced wife, but can't resist a pretty face. Doris Kenyon delivers a good performance.★★★—*Universal.*

SOUTH SEA MELODRAMA that's pretty exciting in spots. *Pursued* tells the story of a gal

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show . . . ★★ Average Movie . . . ★ Mediocre Offering

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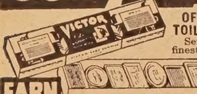

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who does a lot for her man, but it gets her in more trouble than it's worth—almost. Cast: Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie, Pert Kelton.★★—*Fox.*

BACK TO THE FARM becomes much more than a slogan when you see *Our Daily Bread*, with Tom Keene, Karen Morley and Barbara Pepper excellent in story of youth during depression.★★★—*United Artists.*

MEDIEVAL CHEATING was never done better than it is in *Cleopatra*, Cecil De Mille's newest historic drama. Claudette Colbert is dazzling as Egypt's queen, using her wiles with great results on Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon. Lavish to a degree.★★★★—*Paramount.*

MODERN AUDIENCES will be pleased at this new version of *Count of Monte Cristo* featuring Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. It is more realistic than silent attempts.★★★—*20th Century.*

FIREWORKS are the least that happens in *Cat's Paw*, with Harold Lloyd at his funniest as the son of a missionary in China with romantic designs on Una Merkel.★★★★—*Fox.*

FOR YOUNG AND OLD, *Treasure Island*, the famous Robert Louis Stevenson classic, is perfect entertainment. Cast: Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger, Lionel Barrymore.★★★★—*Metro.*

CHARMING COMEDY—Robert Montgomery in *Hideout* is delightful as a hardboiled racketeer forced to the country when things get too hot for him in the city. There he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and she brings about his regeneration.★★★—*Metro.*

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT is to be found in *British Agent*, story of the dangerous, critical life in and around the British diplomatic offices in Russia during threatened red revolution. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have the leading rôles.★★★★—*Warner.*

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—*Nell Gwyn*, played by Anna Neagle, a lady of rare beauty, shown in the act of giving Charles II headaches and heartaches. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays the rôle of King Charles in a masterful manner. Despite the fact that the picture is spicy, it's all good fun and your critic hopes that the censors won't yield to the temptation of scissoring this one.★★★★—*United Artists.*

SPARKLING WITH FUN, *Romance in the Rain* unfolds the plot of the press agent who creates a Cinderella and then falls in love with her. Roger Pryor and Heather Angel have the leading rôles.★★★—*Universal.*

Don't Miss These Four Star Pictures

***We Live Again*—Anna Sten and Fredric March.**

***Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*—W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts.**

***Merry Widow*—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald.**

***Judge Priest*—Will Rogers.**

***The Fountain*—Ann Harding.**

***Crime Without Passion*—Claude Rains, Whitney Bourne.**

***British Agent*—Kay Francis, Leslie Howard.**

***Nell Gwyn*—Anna Neagle.**

***Treasure Island*—Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore.**

***One Night of Love*—Grace Moore.**

***Cat's Paw*—Harold Lloyd.**

***Cleopatra*—Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon.**

***Affairs of Cellini*—Frank Morgan, Connie Bennett, Fredric March.**

***Madame DuBarry*—Dolores Del Rio.**

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Stars Have No Right to Private Lives

[*Continued from page* 17]

the demands and tastes of the movie-going public these publications walk; how truly they reflect what the public *does* want. However, they may understand another illustration better: Among America's smartest, most level-headed and practical business men you must, surely, count those who guide the nation's big national advertising campaigns. A single advertisement in one issue of some magazines costs several thousand dollars. An advertising campaign using one slogan or message often costs a hundred thousand or more. This money isn't spent lightly; these men know that what they say is worth the money it costs to get the message to the public. And what do they say? Often, just that this or that movie star or stars uses this brand of soap, that brand of cigarette!

THEY know the general public *is* interested in trivial things about the movie idols. They know that countless thousands of people, hearing a star uses this brand of soap, will begin using it themselves; hearing he smokes that sort of cigarette, will themselves begin smoking it. That's how *silly* the interviews in newspapers and magazines are. They recognize, and satisfy the same public demand that the keen advertising men of the land recognize and satisfy.

Consider this in another way. If the public is influenced by its admiration for stars to a degree wherein this hero worship (may it never die!) dictates even choice of cigarettes and toilet soap, style of clothes and taste in breakfast foods, how much more important is the influence of a star's personal conduct? Does he advocate, seemingly, dissipation, scandal, and so on? If he does, will he not be copied by thousands of people? Will his tacit "endorsement" of such things not "sell" thousands the same ideas?

That serves to illustrate how great is the sense of responsibility he should feel. And how glad he should be to sacrifice the luxury, if it is a luxury, of having a private life, for the sake of all those people who are curious about everything he does, thinks, *is*. And for the sake of the rewards of stardom.

I've spoken of the rewards of being a star, without telling what they are A princely salary, you'd say, for one thing. Perhaps at first that is a big thrill. But in all honesty, it cannot long hold first place in the mind of anyone whose temperament is emotional enough to fit him for acting. The biggest thing most of us get out of it is something a bit too subtle for outright description. It's fame, and it isn't. It's hero-worship, and it isn't. It's inspiration, and something more.

But I can tell you what, in a way, it is most like: The feeling a fellow gets when he's on a football team, knows his school is depending upon him, and hears it roaring his name. Isn't that worth almost anything—and isn't it a human gratification money can't buy?

At any rate, it's worth living a clean life for, and worth whatever annoyance curiosity and probing and tireless questioning may put one to. I'd trade the privilege of living "my own private life" for what stardom offers any day.

Time Out For Lunch!

Two of the loveliest chorus girls in *The Gay Divorce*, Angela Blue and Frances Grant, restrict themselves to an ice cream diet while resting between the picture's scenes

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Hollywood Flashes

[*Continued from page* 59]

says are two screen romances. Paul Ames, wealthy New Yorker, was visiting June Knight there and Ann Sothern was visiting Roger Pryor!

McLaglen Feted

JUST about the last word in military organizations is the newly-organized off-shoot of Victor McLaglen's famous Light Horse Cavalry Troop, the McLaglen Light Horse Girl's Troop! The original enlistment, forty strong, held saddles—pardon us, chairs!—at a big party Vic threw the other night in the Hollywood Brass Rail in honor of the signing of his troopers for "service" in Paramount's long-postponed, but finally-launched *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.*

What a Treat?

BELIEVE it or not, a group of California tourists had a glimpse of La Garbo filming scenes for *The Painted Veil* on location at a polo field the other day. They also stood, enraptured, some distance away but in plain sight of the star for awhile as she sat on a bench chatting with George Brent, who shares leading honors with Herbert Marshall opposite the Swedish star.

Clive Brook's Message

CLIVE BROOK post-cards from England that "home" is charming at this time of year and "scarcely a bit foggy." He is starting a picture called *The Dictator,* with Madeleine Carroll. Among the faces he sees occasionally that were not long ago familiar in Hollywood are those of Charles Farrell, Leslie Howard, June Clyde, George Arliss, and Helen Chandler.

Cowboys Are Back

OLD-TIMERS in Hollywood are amazed and delighted to behold once more picturesquely-clad cowboys hanging around the corner of the Boulevard and its principal intersection, Cahuenga, where during the hey-day of Western pictures they could always be seen. A saddle and leather shop, long closed, has reopened again as their rendezvous—all because of the renewed popularity of Westerns, a result of the "clean-picture" drive!

Answers to Picture Quizz

1. Ruby Keeler is the girl. She is co-starred with Dick Powell in *Flirtation Walk.*
2. The director is showing Anita Louise and Verree Teasdale the proper way to embrace.
3. Bette Davis is the girl in dark glasses.
4. The exciting scene is from *The Six Day Bike Rider,* starring Joe E. Brown.

How BLONDES *hold their sweethearts*

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Blondex comes in two sizes—the NEW, inexpensive 25c package and the economical $1.00 bottle. Try it today and see the difference. At all good drug and department stores.

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The Myth of the $2,000,000 Heiress

[*Continued from page 27*]

would criticize unless she had definite concrete ground for such criticism. In other words Whitney implied that she is not blind to the existence of the masses, and sees some virtue in all humans.

"How did you feel making your first picture?" I asked.

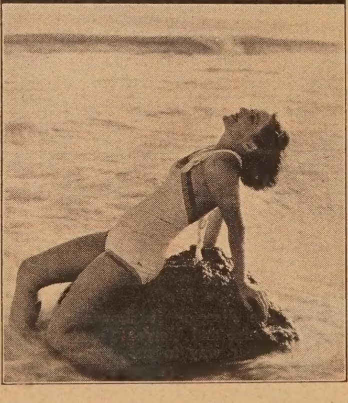
"Well, I was quite frightened at the beginning. The suspense of it—waiting around—made me jump all inside. But everyone was so helpful and understanding, I finally came through all right, as you see."

We were now comfortably seated in her dressing suite, which was strewn with modish hats, shoes and dresses, for which condition Whitney begged forgiveness.

"See this?" blurted Whitney, displaying a fetching black velvet beret. "I bought it in a local department store for $2.50. And this—this is only 50c," she boasted enthusiastically, fingering a feather at least a yard in length, which she pulled deftly through a slit in the side of the hat. "It's packs of fun to buy so—and adjust oneself. I do that with almost all my clothes. Try it sometime," she coaxed me.

It amazed me—how conscious of frugality this foremost debutante of the 1932 social season was. During a further conversation on the prevailing depression wave, I discovered she was vividly aware of how economics determine our social drift, and it is therefore, that I feel confident that Whitney will succeed in pretentious Hollywood. Her directors too, are certain, that with her glowing emotion, which she regulates at will, coupled with her genuine flawless beauty and compelling personality, they have star material, and her reaching stardom is just a matter of a short time.

Hollywood Mermaid



The water at Malibu is a little bit icy at this time of year, but it doesn't stop Margaret Carthew, Warner Brothers player, from taking her daily dip

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This spectacular method of walking around on your hands is Bobbie Sheehan's idea of gentle exercise. You'll see her do it in *The Gay Divorce*

ALTHOUGH Whitney is undoubtedly one of society's rarest beauties, and has been conversationally paired with every eligible society bachelor, she is as heart-free as a monk. Raymond Guest, Park Avenue's wealthy scion, is about the only one who for sometime was constantly privileged with her company, but that was last year and may be a thing of the past.

And, as we rambled on I extracted from Whitney what her pet diversion was and was surprised to learn that it was "eating"—of all things. "I really do love to eat, but ever since I started in this business, I have had to check myself. I can't even take a glass of water, for fear I'll get bloated." And so she daily works on, as arid as a desert. And here she jumped up, for the mention of aqua reminded her. "Excuse me, I'm anaemic, if you can believe it, and I've got to take a pill." She was off before I knew it, dashing down the corridor to the drinking fountain and back in record time, giggling. I too thought it funny, for Whitney stands about five feet six, and is softly curved in just the right places, with a thermal complexion looking anything but wan. But it may be that she's trying to wipe out any smattering of royal fluid that may be left from her trundle days.

The luncheon hour had approached and my gracious hostess invited me to partake of some food in the restaurant across the road, which was the only place in the neighborhood. We entered the eatery, which was crowded with humanity, from rouged extras to transient truck drivers, who parked their mares and dropped in for a snack. And although the service ware was tinny, and the napkins had to be jerked from a container, Whitney ate her corned-beef and cabbage with as much savor, as though she were at Mayfair, partaking of imported caviar.

This last democratic gesture convinced me definitely that Whitney Bourne, aside from all her other virtues, is somewhat of a sociologist, for it is people, rather than polish that interest her.

And Hollywood can use such a luminary.

Long may she flicker!

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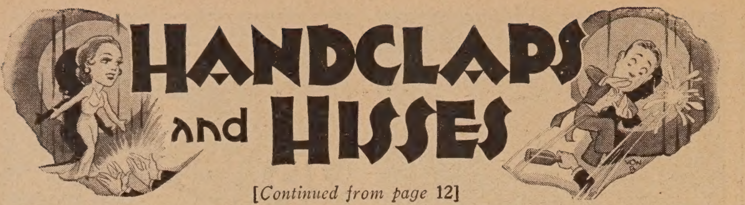


HANDCLAPS and HISSES

[Continued from page 12]

falling down an elevator shaft. For Durante's own sake, I say frankly to forget the "Hinkey-dinkey-doo" song and the "Hotcha-cha" gag or he'll fall faster and harder than any stratosphere balloon.—**Dick Backes, 400 Hefron St., Washington, Indiana.**

$1.00 Letter

One Who Won't Take It

I'M JUST a forgotten fan, but I'll state here and now that I'll be darned if anyone is going to tell me what pictures amuse me and what ones won't. I've got my own picture code, and that is that I'll pay to see any picture that will amuse me, no matter who produced it, or who disapproves it. I rather imagine that in the future I will confine myself to seeing my favorite film personalities or novelty movies of exceptional orginality, in other words—idea pictures.—**Holly English, Lowville, New York.**

$1.00 Letter

In Memory of Marie

NOT after the manner of men who attribute all virtue to the dead do I name Marie Dressler "Hollywood's Greatest Star." Rather in the mood of those who, giving praise to the dead, deeply regret that the occasion did not previously arise to proclaim publicly their great admiration. . . . We are a family of five. Seldom does any one thing appeal to us equally. Rarely do our tastes coincide in motion pictures. Never did we agree on one star as brightest in the firmament, until we saw *Anna Christie*, *Min and Bill*, *Tugboat Annie* and other Marie Dressler successes. United we stand, one family of five, firmly believing that "Hollywood's Greatest Star" was Marie Dressler.—**Bernice Berker, 612 Simpson St., St. Paul, Minn.**

WIN A PRIZE!

Each month SCREEN BOOK offers ten cash prizes for letters from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of a tie; the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

WRITE TODAY!

Popularity Barometer

100%
Jean Harlow
Gene Raymond
Janet Gaynor

95%
Ginger Rogers
Clark Gable
Shirley Temple
Mae West

90%
Claudette Colbert
Dick Powell
Jean Parker
Joan Crawford
Ruby Keeler

85%
Katharine Hepburn
Margaret Sullavan
Joan Blondell
Bing Crosby
Myrna Loy

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Popularity Barometer is based on an analysis of all letters received by SCREEN BOOK from movie fans and is not presented as an absolute authority on the relative popularity of stars. If one of your favorites is missing from the list your letter will help. You'll find it unusually interesting to watch the barometer change each month.

After seeing Virginia Bruce in *Jane Eyre*, what sort of rôle would you suggest for her next picture? Your answer may win a prize

"This girl has something in her besides brains"

$1.00 Letter

Hidden Talent

WE HAVE been seeing on the screen of late a young lady who has thus far played nothing but minor parts. The lady to whom I am referring is Patsy Kelly. Patsy-of-the-minor-rôles who should be given a chance at real acting. This girl has something in her besides brains—and that is the ability to ACT. Let's see more real acting in the person of Patsy and less of that glamorous, show-off stuff that lacks everything but makeup. — **Vega Thsen, 3984 Drexel Road, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

$1.00 Letter

Plea For Pickford

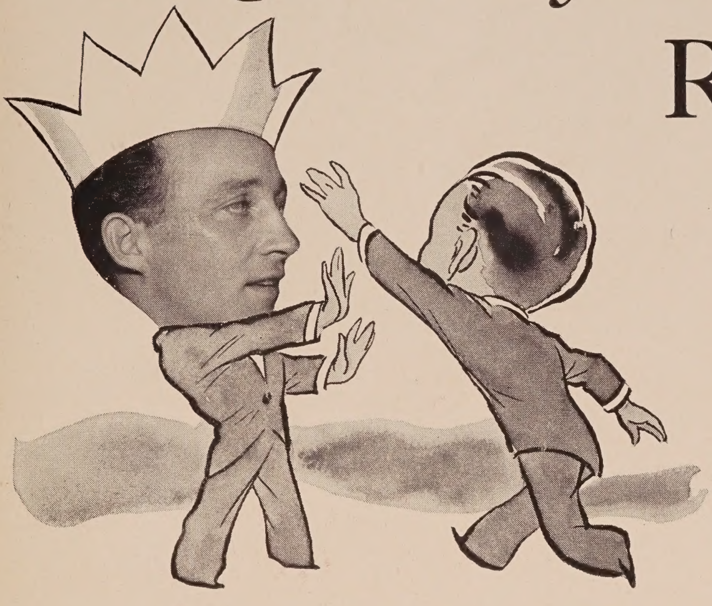
WHY don't we see "America's Sweetheart" more? Is she losing the crown, so regally worn on her golden curls? Remember in the good old days when she played kid parts? I especially liked *Rosita* and *The Sparrow*. Do let us see her again! Why not as the little blind girl in *Little Devil*. That would make a grand movie!—**Virgie Ludwig, 685 Rand Ave., Oakland, Calif.**

$1.00 Letter

Mae West Champion

THERE is undoubtedly a fascinating field for difference of opinion in the widespread tendency to censure certain pictures as the pit of perdition. I am not carried to any great lengths of reflection by a picture, and my belief is that you can make your own mental deductions. It is not until one is sympathetically into the conception of the censors that it sounds plausible. Nevertheless, I shall go on thinking Mae West clever and possessing an undefinable charm regardless. It is certain as anything in human calculation can be made certain that most of our minds are acutely responsive to humor, and she possesses humor to the 'nth degree.—**E. T. Harges, 710 Day St., Indianapolis, Ind.**

Bing Crosby's NEW RIVAL



A brand-new rival is reaching out for Bing Crosby's crown as King of Crooners—a rival who has risen meteorically out of the west and is heading pell-mell for radio fame. There are millions of radio fans who think there is only one Bing Crosby, that breath-taking voices like his occur only once in a generation, that no one could possibly duplicate Bing's magnetic radio appeal, but—well, you'll find the whole amazing story of his new rival in the big November issue of

RADIOLAND

The News Magazine of the Air

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NOVEMBER ISSUE:

RADIOLAND
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The SETH PARKER
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REBELLIOUS ROXY RETURNS
In which the famous Roxy slays a few radio dragons

THEY NEVER TOLD TILL NOW
Untold stories of the stars

RUDY VALLEE'S MUSIC NOTEBOOK
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ROMANCE F. O. B. UKELELE
Radio's sweetest love story

THE SETH PARKER DISASTER
First true story about his radio voyage

GOSSIP—LATE NEWS—PORTRAITS—ACTION PICTURES

10c

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but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco...
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MARLENE DIETRICH ANSWERS HER CRITICS

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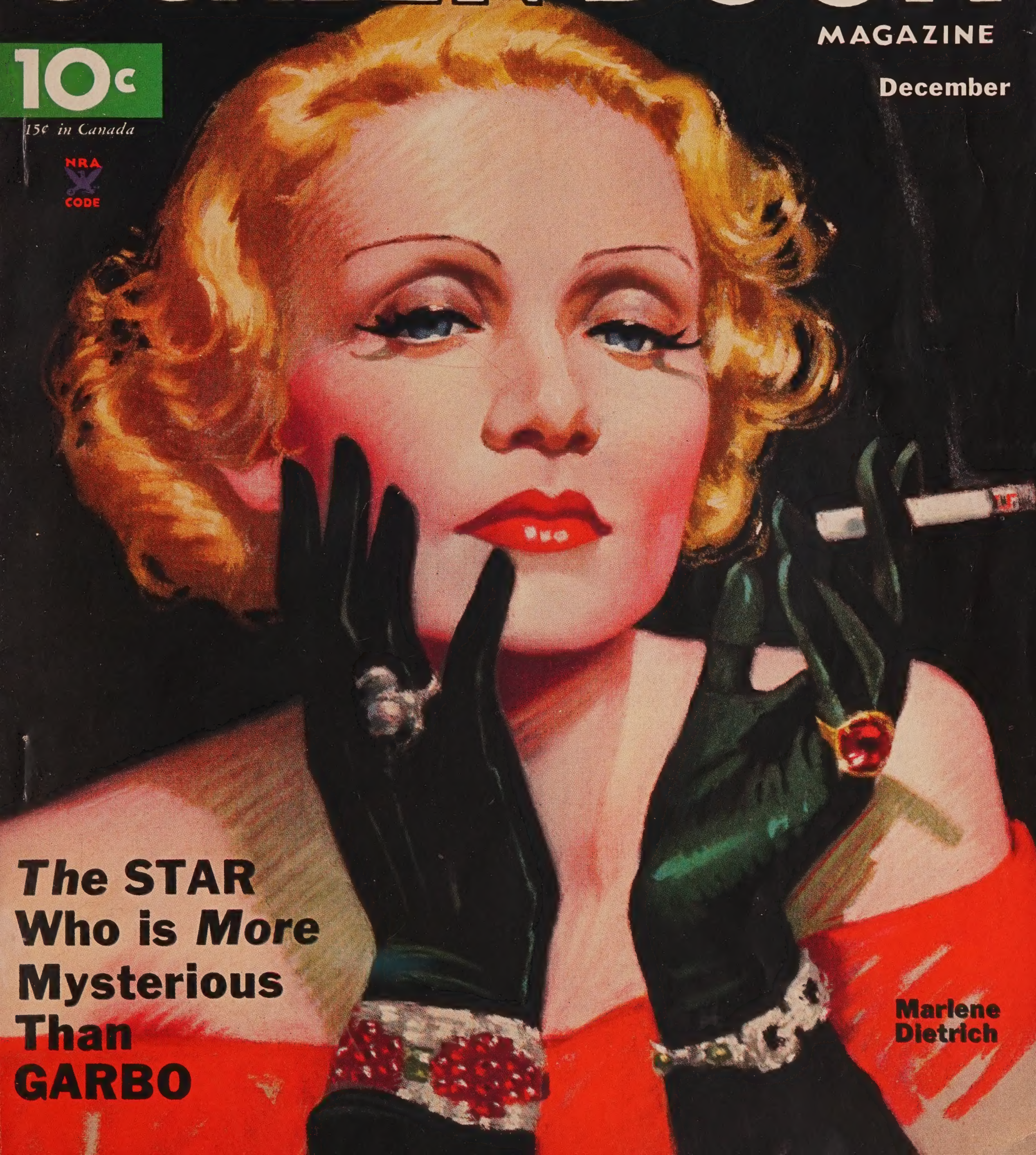
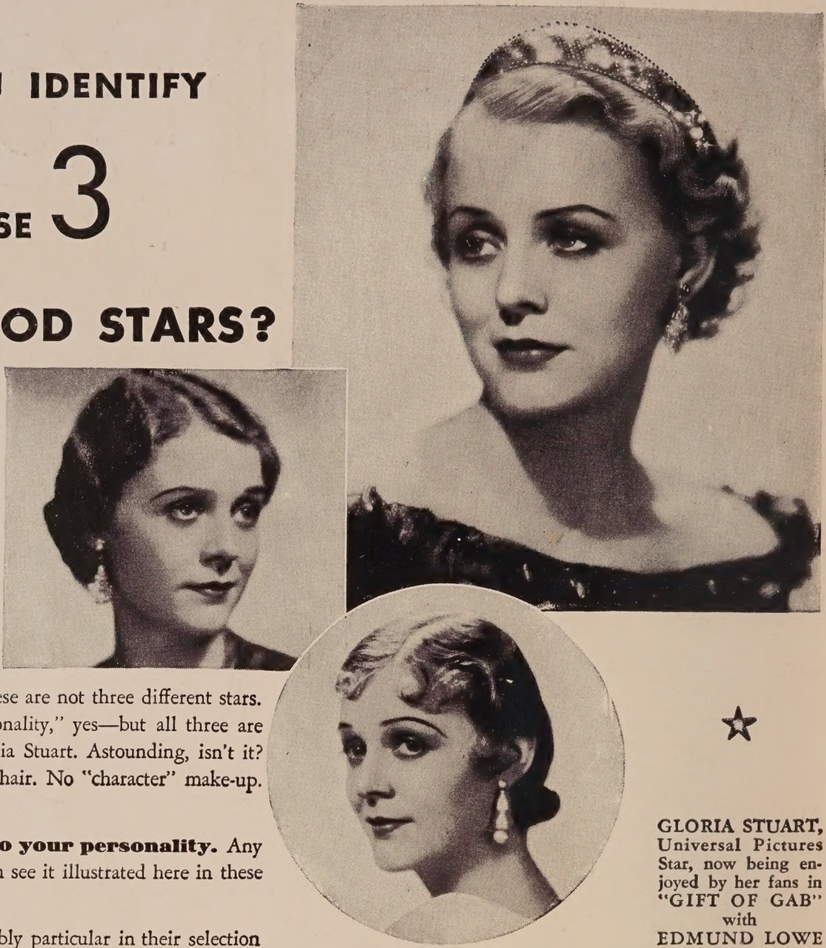


The STAR Who is *More* Mysterious Than GARBO

Marlene
Dietrich

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE 3 HOLLYWOOD STARS?



STRANGELY enough, these are not three different stars. Each is a distinct "personality," yes—but all three are portrayed by one star—Gloria Stuart. Astounding, isn't it? And it's all done with the hair. No "character" make-up. No trick photography.

Your hair is the key to your personality. Any star will tell you so. You can see it illustrated here in these three pictures.

For this reason stars are doubly particular in their selection of a permanent waving method. **Duart Waves** are featured in **89 Hollywood Beauty Salons** and have become the choice of Hollywood Stars because Duart will impart to any type or color of hair a wave of long lasting natural beauty, softness, and youthful lustre.

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CHOICE OF THE STARS
HAIR RINSE
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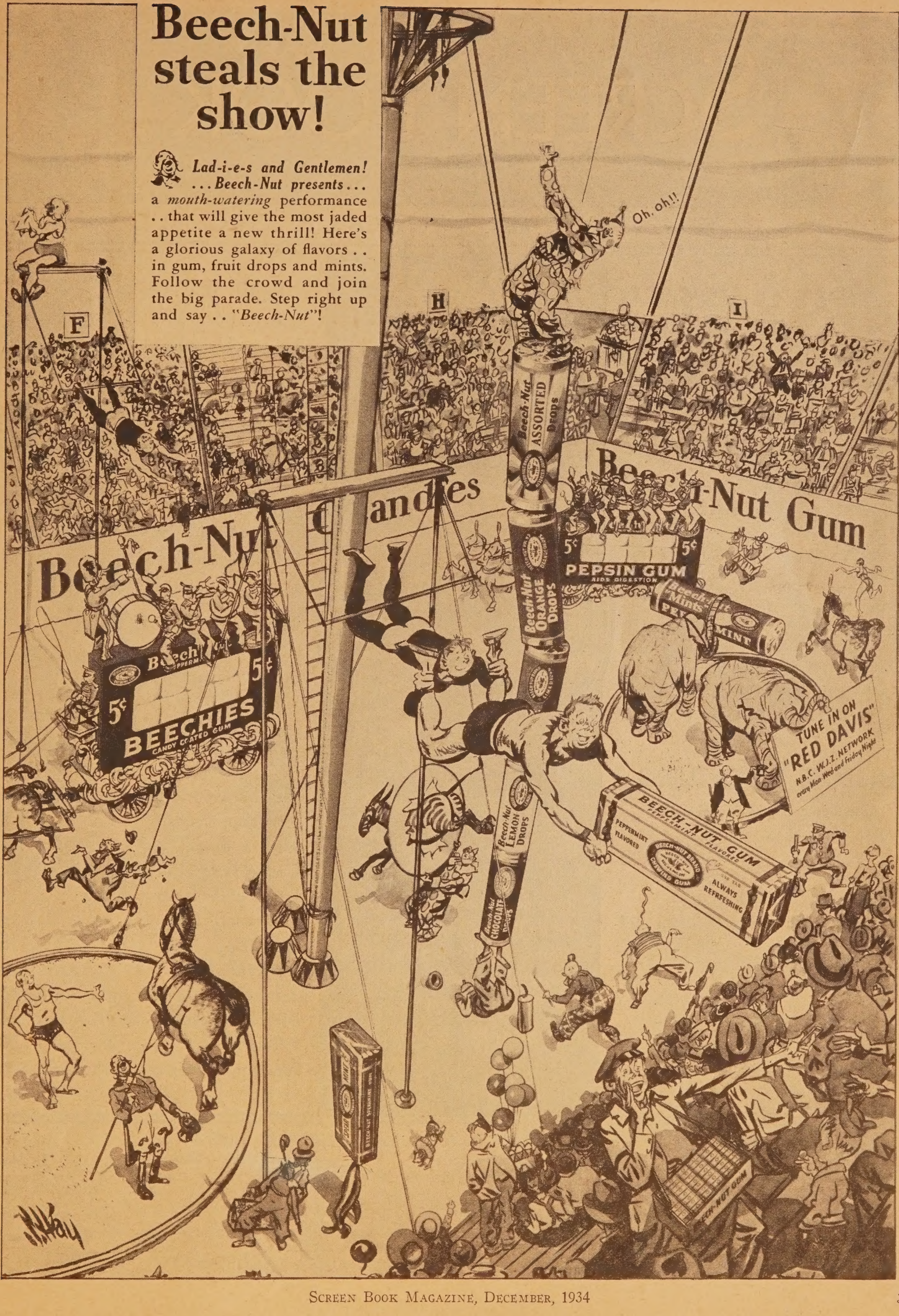
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The Newsmagazine of the Movies

SCREEN BOOK

DECEMBER, 1934 VOL. XIII No. 5

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Executive Editor

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GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with **HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT**

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

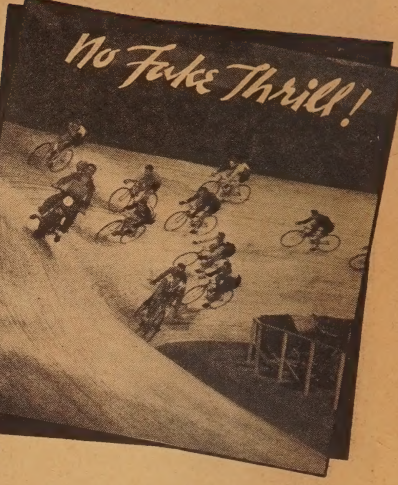
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! *This* is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. *This* is *your* Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Happy Again!

Jean Harlow is seen here and there and everywhere with William Powell these days in a gay mood


No Fake Thrill!

One of the most exciting scenes in Joe E. Brown's *Six Day Bike Rider*. One man was killed during the making of this picture

The Hollywood LOWDOWN

By the
Star Reporter

Warner Brothers hail Helen Trenholme, who appears in *The Case of the Howling Dog*, with Warren William, as one of the most promising discoveries in recent months

Ruby Keeler salutes her admirers in the smart costume which she wears in *Flirtation Walk*. Dick Powell is her leading man

TO MAE WEST goes credit for the best laugh of the month. The merriment occurred during the brief battle between Enzo Fiermonte, erstwhile husband of the famed Mrs. Astor, and Les Kennedy, a pugilist whose future is conceded to be pretty well behind him. Just before his humiliating knockout, Enzo went down after being clipped on the chin in the fourth round. Sad and bewildered, resting on one knee, he gazed into the audience directly at Mae West. And here, for the first time, is explained the reason for the ripple of laughter in Mae's corner. The Queen of Diamonds, grinning at the fallen gladiator, had chirped, "Don't look at me, brother. I didn't do it!"

Coogan Sees Himself

BELIEVE it or not, Jackie Coogan saw himself for the first time on the screen in his famous picture, *The Kid* only the other day. The picture was shown to him by Chaplin himself, who has the master print. Jackie is now playing the leading rôle in *Code of the West*. If he clicks he may go in films. If not—well, he's still got close to a million salted away in trust funds.

Free Show

THE Hollywood Legion Stadium, where movie folk gather for their Friday night boxing carnivals has an added feature furnished by Joe E. Brown every week. Joe cuts up in the ring before the main event. On a recent occasion, Joe, Eddie Cantor, Groucho and Chico Marx put on a comedy wrestling bout.

Brian-Powell Affair

INSIDE information comes to this column that December will be the month in which the much-courted Mary Brian will have the knot tied with Dick Powell. Dick seems to be the winner in the long time elimination contest to change the name of the lovable Miss Mary.

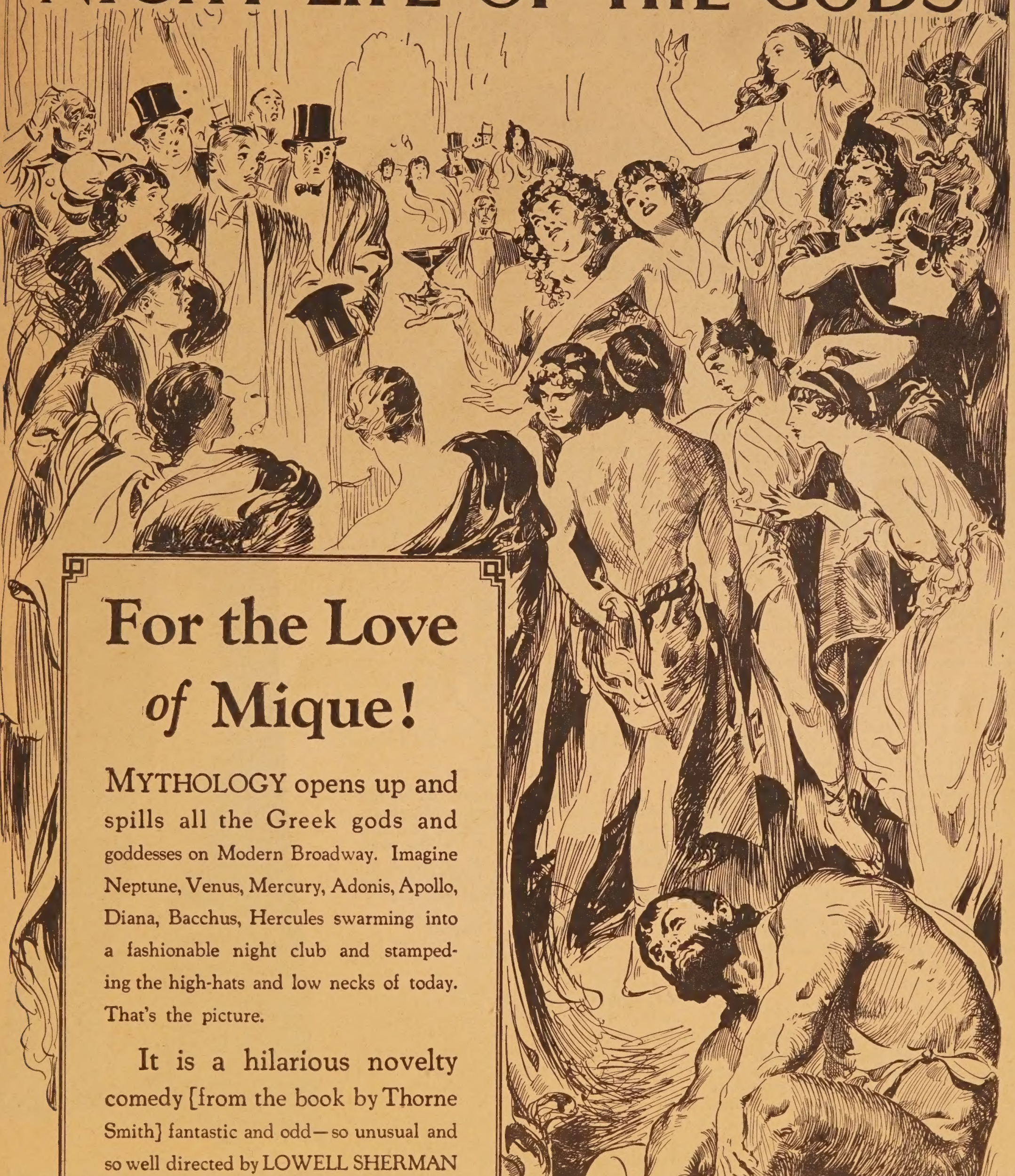
Hollywood Love Drama

THE one-time romance between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy would make a fine picture. Loretta and Spence cooed for a long time. Then came the break. Loretta gave Spence the air and he took it so to heart that he

[*Continued on page* 8]

CARL LAEMMLE *Presents*

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"



For the Love of Mique!

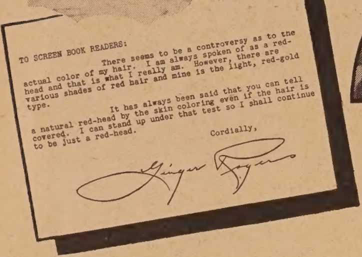
MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

The Hollywood LOWDOWN



TO SCREEN BOOK READERS:

There seems to be a controversy as to the actual color of my hair. I am always spoken of as a red-head and that is what I really am. However, there are various shades of red hair and mine is the light, red-gold type.

It has always been said that you can tell a natural red-head by the skin coloring even if the hair is covered. I can stand up under that test so I shall continue to be just a red-head.

Cordially,

Ginger Rogers

Ginger Settles The Question!

Replying to readers who continually question her about the real color of her hair, Ginger Rogers, in the above letter, explains: "There seems to be a controversy as to the actual color of my hair. I am always spoken of as a red-head and that is what I really am. However, there are various shades of red hair, and mine is the light, red-gold type.

"It has always been said that you can tell a natural red-head by the skin coloring, even if the hair is colored. I can stand up under that test so I shall continue to be just a red-head."

disappeared for several days during the making of a picture. When he did come back it is said that he had to argue at length for the privilege of going back to work. The picture was finished and now he and Loretta are cooing again. But it's not on the level. They are being co-starred in a picture. Isn't Hollywood the funny place?

Sue Carol Is Wooed

NOW that Sue Carol has definitely cut the ties that bind from her former husband, Nick Stuart, she is repelling the rushes of many noted movie swains. Catching most of her attention these days is Howard Wilson, the young actor.

Charlie Chaplin's Secret

INSIDE dope on Charlie Chaplin's new film seems to be that it deals with modern social problems and economics in a way to disturb the old-time thinkers on these subjects. The title is rumored to be *Commonwealth.*

A Happy Millionaire

A FORMER oil magnate who lost his money and is playing bit parts in pictures for a living declares that if other men of wealth only knew the secret of true happiness they'd soon get rid of their money too! He is S. S. Simon, discoverer and developer of the famous Kern oil fields, most recently seen in *Pursuit of Happiness.*

Are Marlene Dietrich and her husband happy? The picture tells the story and silences divorce rumors

Hepburn Performs

IN HER athletic attempts to dodge photographers, Katharine Hepburn recently dashed through arenas at a Los Angeles circus, un-awed by the wild beasts. SCREEN BOOK hears a report that the circus is willing to talk contract, but can't confirm the rumor.

Still Fighting Whispers

THOSE divorce rumors that keep hovering over the heads of Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli are without foundation according to their own statements. Probably the rumors are kept alive by the public interest in a possible Gaynor-Farrell romantic combination in real life—a speculation certainly unfair to both Virginia and Charlie.

Lily—Lion Tamer

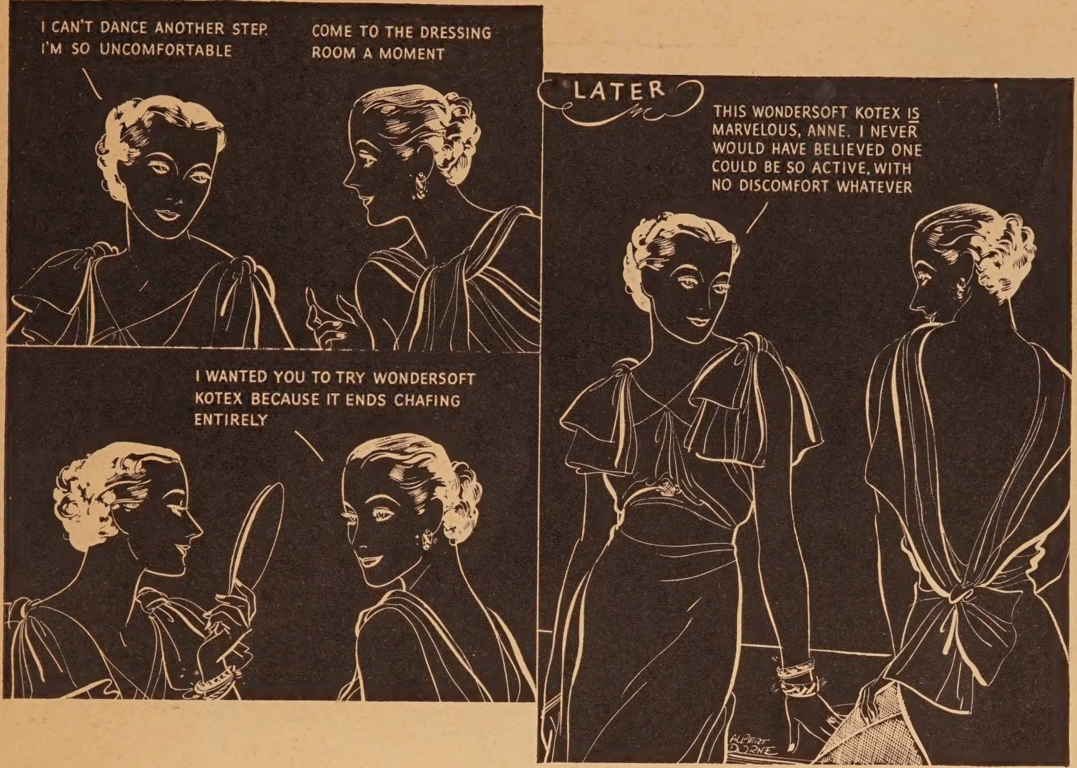
LILY PONS, the opera singer, gave workers at M-G-M heart failure when she calmly walked up to the cage of a big lion being used in a scene, reached through the bars and scratched him behind the ears. Wally Beery gasped, and Jean Parker screamed, but Lily chuckled and remarked: "Oh, that ees all right. See, he likes eet! I haf one like him for a pet!"

[*Continued on page* 45]

Free
Beauty
Advice
See page
42

Camera-man Spies on Carole

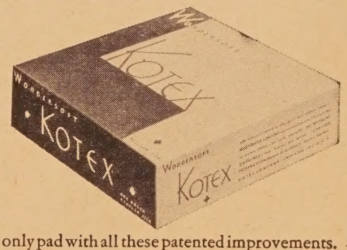
Carole Lombard didn't care to have a still cameraman photograph her dance scenes for *Lady by Choice*, but the photographer put one over by standing on the set with a small camera strapped to his head. Gleefully, he developed the pictures—only to discover that higher-uppers backed up Carole, and the snapshots never saw the light of print


I CAN'T DANCE ANOTHER STEP. I'M SO UNCOMFORTABLE
COME TO THE DRESSING ROOM A MOMENT
I WANTED YOU TO TRY WONDERSOFT KOTEX BECAUSE IT ENDS CHAFING ENTIRELY
LATER
THIS WONDERSOFT KOTEX IS MARVELOUS, ANNE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED ONE COULD BE SO ACTIVE, WITH NO DISCOMFORT WHATEVER
ALBERT DORNE

Why endure needless chafing

WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

—by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting


Wondersoft
KOTEX
Kotex

"If only you could join me in reading the many letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives. No miserable, harsh chafing; no pulling and twisting. Nothing but the gentlest, easiest forget-about-it protection," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" and confidante of a million women on their feminine problems.

Wondersoft just won't chafe!

You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch, Wondersoft Kotex is soft and dry... and *stays* soft and dry. Yet the surface is left free to take up moisture. No other pad gives this "every minute" comfort and protection.

And it cannot twist!

And no twisting now, thank goodness. Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself *naturally* to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting and at the same time protects you from accidents, by the proper distribution of moisture. That means greater security against soiled lingerie.

Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. Kotex is the only pad with all these patented improvements.

Ask for Wondersoft

You'll find even the package, itself, is different. It just doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size—at all dealers. In time of emergency, you will find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

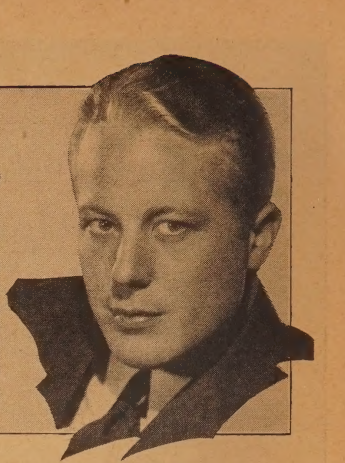
One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW KOTEX BELT?
YES, IT'S MARVELOUS!
THE FIRST BELT THAT REALLY FITS!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SHAPED TO THE FIGURE
AND IT'S SO EASY TO FASTEN!
YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY WEAR IT

KOTEX
SANITARY BELT
Narrow Width

HAVE *you* tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.

What Movie Star Would You Marry?



Try this little contest for fun and profit! If you could choose a husband and wife from the eligible men and women in Hollywood, would it be pert, pretty and chummy Frances Drake for a life companion—or, if you are the female of the species, would you choose Gene Raymond. Perhaps you'd like to say the vows with Dick Powell or Ramon Novarro. Can you tell why? The most interesting letters on the subject "What Movie Star I Would Marry" will be awarded the first and second prizes among Handclaps and Hisses letters published in the February issue. Send in your letter today. But remember, we don't guarantee to deliver them at the altar!

HANDCLAPS and HISSES

All letters should be addressed to The Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City

$15.00 Letter
Reformers Spanked

WHY, of all the arts, should the movies be picked on for being naughty? Doesn't painting and sculpture depict more nudity than anything else? What literature hasn't done to the sex problem hasn't been thought of. As for dancing, from the ball-room variety to interpretive dancing, it is reeking of suggestiveness. The only art that behaves itself is music and even she does something occasionally for which she should be spanked. So why the movies? I ask you why just one of the misbehaving children of the arts should be picked out for punishment while the others are condoned? Let's play fair.—**Harvey Peake, 2301 Speed Avenue, Louisville, Ky.**

"What right have we to know what she may or may not do off-screen?"

$10.00 Letter
A Canadian Protests

I NOTICE that Johnny Mack Brown is writing on "Stars Have No Right to Private Lives" in SCREEN BOOK. *En passant* I would like to say without reading his effort that I heartily disagree. Everyone is entitled to a measure of privacy. Take this panning they have been giving Katharine Hepburn. I think it is terribly unfair. What business is it of the general public to know what she does off the scene? She has given us grand performances in *Little Women* and *Spitfire*. We get what we pay for in romance and pleasure from her pictures and that is all that concerns us. What right have we to know what she may or may not do off-screen?—**Brenda M. Harrison, 2125 Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.**

$5.00 Letter
Praise and Rebuke

I AM tired of: John Barrymore's scowl. Al Jolson's singing (or shouting). Hollywood divorces. I am elated over: Sylvia Sidney's sweet, unaffected manner. Dolores Del Rio's classic beauty. Joel McCrea's practical, unromantic appearance. Ann Harding's gentility. I wonder why: Mae West keeps her mouth open. Everyone isn't mad about Garbo. Jimmy Durante is supposed to be funny. —**Ann Purdy, 325 W. 42nd Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.**

$1.00 Letter
Somebody's Mistake

DOES Hollywood have to be different in everything and have their own calendars too? In *Registered Nurse* the story took place in the year 1934 and yet when I saw it the memo displayed by John Halliday read "Monday, August 25th." It has been some years since there was an August 25th on Monday.—**Arthur Burden, 638 South 2nd East, Brigham, Utah.**

$1.00 Letter
Pertinent Suggestion

IN MY opinion, Ann Harding is not suffering from poor pictures (for she has starred in some of the best pictures produced) but from the depressive rôles she plays. In nearly every picture her husband divorces her, or dies and leaves her a widow; her baby dies, or is taken away from her. She needs a change. Give her gayer, younger and more modern parts to play.—**Lynn Hubbard, Box 253, Little Rock, Ark.**

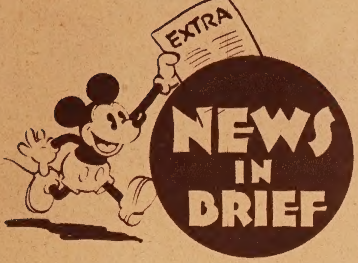
"Lee Tracy's sparkle was smothered"

$1.00 Letter
Wham—On the Nose!

POISON ivy and a bang on the nose to the person or persons responsible for the burying of Lee Tracy in *You Belong to Me.* Tracy's sparkle was smothered. It may have been the fault of the part he was called on to play by the script. But why in the name of common sense was he ever assigned to this rôle? Well, I'm disappointed. What do you think?—**H. E. Robinette, Hq. 3rd F. A. Brigade, Fort Lewis, Wash.**

[*Continued on page* 74]

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An announcement of interest to all members of movie fan clubs appears on page 63 of this issue. Be sure to see it.*

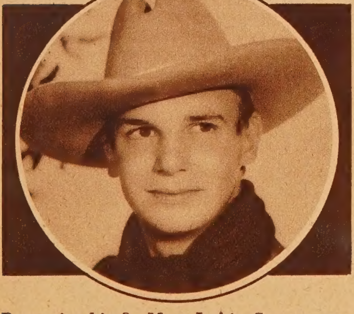


HOLLYWOOD'S Little Tragedies: Ken Maynard tossed out of his saddle during the making of *In Old Santa Fé*, suffering severe leg injuries which delayed production for several days. . . . Charles Laughton out of the hospital after several weeks illness. . . . James Cagney nicked on the head when he forgot to dodge the swinging boom on his yacht. Mebbee now Capt. Cagney hates the sea. . . . Lilian Harvey skidded to the hospital for an emergency operation.

CASH Statistics: Grace Bradley, young Paramount player, inherits $250,000 estate. . . . Fred Perry, world's champ tennis player offered $100,000 to do a picture. . . . Russ Columbo's estate amounts to $150 in personal effects, anticipated royalties of $5,000 from recordings, and $47,000 in insurance to his mother. . . . Jackie Coogan has a trust fund of $850,000 which he can't touch until he is fifty years old. . . . Charles Laughton receives $50,000 for appearing in *David Copperfield*, and is there anyone to say he isn't worth it?

OF GENERAL Interest: Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller off for London—will tour Italy and China while abroad. . . . 2,000 extras get jobs all at once for the picture, *The President Vanishes*. . . . Jimmy Walker, former mayor of New York, now in self exile in England planning to return for picture in Hollywood with his wife, Betty Compton.

GOODBYE to Romance: It's a dull season for divorces in Hollywood, with only lesser-knowns breaking up housekeeping. Harold Menjou, adopted son of Adolphe, divorced in Los Angeles by Dorothy White Tinsley. . . . Marjorie Crawford files suit for divorce from Danny Dowling.



Recognize him? Meet Jackie Coogan, returning to the screen in *Code of the West*. Jackie gets an allowance of only seven dollars a week until he's twenty-one

I've Broken the Habit OF TAKING HARSH ALKALIES FOR Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach...Gas ...Heartburn New Safe Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of ***raw water-soluble alkali.***

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up. TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept.8-TLL, St. Louis, Mo.*

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE
EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS STOMACH DISTRESS 10¢ HANDY TO CARRY

3-Roll Carrier Package
Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

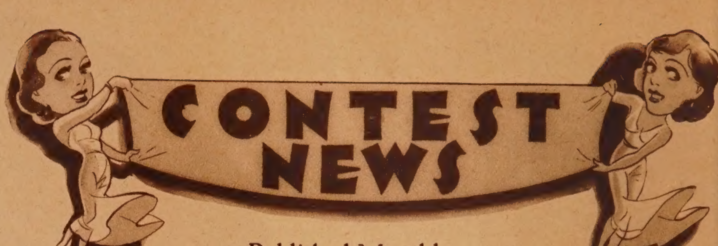
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

World's Standard

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 30 CENTS
COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES

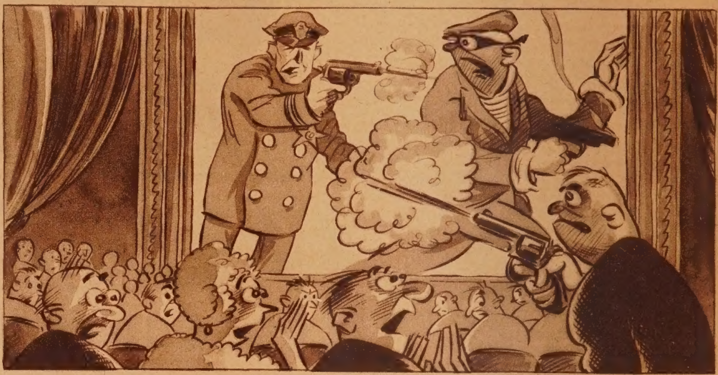
GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE



CONTEST NEWS

Published Monthly
by SCREEN BOOK

Win a Cash Prize for the Story of Your Most Amusing Theater Experience



Tough mug in the audience: "Cheese it, pal, I'll hold off dis copper!"

HOW TO COMPETE

PERHAPS your own most amusing experience in a movie theater isn't quite as startling as the one pictured in the above cartoon. It may be that the stout old lady sitting next to you made an extremely funny remark, or that a drunk helped out the dialogue and originated impromptu comedy that wasn't in the picture. Perhaps your amusing story happened in a theater lobby. Every movie-goer has an amusing story to tell—and for all those SCREEN BOOK publishes, it will pay $3.00 in cash each. Your own story may be as long or as short as you choose, but judges prefer that you keep the story below a hundred words. Read the rules in the opposite column and try for a $3.00 prize today.

CONTEST RULES

For each short story published under the title of "My Most Amusing Movie Experience" SCREEN BOOK will pay a cash prize of $3.00. Entries may be written on typewriter or in longhand, need not be accompanied by a drawing, and should not be told in more than 100 words. Duplicate awards will be paid to stories considered of equal merit, and editors of SCREEN BOOK will be sole judges. All readers of SCREEN BOOK are eligible to compete, with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., or their relatives. Mail your entry to CONTEST NEWS EDITOR, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City. All entries must be received before midnight of December 1, 1934.

Prize Winners in the Popular Limerick Contest

IN DEFENSE OF A SCHNOZZLE

A gent by the name of Durante
Drank a bottle of rare old Chianti.
When discussion arose
On the size of his nose
He hot-cha'd the term "elephanti"

CAVE-MAN CAGNEY

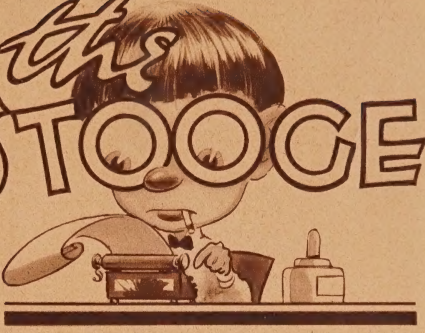
A young movie star who's quite tough
With a talent for treating gals rough,
Has risen to fame,
(Jimmy Cagney's his name),
By trimming each SKIRT with a CUFF

THE sparkling wit of Mrs. G. Mathieson, 267 Oliver Ave., Westmount, Montreal, brings her a cash prize of $5.00 as a reward for the clever last line to the Jimmy Durante limerick. Her answer appears at the left.

Charles G. Shepherd, 577 Hawthorne Ave., Elmhurst, Illinois, is $5.00 richer as you read this. His unusual answer to the Jimmy Cagney limerick was selected by judges as the most amusing among the many received.

Watch for
Other Winners
in
January
SCREEN BOOK

Letters of the CINEMA STOOGE



In which the Stooge continues his popular open letters to Hollywood stars on many pertinent and impertinent matters

"Imagine a movie star being so bold as to admit her real age!"

DEAR Norma Shearer:
It pleased me no end to receive your kind letter thanking SCREEN BOOK for your life story which was concluded in the previous issue. Far too seldom, I am forced to admit, do stars think to ask the editor to bend his ear for a word of thanks . . . but when they don't like something that's printed about them—oh my Aunt Hattie—you should hear the squawks! Perhaps most interesting was your comment on your age. Imagine a movie star being so bold as to admit her real age! For our readers' sake I am quoting you: "Probably due to the fact that I have been in pictures longer than I care to admit and was playing mature rôles when I still should have been going to school there have been many wild guesses made about my age. Partly because I do not think one's age is of the least importance and partly because nobody believes you anyway, I have never bothered to correct these statements. I am twenty-nine years old." Many thanks, Norma!

MY DEAR Miss Montenegro:
Well, it's about time! I mean, you've been in Hollywood quite awhile now and most of your beauty and talent has been directed to foreign versions. It has been my particular hunch that among all the stars there are none more lovely and few more talented than you. That's why the news that Fox is featuring you opposite Warner Baxter in *Hell in the Heavens* is cheering. Go to it, Conchita—I expect to see you a star in 1935!

"There are none more lovely and few more talented than you"

GREETINGS, Maxie:
Come on and fight! Here you are, heavyweight champion of the world, and on the eve of your movie career you refuse to put on the gloves in front of a camera. I'll admit that your work in *Kids on the Cuff* is good and that if you don't watch yourself you'll be an actor one of these days. But some of us haven't got the fifteen deflated dollars to see you stretch out your opponent on the canvas, so if we want to admire your jaw-breaking technique at all we've got to see it on the screen. Give your fans a break, Maxie! Don't forget it's not a bad idea to keep in practise—we'd certainly hate to see you rubbing your chin in resin when you defend the title.

"We'd certainly hate to see you rubbing your chin in resin"

DEAR Greta:
I hardly blame you for laughing. Critics have twitted you for years about your "going home," your pedal extremities, your exclusive, unapproachable attitude. They have even gone so far as to predict that with a couple pictures more you'd be through. I've just seen *The Painted Veil* and will admit that there is no star on the screen who can touch you for a dramatic performance that stirs an audience right down to the tips of its collective toes.

A recent tip received from your intimate friends reveals the fact that you have been offered several Broadway plays. I'm glad you asked a staggering sum way out of reach of producers for a stage appearance. Biased critics won't have a chance to histrionically tear you limb from limb and Hollywood can keep exclusively to its bosom the one star whose glamour never frays at the cuff.

"Critics won't have a chance to tear you limb from limb"

DARLING Shirley:
So they are after you now, too, those scribblers who make it their business to pick apart our movie idols. They say you are developing temperament, a childish ego, and that your parents have "gone Hollywood." Of all the distorted printed rubbish about Hollywood and its stars, this is the worst. To openly criticize the character of a worldly-wise celebrity is poor taste enough, but to hound a little tike like yourself who has no opportunity to fight back is downright revolting. It is because I happen to know, through your friends and family, that you are and probably always will be still the Shirley Temple we all fell in love with a few months back that I take the liberty in your behalf of publicly asking those who have written such bald untruths to hang their heads in SHAME.

"Those who have written bald untruths should hang their heads"

HELLO, Gloria!—
Don't look so surprised, my dear Miss Swanson! To think that a few months ago your name had faded completely from the cinema horizon and that today your star shines more brightly than ever is not something to wonder over. You are one of the few stars of silent days who could successfully bridge the gap to talkies—your fine new rôle with John Boles in *Music in the Air* proves that. Your voice is superb and your gift for comedy delightful. But permit me to make a suggestion. Don't go runnin' off to Europe on a vacation every other month. Stay home for awhile—make picture after picture like this last one and you'll enjoy for years to come that pleasant sound of praise from fans echoing on the ear drums.

"That your star shines more brightly than ever is not something to wonder over"

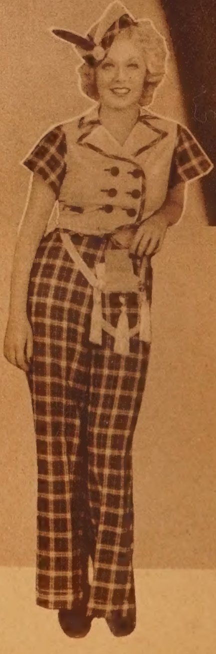
PERSONAL To Katharine Hepburn:
Mind if I spank? A couple of months ago I wrote: "Your fans are fed up on the critics who hound you and are eagerly awating your finest picture, *Little Minister*." But I learn, from some sources at least, that you have justly earned the indifferent attitude of critics and co-workers. You can be a great star, but only with the help of genuine friends and a loyal public. Garbo and Garbo alone can withdraw completely within herself. By dodging cameramen everywhere you only make yourself

[*Continued on page* 51]

365 Nights in Hollywood

The most exciting romance of the month brings Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye together in a story of life in Hollywood

There's romance in the air around Fox studios, where Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are appearing in their new picture, *365 Nights in Hollywood*. Alice Faye, already one of the most popular stars on the screen after her second picture, is seen at the right in the pert Scotch waitress costume which she wears to intrigue her leading man and the cash customers



SCREEN BOOK

DECEMBER, 1934

Marlene Dietrich Answers Her Critics

By Jack Grant

SCREEN BOOK
SCOOP

Marlene's most recent portrait

"BUT I don't mind being misunderstood," Marlene Dietrich told me. "In fact, if offered a choice, I am sure I should prefer to be misunderstood.

"More than a year ago, I stopped giving interviews. I felt I had nothing new to say. I also felt there was much too much being written about me. Writers were thoroughly familiar with my life story and they no longer asked me about it. Instead, they told me about themselves, very intimate things, preparatory to questioning me about matters equally intimate. This I did not like.

"My private life as it affects my public life cannot be kept secret. That it has become public property does not annoy me. But what I do when I am alone, what I think about and how I conduct myself—these things are strictly my own affair.

"Imagine changing places with me. How would you enjoy picking up a magazine—practically any magazine—to read 'All About Marlene Dietrich' for ten cents?

"You would not like it? No, of course, you would not. Nor do I.

Preferred Silence

"I DO not like to talk about myself at any time and I particularly dislike to talk of intimate matters for publication. Once you have told your fans everything, they say, 'Well, we know all about her now. Let's find somebody else, somebody new.' Too often when this happens, actors blame the public, charge their fans with fickleness. It is not fickle to lose interest when no mystery remains.

"I do not care if I am misunderstood as you say I am. I do not care how many stories are written about me giving wrong ideas—that is, if they are interesting ideas. But I do not want to be so well-known as to be uninteresting."

Marlene Dietrich treated me to another of her fascinating smiles. It was her smile that had started all of this in the first place. Seeing the impish grin that seems to be constantly lurking in the corners of her mouth, I realized the Dietrich I had believed to be a rather humorless person was really the possessor of a rare sense of humor. This discovery startled me into the statement that she was grossly misunderstood.

Her answer, as recorded, was, however, even more astounding. In the years I have been interviewing in Hollywood, I have written countless thousands of words in which stars have pleaded to be understood by their public. Marlene Dietrich is the first one I have encountered who does not worry about misunderstanding. And her reasons are certainly excellent.

The only faulty part of her reasoning is that she could ever be "too well-known to be interesting." The man who pretends to "know" the many faceted Dietrich personality is a fool.

A Strange Personality

SHE meets you with great charm and poise. From the moment of meeting, her attention is all yours. She appears to exclude everything and everybody to devote herself entirely to you. Whether you are a man or a woman, you are pleased and flattered by her attention. You had no idea she was such a friendly person. Her command of the English language and the ease with which she uses it also surprise you.

Then suddenly her mood changes. To say that she becomes a different individual is as true as the expression is hackneyed. You still have her attention but she has eluded you, is now remote.

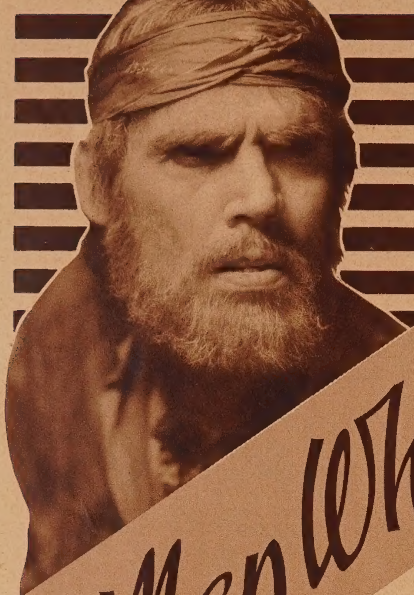
You start to rearrange your impressions. But before you are through, there is another chameleon-like change. During the hour I spent talking to her in her Paramount bungalow—in the first interview she has granted in more than a year—I met a whole room full of Marlene Dietrichs. And the only similarities I saw in their characters were a friendliness and a constantly-present sense of humor.

Oh no, my friends, don't accept these stories you read "All About Marlene Dietrich for ten cents" entirely upon their face value. If the writers "reveal" her personality, they give you only one Dietrich. There are many Dietrichs.

[*Continued on page* 62]

The star breaks her long silence for the first time to speak for herself in reply to many false stories—

The Man Who Hides Himself



Photographs on this page show Henry Hull in his characterization for *Great Expectations*, in which he begins his movie career anew appearing in Universal Pictures

Henry Hull, the Broadway sensation who is just beginning a Hollywood career, is one of the theater world's most amazing characters. Read about him for the first time here

By Clark Warren

HIS is the mystery personality of stage and screen. Almost nothing has ever been revealed about his private life. Yet Henry Hull, starring in Universal pictures, comes to the screen as the foremost actor of the modern American theater.

He is an actor whose personal existence has been buried from sight by the famous characters he has created and portrayed. His very name is not so widely known as the names and characters of some of the rôles born of his genius. The theater-going public will never forget his Henry Parker in *The Man Who Came Back*, his negro barber in *Lulu Belle*, his Michael in *Michael and Mary*, his Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*.

And that is the way Henry Hull wishes to carry on his career, even on the screen. "If they remember the characters played, and not the actor who plays them, I know I have accomplished something," he declares.

No matter how well a Barrymore portrays a character, even such a famous character as, for instance, Hamlet, the character will be spoken of as "Barrymore's Hamlet." Hull would rather have the public think of him as Michael's or Jeeter Lester's interpreter, if it thinks of him at all as anything but the character itself.

And how does he do it? Not, he hastens to explain, by any extraneous means such as elaborate makeups. The late Lon Chaney, it will be remembered, often disguised himself completely behind grotesque makeups, but he made these his trademark. People didn't forget Chaney in remembering *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. They recall that character as one of the many Lon turned out, and bear in mind most clearly of all the screen star's personal slogan, "The Man of a Thousand Faces."

It is Hull's ambitious project to remain personally incognito even in screen work, something never done before by any but obscure character actors! He will be best pleased if people forget *him* in remembering his *character creations;* pleased best of all if they so far disassociate the parts from the actor that, admiring two characters he has done, they find them so different they do not realize that [*Continued on page* 61]

The star who is MORE *Mysterious* than GARBO

Hollywood has never been able to learn the private life secrets of Fay Wray . . . no idle gossip touches her . . . this story tells why

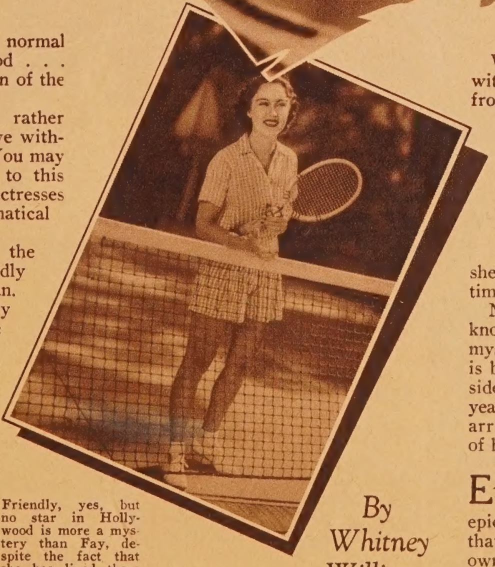
By Whitney Williams

FAY WRAY is the most normal young person in Hollywood . . . yet, she is the enigma woman of the film capital.

This paradox may sound rather startling to those of you who live without the borders of Cinemania. You may feel inclined to take exception to this statement and enumerate other actresses whom you consider more enigmatical than Fay Wray.

There's Garbo, you say, the Swedish lady lynx, undoubtedly Hollywood's own mystery woman. . . . Dietrich and Sten, respectively German and Russian, whose backgrounds loom in shadowy shades.

All very well and good, BUT . . . stop a moment and consider carefully. Off-hand, you can tell much more about these three delectable strangers to our shores than you can about Fay Wray. Each has had so many stories printed about her, particularly Garbo, that little remains to know.



Friendly, yes, but no star in Hollywood is more a mystery than Fay, despite the fact that she has lived there twelve years

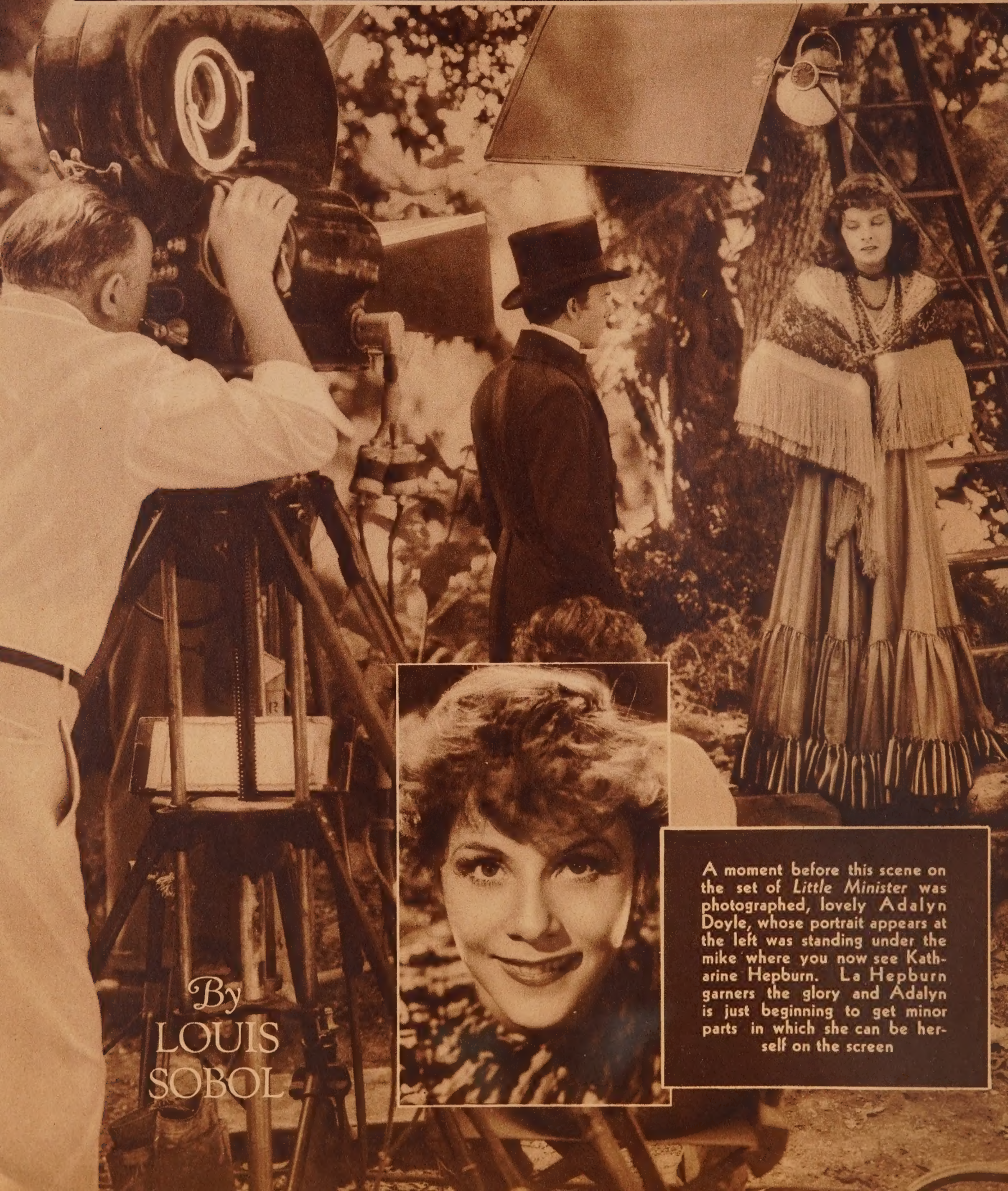
Who, though, can claim familiarity with the life of Fay Wray? She came from Canada, got her first real break in Von Stroheim's masterpiece, *The Wedding March,* married John Monk Saunders, the writer, and seems to make a great many pictures yearly . . . everybody is cognizant of these facts. BUT . . . what else do you know about her, who are her friends, how does she live, what does she do in her spare time?

Nobody, even in Hollywood, really knows Fay. Her life is more of a mystery than the very ones whose allure is based upon that quality. She has resided in the film colony more than twelve years . . . she might as well have just arrived, for all that anyone has learned of her during these years.

EARLY in her career, prior to being selected by Von Stroheim for his epic, Fay determined in her own mind that she would keep her private life her own. She reached this decision, not because she

[*Continued on page 56*]

The Untold Story of Hollywood's



A moment before this scene on the set of *Little Minister* was photographed, lovely Adalyn Doyle, whose portrait appears at the left was standing under the mike where you now see Katharine Hepburn. La Hepburn garners the glory and Adalyn is just beginning to get minor parts in which she can be herself on the screen

By
LOUIS
SOBOL

HIDDEN STARS

Close to fame, yet hopelessly far from it, the stars' stand-ins go on year after year living in the hope that their big day will come. Read the fascinating story of their strange careers as revealed by a famous Broadway columnist

SCREEN BOOK SCOOP

THEY tell me the new Hollywood curse is: "May all your children be stand-ins!"

A goofy calling it is, this business of being a "stand-in," but it's a living and no one comes any closer to fame and fortune, if you care to stretch a point. And you really meet the nicest people!

The "stand-in's" social and professional rating is somewhat below par at the present time—a notch below the extra, two below the double and three below the understudy. But they used to laugh at acrobats once—and now look at them, since they've teamed up with pretty little girls and become adagio dancers!

Frankly, untutored as I am in the devious ways of ye filme folks, I didn't know a stand-in from a cut-out up to a few weeks ago. Jack Benny turns to me and chirps, "Louie—a little more stretch and a little more chest and you've got your career all set. You could be Jimmy Durante's stand-in." I merely sneered and went right home and locked myself in the library. I ran my fingers feverishly over the pages of my Funk & Wagnalls' and my Webster's Unabridged. I found plenty fine, upstanding words there—but no trace of a "stand-in." So I made a few inquiries and now I'm ready to play a game with you.

You ask me to pick a number from one to ten and I'll give you the names of the stand-in of your favorite star. With or without my sleeves rolled up to the elbow.

As you probably could have told me if I had bothered to inquire—a stand-in is neither an understudy nor a double. He (or she) never appears in the picture at all. The best he can count upon in the way of a break is to get the star's cast off clothing which is merely a suggestion on my part because I have no record that it's ever happened.

For some reason most of the studios are a bit reticent about their stand-ins but in my own subtle and insidious way, I managed to ferret out a few pertinent details. Unlike the extra the stand-in is paid by the week—an average of $35 with no expense account.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is generally conceded to have been responsible for the introduction of stand-ins. It annoyed him to assume poses while the director was making up his mind, so some ingenious studio mind conceived the idea of having someone of Valentino's build and coloring to do the dirty work. In time, the temperamental Mr. Valentino wouldn't go on the set unless there was a stand-in available. One of these obscure [*Continued on page* 54]

Right: Which man is Warner Oland? They both look alike—yet one is the star and the other a stand-in. The guess that Oland appears on the left is correct

Once a star—now a stand-in. Mary Jane Irving, who won fame as a child actress, now stands in for Janet Gaynor

On the Warner lot you'll find lovely, talented little Sally Sage working under the lights for Bette Davis. They are pals in private life

Stars and Their Stand-ins

Greta Garbo	Chris Marie Meeker
Joan Crawford	Alice Arnold
Claudette Colbert	Pluma Noisson
Mae West	Lillian Kilgannon
Katharine Hepburn	Adalyn Doyle
Wallace Beery	Matt Gillman
Jean Harlow	Barbara Brown
William Powell	"Doc" Dearborn
Charles Butterworth	Charles O'Malley
Jimmy Durante	Charles O'Malley
Maurice Chevalier	Robert Spencer
Clark Gable	Frank Hotalin
Leslie Howard	Dick Foster
Bette Davis	Sally Sage
George Arliss	George Atkinson
Helen Hayes	Fern Barry
May Robson	Iris Lee
Madge Evans	Dorothy Ward

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

. . . but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd

with *Gloria*
SWANSON
and
JOHN BOLES • DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

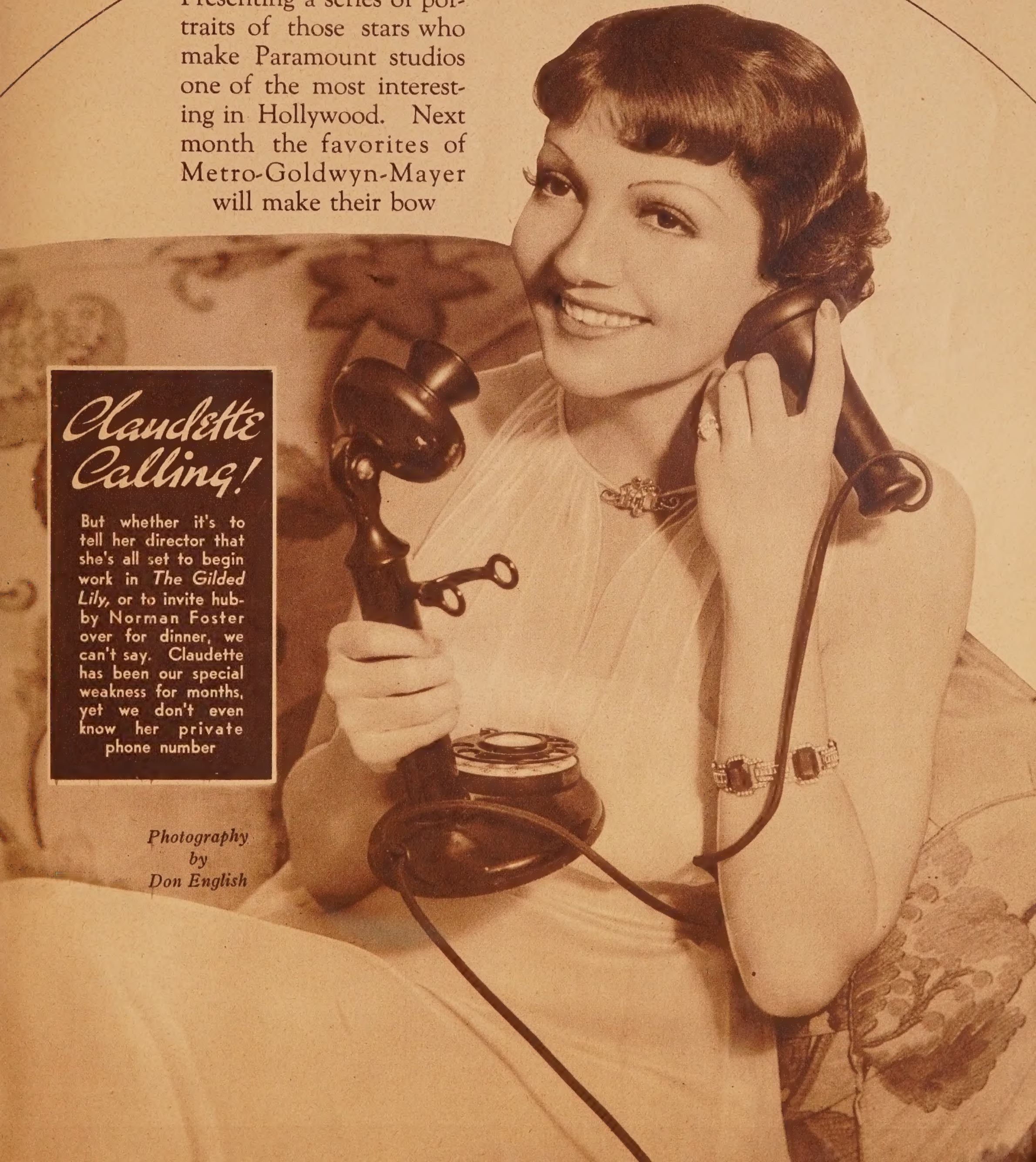
An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.

FOX

The Studio Parade

Presenting a series of portraits of those stars who make Paramount studios one of the most interesting in Hollywood. Next month the favorites of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will make their bow



Claudette Calling!

But whether it's to tell her director that she's all set to begin work in *The Gilded Lily,* or to invite hubby Norman Foster over for dinner, we can't say. Claudette has been our special weakness for months, yet we don't even know her private phone number

Photography by Don English

This is Sylvia

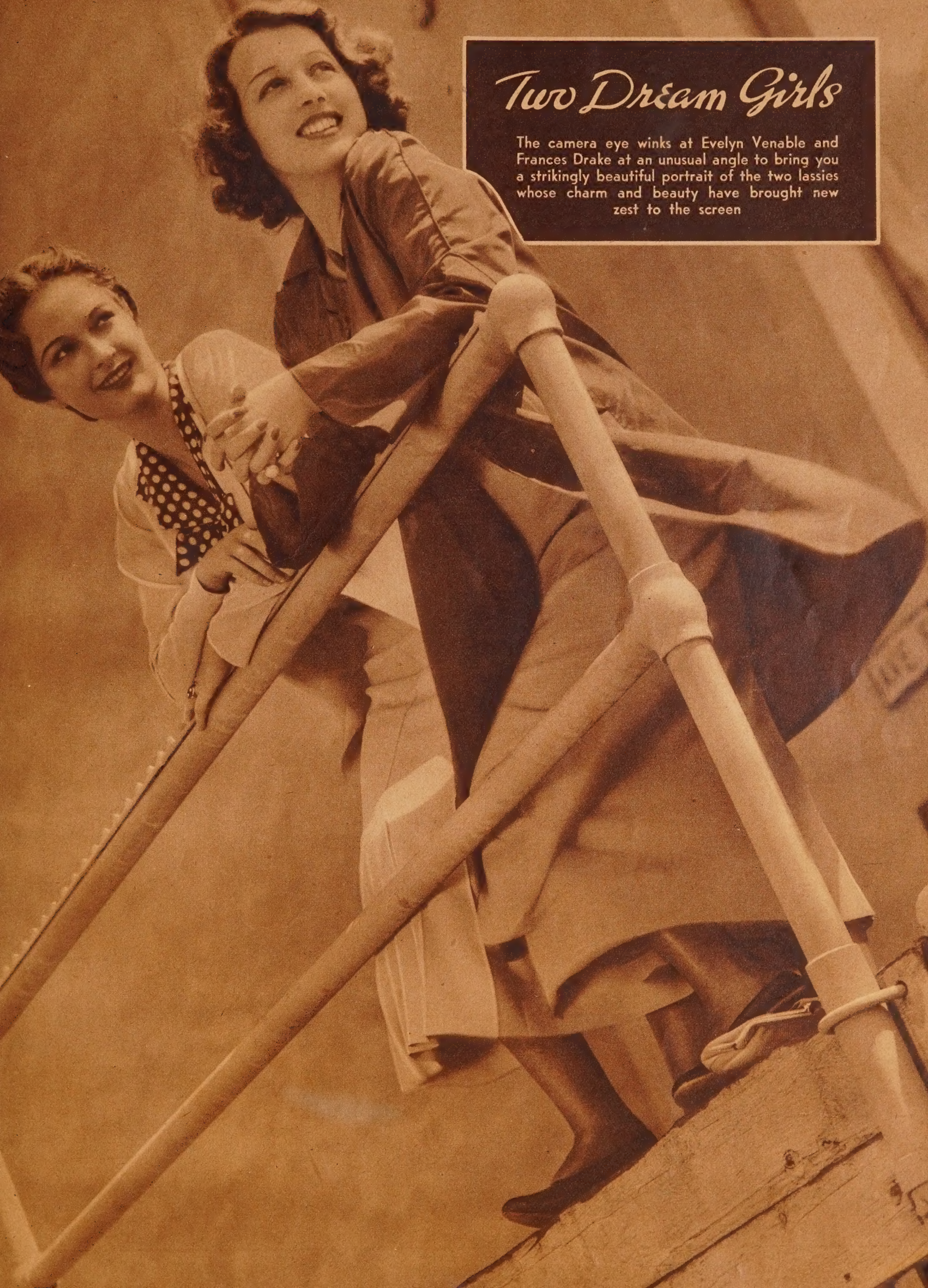
We found Sylvia Sidney sitting on the steps of her dressing room waiting for the hairdresser to prepare her for her rôle in *Red Woman* and brought her to you with the help of Don English and his camera

Bing and Kitty

"Hey, Kitty! Hey, Bing!" Just as they turned, the camera snapped Kitty Carlisle and Bing Crosby in the doorway of the sound stage, where the star and his leading lady are teaming it in *Here Is My Heart*

Two Dream Girls

The camera eye winks at Evelyn Venable and Frances Drake at an unusual angle to bring you a strikingly beautiful portrait of the two lassies whose charm and beauty have brought new zest to the screen



8
MIDGET
SPECIAL

Acting is Child's Play

The camera of Don English has pictured little David Holt and Baby LeRoy countless times, but never more effectively than in this, their latest portrait. Above is Mr. LeRoy taking a sharp turn as he steps out with the big time racers between scenes for *The Lemon Drop Kid*

Every word of this dramatic account of the star's narrow escape from tragedy is true! You will have a better understanding of Jean Harlow when you have finished it!

The Story Jean Harlow Has Never TOLD

SCREEN BOOK SCOOP

By Jack Grant

FOR nearly four years, Jean Harlow has been in constant danger of losing her eyesight. For nearly four years, she has carried on without saying a word to anyone about it. Only the members of her immediate family have known the pain and suffering she has endured.

Now the story can be told, for Jean recently has had assurance from her doctors that all danger is past. The dread threat of being stricken blind no longer hangs over her head. Even so, you and I might never have heard this story had it not been for another accident.

Series Of Accidents

IT IS fairly well-known that three bones in Jean's foot were broken during the making of *Hell's Angels*. The bones knit improperly and frequently cause her to lose her footing with resultant injuries in falls. One such tumble occurred only last month. She fell from the garden wall of her hillside home, wrenching and skinning her leg. She needed a cane for several weeks to walk at all.

During this period, I called to see her and took occasion to offer commiserations upon the strange quirk of fate that brought her, at the same time, a troublesome injury and screen fame through the medium of the same motion picture.

"The accident in which my foot was broken is nothing compared to what happened to my eyes," Jean replied, then paused. "That's a story I never thought I'd tell anyone but as long as part of it has slipped out, I might as well continue.

"Before I go on, however, I want it distinctly understood that I blame no one for what happened. It was an accident pure and simple.

"You may remember that the final sequence of *Hell's Angels* was filmed in color. They didn't know as much about color photography in those days as they do now. They were still experimenting with it. All they knew was that several times as much light is required to shoot scenes in color. There was scarcely room for the actors to walk around, so many big arc lights cluttered up the sets.

An Unknown Danger

"I HAD a number of large close-ups to do. For these shots big batteries of lights were arranged on each side of the camera. I had to face these lights, looking directly into them. The heat was terrific, but I didn't fully realize how terrific until later.

"We worked for two successive days on my close-ups and each night I went home with inflamed eyes and a headache. I believed the headaches were the normal result of eye-strain. But as the days went by, my headaches became more frequent rather than diminishing. Soon my

[*Continued on page 66*]

With my best wishes for
a life full of happiness
Loretta Young

By
J. Brien Chapman

My Week-end *with* JOHN BOLES

Come into the home of a great movie favorite with SCREEN BOOK'S Western Editor. Here you'll meet the man that Hollywood couldn't change!

NO USE trying to go on with that funny dream about power-diving at the bomber that vanished utterly the instant he was in line with my machine-gun sights. Some guy was singing in the bathroom.

"Um-da-da-dum, um-da-da-dum—" Then came a long pause, while a razor scraped noisily over beard. Then occasional bits of humming, between beard-scraping. But I buried one ear in the pillow, put my arm over the other and dropped dizzily through a cloud bank into another snatch of early morning slumber.

Suddenly I was jerked right out of it by a full-voiced song, words and all. I'd always hated bathroom singers, but before I had time to shout at this one, I sleepily noted that the voice was out of the ordinary—the kind you pay to hear. Who the Sam Hill—?

Then I woke up enough to remember I was week-end guest in John Boles' house. This, then, would be John himself, so no wonder he was doing a real job of singing!

Before the coming of the talking picture had interrupted his musical career, he had been headed straight for opera stardom via the musical comedy stage.

"John!" a feminine voice called, "you'll wake your friend! Maybe he wants to sleep."

The singing stopped. "Great guns!" I heard John say, "I thought he was in the other guest room. Why, I didn't even close the door."

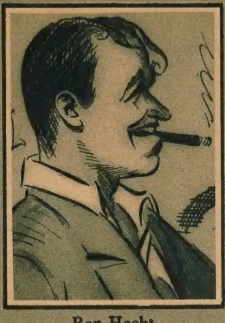
He came to my door and saw me propped up on one elbow, so he added for my benefit: "Anyway, it's time the lazy slug was up. Hey, you, wake up! If we're to have some singles after breakfast, I don't want you to get the

[*Continued on page* 58]

Left: John Boles' bedroom, a simple home-like room that echoes daily with the sound of his magnificent voice. Right: Where guests are charmingly entertained at dinner

←

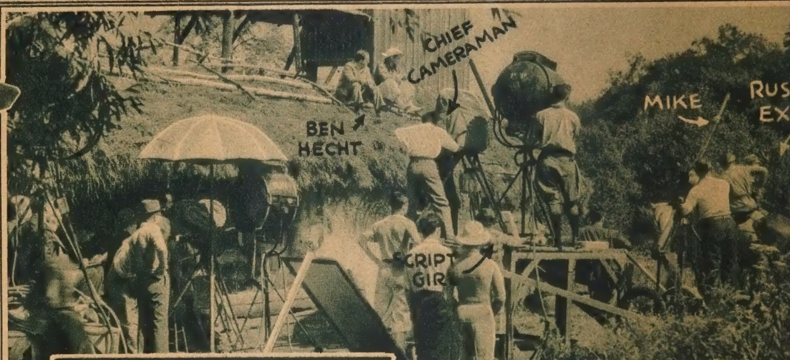
Jimmy Savo—don't make the mistake of calling him "another Chaplin"



Ben Hecht

Hollywood's click

Reporting the exciting events which took place on location during the shooting of *Laugh, Little Clown*, the latest masterpiece of those merry, mad men, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur



SCREEN BOOK's cameraman presents a behind-the-scenes view of an important moment during the shooting of *Laugh, Little Clown*. Ben Hecht is running the show from the roof top

SLASHING sabers flash in the afternoon sunlight . . . fifty burly Russian Cavalrymen bolt recklessly over the hillside, their shouts and muttered oaths lost in a crescendo of hoof beats as their horses gallop in hot pursuit of an unseen enemy. Look out! There he goes—straight over the head of his stumbling horse pitches a giant trouper, barely escaping injury as his companions surge onward.

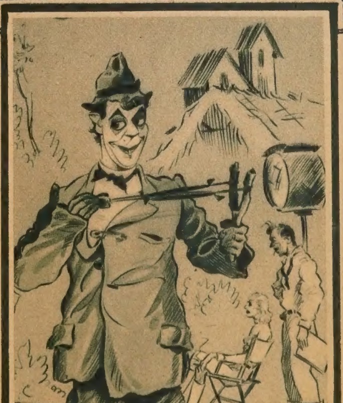
CUT!

It might have been the real thing. It might have been Hollywood. As a matter of fact, it was neither. The scene I witnessed took place more than a thousand miles from Cinematown near the sleepy little village of Sloatsburg, New York, where a movie camera is as strange to the natives as a happy marriage in Hollywood. The actors for the most part weren't actors at all, but native Russians, many of whom a decade ago were powerful figures in the Czar's army. The directors weren't directors at all, but two ex-newspapermen—fugitives from Hollywood and $1,000 a day salaries.

Laugh, Little Clown is one of many pictures I have seen in the making, but it thrilled me more than any backstage dramas I have witnessed in Hollywood. Let me tell you about it.

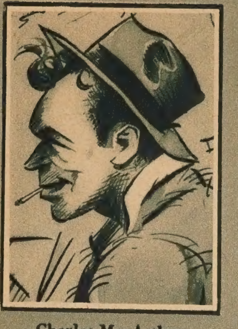
The picture deals with the adventures of an odd little wagon show trouper who stubs his toe on the Russian revolution. The star is Jimmy Savo, who, if his tremendous success in New York theater circles is any criterion, is destined to become America's most beloved comedian. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, the writers, directors and producers, decided that they would go on location in the best Hollywood manner to film their new picture. A week after they had chosen the site, the whole company moved in—hundreds of children, scores of Russians, sound men, bit players and cameramen. Barns became Russian huts. An open machine shed was converted into a makeup room. The cows were routed out of their stalls to make room for movie equipment.

Down a lane shaded by towering aristocratic trees that have stood since Washington's time I found the first set.



JIMMY SAVO—a caricature by Jo Metzer

Wild Men again!



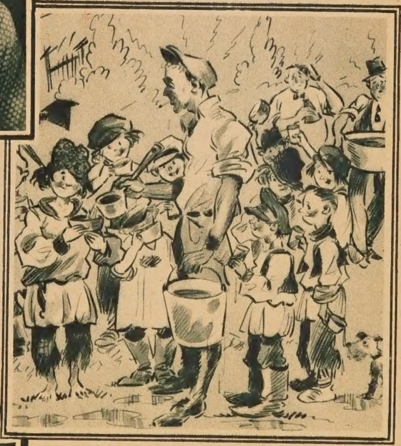
Charles MacArthur

By Carl Slater

"Tall and stately Whitney Bourne, who by right of heritage should have been serving tea in a Park Avenue drawing room"

"Jimmy couldn't stand the horrible devastation his weapon would wreak. He shut his eyes, let fly—and zip! Another Russian bit the dust"

"He showed me a still which revealed the Jap boy with an orb that bloomed like a new moon"



"Young Russia insisted on being watered every half hour, and his was no easy job"

Here before the cellar-way of a ruined hut knelt Jimmy Savo with several ragged little urchins by his side, peering into a dark hole. Suddenly a tiny youngster came running around the corner.

"Look!" he cried. "I found the nose, but I couldn't find the body."

Savo took the nose, part of a clown's mask, mumbled something I couldn't hear from my observation point near the sound trucks, and fumbled for his slingshot. Jimmy couldn't stand the horrible devastation his weapon would wreak. He shut his eyes, let fly—and zip! Another Russian bit the dust as the rock flew into the cellar and Jimmy scrambled to safety with his pals. Cut!

Exactly nine times the camera turned on this particular scene before Ben Hecht signaled his okay. If the action was perfect, the bellow of a bull in a nearby barn ruined the sound-track. If the sound was good, the action was wrong—or the sun faded back of a cloud. The making of comedy is a serious, fretful occupation.

JACKIE BORENE—a coming star

DURING a lull in shooting I wandered back toward the group of farm buildings which served as the studio proper. In an open machine shed I found the makeup men hard at work. One was putting finishing touches on a buxom, fiery little Russian lass, whose Marlene Dietrich eyebrows and vermillion

[*Continued on page* 48]

Looking into the *Night Life of the Gods*

Alan Mowbray, the eccentric scientist, mixes a strange potion that leaves him on the rafters, besieged by his indignant family

Florine McKinney takes the rôle of the lovable and wicked Meg, whose father describes her as "a howling hellion of a daughter, who has been alive for nine hundred years." On seeing her in *Night Life of the Gods,* you'll agree that she has charm to melt statues

THE discovery of a manner in which to transform human beings into statues and statues into human beings furnishes the utterly crazy theme of *The Night Life of the Gods.* The young scientist who has this strange power first amuses himself by making garden pieces out of his selfish, bickering family, but when he encounters a ravishingly beautiful, impish girl, everything gets out of control. The result is a comedy of a delicious, insane sort never before seen on the screen. In this picture, Universal brings to celluloid for the first time the popular work of the late Thorne Smith, who established for himself a reputation as the most outstanding of all modern humorists.

←

An amusing scene from *Night Life of the Gods* showing Alan Mowbray with Peggy Shannon, who plays the rôle of his daughter. "Daphne, a pestiferous brat of seventeen"

Never in the history of movies has there been such a picture as this! These scenes are a peek into the delightful screen version of Thorne Smith's mad novel

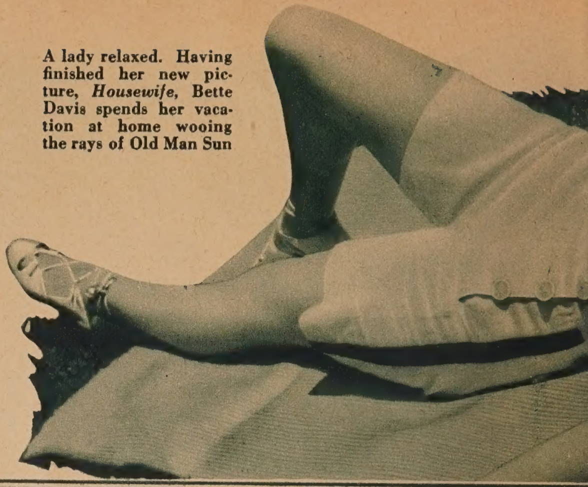
Imagine if you can the consternation of the Hawks family when they discover in their midst a man with the power to turn statues into stone and vice versa! The scenes that follow are the last word in mad, merry comedy

—Photos by Freulich

Alan Mowbray has a little chat with the detective whom he has turned to stone by means of a powerful ray from a ring he wears

A dog with a stone tail is not the least of scientist Hawks' achievements. He brings statues of Apollo, Mercury, Bacchus and other ancients to life, turning a whole city topsy turvy with his weird magic

When Dick Powell is excited he plays the sax to suit his mood. Evidently Mary Brian hasn't called him for several hours



A lady relaxed. Having finished her new picture, *Housewife*, Bette Davis spends her vacation at home wooing the rays of Old Man Sun

HOLLYWOOD

Mr. Lee Tracy, Hollywood's champion fast-talker, also has the reputation for being the most comfortably dressed male. Coatless, hatless, he is seen strolling to work on the set of *The Lemon Drop Kid*

Conchita Montenegro, popular in foreign versions of the pictures you see daily on the American screen, is at last getting a break. She is to be the only woman in a cast of sixteen men who appear in Warner Baxter's *Hell in the Heavens*

David Holt, the popular child actor who scored a fine hit in *You Belong to Me*, is seen with his two greatest admirers. Left, his official studio teacher, Rachel Smith, and right, his attractive mother, Mrs. Martha Holt

Stars Won't Take It

NOW it can be told—the latest movie star revolt. A Los Angeles newspaper asked for "quotes" from the stars knocking a certain candidate for Governor. The celebs promptly balked, pointing to contractual clauses binding them not to "publicly divulge political or religious convictions." Some threatened to sue when quoted without their knowledge or permission.

Hepburn's Favorite

VISITORS are rarely permitted to the *Little Minister* set where Katharine Hepburn is hard at work. She's practically as exclusive as Garbo in this respect. But Katie likes to watch other Hollywoodians at work and is particularly amused at Bob Wheeler's antics. The other day we saw her laughing and applauding after one of Bob's rehearsals. "How'm I doin', baby?" the comedian demanded. "All right, Bob," was the hearty response.

Economy Plus

ONE of the most economical stars is Bette Davis, and there's a very charming reason for it. Bette and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, decided to live on *his* income. Part of the time they drive to and from the night club where he works in a $25 Ford. Bette is proud of her ability to drive the ancient hack. Hollywood, despite its marriage-busting reputation, smiles indulgently as it passes by in swank motor cars, wishing Bette and Harmon every success.

Tough On Bing!

BING CROSBY confesses that despite all his success he'd like to turn back to the time when he ate "like a horse"

Ho hum! Screen kids come and go, but Spanky McFarland goes on forever. You'll see him next with Wheeler and Woolsey in *Kentucky Kernels*

Eddie Cantor has the reputation of appearing with the world's most beautiful girls in his pictures. This is Exhibit A from *Kid Millions*

FLASHES

in an effort to gain weight. Now Bing retains his ravenous appetite, but he has to curb it to prevent becoming overweight. He became the champ golfer among the stars in his effort to stay thin, but all the exercise makes him hungrier and hungrier.

It Gets Worse!

ONE of the funniest jokes around Hollywood recently wasn't a joke at all, but at first everyone thought it surely must be. In Universal's plans for filming *The Night Life of the Gods,* it was decided that the marble statues should wear panties and other items of costume in line with the clean movies movement.

Jimmy Woos Garbo

WHEN Jimmy Durante appeared at the Russian Eagle restaurant with a very exotic lady the other evening beaming happily on both sides of his schnozzola, he caused a minor sensation. The lady was a dead ringer for Greta and Hollywood natives fell hard for the gag.

Different in Russia

EVER since Anna Sten declared that sex appeal is over-emphasized in America, her fellow stars have been at her to learn how love and romance are conducted in Russia. When asked if the thrills of courtship weren't lacking where marriage and divorce are so painless, Anna retorted, "No, nothing is missing but alimony."

The Way To Success

IN AT least one instance, a film contract is the reward for trying to do someone else a favor. Pretty Grace Ford, a dancing teacher from Oklahoma, tried to sell Max Arnow, Warner Brothers casting director, on giving one of her talented pupils a screen test. He ordered a test of Miss Ford instead, and gave her a contract!

Letter From Garbo

BARBARA KENT, former screen favorite who is now coming back to the screen following her retirement to domestic life when she married Harry Edington, the popular actor's agent, is the proud possessor of one of the few letters Garbo has ever written. The note congratulates Miss Kent on her marriage.

Detective Turns Detective

RALPH BELLAMY is a good screen detective, but he's a better one in private life. Recently, when seeking a passport for a hop to Europe, he had to prove that he had been born. His mother was away on an auto trip so he finally obtained the information by trailing himself backwards. Match that, Mr. Vance!

Old Favorite Returns

JACK MULHALL, popular screen idol of a few years ago who recently reappeared playing a "bit" rôle, has made a fine come-back in half a dozen picture. Now he has an excellent rôle in a picture that should put him right back at the top again. It's *Evelyn Prentice,* with Myrna Loy and Dick Powell.

The luckiest youngster in the world! Shirley Temple had her Christmas tree a month in advance when she posed for this exclusive SCREEN BOOK holiday photo. This will be a tough year for the postman—carrying gifts to Shirley!

Stooging For Stooges

THE Three Stooges have done the inevitable—got themselves a stooge! Hank Mann, long a favorite screen comedian, is the victim. Hank believes that training in the old slam-bang comedies will enable him to stooge for stooges with a minimum of broken bones and black eyes.

Bing Listens In

THE other evening Bing Crosby sat down at his short-wave radio for a little long-distance listening. Suddenly, from far off Russia, came a jumble of unintelligible words followed by the unmistakable voice of—you guessed it—Bing Crosby!

Gossip Hounds Stopped!

LYLE TALBOT who has a record for squiring almost every eligible, unattached gal in the Film Colony, pulled a new one the other day. He rounded the late spots with a girl which no one could recognize, introducing her variously as Miss Brown, Miss Jones, Miss Smith and Miss Abernathy!

No Heartbreak

REPORTS that Marilyn Miller had married a New York actor seemed to have no disturbing effect on Don Alvarado, whose engagement to Marilyn was announced in December, 1932. Alvarado is busy on a new picture and is seemingly as heartfree as ever.

Gary's Humiliation

SANDRA SHAW COOPER'S new French Poodle is worth looking at. Immaculately white, big and with long, fleecy hair, it sometimes wears a ribbon to keep the hair from falling down over its eyes. Gary's expression on first beholding the creature is something to remark about. Fancy a dog with a bandeau in *his* home!

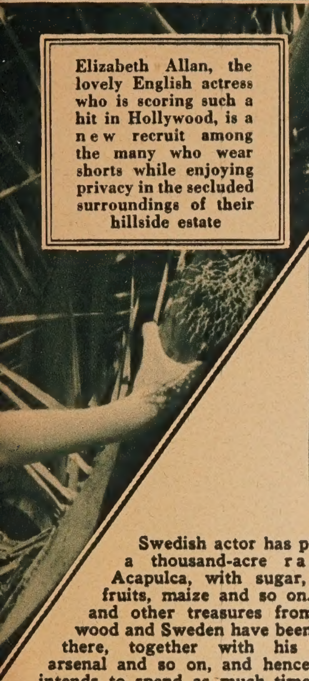
Disappearing Cafe

WE DON'T like to boast about that Chinese dinner with Anna May Wong at some little Oriental eatery hidden in Los Angeles Chinatown. But we are going to have to get Anna May to re-discover the place again for us before friends will believe there is such a thing. Unable to get in touch with her the other week-end, we confidently headed a chop-suey exploration party but after three hours couldn't locate the place!

International Commuter

NILS ASTHER has become the first regular commuter between the tropical part of Mexico and Hollywood. The

Confidential Beauty Advice. See page 42



Elizabeth Allan, the lovely English actress who is scoring such a hit in Hollywood, is a new recruit among the many who wear shorts while enjoying privacy in the secluded surroundings of their hillside estate

Jackie Coogan and Toby Wing in pensive mood—probably thinking if their romance will still be there when they come of age

A rare photo of William Powell in conference with Jerry, the pet dachshund, whose streamlines are the envy of all the other hounds in Hollywood

Swedish actor has purchased a thousand-acre ranch in Acapulca, with sugar, tropical fruits, maize and so on. Books and other treasures from Hollywood and Sweden have been shipped there, together with his hunting arsenal and so on, and henceforth he intends to spend as much time as possible between pictures on his ranch.

Mae's New Neighbor

GEORGE RAFT, who lives next door to Mae West, reports that there is truth in the statement that Mae works late at night, writing dialogue. He can look down from his apartment and see Mae moving around in the wee small hours.

Lowdown On Connie

THAT "second honeymoon" of Constance Bennett and husband Marquis Henri Falaise, following the latter's recovery from a severe illness that brought Connie flying to his bedside, should temporarily still those divorce rumors. If anything like that is brewing, the lover-like attitude of the two as reported from France to interested persons in Hollywood is a supreme camouflage.

Don't Get It Wrong!

THEY'LL probably change the original title of Sylvia Sidney's new starring production, *Red Woman*, to several something elses—for fear some fans will think the picture concerns Soviet Russia! Actually, the story heroine is an Indian maiden of modern vintage, who falls in love with an Eastern socialite.

Keeping Baby Safe

HOLLYWOOD wise-crackers are getting back at Joan Blondell, who flips-telling-verbal nifties herself on occasion, for that burglar-proof nursery story. Expecting the heir or heiress who will be here by the time you read this, Joan and husband George Barnes had a nursery prepared and protected with alarms, locks and so on "like a bank vault." Now Joan's getting notes like this: "When you put baby away in there, be sure you don't forget the combination of the door lock!"

Mae On Etiquette

MAE WEST has experienced all the ways and means of courtship and love on stage and screen, but the other day she received, with mixed feelings, her first real-life kiss on the hand. Carl Brisson, Danish star, delivered it. Mae, learning that Ivan Lebedeff and Francis Lederer are also experts at this art, declared it probably has its place in man's repertory: "Bein' ultra polite and respectful," Mae is said to have remarked, "probably it's best for formal evenin' use, like full dress!"

Puzzles Jean Harlow

ACCORDING to Jean Harlow a set designed for her boudoir in *Dinner at Eight* and intended to be the height of something or other in lowbrow, newly-rich bad taste, in keeping with the character she portrayed, was misinterpreted here and there. Some screen patrons liked it, and have asked her in letters how [*Continued on page* 50]

Adrienne Morrison Bennett

In this intensely human story the mother of the famous Bennett sisters, herself a celebrated actress, reveals for the first time many intimate facts about the family a whole world has learned to love

By Adrienne Morrison Bennett
as told to
VIRGINIA MAXWELL

Screen Book Scoop

The True Story of

My Children, *the* Bennett Sisters

"IT SEEMS only yesterday they were such little tots," Mrs. Adrienne Morrison Bennett said to me the other day.

"In no time at all little Joan has grown up; now she's the mother of two children and she was my tiniest baby only a few years back.

"Constance was the terror of the neighborhood, a wild little tomboy until she reached fifteen. She began then to realize boys liked her and thought her pretty. Then Constance changed. A complete turnabout of her behavior. After this, instead of coming in with her hair smeared back and her best frock torn to shreds, she started putting on 'grand lady' manners, spending hours before the mirror doing her hair in curls and crimpers."

Barbara Bennett, now the wife of Morton Downey, and Constance

We sat back in easy chairs in the ex-Mrs. Richard Bennett's finely appointed office high in one of New York's skyscrapers. Mrs. Bennett was known on the stage as Adrienne Morrison and it is this name she uses today in her very successful literary brokerage office. She began digging through old photographs brought down from her country place. These pictures had reposed for many years in dusty trunks until the world began to ask so many questions about her daughters, those girls who have brought their mother's dreams to fulfillment.

About Barbara Bennett, their sister, the picture public know least. Yet Barbara is rated one of the Bennett beauties in New York smart society where Broadway and Park Avenue mingle. She is married to Morton Downey of radio fame and is the proud mother of a tiny son.

"Tell me about the girls as children," I coaxed as Miss Morrison drew forth some of their charming baby portraits.

"Well," she smiled, "nobody would believe it, but all my daughters have always had a terrific mother complex. They were flung into the maelstrom of Hollywood life when they were just on the brink of girlhood. That they have survived it and gone ahead living sane,

"Joan is one of the most fastidious housekeepers"

"Few people understand Constance and she doesn't particularly care whether they do or not"

"Barbara is a born mother . . . she would have been as successful as Joan or Constance"

A previously unpublished photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett with Joan and Constance taken at their summer home near New York

domesticated lives seems to me proof enough of that instinct.

"Joan, you know, is one of the most fastidious housekeepers I've ever seen. She's always been that way about dolls and dishes. Every morning now before going to the studio she writes out her grocery list and checks up on things in general in her pretty little home.

"I've watched Joan examining silverware to see that it was carefully polished. And going over linen to see that it was laundered to perfection. Now, honestly, you'd scarcely expect that of a movie star, would you?"

"HOW about Constance? Is she domesticated, too?" I asked.

Constance, who has been front-paged since her screen career began, had scarcely gained the reputation of being a "home" girl. Yet this is what her own mother said:

"Few people understand Constance. And Constance doesn't particularly care whether they do or not. She's like her father in that respect. But I can tell you that beneath the apparently helter-skelter existence she might seem to live, Constance is a very motherly sort of girl.

"She has come home, night after night, from the studio and gone directly to Peter's room so they could romp and play together. Peter is the idol of her life. And I think the love Constance has given to her child is reciprocated beautifully by the youngster himself.

"One morning while I was visiting my girls in

[*Continued on page* 60]

"Children never owe parents anything," Mrs. Bennett says. "Parents owe their own happiness and contentment to their children. That is really their compensation for a lifetime of work and sacrifice"

Richard
Adrienne
Joan
Barbara
Connie

Barbara, Joan and Constance were inseparable as children. Even today, the illness or misfortune of one will bring the others flying swiftly across the continent

SMASH HIT

Fine Comedians in Whirlwind of Giddy Nonsense

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

★★★★

This is hilarity plus. In transferring the superb, giddy comedy by Thorne Smith to the screen, none of the unique humor of the original has been lost. Alan Mowbray plays the eccentric scientist with gay abandon and Florine McKinney is a delightful surprise in her rôle of Meg, the mad little vamp. A more complete view of the picture and its amusing episodes appears on page 30 of this issue. Your critic recommends *Night Life of the Gods* highly as something unique in comedy never before seen on the screen. Peggy Shannon, Richard Carle, Phillips Smalley and Theresa Maxwell Conover comprise an unusually strong supporting cast. The entire picture is a distinct triumph for Director Lowell Sherman.—*Universal.*

SMASH HIT

A Picture of Hollywood Shooting a Picture of Hollywood

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD

★★★★

The first picture to give a faithful and unexaggerated picture of life behind the scenes in Hollywood studios fittingly enough is the greatest entertainment offering of its kind so far presented. The story concerns a broken-down director who finally gets his great chance and makes a picture his own way despite the objections of his employers. James Dunn plays the director and Alice Faye scores heavily as the blond girl who craves a chance in the movies. A fine comedy hit!—*Fox.*

Joe E. Brown on His Way to Victory

6-DAY BIKE RIDER

★★★

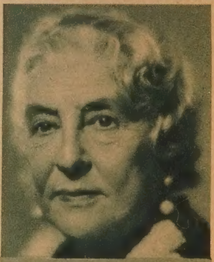
A typical Joe E. Brown offering, ranking right up with his best. This time Joe is the small town lad who goes to the big city to display his bicycle prowess, eventually winning the race and the girl after a whirlwind of hilarity. The racing scenes are some of the most thrilling ever filmed for pictures. Frank McHugh gives splendid support and Maxine Doyle is leasing as the heroine.—*Warner.*

Dick Powell Scores in Fine Love Story

HAPPINESS AHEAD

★★★

Introducing Josephine Hutchinson to the screen and presenting Dick Powell in another fine rôle, this frothy but human picture is excellent entertainment. The story concerns a wealthy girl who falls in love with a window-washer—all of which spells trouble and excitement. Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins stand out in the cast.—*Warner.*



Another Great Hit for May Robson

LADY BY CHOICE

★★★★

May Robson repeats the success of her famous hit, *Lady for a Day.* The story is highly dramatic from the moment May, arrested for drunkenness on Mother's Day is adopted by Carole Lombard, a dancer arrested for indecent exposure. Excellent comedy touches are frequent. Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor stand out in the supporting cast, but May Robson is the real show.—*Columbia.*

FOLLOW THE CRITIC'S Choice!

KID MILLIONS

★★★★

Eddie Cantor was never more amusing than in this story of the forgotten son of an archeologist, who inherits a fortune and scampers off to Africa to claim it. As usual, Eddie is surrounded by the most beautiful girls it is possible to find. Lovely Ann Sothern plays Eddie's leading lady and Ethel Merman delivers her torch songs in the most enchanting manner. The whole picture is just another of Cantor's superb comedy classics. Your critic can say no more.—*United Artists.*

SMASH HIT

Ann Harding's Finest Since *Holiday*

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL

★★★★

Not since *Holiday* has Ann Harding appeared in a rôle more suited to her talents. Miss Harding captures beautifully the gay spirit of the picture, which as *Biography*, starring Ina Claire, scored a major hit on Broadway. The story concerns the amusing trials and tribulations of a young girl artist and her bachelor friends with Ann Harding as the girl who writes her biography and so intrigues a young publisher that he falls in love with her. Here, at last, is Ann Harding without the immense handicap of an overly dramatic plot, and the result makes one wonder just how it happens that she was lost so long in the gloom. Edward Everett Horton and Bob Montgomery supply some of the most amusing comedy scenes of the season. Excellent direction by E. H. Griffith.—*Metro.*

Binnie Barnes Makes Her Auspicious Bow

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE

★★★

Excellent film fare, introducing the lovely Binnie Barnes in the rôle of a female crook who spars with a clever male thief. Neil Hamilton does well as the man who turns Binnie from her wild mania for appropriating things. Paul Cavanagh plays the hard-boiled crook, with Eugene Pallette the comedy ace. Don't miss it!—*Universal.*

Jean Parker and Russell Hardie Teamed

SEQUOIA

★★★

Not so much for its fine story, but for the really beautiful and natural animal scenes, your critic recommends *Sequoia.* Jean Parker was never more lovely than in this picture and Russell Hardie steps out as a promising leading man in this natural and romantic story. Should be greatly appreciated by movie-goers of all ages. —*Metro.*

Richard Arlen Turns Newspaperman

READY FOR LOVE

★★★

Fast-moving comedy romance. Ida Lupino arrives in a small town and is mistaken for the hamlet's most notorious citizen who arrives on the same train in a coffin. She wins the love of newspaperman, Richard Arlen, and forges ahead to big town stardom on her artificial notoriety. Arlen is a hit in his rôle, which is packed with human and comedy interest.—*Paramount.*

SMASH HIT

John Boles and Gloria Swanson Make Good in a Big Way

MUSIC IN THE AIR

★★★★

Pack up your troubles and join the fun! Gloria Swanson, the old Gloria of the days when her vital sparkle was the envy of every star, is back again. Lavish in its gay costumes and unusual foreign settings. *Music in the Air* hits a new high for screen musicals. The glorious voice of John Boles and the gayety of Swanson are your insurance against boredom in this picture. Douglass Montgomery steals a nice slice of the picture with his unusual performance.—*Fox.*

What I Will Tell My Baby

Every mother and daughter should read this outspoken story by the star who has embarked on the greatest adventure of her lifetime—motherhood

By
Clara Bow

As told
to
JEWEL
SMITH

SCREEN BOOK SCOOP

Clara Bow Today

Almost two years have passed since the name of Clara Bow was last featured in lurid newspaper headlines. In that time the Clara Bow of Flaming Flapper days has completely vanished. Clara today is a purposeful young lady who has retired from pictures—not permanently as certain unfounded stories have stated—to become a mother. Your editor has known Clara for many years, from her hey-hey days to the present. I feel that the public should know her as she really is and that the opportunity presents itself for the first time in this story.

Roscoe Fawcett

I SUPPOSE every mother has spent months figuring on what she would tell her first child. I know I am no different from all others, but each one figures from her own experiences. And there, I believe I have a right to think I am different. Not many mothers have had exactly the same experiences. I'm *pretty* sure no other mother has had mine or anything like it. So what I tell my child will be based upon things that haven't happened to other people.

First, I take this very seriously. All my life I have wanted a baby and now that I'm going to have one I realize I have to be very careful what I do with it—especially what I say to it. Because I lost my own mother so young, I know that no one else can ever take her place. You can have a dozen husbands; you can have more children if anything happens to one. But you can never have but one mother.

You've read how lonesome I've always been. I used to tell how I wanted to marry a man who would stroke my hair and talk softly and let me tell him things. I remember the first time I read an interview I'd given about that. I went to bed with the magazine under my pillow and cried myself to sleep.

I was too young and too emotional to understand just why I wanted that kind of a husband. I do now. I know I was hunting a man who would be a *mother* even more than a husband. I wanted someone to confide in; to cry to—someone who would sympathize and understand me no matter what I did. I thought that was a husband—I know, now, it was a mother.

Motherhood Serious To Clara

THE first thing I'm going to tell a child, whether it's a boy or a girl, is that he has a mother. I'm going to make myself sort of a safety valve for that baby from the very beginning. Whenever it cries, from the very first, I'm going to be the one it sees standing over the cradle. A nurse may be there, too. A nurse may give him his bottle or change the pins and do the practical things that must be done for a baby. But that baby is not going to look into a nurse's eyes for sympathy and understanding. He's going to look into his mother's. That's the reason making another picture isn't as important as it used to be. I wouldn't make one if it interfered with my being with my baby. That baby is going to know, from the very first breath he draws, that he's more important to me than work or bridge or women's clubs or anything else that keep mothers busy.

I know a lot of people think a woman like me won't make a good mother. They probably think, "God help that child." That's where people are wrong. Girls like me make the best mothers, if we have any common sense. We know about things and you can only help your children from what you know. I've been reading a lot of books on taking care of children. I've had a lot of laughs from them. What do professors and nurses, who haven't loved and laughed and cried and suffered and starved and spent thousands of dollars really know about living? You'd think from what I've read that all babies have is bodies. Well, I know different. It's a child's soul, his thoughts, that are the most important.

Clara's Careful Plans

I'VE been reading recently a lot about too much love giving children mother complexes. And I think that's a lot of bunk. Of course, there's two kinds of mother love. [*Continued on page 72*]

A New Romance for Myrna and Bill

By popular demand, Myrna Loy and William Powell, who scored such a hit in *The Thin Man*, are appearing together in another of the season's outstanding pictures, which is tentatively titled *Evelyn Prentice*

Charm

Beware of FALSE Beauty Methods!

Posed exclusively for SCREEN BOOK by Betty Furness, now appearing in *Dangerous Corner*

By Janet Lynn

THERE are many strict "don'ts" that must be observed by the woman who wishes to be well-groomed. Often, a well-meaning woman who spends hours of thought and effort on her appearance fails completely in achieving the desired effect, simply because she has neglected to observe some common "don'ts". For example, you may be meticulous in caring for your skin, cleansing and lubricating it so that its texture is satin-smooth—and then nullify your efforts by applying too much face powder! It makes your face look like a well-frosted cake, somehow. Powder, you must, to conquer the native shine, but remove most of the powder after you've patted it on. For this purpose use a special face powder brush—they look a lot like the kind used to brush babies' hair—with soft pliable bristles. Brush gently until your skin has a soft, velvety finish without the slightest hint of flouriness.

Another important prohibition is this: Don't have marcel waves. They're much too "set" and stiff looking for the new coiffures with their smooth waves and tailored sculpture curls. Besides, not more than one hairdresser in a thousand can give a really good marcel. It's unlikely that you'll encounter that one in a thousand, so I advise you to have a permanent wave and fingerwaves. If you've become accustomed to marcels, it may be a bit difficult for you to get used to the wide, flat fingerwaves, but please persevere. Take my word for it that you'll be a smarter looking person if you do. Don't bleach your hair, please! No matter what shade it may be, it is much more flattering in its natural state than it can be drastically bleached. . . . Although the movie stars still cling fondly to bleached hair, they do it because blonde hair photographs better than dark hair. And many of those gorgeous blonde coiffures you see on the screen are in reality wigs. . . . It's physically impossible to keep hair bleached successfully over a long period of time.

DON'T pluck your eyebrows to a thin hairline. It gives you a staring, vacant look that is most objectionable. Eyebrows more or less natural in line are more modish now, anyway. Of course, stray hairs should be plucked so that the line of the brows will not be straggly, but beyond that—no pruning! *Never* use a razor to shape the brows. It leaves a harsh, definite line that makes the brows look as if they were painted on. A feather-edged effect is the desirable one.

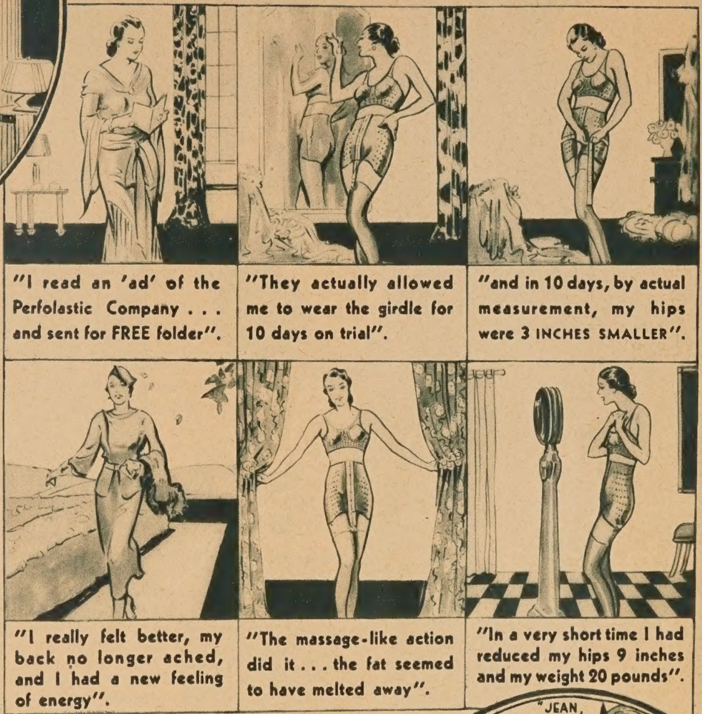
Another "don't" which is disregarded by far too many seemingly intelligent women is this: Don't go without a girdle or brassiere. The most expensive clothes immediately assume a cheap air when they are worn [*Continued on page* 71]

SCREEN BOOK'S *free* beauty service

In her free letter service to all readers of SCREEN BOOK, Janet Lynn offers a prompt, confidential reply to all puzzling beauty problems. Come to her with your intimate beauty questions and be assured that your letter will be held in strictest confidence. She will be pleased to answer promptly queries concerning all kinds of beauty preparations, problems of hair dressing, personal cleanliness, exercise and care of hands and teeth. Address your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for reply.

"WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?"

TEST the...
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...For 10 Days at Our Expense!



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the girdle for 10 days on trial".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

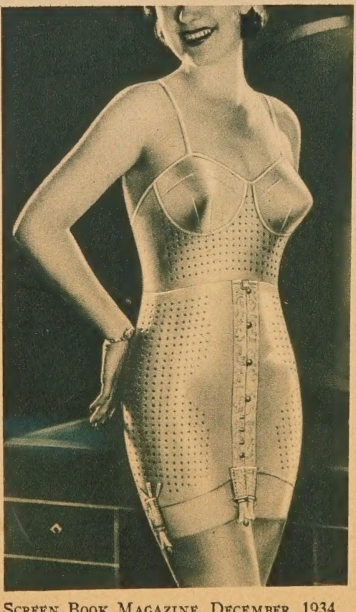
■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *your* waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.



"JEAN, THAT'S WONDERFUL, I'LL SEND FOR MY GIRDLE TODAY!"

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Without obligation on my part, send FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift Brassiere also sample of Perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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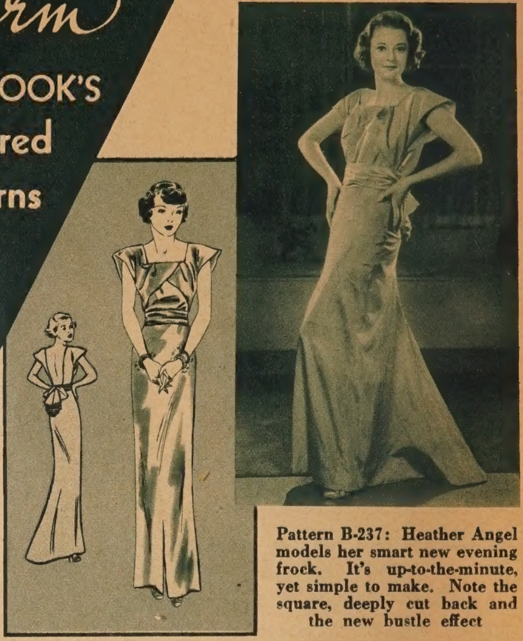
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

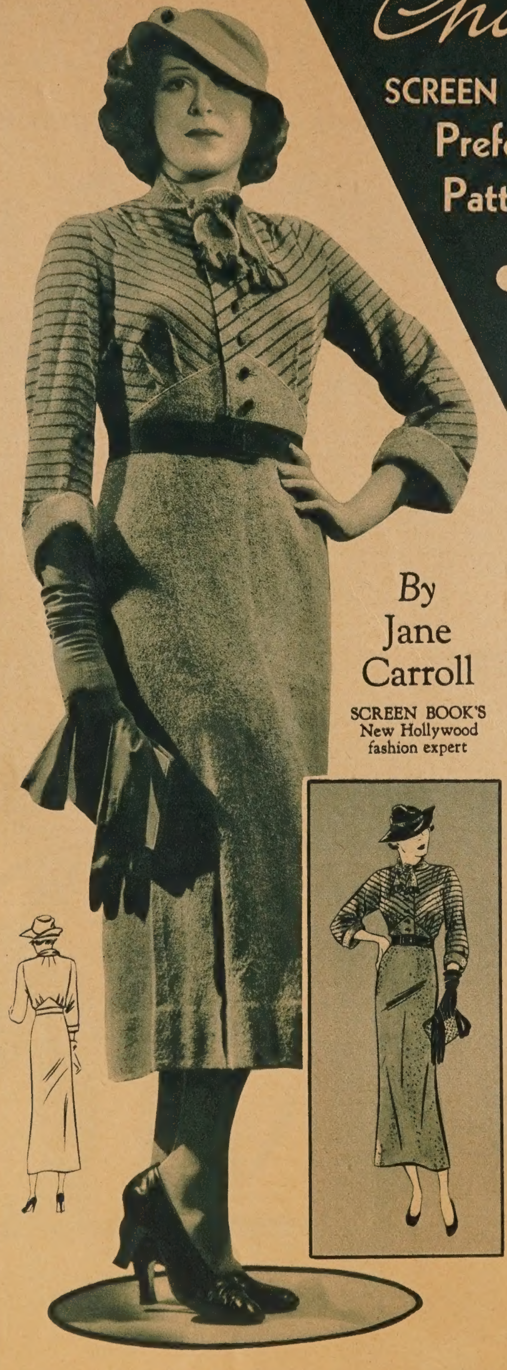
Charm
SCREEN BOOK'S Preferred Patterns

By
Jane
Carroll

SCREEN BOOK'S
New Hollywood
fashion expert



Pattern B-237: Heather Angel models her smart new evening frock. It's up-to-the-minute, yet simple to make. Note the square, deeply cut back and the new bustle effect



Pattern B-236: Kitty Carlisle, one of the best-dressed of Hollywood's younger players, wore this chic little wool frock in *She Loves Me Not*

SOMETIMES a simple little frock can be at once daring, petite and demure. I found that out when Heather Angel showed me her newest evening frock, with its tricky bodice which continues up over the shoulders and turns into bretelles in the back. The back is cut square at the waistline, from where a small and very smart bustle does its stuff in the latest French manner. Heather's frock is Pattern B-237, designed in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch fabric.

I am completely captivated by Kitty Carlisle in her ultra-fashionable wool frock. It has a high-pointed waistline, front and back, with the belt at the normal line to make it becoming. The little neck scarf completes the swanky effect of the whole creation. If you are the least bit inclined to stoutness, this offering will make you look and feel slim as a reed. You may order Pattern B-236 in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 1½ yards 54-inch fabric and 1 yard contrasting.

Next month I'll offer patterns for simple little things you can make as gifts for your friends to drive away your holiday budget worries. Watch for them!

Order Preferred Patterns With This Coupon

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed............cents, please send me ☐ Pattern B-236, Kitty Carlisle's winter wool frock. ☐ Pattern B-237, Heather Angel's favorite evening gown. ☐ SCREEN BOOK'S Winter Pattern Catalogue.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....State ....

All pattern orders filled promptly. Place checks in squares above to indicate your order. Patterns are 15c each. When ordered in combination, one pattern and the pattern catalogue, the price is 25c.

The Hollywood Lowdown

[*Continued from page* 8]

Dressler's Fortune Dwindled

MARIE DRESSLER'S estate has finally been appraised at $280,000. Of this, $101,000 was in cash, over $67,000 in bonds, $40,000 in a house and furnishings that cost more than $100,000, stocks to the value of about $50,000 and personal effects to the amount of about $11,000. This represents a staggering depreciation in values of the fortune Miss Dressler piled up when she started practically from "scratch" a few years ago.

Mothers, Attention!

MOTHERS the country over are interested in giving their children movie careers with expectations of huge salaries. They will be interested in the fact that a studio recently signed a four-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl, widely publicized as marvels. Their contracts were duly okayed in municipal court and the figures were given: The boy's contract called for $15.00 a week; the girl's for $25.00. Those are actual figures.

What A Play!

Lyda Roberti, soft-crooning vamp of stage fame, goes into a huddle with Joe Penner in a scene from *College Rhythm*, the football picture featuring Jackie Oakie, Lanny Ross and Mary Brian

SKINNY? FOR NEW POUNDS QUICK

●

listen to this!

5 to 15 pounds gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest ale yeast concentrated 7 times, combined with iron.

YOU "skinny," rundown, weak-looking folks who don't attract many friends—here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands of people solid healthy flesh and alluring curves—*in just a few weeks!*

You know doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new yeast discovery which comes in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds but also clear radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new abounding pep and energy.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day as you take Ironized Yeast tablets watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast and not some inferior cheap imitation.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—*or money back.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
ANKLE 8 1/2 IN.

Are you a
SHADOW-HUNTER?

■ Have you a skin that matches the beauty of today's fashions—or must you be a "shadow-hunter," seeking concealment in the soft lights and shadows?

Try Campana's Italian Balm for a youthful-looking skin. This *Original* Skin Softener is both a corrective and protective treatment for dry, rough, red or chapped skin. It has been the largest selling skin protector in all of Canada for over 40 years—and is today the largest seller in thousands of cities in the United States. At drug and department stores —35c, 60c and $1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes. Generous Vanity Gift Bottle on request.

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Free CAMPANA SALES CO.,
3612 Lincoln Hwy., Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.
Name________________________
Address________________________
City____________ State____________
If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., FWG-12 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Let's GO Domestic

Try this simple, modern Thanksgiving dinner suggested by SCREEN BOOK'S cooking expert

By Ida Bailey Allen

SLEEK as a Chanel gown, or a penthouse apartment! That's the sort of Thanksgiving dinner we moderns turn out of our Tom Thumb kitchenettes. Spend all day, like great-grand-mamma, over the hot stove? No, indeed, we are efficiency experts, and we know how to create the maximum effect with the minimum labor.

Take the menu I've planned—it looks impressive, but when you turn a coldly calculating eye on it, you'll discover that two-thirds of the work can be done hours in advance. None of that last-minute hurricane that mars so many holiday dinners, and leaves the hostess panting for breath.

Of course, you can, if you wish, do every bit of the work yourself, including the service. But let me suggest a scheme, employed by a smart Park Avenue hostess of my acquaintance. She prepares most of the meal herself, but the serving she leaves to a maid (or man, if she wants to be very, very swank). The servant, engaged for three hours, comes about half an hour before dinner, receives detailed instructions, superintends the tag-ends of the cooking, serves the meal, and washes the dishes—all at the cost of a pair of good silk stockings.

This gives the hostess ample time to dress, and knowing that "all's well" behind the kitchenette doors, she can greet her guests with that Grand Duchess air we all love to assume.

A FORMAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

Chicken Gumbo — Toasted Swedish Bread
Cold Lobster — Coral Mayonnaise

Jugged Pigeons — Wild Rice Stuffing
Currant Jelly
Little French Peas in Pepper Rings
Baked Sweet Potato Halves
Salad of Escarole and Cress — French Dressing
Brie and Camembert — Salted Crackers

Nesselrode Pudding
Assorted Nuts and Fruits
Demi-Tasse

Wines: Chablis, or any dry white wine, through soup and fish
Claret, or French Bordeaux, with fowl
Sweet Sherry, or Port, with the dessert
Benedectine or Cognac with the coffee

Evelyn Venable is among the young Hollywood hostesses who starts her own dinners and then retreats from the kitchen. You can ease your own entertainment problems the same way as suggested in the accompanying article

NOW for the details of this dinner. The chicken gumbo may be prepared the day before, or in the morning, and reheated the last minute. The soup, in heated soup plates, may be placed on the table just before dinner is announced, or it may be served from a tureen on the sideboard.

The small lobsters may be ordered alive from the dealer, who will boil and split them. Ask him to save the lobster "coral" to use in making the mayonnaise. The individual plates (salad size), with a half lobster, a garnish of coral mayonnaise and parsley, are prepared at leisure and set in the refrigerator, to be served after the soup.

While this course is being eaten, the servant has ample time to heat the dinner plates, and to arrange attractive individual servings of jugged pigeon, with the vegetables and garnishes.

Have the salad and cheese served as a

separate course, and to give a cosmopolitan air to the dinner, let the servant dress the salad on the sideboard, tossing it lightly in the big bowl, and present it to each guest, following with cheese and very crisp crackers. In preparing the French dressing, use a red wine vinegar.

The Nesselrode pudding requires no last minute preparation. It may be purchased ready-made and refrozen in the automatic refrigerator, or it may be made at home, and served in individual portions, or shaped in a large mould.

You may combine finger bowl and fruit service in this way. Place the finger bowls with their matching plates, on the plates destined to the fruit. Guests remove the finger bowl and plate, setting it to one side, just before the assorted fruits are passed.

Coffee, in small cups, and the liqueurs are served in the living room.

Just a word about the service of wines. Have the servant unbottle them in the dining room, pour a little in the host's glass, then proceed to serve the guests, filling the glasses about half full. The thimble-sized liqueur glasses are filled nearly to the brim.

So there you are. From beginning to end—a Thanksgiving dinner in the modern way.

RECIPES

All measurements are level.
Recipes proportioned to serve six.

Chicken Gumbo

A three-pound fowl, cut in pieces as for fricassee
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon minced pepper
2 quarts cold water
2 quarts okra, sliced thin
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Brown the chicken, onion, pepper and flour, in the butter. Add the water, cover and bring to the boiling point. Add the salt and pepper. Cook slowly until the fowl is half done. Then add the okra. Drain off the chicken broth. There should be about five cupfuls. Remove the bones and skin from the chicken. Skim the fat from the broth. Return the shredded meat to the soup, together with the vegetables and serve.

Wild Rice Stuffing for Pigeons

¾ cup wild (or brown) rice
½ bay leaf
2 teaspoons onion juice
½ teaspoon celery salt
2 quarts water
1 teaspoon salt

Boil the rice forty minutes in two quarts water with the bay leaf and salt. Drain. Remove the bay leaf; add the onion juice and celery salt. Place over boiling water. Cover with a cloth and steam for ten minutes.

Jugged Pigeons

6 pigeons
1½ tablespoons butter
3 bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons meat extract
3 cups boiling water
⅓ cup Claret or ordinary red wine
½ tablespoon tart currant jelly
Buttered toast

Order the pigeons dressed for stuffing. Wash them, drain, dust inside with salt and pepper and fill with rice stuffing. Fasten legs and wings in place with white strings. Close the vents with a toothpick. fasten the skin of the neck down onto the back with a toothpick. and place in a casserole. Dot with butter, and roast in hot oven, 400 degrees, until well browned. Add the stock, made by dissolving the bouillon cubes in the water, and the wine. Cover, and bake gently for an hour, or until the birds are very tender. Remove the birds, and thicken the liquid with a paste made by blending one and one-half tablespoons flour and one and one-half tablespoons butter. Add the currant jelly and season to taste with salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley and cubes of stiff currant jelly.

[*Continued on page* 67]

HELP KIDNEYS

.. don't take drastic drugs

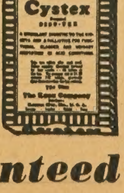
Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia, and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger

A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



Cystex
(Say Siss-Tex)
It's Guaranteed

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness, and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless, I am delighted to lend my name to indorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.

NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

with Yeast in This Pleasant, Modern Form

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to *look* better and *feel* better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG-12
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ....
Address ....
City.............................State..............

Hollywood's Wild Men Click Again!

[*Continued from page* 29]

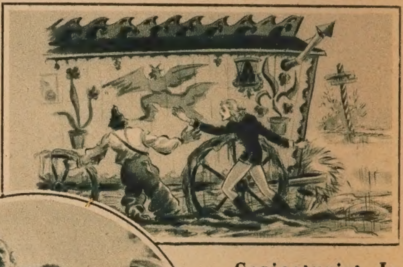
fingernails seemed strangely out of place.

Two others were kneeling in front of a little Japanese youngster whose right eye was swollen shut. "He was stung by a wasp yesterday," explained the head makeup man, busily dabbing a brown pencil at the lad's eye. "The swelling went down today and we've got to build it up again exactly as it was." He showed me a still which revealed the Jap boy with an orb that bloomed like a new moon. "You see," he explained, "I put a piece of fish skin over his eye and build it up from there." He went back to work and in a few moments the boy scurried back to the set at shouts of "Hey, Shiner!"

I SOUGHT out Harold Godsoe, the assistant director.

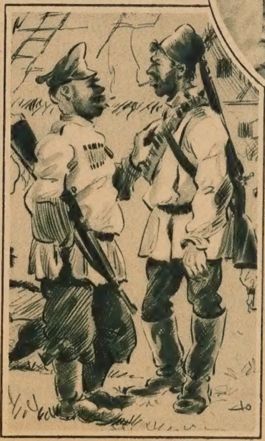
"How long did it take us to get this location set up? Oh, about two weeks. I rounded up this gang of Russians in three days. They get regular extra's pay, except for those who have bit parts. The kids mostly come from a couple of institutions near here. We pay 'em twenty-five cents a day and their food. Say, it's the greatest picnic they ever had. A donation of $500 a day goes to the institutions. It costs us about $1,000 an hour to operate, including all expenses, and we'll be here for three weeks. At that, it's only about half expensive as Hollywood." At a call from the set further down the lane Godsoe rushed away.

Later on the lunch call brought three hundred youngsters tumbling over one another to get their sandwiches. A weary looking individual dipped water from a battered milk can. Young Russia insisted on being watered every half hour and his job was no easy one. If you know anything about children on a picnic you can appreciate the almost impossible task of keeping tab on 300 youngsters making a simultaneous début in pictures.



Caricaturist Jo Metzer sketches Jimmy Savo and Whitney Bourne tugging at the show wagon stuck in a mud hole during the shooting of *Laugh, Little Clown*

Sandor Szabo, giant Russian wrestler was severely cut with a saber in this scene as soldiers jabbed their weapons into the wagon in which he hid



A remarkable sketch of two Russian extra types who were among the many unusual characters assembled from everywhere for the Jimmy Savo comedy

AFTERNOON shooting was fraught with mishaps and amusing incidents. The harrassed company doctor rushed to and fro putting bandages on the fingers of the youngsters who demanded attention for every tiny scratch. A burly Russian actor was knocked out when a dozen children swarmed over the top of a thatched hut and landed on his face. I saw a worker jerk the beard of a stately old man who once served as a Russian general and order him back to the barn with other extras.

Tall and stately Whitney Bourne, who by right of heritage should have been serving tea in a Park Avenue drawing room, walked around the set attired in a shabby uniform coat, over-large tights and a nondescript pair of boots, which were plastered with mud a dozen times for realistic effect as she and Jimmy Savo tried to push the show wagon out of a mudhole.

In the midst of it all the Russians stood around, chatting in their unintelligible language. One venerable old chap wanted to know what the picture was about and where he could see it. Another told me that he was a wrestler. "My father was one, too. Five years ago we lived on a nice farm in Russia. I had two brothers. We didn't do anything—just wrestled."

FOLLOWING a particularly amusing scene in which a trio of little tikes were chased by a menacing soldier who cracked at their heels with a huge leather strap, I fell into conversation with Jackie Borene, a young gentleman of no small talent who is certain to become a second Jackie Coogan. "I sang in a night club in Toronto for awhile," said the little old man. "Then my sister and I—that's her in the shorts over there—went to Chicago. I was on the stage in New York. Mr. Hecht saw me and wanted to put me in his picture." Not bad for a six-year-old!

The day's work over and a delicious dinner stowed away, I made the rounds of nearby hotels which house the company. From an inn-keeper I learned that the problem of housing seventeen huge Russian wrestlers in one hostelry was proving a severe headache. The chairs weren't used to their bloated avoirdupois and the burly giants had real temperament. For several days they had been bending their cauliflower ears over dainty salads and delicate portions. Finally, in supreme disgust, one giant grappler rose from the table, grasped an iron bridge chair in his massive paws and bent it like a pin. "Modom!" he shouted. "We got to have something to eat."

AT ANOTHER hotel, whither I wandered to find a drink to withstand the chill night air, I found Jimmy Savo. Jimmy without his slingshot and Jimmy with his cloak of shyness discarded. We talked. Jimmy told me about this, his first real adventure on the screen. Would people say he was aping Chaplin because he is similar in slight stature, wistful in appearance — the underdog type of comedian? Jimmy didn't think so.

"I have my own character to portray —one which will stand or fall on its own merits. It will have nothing to do with Chaplin's famous clown."

From Jimmy I learned that he, like Chaplin, was a child of the slums. Chaplin first saw the light of day in London's brawling white chapel. Savo, an Italian, was cradled in New York's teeming East Side.

Over a Scotch and Soda he told me more. "My character is not only humorous. It is calculated to create as much pathos as possible. In this picture I am a grown man with the mind of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"In Russia, where the picture opens, I have a traveling show with several troupers. In the confusion of the revolution I lose them. I recruit a new troupe, unaware that they are members of the Russian nobility. Later in France I discover this and awake suddenly to realization that I have the mind of a child. It is comedy, but it is something else, too—" he broke off abruptly. "You know, I really love those kids. Orphans. I've played in the gutter, too, I know what it is. You know, there is a saying— 'Bow to the stones in the street, if you don't some day they will trip you.' I feel like that."

NEXT day I staggered groggily from an ancient featherbed and back to location. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur were clowning, promenading around the set in long, flowing beards. To the innocent onlooker it appeared as though they were two irresponsible crack-pots who were wasting somebody's good time and money. They should have been shouting orders, rehearsing their stars, growling and driving their company into a frenzy. It didn't make sense. But the fact that these two wild men were two days ahead of their schedule and that the "rushes" I had seen were enough to convince me that a great picture was in the making did.

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COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

Do You
CATCH COLD Easily?

At the first sneeze, or nasal irritation, quick!... A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. This unique aid in *preventing* colds is especially designed for nose and throat *where most colds start.* Its timely use helps to *avoid* many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

Do Your Colds
Hang On AND ON?

Don't take chances with half-way measures. Massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub—standby in 26 million homes for *relieving* colds. Two generations have learned to depend on its famous *direct double* action—by stimulation and inhalation—to end a cold sooner.

To Help PREVENT Colds

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Follow Vicks Plan for
Better Control of Colds

These twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Full details of this clinically tested Plan are in each Vicks package.

To END a Cold Sooner

VICKS VAPORUB

NATURALLY SKINNY
FOLKS!

ADD FIVE POUNDS IN ONE
WEEK . . . OR NO COST . . . !

New Natural Mineral Concentrate From the Sea—RICH IN FOOD IODINE Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere.

There is hope now for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been underweight for years. 5 lbs. in 1 week guaranteed—15 to 20 lbs. in a few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-A-Malt, now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches—the weight making elements in your daily diet—include a rich supply of precious FOOD IODINE.

Kelp-A-Malt's FOOD IODINE nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation, the process of converting digested food into firm, solid flesh. 6 Kelp-A-Malt tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-A-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep, how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-A-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name. Kelp-A-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-A-Malt. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

KELP-A-MALT *Tablets*

Special Free Offer

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about FOOD IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-A-Malt Co., Dept. 297, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.

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Glorify YOUR HAIR

Severest critics are women friends and the men who love you. ● Many leaders of society, famous movie and radio stars, say,"My hair is radiantly alive! Just sparkling with life and lustre—after a single shampoo treatment with Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo."● And women in every walk of life have found Mar-o-Oil the remedy for stubborn cases of dry or oily hair and dandruff. ● Gloriously soft and lustrous hair is yours when you use this pure olive oil cleanser and normalizer that dissolves and rinses out with clear water. No soap, no caustic, nor alcohol to dim the natural lustre of the hair. ● Recommended by leading beauty shops everywhere, Mar-o-Oil corrects all hair and scalp trouble

Mar-o-Oil

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

Get Mar-o-Oil today! Sold at all leading drug and department stores. Insist upon the *Original* Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo—(or send 10¢ for a generous 2-trial bottle). The J. W Marrow Mfg. Co., Dept. F12, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Compare YOUR Figure
WITH
Lovely Lilian Bond's

Height, 5'4" **Weight, 116 lbs.**
Bust 34" **Waist, 25"**

Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars — you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat — enjoy better health — look and feel years younger — just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just **one** salt as some people ignorantly believe—Kruschen is a superb blend of **six** separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose splendid medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a **health** treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.

Kruschen Salts

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

Hollywood Flashes!

[*Continued from page* 35]

they might secure a duplication of it for their own homes! Who knows—symbolic sets like that might start a new vogue in interior decorating!

Coogan's Romance

JACKIE COOGAN has enrolled as a junior at the University of Southern California, which according to some Hollywood romance prognosticators makes Toby Wing practically a U. S. C. co-ed too! The pair at this writing won't affirm or deny rumors of engagement.

Ann Harding's Horse

WE LIKE that story Ann Harding tells about the movie horse that was fooled by artificial grass, ferns and flowers from a studio property room, ate them despite their funny flavour, and got such a tummy ache from the green paint on them he had to be rushed to the vet!

Champion Hosts

THERE are so many charming hosts and hostesses in Hollywood that it seems hardly fair to single out even such a distinguished pair as Fredric March and his wife as undisputed champions. At any rate, they're now getting a bid for their honors from an unexpected quarter, the new names of Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Verree Teasdale, just back from honeymooning.

Hollywood Cliques

MAYBE you've wondered what famous people seem to group off and seek each other's company at a big Hollywood party. Here are two: Group One, Doris Kenyon, Theda Bara Brabin, Minna Gombell, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot; Group Two, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Charles Ray, Chick Chandler and Tom Kennedy. And going from one group to another: Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Mary Carlisle and James Blakeley.

Mistaken Identity

AFTER a sophisticated tourist had watched Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey lunching at the Radio commissary for half an hour, and observed that they were earnestly battling out knotty problems of their latest comedy routine, he remarked to his studio host: "This is a great treat to me. I've always wanted to see Amos 'n' Andy without makeup on, working out their radio act."

Anna May's Newest

Lovely Anna May Wong makes another bow in pictures with a fine characterization in *Limehouse Nights.* George Raft is also in the film

Evelyn Brent Back

EVELYN BRENT'S many friends in Hollywood are all applauding her return to the screen in a Paramount western, and other pictures for which she has been signed. Incidentally, Evelyn likes playing in Westerns, and always enjoyed doing them back in the screen's silent days.

A Choice Role

MORE than once, SCREEN BOOK'S protégés have been sought by movie casting offices, and now one of them in far Poland is being offered lures to return to the screen: Reri, shy Polynesian star of *Tabu*, and later of Ziegfeld Follies, whose life story was told in the June, 1934 issue. At this date Reri, or a friend of hers in Hollywood, also Polynesian, named Meri, or Myrna Loy may be cast by M-G-M for the feminine lead in *The Mutiny of the Bounty* when the company goes on location in the South Seas. Whoever gets the rôle — and you'll probably have heard by the time this is printed — plays opposite Robert Montgomery.

Tennis Champ's Heart

ASKED to come right out into the limelight with his romantic secrets, Fred Perry, world tennis champion and so-popular young man with the Hollywood film stars who saw him lately at the Pacific Southwest tournament, wouldn't say whether or not his heart was tied up in England, as has been rumored. Many a film femme's ear was tuned to tall dark 'n' handsome Perry's diplomatic reply: "When I'm in Hollywood, my heart's here too!" Insiders claim Perry was made an offer to star in a film for Metro.

Excitement Plus!

WILD waves that lashed California's coastline, including exclusive movie Malibu Beach, raised cain with the slumbers of a group of famous filmites recently. Shortly after midnight they were awakened by seas knocking at their doorways. Donning bathing suits and what-not, they hastily braved the waters to rescue favorite items of floating furniture. Raquel Torres got a cut over the eye and was nearly knocked out by one bit of flotsam. She was rescued by wealthy husband Stephen Ames and John Gilbert.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Letters of the Cinema Stooge

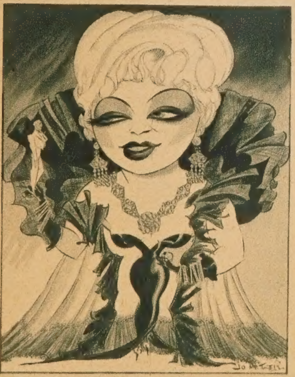
[*Continued from page* 13]

slightly ridiculous in the eyes of the public. By snubbing those who seek to publicize you, you turn away from friends you may one day need. Think it over, Katie.

DEAR Grace Moore:
I knew you were a clever person, but not HOW clever until just recently when I discovered that you doubled for yourself in *One Night of Love*. Perhaps for the benefit of other movie-goers I should explain that you did it for a good reason—to hit those high notes correctly a singer must open the mouth wide, and naturally a yawning, gaping cavern is liable to scare customers clear out of the theater. So, instead of recording the sound of your voice as you were filmed, the studio had you "dub in" most of your songs afterwards. It was all done so cleverly that not one in a hundred thousand could possibly have detected your doubling. Please forgive me for giving you away like this, but thought it such an interesting fact that your admirers would surely like to know.

A Special Delivery Letter to Mae West

Dear Diamond Lil:
Congratulations! Certain people whose sensibilities have been disturbed by your classic screen interpretations must be eating their words now. They said the public didn't want you anymore. Want you? All they have to do is read the headlines in a recent issue of *Variety*, which shouts the success of *Belle of the Nineties!* For the benefit of your followers, I am reprinting them: "MAE WEST TIES UP L. A. FOR $28,500." "BELLE SOCKS MPLS FOR $11,000." "BELLE BULLY IN BOSTON—$50,000."



Don't forget, the public is just as happy over your success in the face of bigoted criticism as you are. I am offering to the fan who writes me the most clever letter about you the beautiful original of the above caricature, together with a letter from you. I hope you don't mind.

As ever, your

Stooge

I'll FILL *your* POCKETBOOK

and Give You an 8-CYLINDER FORD TUDOR SEDAN *for producing*

IF you are out of work or on part time and need cash at once to pay your bills and live on you are just the person I am looking for. Here's a wonderful opportunity to start right in making up to $50.00 a week in a pleasant, easy, dignified business of your own. Be your own boss—work full or spare time.

$103.32 in a Week

That's what Howard B. Ziegler, Pa., made. Hans Coordes, Nebr., made $27.95 in a day; $96.40 in a week. Albert Becker, Mich., made $100.00 in a week and profits of $40.00 in a single day. Florence Tripp, Mass., made $27.50 the very first week. I have scores of reports of exceptional earnings like these as positive evidence of the amazing possibilities of my offer to you.

I Furnish Everything

Experience or training unnecessary. Start by distributing bargain trial packages of nationally known food products. You take the orders, deliver the goods, and keep a big share of all the money you take in. There is nothing difficult or complicated about this business.

Start Earning at Once

My time-tried and proven plans provide you immediate cash profits. As long as you are honest and reliable you are eligible for one of these routes. I need both men and women. There is no red tape connected with starting. Complete details and positive evidence furnished free.

Send No Money—Just Name

I don't need your money—I need your help. Send me your name so I can lay the facts before you. You can decide if the earnings are satisfactory. Don't miss this opportunity. It doesn't cost you anything to investigate. You can't lose by mailing your name on the coupon or penny postcard for startling details and free facts. Do it now.

NRA US CODE

Good For *Free* Offer

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FACTS

ALBERT MILLS, President
5229 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send me the free facts. Tell me how I can start at once on a basis of up to $50.00 a week.
Name ....
Address ....
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(Please Print or Write Plainly)

More than ten thousand women have taken advantage of SCREEN BOOK'S confidential beauty service. See page 42 for details concerning the remarkable letter consultations offered by Janet Lynn.

You'll have BARRELS OF FUN

when you learn to play this easy as A-B-C way

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO PLAY LIKE YOU
IT'S EASY— ONLY TAKES A FEW SHORT MONTHS

SUPPOSE suddenly you found you could play easily on your favorite musical instrument! Think of the fun you would have—how much in demand you would be! Do you know that now you can do this in a surprisingly short time?

Thousands who never played music until a few months ago, are getting thrills of enjoyment from a talent they never knew they had.

By this simple new short-cut method you can actually begin to play any popular instrument without knowing one note from another!

The secret of the U. S. School of Music system is simplicity. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, simple diagrammatic pictures, and all the music you need. No grinding routine. Study when you feel like it—at home. In an almost unbelievably short time you find that you are actually playing! Jazz, musical comedy hits, movie theme-songs, even classics—you play them all—as easily as you now whistle or sing them!

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
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Guitar
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Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

FREE PROOF

If popularity and increased income appeal to you—send today for FREE Demonstration Lesson with illustrated book describing the now famous U. S. School of Music "print-and-picture" method of learning.

Just mail the coupon. Then judge for yourself when you receive free lesson and descriptive material. U. S. School of Music, 3612 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3612 Brunswick Bldg., New York City
Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.
Name ....
Address ....
Instrument ....Have you Instrument? ......

The Magic of
Maybelline
mascara
transforms your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness — instantly!

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara because it is absolutely harmless, positively non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline to your lashes make them appear long, dark, and curling. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the fact that Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today!

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
The Approved Mascara
Maybelline

STAR LETTERS

An Exclusive SCREEN BOOK Feature

Fredric March explains his vacation . . . Eskimo star wants his friends to find him . . . Connie Bennett's new hobby . . . Bert Wheeler tells why he hates grape juice . . . and other interesting letters

"After two years of unremitting toil, it becomes necessary to refresh oneself"

Dear Editor:

As I write this the moments are becoming fewer before I board the boat for Tahiti. Those who have returned from their vacations I know will forgive me for beginning my "hello" with a good-bye.

Your humble servant is vacation bound—my first in two years, really my first rest in that time. For I have been almost continuously before the camera all these days, and a good many of the nights.

I feel like one who has done his work, however well, at least assiduously. Several times before I have planned a trip away from Hollywood. But always, as I was on the point of booking passage, my producers would force a script into my hands, and there I would be, faced with the necessity of another picture.

A film star should enjoy his work. I do. Aside from the sheer pleasure of indulging the desire for creative work, there is the added satisfaction of knowing you are providing enjoyment for others through the greatest entertainment medium in the world.

But after two years of unremitting toil, however pleasant, it becomes necessary to refresh oneself, lest the keen edge of delight in one's work be dulled. And a vacation for me has, for the past several years, meant just one thing—one place—Tahiti. Why, I hardly know. I am sure everyone has a longing to make a trip to some particular place and which he hardly knows the why of its origin. Tahiti to me means adventure, with no scenario writer to direct its course. And so I am off, for a few months. But because I have been so busy, there remain a few pictures to be released and on which I can predicate the hope that the public will not forget me. Sincerely,

Fredric March

Editor's Note

Hollywood stars have expressed unusual interest in Star Letters, which give them their first opportunity to write their many fans collectively. If you wish to answer or comment on any of these letters, communicate with the editor in care of this department.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation to the fans and the readers of SCREEN BOOK for the interesting and friendly letters congratulating me on winning the contest sponsored by RKO.

I hope I can prove myself worthy of all the good wishes I have received.

Thanking you again, I am

Sincerely,

David Horsley

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you will be kind enough to let me register my whereabouts in your Star Letter Department, so my fan mail can catch up with me? I must confess I like to read fan mail, and when I was at M-G-M making *Eskimo* I had no difficulty in receiving it. But now it's different. Some of it is directed to that studio, some to that; some letters reach me months late and some, probably, not at all.

You can't blame them for losing track of me. I ask you, where would *you* address an Eskimo between pictures? I bet some of my letters have been sent to General Delivery, Siberia, Alaska and Greenland!

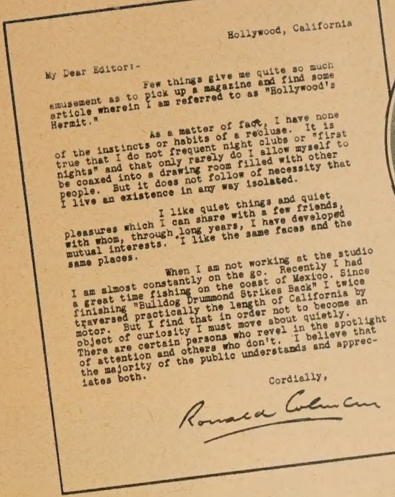
At present, and for some time hence, my address will be in care of Universal Studios, where I am starting a picture about which I am very happy, *Farewell to Paradise*. Your Eskimo friend will appear in this film as a young Polynesian warrior, and I hope you like him. When that picture is finished I will probably be at Universal for others; at any rate, my mail will be forwarded to me from the studio. The address is Universal City, California.

With best wishes to you and SCREEN BOOK readers, and my thanks for allowing me to set myself right with those who may have written and received no reply, I am, Gratefully,

Mala

Dear Editor:

There is nothing quite so satisfying, I believe, as a hobby. Some people collect



Hollywood, California

My Dear Editor:-

Few things give me quite so much amusement as to pick up a magazine and find some article wherein I am referred to as "Hollywood's Hermit."

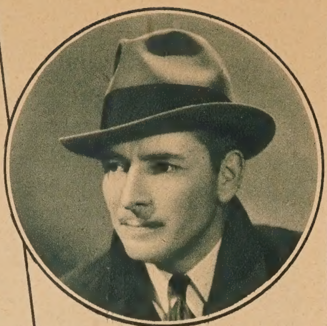
As a matter of fact, I have none of the instincts or habits of a recluse. It is true that I do not frequent night clubs or "first nights" and that only rarely do I allow myself to be coaxed into a drawing room filled with other people. But it does not follow of necessity that I live an existence in any way isolated.

I like quiet things and quiet pleasures which I can share with a few friends, with whom, through long years, I have developed mutual interests. I like the same faces and the same places.

When I am not working at the studio I am almost constantly on the go. Recently I had a great time fishing on the coast of Mexico. Since finishing "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" I twice traversed practically the length of California by motor. But I find that in order not to become an object of curiosity I must move about quietly. There are certain persons who revel in the spotlight of attention and others who don't. I believe that the majority of the public understands and appreciates both.

Cordially,

Ronald Colman



"There are certain persons who revel in the spotlight of attention, and others who don't," says Ronald Colman. The text of this unusual letter appears below:

stamps, some autographs and others furniture. It is a great relief, especially when you are engaged in a form of work which absorbs much of your nervous energy, to be able to turn to something in which you can completely forget yourself.

I have found such a relief in photography. So many of my years have been spent before the camera. My spare time I like to spend on the other side of one. Unless you already are a camera fiend you have no idea how much fun it is, taking your own pictures, getting the negative developed, cutting and editing the film and putting it together.

From practice I have gained such skill that recently I undertook the cutting and editing of the film my husband was taking in the South Seas. At first I needed the assistance of one of the cutters from the studio, but lately I have been able to splice, patch and match up film without fear of mistakes. When it is finished I shall insist upon credit as Screen Editor. I shall be no less proud of that than when my name appears in connection with a picture I play in.

"Unless you are a camera fiend already you have no idea how much fun it is"

This new hobby has given me new interest in the work the cameramen do in my screen productions. Their work is so technical that it is difficult to properly appreciate their skill, which is really amazing. When you do understand it is fascinating. Some day I would like to be able to try my hand at shooting a scene. It would be great fun. Meanwhile I am getting pleasure and instruction out of my hobby, even though it is in an amateur way.

Sincerely,

Constance Bennett

My Dear Editor:

Few things give me quite so much amusement as to pick up a magazine and find some article wherein I am referred to as "Hollywood's Hermit."

As a matter of fact, I have none of the instincts or habits of a recluse. It is true that I do not frequent night clubs or "first nights" and that only rarely do I allow myself to be coaxed into a drawing room filled with other people. But it does not follow of necessity that I live an existence in any way isolated.

When I am not working at the studio I am almost constantly on the go. Recently I had a great time fishing on the coast of Mexico. Since finishing *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back* I twice traversed practically the length of California by motor. But I find that in order not to become an object of curiosity I must move about quietly. There are certain persons who revel in the spotlight of attention and others who don't. I believe that the majority of the public understands and appreciates both.

Cordially,

Ronald Colman

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in knowing the most disagreeable experience I have ever undergone during the filming of a picture.

It happened during the shooting of the RKO comedy, *Kentucky Kernels*. In the banquet scene we were all forced to drink to the health of our host—in grape juice. Now it happens that grape juice is the beverage I dislike most in the world. There were fourteen takes of this scene before the director said, "It's a lily. Print it." During that time I had been forced to consume approximately three quarts of grape juice. As a result I don't believe I shall ever be able to drive through a vineyard unless I'm blindfolded. I like my grapes wild, not tame.

Cordially yours,

Bert Wheeler

Perfect Voice Expression

Beauty and power of perfect voice expression will be yours if you develop and strengthen your vocal organ by the silent, scientific exercises of the Perfect Voice Method.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

Our method is not an experiment but an exact science. It is a science explained in a clear, simple manner that will enable you to make use of all the vocal power nature has given you. These easy exercises will solve your voice problem whether it is a defect in speech—your speaking voice—or lack of progress in your vocal studies. Perfect Voice Method is the foundation work. Taught by mail.

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***SENT ON REQUEST*—Learn the true possibilities of your voice. Find out about this guaranteed voice course. Entire tuition refunded if you are not satisfied. You, and you only are to be the judge.**

Perfect Voice Institute, *Studio 15-89*
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Please send me without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have checked subject in which I am most interested. Enclosed is six cents in stamps to cover postage.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... *State*....... *Age*.......

CONSTIPATION
began
at 40!

Years of Suffering
Till She Found
This Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF

TODAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She noticed the difference immediately. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. Bothersome bilious spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or phenol derivatives, only natural laxative elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they work gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—See how thorough they are—yet so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT
GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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Beautify
FACE and HANDS
as HOLLYWOOD does

Women everywhere are inviting love and romance with the soft, enchanting smoothness that TALIA Lotion gives face and hands.

This marvelous discovery softens without greasing . . . protects the tiny oil ducts of skin against wind, cold, sun and water. This protection allows natural oils of face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness, Nature's way.

Extremely soothing . . . quickly restores red, rough, chapped hands to natural white loveliness.

Accept this offer and this marvelous discovery at once. Clip the coupon now. Return mail brings you this delight.

TALIA
Lotion of Loveliness

TALIA, Inc., 820 North Michigan Ave. Bldg., Chicago.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage for generous free trial supply of Talia Lotion.
( )Check here and enclose 50c for large boudoir size in beautiful container.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Hair
OFF
Face
Lips
Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 99, Chicago.

Hollywood's Hidden Stars

[*Continued from page* 19]

gentlemen was a chap named Georgie Raft. Raft thereby becomes the first stand-in who later, by virtue of climbing to stardom himself, acquired a stand-in of his own.

The stand-in does not necessarily possess the star's personality or have need of any acting ability. He is a sort of human yard-stick, if you get what I mean. He stands on the set where the star is going to act the scene, while the cameramen and other technicians adjust their lights and focus their lenses for the action which is to be shot. This preliminary work is photographed together with the number of the scene which is held up before the camera on a blackboard to insure accurate editing. Thus, the stand-in is seen on the screen when rushes of the day's work are viewed in the projection room. But never on the screen in your favorite theater—unless the big break comes and he gets a part of his own. A very rare happening.

Kay Francis once understudied Kay Johnson. Now she is a star and has a stand-in of her own. See picture in opposite column

These handsome gentlemen look almost alike—but, oh, the difference in their pay checks. The chap at the left is the stand-in, and the other James Dunn

Jane Clark, Kay Francis' friend and stand-in, started her career on Broadway and still hopes to become a star in Hollywood

For at least eight hours a day during production, they are made up to look like the star for whom they stand in. They wear similar clothes. Eventually, if they work at it long enough, they begin to think and speak like the star. And but for the whim of Fate, perhaps had they been luckier, they might actually have stood in the star's shoes.

CONSIDER them! Ambitious girls, in some cases, who, undaunted by the odds against them, believe their contact with the stars and the directors will bring them their big chance. Disillusioned actors and actresses, content to work with pictures rather than in them. Ex-prize fighters, wrestlers, former child stars and vaudeville headliners.

There are some who, having an acceptable resemblance to the stars they serve, bask in the reflected glory and are thrilled when approached for an autograph, signing the star's name without a qualm.

Only a few have attained a place in the sun through this short-cut. I've already mentioned Georgie Raft.

Edna Searle, for instance, is one of Universal's newest possibilities. A cousin of Binnie Barnes, she accompanied her to Universal City and because she had the same height, reddish hair and good looks, she was asked to stand-in for Binnie. After the first day's shooting, Director Ernst Frank found himself somewhat perturbed about the stand-in's personality. So she was offered a rôle in the picture. Unfortunately, what spoils the local-girl-makes-good angle is that although Director Frank didn't know it, Edna Searle was a well known actress in England in her own right.

A few years ago, three young women were pals and teammates in a play in Manhattan. The featured player was Kay Johnson, her girl friend, Katharine Francis was her understudy and the third girl, Jane Clark, who resembled both, had a couple of lines. I don't know what became of Kay Johnson but Katharine Francis went to Hollywood and became Kay Francis and Jane Clark went with her and has been her stand-in ever since. Even to the extent of "standing-in" at the dressmaker when Kay is too busy with other duties. This Clark gal, incidentally, occasionally lightens her hair and stands-in for Verree Teasdale. She is a graduate of Smith's.

THERE is a bit of reverse English in the next case. When Joel McCrea was a wide-panted soph in college, Arnold Grey was a leading man for Priscilla Dean and others in the silents. His eclipse came with the talkies which shot McCrea into fame. Grey is now Joel's stand-in.

Joan Crawford's stand-in was also a special pet and protégée and as a result she lost her. For Ann Dvorak is doing all right in her own sweet way—and has her own stand-in, Helen McAdoo, niece of the former Secretary of the Treasury.

Katharine Hepburn's relief is Adalyn

Wherever you see Sylvia Sidney on the set, you'll find Evelyn Riggs nearby. Evelyn is exactly the same size as the star for whom she stands-in

Beautiful Lillian Kilgannon may be a star some day, but right now her job is to stand-in for Mae West and Marlene Dietrich

Cary Grant's stand-in Bob Johnson, has been in pictures for more than ten years, as a stunt man, make-up expert and part-time actor

Doyle—who looks enough like her to be a twin except that her hair is blond. As is often the case, they are close friends and wear each other's clothes.

There is a real story for someone in Idalyn Dupree who stands-in for Diana Wynyard. She is of Welsh descent and heiress of millions of pounds held in Chancery in England. Socially, she ranks high as the grand-niece of Lady Sarah Hulbert who was lady-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria.

And if you want to know what becomes of some of our baby stars, consider the precocious Babie Marie Osborne of a decade ago. She is now the human prop for the vivacious Ginger Rogers.

Victor Sabuni who covers the waits for Francis Lederer is the son of the Marquis Mahammaed Ahmed Ega Sabuni, an Assyrian nobleman connected with the embassy in Tripoli. Victor who used to hang around the RKO studio in his capacity as a correspondent for Spanish publications in South America, learned that the job was open and got it. He insists it isn't for the money—he simply wants to watch the Czech star at work so he can get material for a novel. Mebbe so.

OLD or young, they have their stand-ins. Shirley Temple's has been discussed in columns and in special stories. They play together on the set between takes—and fight with each other. But Universal's Baby Jane Quigley, three years old in her ruffled panties, has her Barbara Boone, three too, and brown-curled. When Baby Jane gets temperamental, the director simply lets Barbara go to work assuring the little star that he's just as well satisfied. Whereupon Baby Jane like many an older star before her, forgets her temperament and everything is quite ducky.

Most versatile of the profession is Harry Cornblath, known as the "India rubber man," who somehow manages to stand-in for one star after another, despite varying heights, shoulder breadths and degrees of masculine pulchritude. His most recent assignments have been to stand-in for Robert Woolsey, Fred Astaire and Eddie Quillan, which gives you an idea. He gets the jobs by wearing trick shoes with built-up soles to make himself as tall as the star. He has pads and other gadgets to broaden his shoulders or inflate or deflate his chest. In make-up he is so expert that give him half an hour and he'll walk out as Robert Montgomery or if you prefer, Wallace Beery.

Warner Baxter depends upon Frank McGrath—depends upon him to the extent where McGrath even substitutes for him at dinner parties and tennis engagements and only the other day delivered a short address at a private function in place of Baxter who had a "headache."

Another former child star now stands-in for Joan Blondell, and occasionally by shifting to a dark wig for Ruby Keeler.

BARBARA STANWYCK'S stand-in is Kathryn Mattingly, one of whose sisters, Adalyn Doyle serves, as I told you elsewhere in this article, for Katharine Hepburn.

"Red" Breen does the dirty work for Jimmy Cagney. He's an ex-boxer and bears a close resemblance to the star even to the number of freckles. Another boxer, Sammy Fields, brother of Jackie Fields, is stand-in for Pat O'Brien.

Carter Gibson who once stood in for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now serves George Brent.

Incidentally, Clark Gable once served as a stand-in for Warner Baxter on the old Fox lot. And Adrienne Ames, they claim, stood-in for Pola Negri while Carole Lombard's first job, I am told, was a stand-in for Esther Ralston.

Incidentally, one of the minor studio giggles arose when Arliss who had some difficulty in familiarizing himself with Hollywood terms, calling for Atkinson, implored them to please locate his "step-in."

The next time you see your favorite star on the screen, give a thought, too, to the invisible shadow—the patient "stand-in"—so close, so very close to fame and glamor—and so hopelessly far from it!

CORNS
CALLOUSES-BUNIONS-SORE TOES
Instant Relief!
New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Do not stick to stocking. Worn invisibly.
Waterproof. Do not come off in the bath.
Flesh color. Hide blemishes on the feet.
Velvety-soft, flexible Skintex covering.

You never tried anything so wonderful for your feet as the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The way they instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and callouses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that *cause* corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes and blisters—will delight you. But that isn't all!

CALLOUSES

NEW FEATURES

These soothing, healing pads have the marvelous new flexible, flesh color *Skintex* covering of exquisite softness for greater ease and comfort, which also hides foot blemishes and makes them invisible under sheer hose. They are waterproof, don't come off in the bath or stick to the stocking. Easily doubled in value, yet cost no more than before! By all means try them. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS

NEW De Luxe
FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Play A Tune
In 10 Minutes

On your Spanish Guitar, Uke, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. No knowledge of music necessary. No practice. Play first by number, then by note. Simply attach E-Z Player to your favorite instrument—press numbered keys and play.

FREE instruction book with numbered tunes and chords comes with every E-Z Player. Start playing popular tunes by number right off the reel. Be the life of the party — the center of attraction — a radio star. Don't wait. Write today for 3-Day Free Trial Offer and Special Guitar Values. A postcard will do.

FERRY SPECIALTIES, INC.,
Dept. 4012 Evanston, Ill.

LOSE FAT

LOST 32 lbs.

...felt fine while doing it!

SAYS CALIFORNIA LADY

● Have you tried to lose fat and failed? Do not be discouraged. Do as Mrs. Emma Hill, R.F.D. 4, Box 341, Anaheim, Calif., did. She writes: "I lost 32 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS after other methods failed. I feel fine and have felt fine all the time I was taking them." Others tell of reducing in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while losing this excess weight, and afterwards.

NURSE LOST FAT

...Recommends Easy Way

● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health by unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. I lost 27 lbs. and never felt better." This Graduate Nurse knows the care with which a reducing preparation should be selected.

Important to you: RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitrophenol. Expert chemists test every ingredient.

So easy to use RE-DUCE-OIDS! Just a small tasteless capsule, according to directions.

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send $2.00 for 1 package or $5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.

RE-DUCE-OIDS
TRADE MARK REG.

GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F412
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."

If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name..

Address..

City........................State........................

The Star Who is More Mysterious Than Garbo

[*Continued from page* 17]

owned any illusions of grandeur, or felt it would be good publicity, but because she is naturally reticent. As a child, she kept her own counsel . . . and in those younger days she formed the habit that now is one of her most pronounced traits.

I have known Fay personally for ten years, yet by no flight of the imagination can I say I really know her. I helped make her a Wampas Baby Star the same year that Herbert Moulton was responsible for Janet Gaynor's ascension to that same dignity, I took her to the theater, to dinners and to parties. I spent much time in her company . . . and while we have been good friends ever since she is almost an unknown quantity to me.

I met Fay while visiting on the Hal Roach lot. Fay worked occasionally then as an extra and the publicity man who introduced me took us out to the Roach ranch, to see Rex, the wild horse. "Don't point at him," the publicist cautioned us. "Don't even look directly at him. If you do and he sees the motion he'll charge. He's killed three men already."

Fay looked so enchanting in a white linen riding habit that I rather thought I *would* deliberately point at Rex, just for the pleasurable sensation of saving her life. But when we reached the huge paddock, and entered — there was no other way of seeing Rex except by going into the enclosure, an area about forty-five feet in length—I changed my mind . . . and Fay and I devoted most of our time to holding our breath and inwardly praying that Rex wouldn't look our way. He was acting up in a savage manner at the other end of the arena.

FAY was very young then . . . but I still remember the remarkable courage she displayed on that perilous occasion. Once, Rex did turn suddenly, and saw us staring at him. Immediately, he charged, like a thunderbolt. Instead of fainting, however, or running, terrified, before the onrushing animal, she didn't bat an eye. Only by a miracle did the horse miss us. In all my years as a newspaperman, I have never witnessed such *sangfroid* as Fay exhibited when almost certain death stared her in the face.

Nothing ever disturbs her. This was given further proof only recently, when she flew from New York to Hollywood under formidable weather conditions.

In one of the worst thunderstorms New York had ever seen, Fay arrived at the airport, to take her place in the huge plane. Every other reservation had been cancelled . . . and even the pilot was skeptical about letting her fly with him.

The sky was dark as night. Through great mountains of inky black clouds, lightning flashed and cracked dangerously near. Rain fell in torrents and the air was so charged with electricity that Heaven and earth seemed on the verge of a disastrous explosion.

Without even a word to airport officials, inquiring if it would be safe for her to take off, the actress seated herself in the cabin and waited, as calm and collected as the proverbial cucumber.

I asked her why she, too, hadn't cancelled her trip west. "Why should I?" she answered, almost in surprise. "I'm a fatalist, you know . . . and if God had meant for me to die I would have died, whether I was in the air or on the ground." There is no arguing with that kind of faith.

SHE lives in a large and beautiful mansion on a shady street bordering Beverly Hills. The house once belonged to Florence Vidor. Even though people are aware she resides there, no one knows anything about her home life. Except when she goes to the studio, Fay is seldom seen outside her home and gardens. She rarely attends parties or social functions.

While she is acquainted with many people, she has no intimate friends. Of confidantes there are none . . . and only very infrequently are guests invited within the portals of her dwelling. Fay and John Monk Saunders, the Rhodes scholarship writer whose persuasions led to his becoming her husband, live in quiet luxury . . . but not even her press agent, that glorifier of stars whose business it is to see-all, know-all, has the remotest idea how Fay conducts her private affairs.

In the studios, she is well-liked . . . although she seldom carries on unnecessary conversations with members of the cast. People unconsciously keep their distance, not because of any hauteur or up-staginess on her part, but by virtue of the fact that her reputation has preceded her, that she is hard to know.

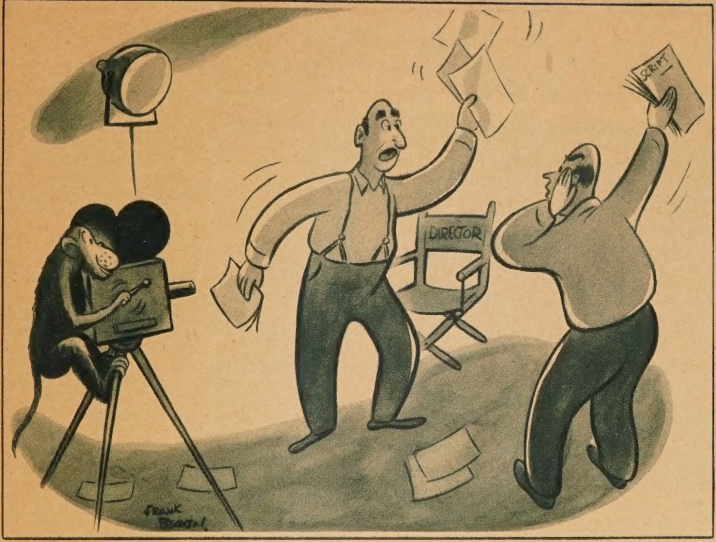
One day, some months ago, a distressed studio publicity man besieged and begged me almost on bended knees to tell him about Fay Wray. "You've known her for years," he said, "you must know *something* I can use in a story about her. I haven't a single item I can include . . . and I've known her for several years myself."

SCANDAL never has attached itself to Fay, and even before her marriage to Saunders local columnists rarely mentioned her name. The reason was that they had never heard anything, good or bad, about her . . . and that, to a Hollywood chatter writer, spells calamity.

Yet, as I say, it is not Garbo, Dietrich or Sten, Hepburn or Mae West who puzzles Hollywood . . . it is this actress who more nearly resembles an ultra-aristocrat than any other person in the colony. Fay Wray is Hollywood's enigma woman.

Have You a Personal Beauty Problem?

If, like many women, you have a disturbing beauty problem and cannot afford to consult a specialist, SCREEN BOOK'S beauty expert will help you with a free, confidential letter. See page 42 for details.



Director: "You're not going to make a monkey out of me!"

Hollywood Flashes

[*Continued from page* 50]

New Star Learns

WILLY COSTELLO, handsome and dashing Continental who holds forth at Universal Studios, had never heard that the way to get publicity is to get linked with some other film celebrity in the Colony's gossip memo pad, thusly: "Watch this pair." So he has been quite surprised to discover how much interest has been attached to his affectionate squiring of Irene Coleman.

Good Old California

OF COURSE the California chambers of commerce get peeved when someone hints folks are hungry in California, that the weather ever gets too hot or too cold or that we haven't sunshine 365 days a year. Shirley Howard's wise-crack is a good one: "Now that winter has come to California at last, stars will not have to be billed second to the cooling systems in movie theaters!"

Calling A Spade—

NOT many wealthy philanthropists are as frank about the object of their charities as was one famous masculine movie star in a recent check-up by the government over his income tax return. He'd included certain charity items—by mistake, perhaps!—under the head of "advertising expense."

Here's Something New!

A FAMOUS movie producer's yacht was anchored for the sake of peace and quiet well off the shore of Catalina Island. The producer and two assistants were conning over a 'script, certain that at last they were safe from interruption. Suddenly, over the stern of the boat climbed a mermaid. Except that she wasn't wearing a fish tail; in fact, she wasn't wearing anything but a smile. "My Heavens, are you from a nudist colony, Miss?" the producer demanded. "Oh, no; I just swam out to see if you'd give me a job in the movies," she sweetly replied.

What A Pep Talk

IT'S GREAT to be an important Los Angeles merchant. At an advertising club meeting at the Los Angeles Biltmore the other day a merchandising expert's pep talk was supplemented by fast and furious pep kisses—plenty for everybody present—from Fifi D'Orsay.

Phoney News

HOLLYWOOD is much amused at a new trick of the California newspapers. Once any unknown extra girl who became involved in a scandal was headlined as a movie star, or at least a movie actress. But now that marriages and divorces of film folk are getting to be such good circulation feeders, it's a rare week that passes without some "big film wedding" being ballyhooed. Usually the principals in these marriages are folks the movie elect haven't even heard of!

Another Mae West?

PEOPLE all over the country have been noting the remarkable resemblance between Mae West and newspaper photos of Senorita Marie Eugenia Enriquez, who recently was adjudged Spain's most beautiful woman and wears the crown of "Miss Spain, 1934." Mae says there ain't no relationship.

I Suffered in Secret for years!

AN affliction so painful it almost drives you mad, yet one so delicate you can scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it!

That's Piles!

Bad as it is, pain is not the worst thing about Piles! They can take a malignant turn and become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, painful or itching, real relief is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. But more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms — in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 32-F, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE ________

Brush Away

GRAY HAIR

and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now you can really look years younger and retain your youthful charm and appearance. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you just tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black.

Over twenty-two years success. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

GOLDEN LOVELINESS RESTORED TO DARKENING BLONDE HAIR

Marchand's Hair Scientists are Helping Thousands to Protect Blonde Beauty

●

REMEMBER—nature gave you pretty, blonde hair. It's in your nature to be blonde—you have every right to keep your hair as radiant as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special care it needs—and Marchand's hair scientists promise that the lovely tints of girlhood will return to your hair. Their fine product, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is scientifically prepared to offset darkening, to restore clear golden tints.

Right now, thousands of women are using Marchand's to protect blonde hair from darkening. Women of refinement, beauties of stage and screen like the way Marchand's works. You can control the effect so nicely. Hair can be lightened just a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair growing in can be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, it is not a dye or powder. It will not wash out or come off, it has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Beautiful results are assured — Marchand's won't disappoint you.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive thru the sheerest of stockings. Easy, inexpensive.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

Marchand's

Golden Hair Wash

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G.1234
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
Name..
Address.............. City.................. State............

My Week-end With John Boles

[*Continued from page 27*]

advantage of any more sleep than I got—"

"John—you old meanie!" came the chiding voice of Mrs. Boles, and we both began to laugh. "Sorry if I did wake you," the star chuckled. "Should have remembered that when the girls have company, it puts any other guests in here."

So I retorted with my full opinions of bathroom singers, and complained that he'd interrupted a swell air battle.

"That's funny! Must have been eating all those funny cheese gadgets late last night," he replied. "I was dreaming too. Once I was back in the Intelligence Service during the war, and the Germans were making me dig my own grave before they shot me as a spy!"

Charming Mrs. Boles asked if she might send breakfast up to me, but John, with a wink at me, vetoed the suggestion. "This fellow isn't civilized, dear," he explained. "He doesn't know how to eat in bed. I know his habits from being on locations with him. Besides, it reminds him of hospitals."

"Just because you don't—" she scolded gently.

So we breakfasted together, the three of us, in a sunny room that looks out on a garden. The two children, with a little girl who was visiting them, were around, but they had already breakfasted. Marcelite, a pretty young lady of fourteen, and Janet, just half that age (born during the filming of John's first Fox picture, a "silent" called *Fazil*), were proving themselves as charming hostesses to their guest as their mother.

It was evident that they enjoyed being hostesses, and "airs" about the function gave us grown-ups a few quiet chuckles of appreciation. The Boles' are proud of their youngsters and careful about their training, but part of that care consists in rearing them as thoroughly normal children, not the Film Colony sort so frequently seen who are painfully aware that "daddy is a movie star."

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Boles plays a good game of tennis, she decided to let John and I have our singles alone that day, so presently we were off for the courts. Not, mark you, one of those ritzy private courts owned by the various stars, nor yet an exclusive club, but a Beverly Hills public court where for a small sum court space may be reserved by the hour.

"There are three ways of getting there," John told me when we were ready to start. "We can walk—it's only half a dozen blocks. Or ride bicycles, or drive."

"What method do you usually follow?" I queried.

John grinned a little shamefacedly. "Well, you see I took up bike riding before the craze for it came to Hollywood, just because I'd liked it when I was a boy in Texas. I found myself right in style when biking was the rage, and kept on now that most folk are back to their automobiles. Let's spin over!"

We reached the tennis court, parked our steeds and got our court, John being greeted meanwhile on every side by folks who seemed to know him.

"New victim, John?" asked the man in charge, winking at me.

"That's no way to treat my guest, Bill," John retorted. "We can't all be tennis stars like you and I and Fred Perry."

"No-o-o, but I was just wondering if you'd made a bet with this gentleman," the other replied. "You see, last time I was linesman for this friend of yours he was getting beat pretty bad. I forget whether it was Ellsworth Vines, Lester Stoefen or Frank Shields playin' him—"

And it wasn't until John and I were out on the courts, popping the balls back and forth, that it suddenly occurred to me this kidding was more or less serious. The attendant wanted to be sure a "ringer" wasn't playing some gyp game or other with his friend, John Boles!

John plays a fine, slashing game of tennis, with plenty of speed on the ball and in getting around the court. Moreover, he puts strategy into nearly every shot, and has the real athlete's trait of raising the quality of his game against trained opposition. I could understand, after we had had five or six sets of singles and he was still going strong, why the Texas baseball folk once felt quite disgusted when the young college star they were about to sign turned to singing instead of pitching, and went to France to study!

WE HAD showers and a plunge, and in the latter I discovered that the versatile Mr. Boles is also an excellent swimmer. Then the return—via bicycle—to his house, and a luncheon at which John and I cleared up everything in sight.

"One of Marcelite's many charms and virtues is the fact that she supervises my eating almost as severely as our college coach did," John explained. "She knows I like my food, so she schemes the calories and vitamins and even, I suspect, does the old familiar restaurant trick to keep me from eating too much rich food. That is, when I am hungriest at the beginning of a meal, there appears before me a lot of filling but light and theoretically healthy food—"

"John being a farmer at heart if not by ancestry and experience, often calls it *fodder*," Mrs. Boles interpolated.

"Yes, fodder—the sort they put in silos! Anyway, by the time the richer, heavier food arrives I have taken the keen edge off my hunger and do not over-eat."

AT THIS particular moment there came a phone call for John. And right here I wish to record a remarkable fact. It was only the second phone call he had received since I had arrived for dinner with them the night before!

We had dined at the Boles home, attended a preview of one of John's pictures, had a bit of supper at one of the Beverly eateries, and returned to find only one phone message waiting for the star. This proved to be a friendly call only, entirely unconnected with business. Since that time, until now, there had been no phone calls for John at all!

You may not realize what this means if you haven't been in the establishments of *some* movie stars. In their houses the telephone is a menace, the villain of the play. They cannot eat in comfort, because the phone rings. They come out

Romance For Two?

This beautiful love scene with George Brent and Greta Garbo is one of the most vivid in *The Painted Veil*. The fact that Brent and Garbo have been seeing each other off-screen leads Hollywood to believe they are romancing

of the swimming pool, wet and dripping, to answer a phone call. They—but you understand. And most of these calls are of a professional or at least partly professional nature.

John, who had just finished one picture on "loan" to Radio and was embarking on his next at the home studio, Fox—*Music in the Air*, with Gloria Swanson—hadn't had a pestiferous phone call for over twelve hours!

"I've got people trained," he replied, chuckling, when he returned to finish his coffee and I wanted to know how he enjoyed such immunity from the familiar curse of stardom. "Marcelite and I have fought for, and finally obtained the right to live a very quiet, normal, orderly life right in the midst of the film colony. We do not have to go to hideouts to secure rest between pictures. We are not interrupted at all hours of the day and night by business and social demands.

"And when I'm kept so busy as I have been lately, hopping right from one picture to another and at times finding myself working on two at once, at different studios, that counts. Besides, my boy—it makes a fellow feel good and enjoy living."

Whereupon the telephone rang again, and Boles was summoned to answer it! But as a matter of record, that terminated the calls for the afternoon, which we celebrated by attending a donkey baseball game. And there were no more calls awaiting him that evening, nor during the evening meal which John insisted I share before taking my leave.

When I did go, I forgot—unintentionally, I swear!—my tennis racket. I went back to get it immediately, and before ringing the door bell glimpsed, through the living room windows, a final little tableaux of the Boles family. John, in dressing gown and slippers, was studying the little half-sheets of paper on which were written dialogue lines of *Music in the Air*. And his wife was glancing through the pages of—what do you suppose? SCREEN BOOK!

Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives! Now I'm slender—feel fine.

....If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. **The excess fat simply slips away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

Since 1907, more than **20 million** packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? And it is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

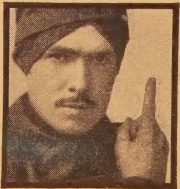
Marmola is on sale by all dealers.

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

Have you tried SCREEN BOOK'S Preferred Patterns. Turn to page 44 for the smart, new offerings.

Suppressed Books of Bible Reveal Man's Inner Power

Ancient fragments from lost and suppressed gospels teach that man has power within himself to bring success and happiness.



The story of a new and amazing teaching discovered from the known and unknown sayings of Jesus and other teachers, which have been misunderstood and suppressed for 2,000 years, and which reveal a strange inner power so dynamic and forceful that once contacted may bring man fulfillment of his visions of success and happiness, is told in a 5,000-word booklet, "Key to Your Inner Power," recently compiled by Yogi Alpha, noted American Philosopher and Metaphysician.

He tells of his belief that all the laws of the universe can be controlled because the laws themselves depend upon the great Universal Mind for their existence; that every mind is part of this universal mind, and if you learn to master and to use this universal energy it can almost overnight bring you many of the things you desire most. He further believes and teaches that this power is not limited to a fortunate few, but is latent in every human being. His revolutionary teaching is attracting thousands of inquiries throughout the world.

The author offers for a limited time to send this amazing booklet to readers of this publication free of cost or obligation. It reveals the astounding secret which, mastered, may enable you within the next few months to unlock the reservoir of vast riches within YOU. For your free copy, address Psycho-Logic Institute, Box 98, Dept. 51-J, San Diego, California.

ASTROLOGY

Ask the

White Wizard

Internationally known psychologist and philosopher, answers burning questions of the soul, puzzles of business, etc. You've heard him over KMOX, KMTR, KLZ, KYA, CJOR, KJR, KOL, KEX, KSL, and other radio stations.

Address **WHITE WIZARD,** Box 1276, Tacoma, Wash.

S. H.—The horoscope I received last month from you is the best I ever had. I will tell all my friends about it. Will I marry the boy that I am corresponding with at the present time or the one that I have recently met in the office where I am now employed?

Ans. — The dark-haired boy in the office where you are now employed, and you will be happily married before Christmas. The other was only a friendship affair.

R. H. S.—Your horoscope reading received and am certainly delighted with it. Everything you say is so accurate. Am I in the right occupation and would you advise me to ask for an increase in salary?

Ans. — According to the birthdate which you have given me you are now engaged in the right occupation. But you do not enter your real lucky cycle until February of next year. Put forth your best efforts but wait until then before asking for an increase in salary.

N. W. — For the past three years your advice and readings have been so helpful that I would not under any consideration do without them. Will the treatment which I am now taking benefit me and how soon?

Ans.—Your physician thoroughly understands your case. By continuing with this treatment and following his advice you will be helped a great deal in the next two months.

R. L. F.—The two readings my sister and I received the first of this year have proven true so far. Everything has come to pass as you said. Whom will I marry and when will I meet him?

Ans.—H. S. appears to be the initials and you will meet him during the coming spring. A happy marriage is indicated for you the latter part of next year.

F. O. D.—Am receiving a great deal of benefit from the reading which I recently purchased from you and consider it worth a great deal more than the small sum you asked for it. If my mother marries the man she is now going with will he help us children financially so that we can finish our education and would my mother be happy in that marriage?

Ans.—You will complete your education through the help of this party. A happy marriage is indicated for your mother before Christmas.

R. L. Y.—I am thinking of taking up nursing as a profession. Would you advise it?

Ans. — According to astrology and the birthdate you have given me, either nursing or a business career is best for you.

E. R. A.—Will my father and mother ever become reconciled and reunited in the future?

Ans.—Another marriage is indicated for your mother. I do not ever see a reconciliation.

L. I. L.—Will the patent that my husband is working on bring us any financial returns in the near future? To whom should he apply to sell this patent?

Ans.—This patent appears to be o. k. as soon as he completes one or two small changes which he has in mind. I suggest that he get in touch with some automobile accessory company and negotiate for the manufacture of his article on a royalty basis.

FREE!

My advice on 3 questions with each reading ordered

NOW READY! MY 1935 ASTROLOGY READINGS 50¢

These Readings tell you at a glance the exact days and date, month by month, when the planets are in favorable or unfavorable aspect for your business and social affairs, such as signing papers and contracts, seeking employment, speculation, travel, love, courtship and marriage, as well as dealing with health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthdate and 50c for complete reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. **My advice on three questions FREE** with each order. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WHITE WIZARD, Box 1276,
Tacoma, Washington

Inclosed is 50c. Send your new 1935 Astrological Reading covering my sign of the Zodiac.

Name ______________________ Birthdate ______________

Address ______________________________________

City ______________________ State ______________

If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading, inclose $1.00 bill for the two readings. J-12-34

The True Story of My Children

[*Continued from page 37*]

California, I brought Peter a train with a whistle. I handed it to him, expecting him to wind it up and start it going at once. He looked longingly at the train, then at the stairs and said: 'Please Ditto, better wait till Mommey is awake, the noise might spoil her sleep . . .'

"THERE is a close tie between me and my girls, a tie which has grown steadily through the years since they were youngsters together in the old Washington Square house.

"Too bad there had to be such a thing as divorce to disrupt our family life. But at least, two such opposite temperaments as Richard Bennett's and mine were adjustable enough for the good of the children. We adjusted our own personal difficulties until the youngest, little Joan, heir to all the temperaments on both sides of our families, had reached the age for boarding school.

"I think," she reflected, as if her level-headed business mind had wandered back to more sentimental things for a moment, "the children more than compensated me for any personal unhappiness I have known. I think all children should. But my girls have fulfilled the dreams I saw as future realities when they were babies.

"I don't mean their picture success entirely. I'm proud of that—immensely proud. But the greater thing, it seems, is that they have grown to womanhood retaining the finer characteristics which I tried to inculcate while they were still developing.

"To my own adorable mother," reads the autograph on this portrait presented to Mrs. Bennett by Connie, "with so many more hearts full of love than there are people to have hearts that only she can understand what I say"

"Barbara is a born mother. Yet I believe if she had chosen to follow the stage or pictures she would have been as successful as Constance or Joan.

"Constance was always very close to me," her mother confided. "And in spite of the fact that she was the reddest of red flappers in those wild post-war days, it was she who would come to me when she was only eighteen years old and caution me about letting little Joan go here and there when Joan was beginning to attend her first parties.

"Constance is entirely uninhibited; affectionate, loving with a depth only those very close to her could understand.

"When she was only eight years old she used to don a little nurse's uniform to take care of her ailing puppy. To him she wrote reams and reams of romantic, sentimental poetry which she would read to Barbara and Joan with tears in her great, big, blue eyes.

"She is to those who know her only as a Hollywood movie star the glitter girl of glamour and sophistication. But I smile when I see her strutting about on the screen. For, deep down beneath the pose she has acquired from her worldliness, Constance is yet the little girl I cuddled in my arms when she cried over a sick puppy who died.

"Yet it seems strange, even to me now, that pent up inside of her dramatic little makeup Constance was a very unsentimental tomboy too. She's that way yet. Hard-headed in business deals, driving hard bargains with studio executives, yet tender and gentle as a lamb when she leaves the tomboy rôle behind and opens up that dramatic emotional side of hers. I love her for that combination of personality. I can see so many sides to my own daughters and with Constance there's always been a conflicting cross current which she inherits from both sides of her parentage.

"BARBARA has an intensely dramatic sense but she is repressed. She's more stolid, a little less impulsive, less quick to response than Constance. But Joan is a dynamic little personality which she has yet to show.

"I want Joan to come back to the stage. I want her to leave Hollywood and the studios and let me find her a play to do—something in which she can really prove the dramatic intensity of which she is capable.

"But little Joan wants to remain in Hollywood. I can always visit her there, she claims. She wants to be near Constance. They're next door neighbors at Santa Monica, you know. And Constance is forever running over to borrow things from Joan's perfectly oiled household. I don't believe the girls could get along without each other, despite the gossip writers who are always cooking up little enmities between the two girls.

"I've always been an impartial mother," she said. "And I hope I have been an understanding one.

"I don't forgive the newspapers for things they have printed about my girls. Most of those unkind things are untrue, especially in the stories written about Constance.

"You can't believe a girl could be too terribly sophisticated when she writes her mother a letter like this every year on her own birthday . . ."

Miss Morrison held out a letter which she had been carrying in her pocketbook and a little scent of rich French perfume wafted from it. The letter was from Constance. Thanking her mother, not so much for the pretty undies she had sent, but for the magnificent gift of her birth.

"That is worth the price of my own career," she said happily. "That marvelous sense of understanding and closeness which I instilled into my girls from babyhood.

"I WAS only sixteen, and already in Charles Frohman's company, when I married Richard Bennett.

"You see, I come from a family of theater people—seven generations of them. My mother was Rose Wood, the well-known stage star in the old Lester Wallach stock company days. My father was Louis Morrison, who played in *Faust* for seventeen years. That couldn't be done today," she laughed, "not from what I know of new faces and new fancies in the theater and pictures.

"I adored the theater. But I was willing to forfeit the right to our family tradition to devote my energies to my girls. I used to accept minor rôles in the plays in which Richard Bennett was the star, that I might travel with him and have the girls along at the same time.

"We lived in trunks for years. But I managed to have my daughters know the peace and comfort of a home life too. It required no end of planning to be home for Christmas and vacations in the country, etc. But I managed.

"And today, when I steal into some little movie house and slip quietly into my seat for a view of Constance or Joan on the screen, my heart pounds a little at sight of them, even now. For they are my dreams come true. And in that rare fulfillment, I feel as if I have been truly blessed.

"You know," she went on, after a little reflection, "children never owe parents anything. Parents owe their own happiness and contentment to their children. That is really their compensation for a lifetime of work and sacrifice."

The Man Who Hides Himself

[*Continued from page* 16]

the same actor created both of them!

Hull has actually accomplished this on the stage. His method of doing so is, in principle, quite simple. Simple, but a great deal of hard work. Certainly no other actor undertakes so much research to prepare himself for a rôle. A college man of many degrees, and a man of wide life experience, he holds the theory that education should never stop during a lifetime, so he studies each new character he plays as though it were a new subject in a school curriculum.

"Among the things I did to prepare myself for the rôle of 'Jeeter Lester' in *Tobacco Road* was to read twenty-five books dealing with the lives of 'white trash' of the tobacco roads. Merely digging up such an amount of reference on that specific subject took considerable work and research, but I enjoy that sort of thing," Hull explains. "I try to bound my research only by limits of time and material available. In that way—and by mentally living with a character and inside of him for months—I prepare myself to interpret a character."

THE first modern talkie to introduce Hull is Universal's fine screen adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic, *Great Expectations.* He is starred, with Phillips Holmes, Jane Wyatt, Florence Reed, Alan Hale and other fine troupers in support.

But *Great Expectations* is by no means Hull's first movie. He has been in pictures occasionally since 1917, creating some memorable characters. You may not have heard of him in that connection for exactly the same reason the general public is not aware of him to the extent that it is aware of the stage characters he created. His first notable screen success was a silent film version of *The Man Who Came Back,* his own stage hit. For several years he made an occasional film for his stage producer, William A. Brady, as time from stage parts permitted. He appeared also in D. W. Griffith's *One Exciting Night,* and some time later was featured in a Theater Guild film, *Midnight.*

Apart from wide experience on the stage, education and real life experience contribute to the background from which the actor draws material for his remarkable interpretations. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 3, 1890, son of a noted newspaperman and brother of two successful stage actors, Howard and Shelley Hull, he shaped his education toward fields of activity apart from those of father and brother. He went to New York City College, and to Columbia University, accumulated a number of degrees, and then turned to the pursuit of one of the professions for which he had equipped himself, engineering. As mining engineer, assayer, mineralogist and prospector he went to the famous Cobalt region of Northern Quebec, Canda. He also did some wilderness surveying, some trouble-shooting and electrical engineering for a telephone company, and other activities that familiarized him with many real-life environments and a great variety of people.

ODDLY enough, it was a family reunion to celebrate the wedding of his brother, Shelley, that brought him back to the U. S. A. and was directly responsible for his becoming an actor. After the event he returned to his engineering for a time, but in 1911 yielded to his brother's suggestions, came to New York, and took a small part in Guy Bates Post's play, *The Nigger.* Acting was not enough of a job for the active Henry at first, so he managed to assume *three* rôles in the show and at the same time handled the duties of stage manager!

Later, he learned to concentrate this surplus of energy on the single purpose

[*Continued on page* 63]

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Dennison Crepe

Marlene Dietrich Answers Her Critics

[*Continued from page* 15]

Trousers Not A "Gag"

I FOUND another one when I spoke of her humor and charged her with perpetrating a joke upon the American public by donning her famous male attire.

"That is not fair," she replied, "to think I dress in trousers to get publicity. I have never done anything to start publicity about myself. I would be afraid to do so because who can control publicity once it is started?

"I wore trousers long before I came to America. In fact, I used to dress up in boy's clothes when I was a little girl. I have always liked the freedom of men's garments.

"It is a career in itself for any woman to be well-dressed. Do you know how much time it takes? Shopping, fittings, advanced styles and unduplicated models to worry you night and day. Why even the accessories—gloves and bags and other things—are too much for me.

"I like old things better. This coat I am wearing is seven years old.

"I have not a single dress for morning or afternoon wear in my personal wardrobe. Only evening gowns. I like them to dance—when I dance."

Another quick smile and another quick change of mood.

Dietrich Is Lonely

"HOLLYWOOD is the loneliest place I have ever lived in. Never in my life have I been so lonely nor stayed home so much. When I first came, I did not think I could stand it—I would not have stood it if I had not had my work.

"Hollywood is more like a country town than a city. It has magnificent distances and no metropolitan life. That electric something that is in the air in big cities is not here. In Paris I can get intoxicated on just the air and the excitement of being in Paris.

"Here I go home quietly. I am leisurely in everything I do. The home I rent is protected and no noise disturbs me. I have peace, I have security. I have grown not to miss the excitement."

Von Sternberg Explained

"BUT," I interposed, "the general opinion is that you hate America."

"That is something else that is not true. At least, not now. I did not like it at first. The language, the people, the customs were strange to me.

"I came to Hollywood for one reason—to work with von Sternberg. You were about to say something? Something perhaps about Trilby and Svengali? Maybe I should confess.

"I started this talk about my being a Trilby to von Sternberg's Svengali—started it by my frankness about why I had come to Hollywood. It amused me when people thought they were annoying me with the report I had begun, so I did nothing ever to destroy that story.

"I work with von Sternberg because he is touched with genius. He dares to be different. Not always does a picture turn out as he wanted it to but he keeps trying something new.

"They say von Sternberg is ruining me. I say let him ruin me. I would rather have a small part in one of his good pictures than a big part in a bad one made by anyone else. After all, I have the final say in the selection of my story and director. If I prefer to work for von Sternberg that is my business.

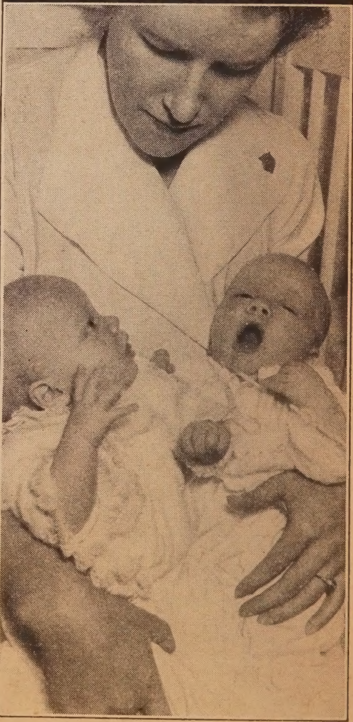
"Maybe in saying this for publication, I will give greater conviction to the Trilby-Svengali fantasy. Maybe I will be further misunderstood as to my motive. But don't forget I don't mind being misunderstood."

I can practically guarantee Marlene Dietrich that she will be. Hollywood can't understand a relationship between a man and a woman based upon mutual respect. Hollywood must get a love interest in it somewhere. And nothing anyone can say will change matters.

It seems surprising that this Trilby-Svengali hoax gained any credulence whatsoever. If you recall, Trilby was *not* a strong-minded girl.

But there I go trying to solve the riddle that is Marlene Dietrich. Not that I ever will, for she has no ambition to rectify false impressions nor to explain herself.

At Last, the Twins!



—*Wide World*

Bing Crosby's twins make their first appearance before the camera. We can't tell you whether the Mr. Crosby on the right is crooning or yawning

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The Man Who Hides Himself

[*Continued from page* 61]

of creating the extraordinary character interpretations for which he became famous. He served a further apprenticeship in stock, and also had two and a half years of repertory company experience in New York and on the road with Margaret Anglin (his brother Howard's wife.) His first big stage hit was in 1916, when he created the memorable Henry Parker in *The Man Who Came Back.*

From that date until 1934 Hull submerged himself in one great characterization after another, each of which contributed to the success of a hit play.

Hull married Juliet Van Wyck Fremont, daughter of General Fremont of the historical fame, in 1913. He has three children. Henry Fremont Hull, eighteen, is a student at Washington-Lee University; Shelley, fourteen, is a student at Loomis School, Windsor, Conn., and Joan Fremont Hull, thirteen, is attending private school in Washington, D. C.! Quite a scattered family, that, with Hull himself in Hollywood. The family has homes in Hollywood, New York, and Lyme, Conn., the latter a large country estate where Hull has a notable collection of books and a workshop wherein he can pursue such hobbies as electrical research and architectural design.

Six feet tall, and a lean, energetic 155 pounds in bulk, Hull has brown hair and brown eyes, a studious, soft-spoken manner and a modest, genial personality. He is just about as unlike the general conception of a stage and screen actor as one could very well find. His stage and screen characters are, as we have reiterated, as totally unlike the man as they are unlike each other, so when you see *Great Expectations,* you will see a character the firm of Charles Dickens and Henry Hull have created, not Hull himself. There is a man in Hollywood who has seen nearly every character Hull has ever portrayed since his first big hit. That man remarks:

"Hull never repeats himself, and I do not expect from the whole ensemble of Hull performances I have seen, and shall see, ever to get a glimpse of the artist himself as I know him."

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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IN THE picture *Stingaree,* with Irene Dunne and Richard Dix, Irene Dunne did her own singing in most of the songs, I know. But when she sang the aria from an opera (*Martha,* I think it was), didn't someone else sing that difficult piece for her?—*Lavinia Jefferies,* 15 *Soco Street, Asheville, North Carolina.*

Irene Dunne did not have a substitute to sing for her at any time in *Stingaree.* She was a famous light-opera star before entering pictures. Consequently she is capable of singing even the most difficult selections.

Where was Pat O'Brien born? Is he as handsome and nice off screen as on? Is he married? If so, to whom?—*Mary Heenan,* 1159 *Cornell Street, Scranton, Penna.*

Pat O'Brien was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is as nice off screen as on—in fact, he is one of Hollywood's most popular citizens. He is married—and his wife's name is Pat O'Brien too!

Is Shirley Temple's hair naturally curly, or does she have a permanent wave or some other wave?—*Margaret Skaggs, Box* 247, *Dublin, Virginia.*

Shirley is one of those fortunate people who have naturally curly hair. She has never had a permanent or any other kind of wave.

Did Jean Parker have any stage training before entering the movies?—*Mildred Andrews,* 7508 19*th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Washington.*

Jean Parker did not have any regular stage training until she signed her first movie contract. However, before she was allowed to appear in a picture, she went through an intensive course in dramatic training in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio school of acting. She probably received as much experience there as she would have gained in several years of regular stage work.

Will you please answer the following questions for me: How may I get pictures of the different movie stars? Is there any cost for such pictures?—*Louise M. Suksdorf, Rosalia, Washington.*

Is Helen Vinson married? What is her latest picture?—**Helen is heart-free at the moment. Her new pictures—*Broadway Bill* and *The Captain Hates the Sea***

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Where could I reach Otto Kruger to get an autographed picture? What color is his hair, and how old is he?—*Virginia Jackman, Darien Center, New York.*

You may obtain the picture you desire by writing Otto Kruger in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. His hair is sand-color—you might almost call it blonde. He was forty-six on September sixth.

Is Frances Dee as pretty off as on the screen? What is her height, weight, and color of eyes? Do I have to write to the studio for her answer?—*Frances Ayotte, 246 Oakley Road, Woonsocket, R. I.*

Frances Dee is every bit as beautiful off screen as on. She is 5 feet 4½ inches high and weighs 110 pounds. Her eyes are greenish-gray in color. All her mail is handled through her studio.

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The Story Jean Harlow Has Never Told

[*Continued from page 25*]

vision began seriously troubling me. I had always had exceptionally strong eyesight. Now it was cloudy and blurred.

"Finally I went to see a doctor. His diagnosis was almost unbelievable. *My eyes were burned.*

"What is known as the conjunctiva, I believe that is the correct name for the mucous membrane covering the eyeball with a transparent epithelium or film—had been burned by the excessive lights just as the exposed skin of your body becomes sunburned. And like sunburn, it was peeling. The grease-paint in my makeup had protected my face against burn but my eyes were unprotected.

"Doubtless you have never heard of such a thing. I know I never had before nor have I since. The doctor admitted it was an unusual and rare case. He prescribed an operation to remove the burned and peeling membrane covering the eyeball. It was becoming hard and encrusted.

"As soon as the picture was finished, I submitted to this operation. Then for more than *eleven months,* I had to wear dark glasses day and night while a new film grew over my eyes. I wasn't permitted to read or to use my eyes more than was absolutely necessary."

Jean Endures Agony

HELL'S ANGELS was completed in November of 1930. It was released the following May and Jean was sent on a fifteen weeks personal appearance tour by her studio. Naturally, she did not wish to make an entrance wearing dark glasses. She wore them right up to the moment she went on the stage and donned them again the minute her act was over. But the glare of the theater footlights was an agony that had to be endured.

Always her eyes were blood-shot as she came off stage. The weakened condition of her smarting eyes often caused tears to stream down her cheeks. Healing lotions had to be applied and the eyes given complete rest before her next appearance. Sometimes there was no time for rest for Jean was doing five, occasionally six, shows a day. Then, too, there were city officials and other local figures to be met and greeted.

Only those of us who have experienced trouble with our own eyes can appreciate fully the suffering Jean Harlow went through during these weeks of her tour. Added to the physical pain and discomfort was the mental worry that she might be doing irreparable harm to her sight—might even be inviting permanent blindness. Jean never talks of blindness even today, but it is easy to read between the lines and sense that her dread of this horrible affliction still remains with her, has not even vanished now with the assurance of her doctors that she is cured.

Yet Jean Harlow has carried bravely on, all these years, *without ever once mentioning her injury.* There exist but few more courageous examples of compliance to the creed of all public entertainers — the show must go on.

"It *was* a temptation to tell people occasionally," Jean admitted with her usual candor. "Whenever I was accused of being high hat and not speaking to friends who would wave at me from a distance, I did want to offer the true explanation — that I couldn't see them in those periods of blurred vision. I could never tell, you know, when my eyes would unexpectedly fail me. There were no advance symptoms.

"The experience can best be likened to being abruptly engulfed in a fog. One minute I could see clearly and the next second everything was diffused. This might last an hour or several days then the lights would be bright again.

"The only time I could anticipate trouble with my eyes was during the last days of shooting a picture. As day after day of the shooting schedule passed, my vision became worse and worse until, as we neared completion, I could hardly see at all. This was caused by the eye strain under the strong artificial lights, of course."

Secret Battle Won

"I can't put my happiness into words," Jean Harlow says, now that she knows the danger of blindness is past

A Real Heroine!

REMEMBER the boys in *Beau Geste* and their expression, "stout fellow?" It was the highest compliment they could pay one another. And that's what we say to you now, Jean. Stout fellow!

Just one more question so that this history of the disaster that has threatened you for four long years may end on its happiest note. What were your re-actions to being told you were out of danger—had nothing more to fear?

"I can't put my happiness into words,"

4
QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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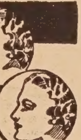

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Jean replied. "But surely you can imagine how I felt.

"The first thing I thought of was the joy my mother would express when I repeated to her the doctor's blessed verdict. I know she has been more worried than I over the outcome." (Which doubtless caused Jean to minimize the danger and often avoid even mention of the pain she was suffering rather than increase her mother's worry.)

"Mother was always urging me to retire from motion pictures before my eyes were permanently injured. It was I who wanted to go on, whatever the cost. I knew better than to tell anyone at the studio, fearing I might be made to quit.

"Secondly I thought of all the things I love to do that I had had to give up or at least curtail. I can now read all those books I have purchased and stored up in the hope that someday I could read them. I can now see all the good pictures instead of picking and choosing just those I had to see.

"It's like beginning a new life—a life that knows no restrictions after four years of constant restrictions. Can you wonder I'm happy?"

Let's Go Domestic

[*Continued from page* 47]

Baked Sweet Potato Halves

Sweet potatoes (one for each person)
Butter
Salt
Cream
Sugar

Scrub the potatoes and rub with cooking fat to keep the skins tender. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 350 degrees F. for forty-five minutes. Cut off the tops lengthwise, and scoop out the pulp. To two cups of pulp, add a tablespoon butter, a teaspoon sugar, three-fourths teaspoon salt, and cream to moisten. Beat until fluffy. Pile lightly back into the shells, and brown in the oven, just before serving.

Coral Mayonnaise

¾ cup mayonnaise
Juice ½ lemon
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Lobster coral

Rub the lobster coral through a fine sieve, add the lemon juice, stir in the paprika and beat into the mayonnaise.

Nesselrode Pudding

½ cup finely chopped candied pineapple, apricots and cherries
2½ tablespoons Sherry
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup currants
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
5 egg yolks
1 cup boiled sifted chestnut pulp
1 tablespoon Chartreuse
2 tablespoons Maraschino Cordial
2 cups heavy cream
Rum flavored, sweetened whipped cream

Combine the candied fruits and Sherry and let stand at least thirty minutes. Steam the raisins and currants until plump. Boil the water, sugar and salt together five minutes to make a syrup. Beat the egg yolks thick and into them beat this sugar syrup. Add the chestnut pulp and cool. Stir in the candied fruits and the currants and raisins. Flavor with the liqueurs. Beat the heavy cream stiff. Combine the mixtures and transfer to the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator. Stir at the end of thirty minutes and again in an hour. Then freeze without stirring until firm. If you have no automatic refrigerator, pour the mixture into a mould. Seal with adhesive tape and bury for four hours in equal parts of crushed ice and rock salt. Rinse the mould with cold water before unmoulding.

Note: To prepare the chestnut pulp, slit two pounds of French or Italian chestnuts and boil for twenty minutes, or until the pulp is tender Remove the shells and mash the pulp with a potato masher, or put it through a potato ricer.

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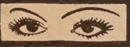
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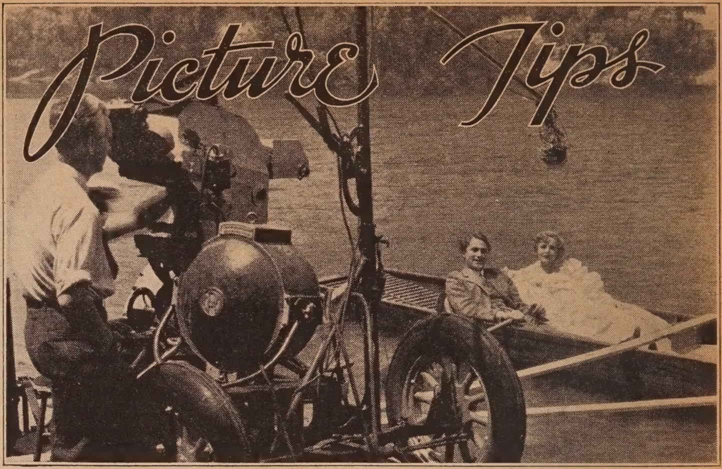

Madge Evans before the camera for *What Every Woman Knows*

THE NEW PICTURES

FAIRY TALE THRILLER—*Chu Chin Chow*, the classic story of Ali Baba and his forty thieves, is beautifully told with Anna May Wong in a major part.★★★—*British Gaumont.*

ENTERTAINING MELODRAMA is the verdict on *Cheating Cheaters*, which offers a well told love story with Fay Wray and Ceasar Romera plus gangster thrills and comedy.★★—*Universal.*

A BOOK WORM MYSTERY—*Secret of Chateau* tells the story of a first edition collector who kills to satisfy his hobby. Claire Dodd, Jack La Rue, Alice White and Georgie Stone.★★—*Universal.*

ENTERTAINING MUSICAL—*Love Time*, with Nils Asther in the rôle of Franz Schubert, and Pat Paterson as the princess is satisfactory entertainment.★★—*Fox.*

NO STARS, BUT—Despite its lack of stellar names, *Wednesday's Child*, a study of the effect of divorce and re-marriage on a child, is good. Cast: Edward Arnold, Karen Morley and Frankie Thomas. ★★★—*Radio.*

FROTHY NONSENSE—The long awaited musical, *Student Tour*, is worth the delay. Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante score well with the comedy situations. Phil Regan and Maxine Doyle stand out well in lesser rôles.★★★—*Metro.*

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! Because the story of *By Your Leave* told of a middle-aged couple's decision to have a fling at out-of-marriage-romance, it was badly clipped to avoid censor trouble. Result is that the picture, with Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan and Neil Hamilton, could have been better.★★—*Radio.*

BE A DETECTIVE!—*Dangerous Corner* will thrill you, with its story of thievery and suicide, for here for the first time the audience turns detective. Well acted by Bruce Cabot, Conrad Nagel, Ian Kieth and others.★★★—*Radio.*

GARBO AT HER BEST—*The Painted Veil*, with Greta Garbo as the neglected wife of a young doctor, is superb. Herbert Marshall, George Brent and Jean Hersholt are excellent in the supporting cast.★★★★—*Metro.*

GYPSY ROMANCE—*Caravan*, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, and Phillips Holmes, is a beautifully staged screen romance against a charming gypsy background. Don't miss it! ★★★★—*Fox.*

LOVE OR MONEY?—The story of *The Richest Girl in the World* deals with an old problem, humorously portrayed by Ginger Rogers and Joel McCrea.★★★★—*Radio.*

BASEBALL THRILLER—*Death on the Diamond*, the tale of a player who knocks a home run and is killed before he can score. Capably played by Madge Evans, Robert Young and Nat Pendleton.★★★—*Metro.*

HOWLING DOGS make *The Case of the Howling Dog* an eerie story. Warren William plays the brilliant criminal attorney, with Mary Astor opposite.★★★—*Warner.*

GEORGE ARLISS TRIUMPH—As the old man who has a fortune to give away and is bothered by greedy relatives, George Arliss is his usual serene self in *The Last Gentleman*.★★★★—*United Artists.*

SPARKLING WITH FUN, *Romance in the Rain* unfolds the plot of the press agent who creates a Cinderella and then falls in love with her. Roger Pryor and Heather Angel have the leading rôles.★★★—*Universal.*

CLASSIC LITERATURE made into classic screen entertainment, *We Live Again* is one of the season's top-notch offerings. Taken from Leo Tolstoi's famous *Resurrection*, it is a magnificent production. Fredric March and Anna Sten co-starred.★★★★—*20th Century.*

MODERN AUDIENCES will be pleased at this new version of *Count of Monte Cristo* featuring Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. It is more realistic than silent attempts.★★★—*20th Century.*

FIREWORKS are the least that happens in *Cat's Paw*, with Harold Lloyd at his funniest as the son of a missionary in China with romantic designs on Una Merkel.★★★★—*Fox.*

FOR YOUNG AND OLD, *Treasure Island*, the famous Robert Louis Stevenson classic, is perfect entertainment. Cast: Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger, Lionel Barrymore.★★★★—*Metro.*

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT is to be found in *British Agent*, story of the dangerous, critical life in and around the British diplomatic offices in Russia during threatened red revolution. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have the leading rôles.★★★★—*Warner.*

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—*Nell Gwyn*, played by Anna Neagle, a lady of rare beauty, shown in the act of giving Charles II headaches and heartaches. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays the rôle of King Charles in a masterful manner. Despite the fact that the picture is spicy, it's all good fun and your critic hopes that the censors won't yield to the temptation of scissoring this one.★★★★—*United Artists.*

MAE WEST AT HER BEST in *Belle of the Nineties*, which was not riddled by censorship as first rumored. Johnny Mack Brown is the man who falls for Mae's charms as she plays the old-time queen of burlesque.★★★—*Paramount.*

SCREEN BOOK'S OFFICIAL RATING

★★★★ Hit Picture . . ★★★ Good Show... ★★ Average Movie... ★ Mediocre Offering

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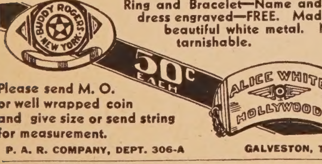

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A LANDSLIDE OF TALENT is the boast of *Gift O' Gab,* which deals with adventures in and around a radio station. Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Edmund Lowe and Gloria Stuart in the cast. ★★★★—*Universal.*

HUMAN DRAMA that will appeal. *Imitation of Life,* starring Claudette Colbert, with Louise Beavers, shows how easy it is to make a million dollars.★★★—*Universal.*

HELEN HAYES RETURNS in a remarkably effective drama entitled *What Every Woman Knows.* Story tells of a woman who marries the man her parents select and although there is no love between them she finally wins his love. Brian Ahearne and Madge Evans are outstanding in the supporting cast.★★★—*Metro.*

SWIFT WESTERN PICTURE—*The Dude Ranger* is recommended for those who like action pictures. George O'Brien takes the rôle of the Easterner who learns cow-boying in a unique manner. Irene Hervey has the leading feminine rôle.★★—*Fox.*

EXCITING CRIME STUFF—The thrilling collapse of a dam, a bridge game and a suicide start the excitement in *Menace,* an out-of-the-ordinary melodrama, expertly performed. Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill in the leading rôles.★★—*Paramount.*

SINGING AND DANCING SENSATION—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire whirl through *The Gay Divorcée* in a series of beautiful singing and dancing numbers to make this picture one of the season's outstanding efforts. Edward Everett Horton supplies the many fine comic situations. ★★★★—*Radio.*

JOIN THE REVOLUTION!—You'll have a gay time with Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in *Pursuit of Happiness,* a comedy of Revolutionary days.★★★—*Paramount.*

CHARMING COMEDY—Robert Montgomery in *Hideout* is delightful as a hardboiled racketeer forced to the country when things get too hot for him in the city. There he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and she brings about his regeneration.★★★—*Metro.*

HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT is to be found in *British Agent,* story of the dangerous, critical life in and around the British diplomatic offices in Russia during threatened red revolution. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have the leading rôles.★★★★—*Warner.*

To These ★★★★ Pictures!

A Tip Sheet for Movie-Goers

WALTZ to see *The Merry Widow* for beautiful music, pleasing comedy, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maury Chevalier. . . . Mae West is breaking records with *Belle of the Nineties*—if you haven't seen it you should be ashamed!!! . . . Anna Sten and Fredric March make *We Live Again* a superb offering. . . . Exciting spy stuff to tickle your spine—Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in *British Agent.* . . . Plenty of thrills and beauty in *Treasure Island,* with Wally Beery, Jackie Cooper, etc., etc., etc. . . . Harold Lloyd proves he's still an ace comedian in *Cat's Paw.* . . . *The Painted Veil* is Garbo—nuff said. . . . Joan Crawford and Clark Gable offer sizzling love scenes in *Chained.* You'll like. . . . George Arliss never should be missed. You owe it to yourself to catch *The Last Gentleman.* . . . Music, romance, excitement—an ideal combination—puts *Caravan,* with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer, over the top. . . . Others recommended in case you haven't already seen them are: Jackie Cooper in *Peck's Bad Boy,* the thrilling *Death on the Diamond,* Miriam Hopkins as *The Richest Girl in the World,* Russ Columbo's last—*Wake Up and Dream,* Warren William in *The Case of the Howling Dog.* Also: *Cleopatra, The Fountain, Count of Monte Cristo, Romance in the Rain* and *Our Daily Bread.*

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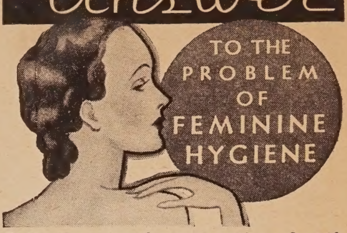

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
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31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
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SCREEN BOOK'S LOWDOWN CHART

Questions	Grace Moore	Jean Parker	Joan Crawford
Age?	Won't tell	18	26
Birthplace?	Jellico, Tenn.	Deer Lodge, Montana	San Antonio, Texas
Real name?	Grace Moore	Mae Green	Lucille Le Sueur
Nickname?	None	Robin	None
Brothers and sisters?	Four	One half-brother, one sister	One brother
Married or single at present?	Married	Single	Divorced
Number of marriages?	One	None	One
Husband's name and profession?	Valentin Parera, actor	None	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., actor (ex)
Best friend?	Ruth Chatterton	Frank Phillips	Franchot Tone
Began career?	Opera work	On a float in Pasadena Tournament of Roses parade	Dancer
How long in Hollywood?	Four years	Two years	Seven years
Studio address?	Columbia Studio	M-G-M Studio	M-G-M Studio
Lives in?	Colonial house	House	House
Servants?	Six	One	Three
Cars?	Three	One	Two
Musical instruments played?	Piano	Piano	Piano, harp
Favorite sports?	Golf	Swimming, riding	Swimming, tennis
Hobby?	Cooking	Interpretative dancing	Hooked-rugs
What do you collect?	Emeralds	Miniature wire-haired terriers	Symphonic records
Favorite food?	Pineapple mousse	Tea and crumpets	Mustard on saltines
Favorite color?	Green	Green	Blue
What do you dislike most?	Poorly-laid tables	Cynics and people who use sarcasm	Dishonesty
Color of hair?	Golden	Brown	Medium brown
Color of eyes?	Blue	Blue-gray	Brilliant blue
Color lipstick worn?	Vermillion	Tinge of orange	Carmine
Color nail polish?	Carmine	None	Deep rose
Size gloves?	6½	6	6¼
Size shoes?	5B	4½B	4C
Height?	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight?	132 pounds	108 pounds	115 pounds
Bust measure?	36 in.	33 in.	35 in.
Waist measure?	28½ in.	24 in.	25 in.
Hip measure?	38½ in.	34 in.	35 in.
What do you sleep in?	Won't tell	Nighty	Pajamas

Editor's Note: If there is any star from whom you'd particularly like answers to the above questions, write today to The Lowdown Chart Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. Your letter may also include any additional questions you may want answered.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1934.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Messenger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, J. B. Chapman, Hollywood, Calif.; Managing Editor, D. E. Lurton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Business Manager, W. M. Messenger, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. MESSENGER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1934.

(Seal) ESTHER V. MAUSEL.
(My commission expires May 7, 1941.)

Beware of False Beauty Methods

[*Continued from page 42*]

without a foundation garment. If your figure is too heavy, the correct type of foundation garment will do wonders for it, toning down bulges, redistributing fat pads and making you look twenty pounds lighter than you actually are. . . . If your figure is inclined toward skinniness, a softly molding girdle and "bra" will give it a suggestion of curves and prevent your clothes from hanging like rags on a skeleton.

And finally—don't use too much perfume. Your olfactory nerves become so accustomed to a scent that you are blissfully unaware of an over-dose of it, while it is extremely offensive to others. I've seen so many elegantly groomed women across a room or on the street and thought "How Lovely!"—only to reverse that decision on discovering that they had drenched themselves in scent. Go very lightly in applying perfume. It's better merely to suggest a pleasant scent than to overwhelm people with it!

THERE are a number of fascinating new toiletries this month and most of them would be very acceptable as Christmas gifts, to yourself or to friends . . . Making its debut in a box so large I thought it must contain *bath* powder, is a lovely new face powder. So microscopically fine in texture that it adheres for hours to all types of skin, and clings so closely that it doesn't make your skin look powdery, this new cosmetic is quite outstanding. The fine texture which permits it to stay on so long and so inconspicuously, the lovely scent used to perfume it and the four luscious shades makes this powder a bargain at any price. As a matter of fact, it isn't expensive, considering the out-size container—only $1.75. With the large box you receive a small purse container (an exact miniature of the full-size silver and black one) and you are asked to use this powder first. If you are dissatisfied you may return the large box and receive a credit refund . . . The four shades in which this gossamer-fine powder is available are Revelry, Nude, Castilian and Shadow. Don't they sound romantic? I'll be glad to send you the trade name of the powder, if you like.

If I were Santa Claus I'd leave a compact and lipstick in the stocking of every female (including the Russians) over 16 and under 60. And I feel quite sure they would be a certain pair in black enamel and gold, that are put out by a Hollywood manufacturer famous for his knack of blending cosmetics to suit different types . . . This particular lipstick is a fat, indelible one that should last a long time, and the compact is double. In one side is a tricky compartment for loose powder and in the other is a generous pat of dry rouge. The two repose regally in a Christmasy red and gold box and they cost only $2.50.

AN INEXPENSIVE gift that every housewife would appreciate is a large bottle of a very fine hand lotion; for in winter it's impossible to keep hands looking soft and white without the aid of an extra-fine lotion. This one contains a dozen or more refined oils

[*Continued on page 73*]

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What I Will Tell My Baby

[*Continued from page* 40]

One is done because the mother is selfish. She says "I love you so much so you have to do what I say." I can understand how that kind of love might ruin a kid. It isn't real love. It's love for the mother rather than the baby. Mine won't be that kind. It'll be the kind that just says, "I love you. You know that. No matter what you do, whether you cry, whether you fight, whether you get into mischief, whether you get married to the right girl or wrong, whether you become a big, honest man or whether you happen to get into prison accidentally or *on purpose*, there's one person you can always trust to love you. And that's your mother. And if he understands that—I don't think he'll be as apt to have bad luck.

That goes for a boy or a girl, but from then on things are different.

An Honest Education

HE'S even going to understand there are good snakes that you mustn't kill, poisonous ones you step on the second you see 'em. And he's going to be told humans are about the same! "If you can learn to tell a kind snake from a poisonous one, you can learn to tell a kind human from a poisonous one in the same way. Be good to the good ones and step on the others. Step on them before they get a chance to step on you!"

There isn't going to be anything left for him to find out if I can help it when he's ready to step into the world and fight his own battle. If he wants to fight when he's going to school and he's got common sense enough to pick the mean ones to fight, he's going to be encouraged. I'll tell him "Okay, that was a bad snake. You did right to step on it." But he's got to pick his own snakes! I'm not going to take the initiative and wisdom out of him by trying to pick 'em for him.

And I hope he knows women well enough, by the time he's ready to marry, so he'll understand them the same way. To do that he's got to mix with them just like he's got to mix with snakes on the ranch to tell a rattler from a gopher. There'd be no sense in trying to keep him from it, anyway, because I know men. They are always men. Men are about the same now as they were when Cleopatra was playing with her generals. And for a mother to think she's going to create a new kind is foolish.

I'm glad I'm not a very wealthy woman. My boy will know there's enough to help him get started but not enough to keep him from having to make some of his own. If he knows that from the beginning he's going to start using part of the energy and brains God gave him to think about it. He'll make his own choice there. He'll know I'm standing behind him but he'll know, too, it's his life, and I can't live it for him.

Girls Must Have Romance

WHEN it comes to a girl—I'm not so sure. As I see it, the place of women hasn't been exactly decided. It's a tough time to raise a girl. I suppose that's one reason why I sort of hope it'll be a boy. I see Mussolini is putting the ladies back into the home to do the cooking, rear families, and care for their men. And although I've worked most of my life, I sort of think that Mussolini must have decided God knows more than he does about that matter. After all, it was God who decided about women in the first place, wasn't it?

You see, I'm a girl and I know that there's nothing as important to a girl as romance. And since romance is so important, you've got to be very careful not to take it away from your daughter.

I hope I can send my daughter to private schools and dress her in dainty dresses and have her learn how to play

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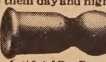

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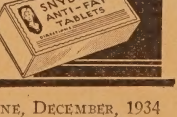

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the piano and sew. I'm going to teach my daughter to be a dainty lady. I tell you a woman isn't created physically to stand the strain of a career. In the business world you are apt to be brought into suits, for example. A woman's emotions rule her feelings. She carries her emotions into a court room instead of her common sense or brains. She can't help it. She shouldn't help it. Woman was made to feel and man to think. I want my daughter to have the chance to live as God intended. Woman cannot struggle and battle and compete—she shouldn't have to.

I have been called over-emotional. I suppose I am. That's a compliment to a woman. It should be. But it's not good in the business world. I'm called impulsive. I am. But that's a drawback, too, when you're working. Of course, if my daughter wanted to work, wanted a screen career, for example, I wouldn't stop her. I wouldn't have the right. It's her life.

I guess I'm a little old-fashioned but I think most girls who have lived life, as I have, get old-fashioned when they are old enough to see that happiness is all you want here. Glory and fame, even money, don't bring happiness. And, in the long run, I only want my child to be happy!

Beware of False Beauty Methods

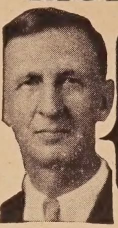
[*Continued from page* 71]

that lubricate rough, dried-out skin and whiten it several shades. They are so fine in consistency, however, that the lotion is as greaseless and light as water and very quick-drying. Laboratory tests showed that it is absorbed by the skin in thirty-seven seconds, a record for hand lotion! They usually have to be massaged into the skin for two or three minutes and even then leave a sticky residue. If you have enlarged pores you'll find this lotion a good pore-tightener too. It's useful as a powder base because it's so fine it can't clog the pores . . . One of the most unusual things about the liquid is its orange blossom fragrance. It remains on your hands for hours, a subtle, delicate scent.

While outlining "don'ts" I could have added another: Don't let your teeth become dingy or discolored . . . It's really much more fatal to your charm than any of the other omissions I listed. Always have your dentist give your teeth a good "going-over" and cleaning every six months and in the interim brush them regularly with a dentifrice that *really* cleans and polishes. There is a powder on the market that does this very efficiently. It contains various antiseptic ingredients that leave the mouth clean and refreshed, as well as cleansing agents that make the dullest teeth sparkle. A fifty cent tin of this powder lasts a long time. Want the trade name?

There's a new hair rinse you might be interested in. It is quite harmless and really beautifying to drab hair and has a neat way of toning down greying hair, too. You simply dissolve one sachet of the rinse powder in a quart of water and douse this over your hair. When the hair is dry, give it a thorough brushing. Result: Soft, lustrous locks with plenty of highlights and accented color.

Learn at Home to MAKE MORE MONEY



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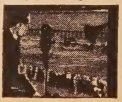
Employ managers, engineers, operators, installation and maintenance men for jobs paying up to $5,000 a year.



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HANDCLAPS and HISSES

[*Continued from page* 10]

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are rated by SCREEN BOOK readers as the most popular "picture team" of the hour. Above they are seen as they appear in *Flirtation Walk*

$1.00 Letter

Those Title Changes

FOR months I have had a pet peeve against the idea of changing the titles of pictures so many times. I am a cashier at a theater here and naturally read a good deal about pictures. When I become really enthusiastic about a particular picture, the title will be changed three or four times before it is released and by the time it reaches my home town I can't remember the original title or what the picture is about. I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.—**Mrs. R. K. Pawkett, 105 So. McKinley St., Stamford, Texas.**

Ann Harding will be interested in the comments of SCREEN BOOK readers about her difficulty in securing the proper type of picture for her talents. The above picture shows Ann in a scene from her newest picture, *Biography of a Bachelor Girl*

$1.00 Letter

For Ann Harding

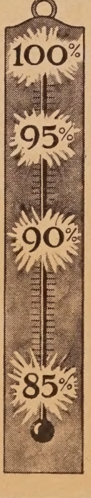
IN MY latest SCREEN BOOK I discover a request for suggestions to help determine a new type of picture for Ann Harding. Indeed, I believe that her career has suffered a serious slump, due principally to poor stories. *The Fountain* returns Ann Harding to that type of vehicle for which she is most suited—that of the upright, pioneering, self-sacrificing woman. The picture, however, is not completely free from the suggestion of her former portrayals of boudoir darlings. I suggest that she be starred in more pictures which have her as a heroic and adventurous woman, such as in Joseph Conrad's *Victory*.—**Frank E. Hobson, Jr., 2 Merrill Street, West Newbury, Mass.**

WIN A PRIZE!

Each month **SCREEN BOOK** offers ten cash prizes for letters from readers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to letters considered of equal merit in case of a tie; the editors will be the sole judges. The right to publish a whole or part of any contribution is reserved. Mail your letter to Handclaps and Hisses, **SCREEN BOOK**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

WRITE TODAY!

Popularity Barometer



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WARREN WILLIAM
JOAN BLONDELL
ANN HARDING
MARLENE DIETRICH
PERT KELTON
CONNIE BENNETT
FREDRIC MARCH

Editor's Note: We started something! Hundreds of letters from SCREEN BOOK enthusiasts demanded to know why their favorites were left off the Popularity Barometer. See what has happened this month! Shirley Temple climbs still higher; Janet Gaynor holds her own; Myrna Loy steps way up! Claudette Colbert hits the top. There are new names here too. Watch for next month's barometer and see how they stand!

$1.00 Letter

An Excellent Touch

IT TAKES a supreme artist to be a good humorist. Don't overlook that delicious bit in *Of Human Bondage*, where Leslie Howard and Frances Dee delay London traffic while they cross the street—moonstruck. It rivals the famous Gable-Colbert hitch-hiking episode in *It Happened One Night* and THAT is a classic. Have you ever crossed a London street in heavy traffic? Well I have!—**Marie Brennan, 4624 Alexander St., St. Louis, Mo.**

$1.00 Letter

What a Nightmare!

FOR weeks now I've been having the same crazy dream. It goes like this: John Barrymore, the Four Marx Brothers, Bing Crosby, Mae West, Greta Garbo and King Kong are shut up by accident in the Empire State Building. Harpo Marx chases Mae West all over the building, while Bing Crosby is singing to Garbo, trying to make John Barrymore jealous.

Mae runs to Barrymore for protection and he clasps her in his arms. Garbo, furious, chases Barrymore to the roof. Just as she reaches the top she is grabbed by King Kong. Here, I always wake up.

I tell you, it's driving me mad. But give it a couple of elaborate dance scenes and De Mille could make a swell show out of it.—**Edward Reynolds, 2017 Wythe Ave., Bluefield, West Virginia.**

Mary Pickford

Tells What's Wrong With Radio

WHAT would you do if you were suddenly appointed czar of radioland with full authority to reorganize radio as you saw fit? Mary Pickford, now a radio star of the first magnitude, tells exactly how she would change broadcasting technique in a brilliant article which she wrote for RADIOLAND shortly before she signed to star in her own radio dramatic company. Her vigorous ideas on radio censorship and program organization make her article, appearing in December RADIOLAND, one that every radio fan will want to read.

COUGHLIN vs. ROOSEVELT

Father Charles E. Coughlin, whose forceful attacks on the political, financial and social order have won for him a vast radio audience, has come to the parting of the ways with President Roosevelt, whose policies he has heretofore supported ardently. The amazing inside story of the new crusade planned by Father Coughlin is exclusively revealed in an absorbing article which you will find in the December

RADIOLAND

The News Magazine of the Air

Highlights of the December Issue:

TRIPLE-THREAT TIBBETT
Lawrence Tibbett in a Triple-Personality Role

MEN ARE AFRAID OF ME!
Fame has Brought Heartbreak to Frances Langford

$1,000,000 WORTH OF GENIUS
The Story of the "Impossible" Radio Program

RUDY VALLEE'S MUSIC NOTEBOOK
Rudy's Own Comments on the New Songs

THEY NEVER TOLD TILL NOW
Untold Stories of the Stars

REVIEWS OF THE NEW PROGRAMS

Scores of photographs—portraits of radio personalities—intimate news from the studios—bits about broadcasters

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COUGHLIN vs ROOSEVELT
MARY PICKFORD Tells What's Wrong with Radio

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. . . Tattoo them with lasting, pasteless, transparent color to give them the glamorous allure of a South Sea Moon

See Trial Offer Below

HERE is a lipstick that is really different. You put it on . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off. Nothing remains on your lips excepting truly transparent color in the most adventurous hues ever seen. No pastiness to come off when it shouldn't. And what indelibility! TATTOO stays on right thru . . . *anything!* No purplish cast either . . . and instead of the usual drying effect, TATTOO is so soothing, it will keep your lips soft and smooth . . . lastingly young . . . forever desirable! Oh, so desirable. Test all four shades at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed on all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO is $1 everywhere.

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature size of TATTOO (Lipstick) . . . a full two weeks' supply . . . contained in a clever black and silver case will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover partly the cost of postage and packing. TATTOO your lips!

FOUR RAVISHING SHADES

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

TATTOO CHICAGO

TATTOO, Dept. 19—11 East Austin Avenue, Chicago

10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size TATTOO (Lipstick) postpaid.

☐ CORAL ☐ EXOTIC ☐ NATURAL ☐ PASTEL

*Name*________________________________

*Street*________________________________

*Town*____________________ *State*__________